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SHARPE'S
LONDON MAGAZINE:

A JOURNAL

OF

ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION

FOR GENERAL READING.

With Elegant Wood Engravings.

NOVEMBER 1846 TO APRIL 1847.

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PREFACE.

As we have hitherto, on the completion of each of our former Volumes, seized hold of the opportunity to address a few words to our readers, regarding ourselves, our objects, and our hopes of success in working them out, we are unwilling now to discontinue a ceremony which we have felt to be an agreeable one, although, in truth, we have not on the present occasion much to say.

Our objects have been so often explained that we feel it to be quite unnecessary that we should say another word on that subject. Of our success in working them out, if we may judge by the favour with which we continue to be received by the public, we have every reason to feel the most gratifying assurance.

We shall continue in the same course by which we have reached our present honourable position in the periodical press, diligently searching everywhere for such intellectual fare to lay before our readers, as will nourish into health and vigour, not their understandings only, but also their principles and affections,—and taking care to present it in a form, and with accompaniments, fitted to refine their tastes, and permanently to elevate their whole habits of thought.

We take this opportunity of stating, that we have entered into arrangements with some of the most eminent Artists of the day, for the supply of Illustrations for our succeeding Numbers, of a character which we venture to say will defy competition. Determined to sustain unimpaired the character this Magazine has already earned, of furnishing, for the gratification of the popular taste, Illustrations which, for design and execution, have never been equalled at the price, we have at a great sacrifice added materially to the expense of that department of the Magazine, and have secured the services of gentlemen whose names stand among the highest in the ranks of living Art. Prints of some of the best pictures intended for the exhibitions of the present season, will early appear in this Magazine, brought out under the superintendence of the artists.

LONDON, *April*, 1847.

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Man, hound, and horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's earl pursued the game
On Cheviot's rueful day :

Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarras ne'er was stauncher steed,
A peerless archer Percy Redo;
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes;
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear;
Yon thicket holds the harbour'd deer,
The signs the hunters know.
With eyes of flame and quivering ears,
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears;
The restless palfrey paws and rears;
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot! Halloo! halloo!
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue;
But woe the shaft that erring flew—
That e'er it left the string!
And ill betide the faithless yew!
The stag bounds scathless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drench'd the grey-geese wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,—
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a groan or quiver;
Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and halloo ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade dies,
Nor what is death; but still
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief and wonder, mix'd with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favourite bending low,
In speechless grief recline,—
Can think he hears the senseless clay
In unreproachful accents say,
"The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine?"

And if it be, the shaft be bless'd,
Which sure some erring aim address'd,
Since in your service prized, caress'd,
I in your service die;
And you may have a fleetier hound
To match the dun-deer's merry bound,
But by your couch will ne'er be found
So true a guard as I."

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance; for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,
E'en with his dying voice he cried,
"Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
I had not died to-day!"

Walter Scott.¹

(1) "The Death of Keeldar" appeared in "The Gem" of 1829. The editor, T. Hood, acknowledges it in these words in his preface:—"To Sir W. Scott, not merely a literary feather in my cap, but a whole plume of them, I owe, and with the hand of my heart acknowledge, a deep obligation. A poem from his pen is likely to confer on the book that contains it, if not perpetuity, at least a very Old Mortality."

THE PRIVILEGES OF VIENNA.

The Austrian is an absolute monarchy, but not in our sense of the word, the exercise of the imperial power being checked and circumscribed, in almost every province, by a number of privileges enjoyed by the subjects, for the most part of great antiquity, which the good sense or good feeling of the government has hitherto uniformly respected. As King of Hungary, and Prince of Transylvania, the Emperor has to share the legislative and executive power with the Diets of both these countries. Every other province but Dalmatia has its particular assemblies, though the rights of those provincial assemblies greatly differ, and extend but a very little way. The principal cities, again, have their municipal privileges, some of them of great importance, and among these Vienna, the capital, has been especially favoured.

With the single exception of the Emperor Rudolph, who generally lived at Prague, Vienna has at all times been the residence of the heads of the house of Habsburg, and the unshaken fidelity of its inhabitants has been rewarded by the steady favour of their sovereigns. Most of their municipal privileges date from signal acts of loyalty and devotion; and the most important were bestowed by Leopold I. in acknowledgment of the desperate heroism with which, in 1683, under the command of Stahremberg, they held out the city against the Turks, unassisted by regular troops, till relieved by the approach of Sobieski. The possession of these privileges, which are too numerous to be specified, combined with the opulence derived from the lavish expenditure of the great aristocratic families, have given the Viennese a degree of personal independence, and a disposition to act energetically when called upon, which is not equally characteristic of the lowland inhabitants of the hereditary states.

The burgomaster, (*burg-meister*), who is the head and representative of these wealthy citizens, in many respects resembles the Lord Mayor of London, and is in his own sphere even a more important person. His election, indeed, must be confirmed by the Emperor, which puts him much more than the English dignitary under the control of the government; but, on the other hand, when he is elected, his power is much greater. His office is for life, and he cannot be removed from it. He has the personal liberty of every citizen subject to him; the absolute command of the police; the colonelship of the city militia, which, by the bye, is the finest and best drilled force of the kind in Europe; and many potent offices besides. Prince Metternich himself is less than him in (at least nominal) dignity, so long as he remains at Vienna, and the Emperor alone can give him orders.

The city privileges in their turn are curtailed and interrupted by others of an equally historical origin, attaching mostly to different military bodies. One of these, from the singularity of its observance, and of the incident with which it is connected, is deserving of more attention than it has met with hitherto.

The Emperor Ferdinand II. had hardly seated himself on the throne of his predecessor, Matthias, when the religious storm which had been gathering over Germany, and which ended in the famous Thirty Years' War, burst on him at once. Bohemia, under the Count Thurn, the dissidents of Silesia and Moravia, those of Upper and Lower Austria,—nearly all his German subjects in short,—either took up arms, or openly wavered in their fidelity. Bethlen Gabor and the Turks threatened him on the side of Hungary, and the Protestants of Carinthia and Carniola joined the insurgents. Alone amid enemies,—for the inhabitants of Vienna, at that time, were either Protestants or favourers of the reformed faith,—the Emperor was at last fairly block-

aded in his palace, but remained unsubdued. He dispatched his children to the Tyrol for safety, and remained himself with the famous Father Lamormain, his Confessor, waiting, to all appearance, till his insurgent subjects should formally come to take his crown.

The Protestant barons, emboldened by the rapid progress of their party in Bohemia, determined, by a bold stroke, to bring the crisis to a conclusion. The town-guard consisted entirely of citizens, and made no difficulty about surrendering to them the charge of the Emperor's person. All the regiments which might have stood in their way were removed to posts at a distance, and, one by one, the counsellors in whom he had any confidence were withdrawn. Their purpose was at once to compel Ferdinand by force to sign their demands, which he had hitherto steadily refused. These demands embraced a national representation, absolute liberty of conscience, and equality of privileges for Catholics and Protestants in all matters civil and political. Not that they expected that the Emperor, knowing what his character was, would consent, but his refusal would give them a tangible pretext for effecting his deposition.

Early one morning, when all was ready, the conspirators, sixteen in number, with Thourall, the leader of the citizens, at their head, entered the imperial palace, and made their way without difficulty to the Emperor's chamber. Ferdinand was alone, but nothing could shake his determination not to sign the paper. Thourall, at last, exasperated beyond patience, and fixed to stick at nothing in the execution of his purpose, seized the diminutive emperor by the collar of his dress, and shook him violently in his powerful hands.—“Little Ferdinand, wilt thou sign?” he said, in a voice half choked with fury,—“sign this moment, or, little as thou art, I will find means to shorten thee still.”

At this very moment, (the story here savours of the marvellous,) a blast of trumpets rose from the court below. All rushed to the windows, and there they beheld, drawn up in squadron, with their sabres bared, the cuirassiers of the Dauphin's regiment, five hundred strong. The sight was the more unlooked-for, as these very men had, on account of their known loyalty, been sent only a few days before to Linz, more than a hundred miles off.

Almost at the same instant, before they could conjecture even how the regiment could be there, when, only two days before, their agents had written them word that it was at Linz, three raps were heard at the door, announcing the arrival of some new actor in this extraordinary scene. The door opened, and the Marquis de St. Hilaire, the colonel of the cuirassiers, entered in complete armour. Bending reverently to the Emperor, he inquired his orders.

Ferdinand till now had been pale as ashes, but the colour now rushed to his cheeks. His eyes sparkled, and he commanded the sixteen conspirators to be seized on the spot. No sooner said than done,—twenty cuirassiers rushed up the staircase, and they, who five minutes before had been his masters, were now borne hurriedly away to execution. Thourall, by some means or other, was lucky enough to escape, but the others all were hung the self-same day outside the town. A beautiful suburb since then has sprung up on the spot, the name of which, (“Herrnhals,” Lords'-neck,) indirectly recalls the memory of this terrible act of retribution.

Of the authenticity of this story there is no doubt, but nothing is known to account for its principal incident. When Ferdinand asked the Marquis de St. Hilaire from whom he had received his orders to march on Vienna, the brave soldier, greatly surprised at such a question from such a quarter, drew from under his cuirass a paper, bearing the seal of state, and the Emperor's signature. It was a letter ordering the colonel without delay to get hold of all the boats on the Danube he could find, and embark in them with as many of his

men as could be got together on the spur of the moment, leaving word for the rest to follow in the shortest possible time. "You will descend the river to Vienna," the instructions continued, "you will pass through the town as silently as possible, and draw up at the palace. When there, you will seek the Emperor without having yourself announced, and further act as he shall direct."

Ferdinand, after reading the letter attentively through, was obliged to allow that the hand and seal were so perfectly imitated that they might well mislead, but denied having ever issued any orders of the kind, or even thought of so doing, as the watch kept over his slightest actions would have put it out of his power to communicate with his faithful subjects. His punctilious regard for truth was well known; and as his mysterious protector never came to light, the chroniclers are reduced to a variety of incongruous suppositions, some ascribing all to an actual interposition of Providence, and others to the Jesuit Lamormain.

That which is certain is, that this was the turning point of Ferdinand's eventful history. Henceforward everything went well with him. Boucquoi overthrew Count Mansfeldt, Prague surrendered, and the Bohemians were finally put down. Germany streamed with blood, but the imperial arms still conquered, and Tilly and Wallenstein entered upon that career which was destined to crown them with undying laurel.

Upon his miraculous deliverance, Ferdinand, having good reason to distrust the citizens, kept the Dampierre regiment near him. For three successive days and nights, the men remained under arms in the palace court, and revelled at the Emperor's cost, while the Marquis de St. Hilaire was lodged in the Emperor's own apartments. Ever since, the same regiment has preserved the privilege, whenever its route lies through Vienna, of marching through the city, with trumpets sounding and flags displayed, to the imperial palace, where it remains in quarters three days and three nights, and feasts *ad libitum* at the Emperor's cost. The colonel dismounts, ascends the staircase without being announced, knocks three times, and inquires the Emperor's orders. As there are no more rebels to hang, these are limited to an invitation to the palace for three days. A room of state is assigned him. The standard of the regiment hangs over his door, and a sentinel stands before it as before that of the sovereign.

BLACK FRITZ.

AN EPISODE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.¹

CHAP. I.

It was on a gloomy autumnal evening of the year 1648, that Count Martinitz, with his niece Luitgarde, after a long absence, drove up to the castle of his ancestors. Many years before, in spite of the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, he had not been able to resolve on abandoning the residence of his affections; courageously he braved the first storms of the devastating inroads, the consequences of the battle of Prague, and many other untoward events. He hoped, as negotiations were already begun, to have reached the haven of repose in his native home, when, quite unexpectedly, Banner's and Torstenson's ferocious bands penetrated with fire and sword, and the irresistible wave rolled in the direction of his neighbourhood. Nothing now remained, therefore, but to fly with his wife and child, and to yield up his castle to the destroying hordes.

¹ By the Author of "Quentin Matsys," and founded, like it, on historical facts.

At Prague, where he sought refuge, and not without difficulty found it, his beloved wife and youngest boy died from the effects of terror and fatigue. Overwhelmed with anguish, the count left Prague for Vienna, as the former city suggested only saddening recollections; in the latter, where many of his friends resided, his sorrows gradually died away in the circle of those dear relatives, and, when the ardently desired peace had assuaged the sufferings of the exhausted country, a calm but settled desire drew him to the forsaken place of his birth, to the tombs of his ancestors; and he proposed to celebrate there the marriage festival of his oldest and now only son.

Count Frederick was an amiable young man, and united, to a graceful presence and agreeable accomplishments, the possession of large domains. He was a general favourite in society, and had many friends; he designed and painted, was successful in taking likenesses, and had thus a large volume of portraits of his acquaintances, executed during his travels. He had seen Paris, Madrid, and parts of Italy, and, for the time in which he lived, and for his position in the world, he was regarded as a kind of wonder. His father looked forward to his prospects with joy and pride, and what increased the gratifying anticipations of the old nobleman was the general opinion of his son's good morals, which he had, happily, on all occasions known how to preserve, and bring back uncorrupted to his native country.

For a long time past, family arrangements and youthful inclinations had marked out Luitgarde and Count Frederick for each other. The old count did not simply love in his niece the faithful resemblance of a dear sister; he loved in her the innocent character, the calm good sense, which the stormy events of that period had developed earlier than years are accustomed to do. Her childhood and early youth were passed at Prague, and at Vienna, among her kindred;—Count Frederick's studios and travels had separated her for a long time from him, and she now looked forward with internal satisfaction to a meeting and a union with the playmate of her childhood, which, since the development of her intellect, she was accustomed to consider as the most agreeable epoch of her life. She clung with an infantine tenderness to her uncle, and willingly accepted his proposal to accompany him to Bohemia, and, in his society in his solitary castle, to await the arrival of Count Frederick.

In sanguine anticipations of happier times did they travel, during an abundant harvest, through the golden fields of rich Austria. On the Bohemian frontiers the scene changed; the thirty years' suffering from a religious and social war had left inextinguishable traces on the country—villages in which some poor huts began to rise amidst fallen half-consumed rafters,—pallid figures, from whose eyes spake want and misery,—large extents of uncultivated land,—towns without trade and without provisions,—complaints of the brutality of the peasantry, of the insecurity of the roads,—bore a cruel testimony, everywhere, to its destructive consequences. Luitgarde's cheerful heart gradually sank within her: silent and full of thought she sat near her uncle, in whose soul the surrounding imagery of wretchedness seemed to call up heart-rending recollections. The clear autumnal weather gave place to dark foggy days; the gloomy envelope that covered the minds of Luitgarde and her uncle seemed to have extended itself over all nature; a misty rain continually pattered through the brown-coloured foliage of the forest, and a chilling breeze chased the falling leaves into the waves of the Moldaw, which, with deep monotonous stream, flowed close to the road. At the nearest turning of the way the grey walls of a handsome castle presented themselves to view; the count first observed it,

and as he silently with his finger pointed it out, a deep sigh escaped him. Luitgarde fully understood what was passing in her uncle's mind, at the sight of the well-known walls; she too was silent, thus respecting his sorrows; and, oppressed by gloomy thoughts and painful sentiments, she for the first time entered the castle which was to be her future abode.

But her clear good sense soon chased away those disheartening images, and, even when, in the large and half empty halls, in the lofty chambers, where here and there damaged furniture recalled the past devastations, a desponding tendency seemed to seize on her, she resisted it with energy; she took heart, and found occupation for herself; she solaced herself with the bright anticipations of a happy future, when the dear playfellow of her youth, and her future husband, whom she had not seen for so many years, should animate by his presence this deep solitude; and those wishes and hopes which often rose up in her mind would redeem and reconcile everything.

But Count Frederick did not make his appearance. Affairs detained him at Vienna, where he arrived immediately after his father's departure, and where he proposed to arrange the important collections, the fruits of his travels, under the inspection of learned men, before giving himself up finally to his rural retirement. For this Luitgarde upbraided him in her letters, but she endeavoured to employ the time as well as possible; she undertook the management of all the household affairs; gave the necessary directions for the works to be executed for the improvement of the devastated castle; in fine weather she rode through the surrounding country, and in bad weather she was sedulously occupied with her female household; and the evenings were passed at the friendly fireside, with her uncle and the clergyman.

On one of the first days, while yet everything in the castle excited her curiosity, and neither furniture nor painting attracted her observation, she discovered, in a hall through which she was obliged to pass in going from her own apartments to those of her uncle, a portrait of half-size, which strongly attracted her notice; and the more she examined it, the more it fixed her attention. It appeared to represent a subterranean prison, probably a dungeon of ancient times. The foreground of the painting consisted of a retiring range of lofty arcades, which deepened, in the distant background, into terrific darkness; to the right hand of the beholder, still in the foreground, there was, in the highest part, one round opening, through which the light from the moon fell on the person of an imprisoned knight, who, laden with heavy chains, sat on his bed of straw. It was not possible to see his face, from the thick black locks of hair that fell on it, and because his head was turned away from the beholder; but the mournful position of the head, supported by one hand, whilst in the feeble grasp of the other were seen some tallies, on which notches had been made with a rusty nail that lay close by, probably the number of his days of confinement, indicated too clearly the sufferings of the prisoner. The general effect of the composition, seen by the faint light of the moon's rays, produced a painful impression, and filled Luitgarde with mysterious horror. Long did she stand before the painting, and it was with difficulty she could tear herself away; and afterwards, as often as she passed through the hall, she would stop to gaze on it, and to reflect on the sad scene, and the feelings of the forlorn captive, till at last, one evening, she ventured to question her uncle about the painting, and the history of the imprisoned knight. Count Martinitz had little information to impart on the subject; he said that very probably the whole composition was simply a fancy of the painter's, whose name he mentioned;—if, however, it had a foundation in history, as in his youth he had heard it related by his grand-aunt, who was the living chronicle of her house, the portrait represented one of her noble ancestors, who lived in the times of the wars of the Hussites, and who, on account of his religious

opinions, was taken and kept a prisoner by King Sigismund.

"Ah!" said the priest, "those times, like the present, were wicked times!" and, with a sigh, looked up to heaven.

"Yes, indeed!" replied the count; and the two old men now got into deep conversation, upon what was the principal topic at that time, the sorrows and sufferings of their fatherland, and their unhappy consequences upon its children and children's children. The clergyman remarked, in the first place, the brutalization of the people, when pressing want stimulated to deeds of violence, and men's passions were held under no restraint by the fear of God. He spoke of bands of robbers assembled in the forests, consisting partly of deserters or discharged soldiers, that peace rendered no longer necessary, assisted by impoverished and helpless peasants; he knew a number of terrible stories of them. And the count, in whose bleeding heart those subjects found an echo, now reverted to the past, and related the sad events which had taken place in earlier years, from this cruel internecine war.

"One of my friends has lost his only son, the heir of great possessions, and that noble house becomes extinct. Have you, sir, known Count Lansky?"

"Lansky!" exclaimed Luitgarde, who listened attentively.

"Yes," continued her uncle, "Count Lansky, the friend of my youth, who at one time was the intended husband of your mother. Private reasons broke off that plan; Lansky went to his possessions in Silesia, and I have scarcely ever seen him since. He married conformably to the wish of his father, and found his sole consolation for that ill-sorted marriage in the birth of a handsome, promising boy. Then the wave of devastating war rolled over these countries; the savage Mansfeldt, pursued by Wallenstein, marched with the remainder of his bandit troops, cutting his way through Silesia, in order to reach Bethlen Gabor, at the Siebenbirgen. All the horrors and devastations which accompany a flying army, destitute of everything for its support, visited the properties of my friend. Mansfeldt's troops carried fire and sword into the villages; the castle was set on fire; the plunderers broke into it; what the flames did not consume fell into their hands, or under their swords. Thus was lost the son of my friend. In the chamber he had occupied was found the corpse of one of his attendant maids, half consumed by the fire; no one knew what became of the child. Long had the unhappy father cherished the hope that the child, a lovely boy of four years old, might still be found, because his body had not been discovered; but more than twenty years of useless expectation and fruitless researches have at length convinced him that his son had fallen a prey to the flames, and Lansky now lives without a child to inherit his large domains, which since then have never recovered those devastations."

The pastor broke out into fresh complaints and anathemas against the war; a deep sigh rose from Luitgarde's breast; she raised her dark eyes with melancholy expression on her uncle, and said, "Was not the lost boy's name Victorin, uncle?"

"I believe so," replied he.

"My beloved mother has often related to me," she continued, slightly blushing, "of a betrothing—"

Count Martinitz took up the word, and said, "Quite right; you were the destined bride of this Victorin. Since his father could not possess your mother, this ardently desired union was to bring happiness to their children; however you were scarcely born, when heaven, as if to destroy every possibility of a union between our houses, snatched away by death your intended bridegroom."

"Providence has richly repaid me for the loss," replied Luitgarde, with a blush, whilst she placed her uncle's hands to her lips.

"Yes," said the old count, "my Frederick is a noble

youth. I hope, with God's help, he will make you as happy, dear child, as you deserve to be."

"Amen!" said the pastor, devoutly clasping both his hands.

Luitgarde sighed, as she pressed her uncle's hand to her breast, "Ah, if he were but here now!"

With such like conversation were the long autumnal evenings passed, not without pleasure; but, if Luitgarde related much, indeed most of what fell in her way, there was yet one incident which she did not impart to her uncle. Upon one of the first fine days she passed at the castle, she strolled, as was her custom, into the garden, and from thence to the forest close by. A hillock, on which grew a clump of beautiful beech-trees, was the usual limit of her wanderings, from which spot she commanded a fine view of the neighbouring country, and of the river that here wound round the hill. On this day curiosity invited a farther walk; she descended the hillock, and expected easily and without an obstacle to reach the river; but, after a descent of a couple of hundred steps among bushes, she suddenly came on a gaping precipice, under which the Moldaw rushes furiously, with loud breaking noise, hemmed in by narrow and rugged shores.

The wild grandeur of the prospect charmed her; she stood still, and looked down with admiration upon the alternating movement of the waters, which now bubbling up cast its foam on the shore, and now flowed down over higher rocks like a polished mirror. A little boy was playing on the shore, with flat pebbles and all sorts of playthings, which he skilfully threw along the surface of the water with great delight; the light objects at one moment appearing on the point of the waves, at another sinking into the deep. There was a rustling in the thicket near the shore, and a man of tall stature, in dark coloured dress, came out, but in such a way that Luitgarde could not see his face, which was turned towards the river, and stood and looked attentively into the stream; then gently unbuckled his belt, drew with violence a broad sword from a steel scabbard, and stooped down towards the water in order to wash away from it some blood stains, which Luitgarde clearly discerned. The stranger's dress gave no indication to what class in society he belonged; the suddenness, almost wildness of his movement, his sinister exterior, the blood on the sword, all made a disagreeable impression on her mind; and she recalled all the histories of robbers and murderers which the priest had related. Still she could not avoid observing the stranger's lofty, proud air, heightened by his fantastic costume. She remarked the nobleness of his movements, and she remained in a kind of doubtful emotion between terror and admiration, when suddenly a frightful shriek from the boy, who had fallen into the water with his playthings, alarmed her. Luitgarde, at the moment, cried out with anxiety; while the stranger came forward, flung away hat, sword, and mantle, sprang into the river, and drew out the terrified child; then hastily took up his different parts of dress, and, wildly looking around, ran as rapidly as he was able into the thicket. Luitgarde stood amazed, confused at the scene she had witnessed; even the boy looked round in astonishment after his deliverer, but he had disappeared; and this first impression of something unpleasant pressed more forcibly on her mind. Still the unknown had behaved in so noble and manly a way towards the strange child, he could not be a common person;—then he did not wish to be seen;—there was some mystery; and this decided her to ascertain who was the chivalrous preserver of the boy. She did not speak of the accident at the castle, but she liked to recall the event in her solitary hours, and to trace, as much as was possible for her, the rapidly seen features of the stranger, and, from all she had and had not seen, to draw a whole which should explain this singular apparition.

In the mean time the reports of the robber bands extended farther; that they had taken possession of

forests, and devastated castles, and that distress and sorrow were diffused over the whole neighbourhood. The most frightful and strange histories were told of one of those bands, of which the chief was called "the Black Fritz," who was universally acknowledged as the most daring and resolute among them. By some persons he was said to be a Mansfeldt freebooter; others represented him as a swarthy-coloured Italian, who had served in the Cardinal-Infant's troops; and others asserted that he was the son of a charcoal manufacturer of Saxony, who by courage and skill had raised himself to be an officer in the Swedish troops, and that from want and discouragement he had taken to the forests, and become the chief of a troop of hardy adventurers, who meant now to revenge on the unfortunate people, what fate, according to their opinion, had inflicted on them. A crowd of anecdotes were related of this Black Fritz, and of his troop; at one time they were terrific, at another extraordinary, and again sanguinary; never, however, common-place; and all, especially those where the chief himself took a part, bore the stamp of a wild greatness, not without some remains of humanity, indeed often magnanimity, and a daring contempt of every danger.

Luitgarde was never present at such conversations without bringing to her mind the stranger of the shore of the Moldaw; the blood on the sword, the similarity of dress, the swarthy complexion, even the apprehension with which he flew, all appeared to point him out to her as a member of that terrific band, if not indeed the chief himself, the far-famed Black Fritz; and she regretted still more that she had been so little able to distinguish his features. Still she listened with lively interest to all the conversations about him, and, if her right feeling turned aside with horror at the narrated acts of violence, she was not able to suppress a generous pity, arising from the contemplation of so much courage, so much force of character, and daring, joined to a deep regret for the misuse of so much power. She could not but reflect on what these noble endowments might have been under other circumstances, and what was now to be the lot of their possessor, in this world and in the other.

More near and more abundantly did the traces of this band begin to show themselves in the vicinity of Luitgarde's habitation. Count Martiniz thought seriously on active preparations against its attacks, and, during these movements and discussions, there arrived a letter from Count Frederick, which indicated an early day for his arrival. Even at Vienna he had heard the reports that were circulated of the insecurity of the neighbourhood; to him also Black Fritz was represented as a terrific monster, and therefore he took every precautionary measure for his journey; he was accompanied by many domestics, would only take short days' journeys, would never travel by night, and, to clear his road, had escorts placed from the nearest military posts on the most dangerous points. The old count was much pleased at these prudent precautions of his son, whose journey had long disquieted him. Luitgarde was delighted at the near arrival of her early playfellow, the true partner of her solitude, and therefore decided to pay a visit which she had long promised to make to a female friend in the neighbourhood, in order afterwards to enjoy undisturbed the presence and society of her intended husband. The uncle acquiesced; the friend's house was not distant more than two hours' journey, and Luitgarde was to take with her armed domestics. She was to go on the morning of one day, and to return on the morning of the third; and, to avoid all danger, to take the open road over the mountain.

Luitgarde adopted all these recommendations, though in her heart she had no fear. The journey proceeded happily, and, having made her visit, she set out on her return home. She had reached a bad part of the road, which from neglect and autumnal weather had become quite a morass; she had long lost sight of her friend's castle, when, half way up the hill, where the road inclines towards the steep bank of a mountain stream, and when

the horses were scarcely any longer in a state to draw the carriage through the deep ruts, a wheel broke, and all was upset. The lamentations of the maid, the imprecations of the domestics, attracted the attention of a man, who, dressed in the guise of a quiet citizen, came down the hill out of his road; he saw the accident and hastened to the spot, actively laid hold of and drew out the terrified females from the upset coach, whilst the domestics in a state of confusion ran here and there incapable of assisting. The maid sprang into his arms; he set her down on a dry spot, and hastened back to the carriage. Luitgarde had risen; she held out her hand to the stranger—her eye met his, and—a purple glow stole over her cheeks. Never had she seen so handsome, interesting, and manly a countenance; large, dark, brilliant eyes shone under the handsomely arched hazel-coloured eyebrows; a regularly shaped nose descended to finely cut lips, and between dark mustachios appeared teeth white as ivory—whilst he gracefully and in elegant language offered his assistance. The stranger even appeared confused at the aspect of the fair saved one, and Luitgarde easily observed that he treated her with more than ordinary courtesy. He offered his arm to her, conducted her with care, and begged her permission to take her in his arms over a very marshy spot, an offer which she had no alternative but to accept, unless she wished to sink up to the knees. He respectfully took her up in his arms; no intrusive forwardness, no presumptuous look, offended the unprotected position of the maiden; without raising his eyes towards her, without proffering one word, he carried her over, placed her upon the dry edge of the road, and ventured only to retain her until she came to herself, lest, seized by giddiness, she might have fallen into the morass.

When her self-possession had returned, she thanked the stranger in a very obliging manner, who accepted her acknowledgments with evident confusion, and immediately hastened to see what was to be done to the carriage. By advice and assistance he did the best that was possible; he rapidly prepared everything, observed everything; he directed, he commanded the attendants; there was not one who attempted to gainsay him, to whom even it occurred to hold himself back at the stranger's commanding tone; the carriage was put together as well as possible, and led down the hill gently to the house, which the stranger pointed out to them, and where they were to find conveniences, working implements, and helping hands. He now went back to the females, and asked Luitgarde whether she would not wish to go down to the house to rest herself, and wait there with greater convenience until the carriage could be got ready again. The stranger conversed in polished language, and indicated a manner of thinking and habits, that appeared far beyond what his dress announced. Among other things, he asked her why she did not prefer the convenient lower road which led through the forest, as the road over the mountain was always at this time of the year very bad. Luitgarde smiled, and said, after some reflection, "The lower road through the forest must be insecure; my uncle has been afraid of my travelling by it."

"And you, noble lady, are you not afraid?"

"No," replied Luitgarde; "it is said the robber chief, Black Fritz, as he is named, has always correct information on every matter, and so he will have known that a young lady, who travels to visit a friend with a couple of domestics, brings no treasures with her which would be able to attract him."

"Very good, young lady; but Black Fritz must not simply be a plunderer; he must even be audacious and cruel, and often ferocious."

"No," answered Luitgarde with firmness, "I do not believe this,—that, without an object, without the prospect of a rich booty, simply to do harm for its own sake, that man will commit any crime."

"Have you, then, a better opinion of him than the world has?" asked the stranger, doubtfully.

"I have," answered Luitgarde.

"Really!" continued the man, "and why?"

"It may, perhaps, appear singular to you," answered Luitgarde, quietly, as she inferred from the vehemence of the question that he disapproved of her opinion, "it may appear singular to you, but, once for all, I can not believe all the wickedness which is related of Black Fritz."

The stranger stood a moment, and looked at Luitgarde with a peculiar expression. "In truth, noble lady, do you think so?"

"Yes," replied Luitgarde, "although it appears you are not of my opinion, but agree with the multitude;" and now she related to him very affably all kinds of anecdotes she had heard of Black Fritz, and in all of which she imagined she could find, among wild deeds and blameable enterprises, a certain greatness of soul, and no common manner of thinking. Often did the stranger contradict her; he professed to view the robber chief in a very unfavourable light; he appeared to be well-informed of his undertakings; he told her many things that were unknown to her of him, and among others, assured her that he had once been a Swedish officer, had served with distinction, but, at the peace, from mortification and desperation, had taken to his present manner of life; and ended, however, by declaring himself decidedly against him.

"I cannot, indeed, contradict you, since you are so well-informed," said she at last; "but I assure you, I renounce with a heavy heart my better opinion of this man."

The stranger sighed and looked sorrowfully down. "Were men generally capable of so noble a confidence as you, young lady, probably then this wretched man would not have fallen so low."

"Do you think so? now you are, at bottom, even of my opinion, and I can therefore tell you, that more than once I have already with warm heart prayed for him to God, that He might enlighten him, and bring him back from his evil ways to rectitude and virtue."

The stranger appeared violently affected; and Luitgarde, as she was recalling what she said, wondered at herself, how she came then to reply with so much earnestness to a man wholly a stranger to her, whom she saw for the first time, whose name and position were equally unknown to her. But there was something in the deportment of the man which opened her heart as if by force.

LATE HOURS.

"If there be one these lines may teach
A moral, not in vain
Have I endeavoured thus to reach
A more reflective strain."

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE question of late hours is, perhaps, not more a question of philanthropy, than of necessity: good men begin to plead, and impatient ones to clamour, for a relaxation of the present stringent system. The good men plead;—"Give these men time to cultivate their minds, to prepare for a better world." Impatient ones clamour; "We are men, not machines,—we must have rest; the orderly returns of day and night suggest it; our tired limbs and jaded intellects demand it. Are we mill-horses? Were we born without, or are we to quench, every spiritual craving of our nature? Did the poets of our country sing, the painters paint, and the wise men instruct for Englishmen, leaving us out of the question? We have borne it too long; we will bear it no more. Oh, happy days, when old Isaac Walton,

with his six-feet wide shop in Cheapside, could spare time to study the aspects of God's creation!"

The agitation will result in good; employers and employed will be the better for it. We see the end; right must conquer, but it depends on each and all of us, how long first. It is a question which admits of no delay; our brothers are born, and work, and die, while we look on and say, "All will be right in time, only, patience!" Yes; to the brothers, the wives, the families, bereaved through this overworking system, spectators whisper "Patience." Patience is very well when the stone is set rolling from the top of the hill,—we know it must reach the bottom in time; it is a different affair when the folks at the bottom start it,—they must watch and push, and never desert their charge till it be safely fixed on the summit. This is our case; but we will not kick our stone, or be angry with the thousand causes that give it a downward tendency; but "Onward and Upward," must be our motto, and you will forgive a little earnestness in a great cause.

A. keeps a linen-draper's shop in a street in the city: he employs many shopmen; they open at eight, and close at ten. One hour a day is allowed for meals; A. is not very exacting; he is a "moderate" master. B. is a grocer in the next street: he also employs young men, and treats them as well as he thinks he can afford to do; keeps the same hours as A. Both A. and B. might sell all they sell in twelve hours as well as in fourteen. This is the secret—B.'s wife is what is called "a capital manager;" she has a large family, is always at work for them; she snatches a few minutes, after the little ones are in bed, to go shopping. If only B.'s wife did this, her few minutes would be of little consequence, but C.'s and D.'s and E.'s, and many more people's, do the same; the consequence is—the few minutes not in every case presenting themselves at the same time, instead of ending with minutes, the extra time comes to hours. Perhaps A.'s wife and the rest serve B. in a similar way; and so on, through the whole alphabet; so everybody keeps late hours, to oblige everybody, with the important exception of everybody's "young people."

The "young people" say, "Mrs. B. might come shopping in the morning, and mend stockings at night, instead of *vice versa*." Mrs. D. need not lounge about all day, reading a novel, and drop in at seven or eight o'clock, for white gloves to attend a party; Mrs. C. might once now and then spare her servant half-an-hour in the morning to procure herself what she requires." The "young people" are right, but Mesdames A. B. and C. being experienced ladies do not like to be taken to task. Out of spite, or forgetfulness, or indifference, they continue late shopping.

Meantime, the "young people" come from the country, get seasoned, or fade away and die,—nobody seems to care which. So long as Mrs. B. gets her drapery, she does not think of the pale young man who used to wait on her always at A.'s, but has not lately served her. It is not, at this stage of the affair, her business. The pale young man must make his appeal, and Mrs. B. will, perhaps, allow the justice of his claim, perhaps not. Let him not be discouraged; if Mrs. B. stands out, some one else will yield, and the one who yields being, (as she proves herself,) a woman of sense, will influence others. The honest, old, good managers, will become ashamed of overworking other people, for a *supposed* saving of time to themselves, and will give in too. Mrs. B. will be glad she yielded, when Mrs. A.'s "clever" young man, "who has become so attentive to Isabella," is enabled, by his superior intelligence, acquired by early hours, to become a partner in his house. Every one will feel the benefit resulting from the improvement, those most who complain to us now. This is no fiction of social wrong, springing from the fanciful brain of an author. Let any one read the evidence given before the House of Commons, relating only to milliners and dress-

makers, and he will see that this is an injury crying loudly for redress to a Christian people.

This holding human life so cheaply is a crime. I have heard of a mercantile house in London, and shuddered to hear it, who killed off a clerk every six months. It is unimportant how man may look upon such inconsideration; but does the Father of masters and servants view with indifference the supporters of the overstraining system? Let conscience answer.

Mental and physical strength in men go to make a great nation; on our growing up young men we depend for the next generation; each generation helps or retards the progress of England. But how are our young men to acquire strength either of body or mind, when even necessary cessation from toil is denied them? An instrument whose strings are never tightened will get out of tune, but one whose strings are always submitted to excessive tension will soon have none. We plead for the middle, the reasonable, the just course: shall we plead in vain? No; the day will come when the shopmen and shopwomen in London shall have at least an hour or two a day of leisure available for purposes of education. The cathedrals, the picture-galleries, the concert-rooms, the sources of cheap and good education—the newspapers, the magazines, shall be for them. In the economy of the hive, the comfort and convenience of the working-bees shall be consulted. Such a day is coming, all things are tending to it; but perseverance as well as patience must chase away the shadows till

"Jorund day

Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

Let the injured be true to themselves; let them cultivate, to the utmost of their opportunities, the talents they possess, that the cold and distrustful may be convinced, or at least silenced. There are many who have great confidence in the persons to be benefited. I, as one of the hopeful, say, "We do *not* believe that you will misuse additional privileges. We do *not* believe that in supporting this movement for the relaxation of the system pressing so heavily on you, we are diffusing principles which will encourage idleness and dissipation."

We believe that Milton, Shakspeare, and Dryden, will be good company for many a now desolate home; we believe that men will learn to value and to love something beyond the trade that brings them money; we believe that the beautiful and the good will be discovered or cherished in many bosoms, where they are now faintly existing, if existing at all. We *know* that "wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it;" and we believe that you will seek to obtain wisdom when your opportunities are extended.

The assertion that you would abuse your rights is not only untrue, but insulting to our sense of justice. Am I to rob my neighbour because he wastes his fortune? The steps by which an amelioration of the late-hour system is to be accomplished are these: punctual and faithful discharge of duty; a steady united pursuance of the object in view, maintained through meetings and by the press; a conscientious discontinuance of late shopping by all in any degree interested in the question; and in this commercial country, who among the middle classes is not interested in it?

Employers will find a graceful compliance earn them the thanks of their people, assiduous attention to commands, and additional respect; but all this is more than their due, for it is a question of justice, although their position gives them the power to make it one of favour too. Let them remember, "*Bis dat qui cito dat.*"

TO OUR READERS.

WHEN we made our first bow to our readers this time last year, we then told them how they might easily get rid of us if our presence was disagreeable, or felt to be unnecessary,—by simply letting us alone; that no active steps to expel us would be required; but that, by merely abstaining from troubling themselves about us, they would very soon find themselves relieved from whatever annoyance our periodical call at their doors might occasion. We had no intention of dragging on a sickly existence of a few months under the chilling breath of public neglect. We were fully resolved, if we found a frost fairly set in against us, to walk quietly away, while we had yet toes left wherewith to perform the feat with some degree of decent dignity. A little time must of course always be allowed for the public to know its own mind,—for the engine to arrive at its speed, so as fairly to test its powers,—but after that, if a favourable judgment is not pronounced, the most ardent self-esteem must yield to the conviction that the field which has been entered upon must be left for more skilful hands to till, and for more fortunate adventurers to reap its fruits.

A year has now elapsed, and here we are still, vigorous and hopeful,—a circumstance from which the reader may infer, with truth, that we have not been disappointed with the degree of patronage which we have received. The public has not thought proper to let us alone; we have not been chilled by the cold breath of neglect; the frost has not set in against us; and our toes are warm and sound, and able to carry us forward many a long league, without a wish for, or thought of, retreat. With thankful hearts, therefore, and buoyant hopes; with feelings of sincere gratitude for much favour and indulgence; and with a resolute purpose to deserve more, if possible, but never less, the support we have received; we now gird up our loins, and address ourselves for our third start.

It is a pleasing circumstance connected with a publication of this kind,—most pleasing to us who conduct it,—pleasing also, we doubt not, to those who read it,—that, as we are under no necessity of touching upon subjects of a controversial character, we need never have our minds agitated, or our tempers disturbed, by controversial feelings. This advantage we gain, not by cautiously and *cannily* taking care to express, on all subjects which we treat, opinions so undecided as to oppose no resistance to whoever advances with a disposition to contest them, but by moving entirely above the whole class of subjects about which men usually dispute. We (we do not mean ourselves individually, but our class,) have it in our power, if we adhere to our proper business, to—

a most enviable and delicious privilege, if we can only maintain ourselves at this elevation, nor, by once descending, irrecoverably

“soil our pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.”

Let it not be supposed that, by laying claim to this elevated region as our proper sphere, we are confessing an unfitness for a mission of every-day practical usefulness. The influences which descend with the most cheering and fertilizing effect upon the ground, are those which have their source beyond the edge of “this visible diurnal sphere;” it is the desolating storm,—the blinding mist,—the poisonous miasma,—which spring from, and have their dwelling close to, the earth. Neither are we to be imagined so absurd as, by fixing our place so high, to arrogate to ourselves any peculiar loftiness of flight, or soaring sublimity of genius. It is not by power of wing, but by pure singleness of purpose in our flying, that the elevation is reached,—by reducing our specific gravity, and by throwing off all downward tendencies, so that “in our proper motion we ascend.”

A metaphor is sometimes a dangerous steed to get astride of, and we therefore descend from ours, lest, were we to remain mounted much longer, our readers should imagine we intended to represent ourselves as always in the clouds, and should feel inclined to institute ludicrous comparisons between the magnificence of our present language, and some paper of very simple plainness, to be found, we doubt not, without much difficulty in our pages, and the generally unpretending character with which it is our study to invest this Magazine. Our meaning, however, cannot well be mistaken. Dealing with subjects not of local, temporary, or party interest, but of universal interest as regards place, time, and persons, our whole aspect and character is necessarily peaceful. We have nothing to do with those things about which men generally quarrel, and for which they call one another names. If we take up an incident of history, it is partly to stimulate at once and satisfy a laudable curiosity, partly to illustrate some point in human character, some prevailing motive to action,—never to bring it to the support of any view of present politics. If we touch upon morals, it is that we may enforce practically that upon which all good men are agreed in theory,—never that we may dip our hands into the disturbed waters of metaphysical or religious polemics. If we speak of the present condition of any class of the people—of its wants—of its sufferings—perhaps of its crimes, it is that we may call into action everywhere those feelings and principles, whose unfettered operation unfaillingly tends, by the admission of all thinking men, to the general good,—never to excite, in any single breast, one angry or discontented feeling. And we have, besides, a wide and fertile field into which

“live inphased
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth.”

controversy, with its hateful train of paltry jealousies and animosities, can never enter. There is Science in all its varied departments, before whose serene glance every angry feeling is hushed into submissive reverence for truth; there is Fancy, whose light laugh disarms controversy; and Poetry, whose chaste dignity passes it contemptuously by.

If it be said, as probably it will be, that, in thus sketching the character which a Magazine like this ought to bear, the subjects which it should take up, and the manner in which it should handle them, we are inviting a kind of criticism from which, whatever our own opinion may be, the world will scarcely think we can come off with honour, we have a twofold answer. In the first place, the world cannot well have a more humble opinion of us than we have of ourselves, nor be more keenly sensible how far our execution of our plan comes short of our conception of it. But it is something to have such a plan before us,—to have a point in our view which we are continually struggling, though we may be never able, to reach. It is a pledge of a progressive advance towards excellence,—of a daily casting off of some fault or imperfection. And, as it is notoriously but a small part of a publication whose contents are of so miscellaneous a character, the merit of which (whatever that may be) can be claimed by him who has its general management, we can, without offending against modesty or good taste, venture to express our confident persuasion, that, with the assistance which we have secured, this Magazine will be found, as it gets rid of the imperfections and irregularities incident to every newly-constructed instrument, to approach as near to the realization of the *beau idéal* we have sketched, as, looking to its price and expensive decorations, fair and candid criticism can reasonably demand. In the next place, happily for us, the world has already expressed a more favourable opinion, trying us by no low-pitched standard, than the objection we have supposed suggests. We have now before us a whole bundle of opinions—not one of them the mere *quid pro quo* of a venal criticism—the return in kind for the favour of an advertisement—but *bona fide* discriminating judgments, marked by the taste, good sense, and ability by which the newspaper-press of the present day is, generally speaking, so remarkably distinguished, in which our labours are spoken of in terms to which, were it not that much the greater part of the praise must be dealt out to contributors by whom we are proud to be assisted, we should almost blush to refer. These favourable opinions, we may add, have been not the less valued, that they have been in many cases accompanied by criticisms and suggestions, by which we have used our utmost endeavour to profit.

May we be permitted here to recapitulate the claims which we conceive ourselves to possess upon the support of the various classes of the public.

To parents and guardians, and those who are

entrusted with the education of the young, we commend our work in an especial manner, as one peculiarly fitted to promote their wishes in the training of those under their charge. It will not teach them all that they must know; it is not its purpose to do so; no Magazine can do so; and those under whose charge they are placed will of course carefully guard them against the mistake of expecting from it, or from any similar publication, what can only be obtained by severe study and unwearying application, from books of probably a less inviting character. Its use in their case will be to incite them to, and prepare them for, those severe studies, in a way suited to their several dispositions, while at the same time furnishing a profitable relaxation from occupations, which, if unremittingly pursued, would crush the feeble, disgust the indolent, and wear out the prematurely expanded energies of those whose genius is of a higher cast. Such as cannot be prevailed upon to go any further will, if they read this Magazine, find they have gained some knowledge, and that not little; for it will be the result of a great deal of that severe study which they themselves decline. But to those of the young whose curiosity is ardent, and their love of knowledge sincere, it will open up continual glimpses into the wide field which lies before them, furnishing hints and suggestions by which they will be sure to profit, at once stimulating and directing them in the noble pursuit. And all this without a line or a word from which they can suffer injury, by which the fine edge of early sensibility can be blunted, the generous ardour of youth for what is good and noble damped, or its reverence for what is venerable by age, character or profession weakened; but, on the contrary, with much by which all these can be strengthened and improved.

Clergymen, whose interest in the welfare of their flocks is not limited to the performance of their peculiar and sacred duties, will find, we trust, in this Magazine, what they can safely place in the hands of the people over whose spiritual interests they watch, in full security, that, while they are giving them what will be a source of much harmless enjoyment,—what will add greatly to their knowledge of men and their doings, of nature and its works,—it will never weaken the hold which they, or the doctrines they preach, have upon their affections—will not raise on their faces one sneer at the holy mysteries of our faith, nor suggest one doubt regarding the sure foundation of our hopes.

To the rich, *eo nomine*, we have not much to say, except to beg them not to despise us because of the lowness of our price; nor to cast aside contemptuously a work of which neither the appearance, nor, may we be permitted to say, the intrinsic qualities, are unworthy of a place on their drawing-room tables, merely because it is sold so cheap as to admit of its being also found in the cottager's window. We shall not presume to say that we can instruct them; but we promise them amusement and gratification of a character not out of harmony

with the tastes and associations of men of cultivated minds and manners.

But to those who are not rich we make an especial appeal. They are not often addressed as patrons. They can be patrons to us. Our price has been fixed for their sakes at a sum so low as to be extremely hazardous to ourselves. Those who can afford little else can afford this Magazine, and thereby obtain access to what would otherwise have remained hopelessly closed against them for ever. For their sakes we extract the essence of works which the savings of a lifetime could scarcely enable them to buy, and lay before them treasures of knowledge and art which were formerly the exclusive enjoyment of the rich. We come to them with our price as to the poor, but with nothing else. We assume no supercilious airs of bringing ourselves down to the level of their capacities and their tastes. We do not insult them by imagining that they will not relish a style of writing and thinking with which we do not fear to approach the richest and noblest in the land. Our writings may, and we trust will, help to raise them in the social scale; but will never be so conceived as to degrade them in their own esteem.

In one word, ours is a theatre in which the performances are carefully selected to suit the taste of the boxes, with admission to the whole house at gallery price.

To all our friends we say—Go on as you have done. Continue to support us as you have supported us during our first year; and our exertions for your advantage and gratification will be as unwearied as our gratitude will be boundless.

Popular Drar-Book.

November.

THE name of this month was assigned to it in the Alban Kalender, and is taken from *novem*, nine. November, as its title denotes, was originally the ninth of the twelve months; it is now the eleventh. Diana was considered its tutelary deity. The Saxons styled it *wint-monat*, i.e. wind-month; and it afterwards obtained the appellation of *blot-monat*, or blood-month, to denote that it was usual at this period of the year to kill oxen, sheep, and hogs, for purposes of sacrifice, and for food during the ensuing winter; artificial pasturage, drying of grass into hay, &c. having been then unknown. The stock of salted meat prepared was to last until vegetation again became sufficiently forward to permit the resumption of the use of fresh provisions. "The custom," says Brady, "of salting meat at this season, for winter consumption, was universal in this island, and throughout all the nations on the continent of Europe. In Scotland it was generally in use within the memory of man, and is still practised in the highlands. We have yet our *Martlemass*, or *Martinmass* beef, or beef cured about the festival of St. Martin, on the eleventh of this *blot-monat*. And the Spanish proverbs of 'His Martinmass will come, as it does to every hog,' and 'His Martinmass is coming, when we shall be all hogs alike,' that is, meet the same fate, emphatically allude to the slaughter of swine at this period. To the change from the use of salted to that of fresh meat, joined to the advantage of the vegetable

productions, now common throughout the year, is principally to be ascribed the almost total extirpation of leprosy, which formerly made such havoc among mankind; though the introduction of linen, tea, and tobacco, are considered as having contributed very much to that happy effect."

November was anciently represented as a man clothed in "a robe of changeable green and black: or, as it is usually termed, *shot-coloured*;" his head adorned with a garland of fruit and olive branches, holding in his left hand turnips and parsnips, and in his right the sign *Sagittarius*, or the *Archer*, which the sun enters on the 22d of this month; "thereby emblematically expressing that the cold ether, which in the former month was gaining a predominance over the sun's heat, now *shot and pierced* its way into the pores of the earth and suspended vegetation." Our great Elizabethan poet writes:—

"Next was November; he full-grown and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might seem,
For he had been a fattening hog of late,
That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steam,
And yet the season was full sharp and breu;
In planting eke he took no small delight:
Whereon he rode, not easy was to deem,
For it a dreadful centaur was in sight,
The seed of Saturn and fair Nais, Chiron light."²

This is generally a windy, gloomy, and foggy month, "in which," remarks Leigh Hunt, "we are said by Frenchmen to hang and drown ourselves." Intervals of clear and pleasant weather, however, frequently occur. The writer above quoted observes: "There are many pleasures in November, if we will lift up our matter-of-fact eyes, and find that there are matters of fact we seldom dream of. It is a pleasant thing to meet the gentle fine days that come to contradict our sayings for us; it is a pleasant thing to see the primrose come back again in woods and meadows; it is a pleasant thing to catch the whistle of the green plover, and see the green-turtles congregate; it is a pleasant thing to listen to the deep amorous note of the wood-pigeons, who now come back again; and it is a pleasant thing to hear the deeper voice of the stags, making their triumphant love among the falling leaves."

In November the mornings are often somewhat frosty, but the thin ice soon vanishes after sunrise. As the preceding month was marked by the *change*, so this is distinguished by the *fall* of the leaf. There is something extremely melancholy in this gradual process, by which the trees are stripped of all their beauty, and left so many monuments of decay and desolation. They usually lose their foliage in the following succession:—walnut, mulberry, horse chestnut, sycamore, lime, ash; then, after an interval, elm; then beech and oak; then apple and peach trees, sometimes not till the end of the month; and lastly, pollard oaks and young beeches, which retain their withered leaves till pushed off by their new ones in spring. Wild animals put on their winter coats in November; and the Alpine hare, which abounds in Scotland, becomes white. Lizards, badgers, and the hedgehogs creep into holes in the earth; bats get into old barns and caves; squirrels, rats, and field-mice shut themselves up with their hoarded provisions; dormice begin their long annual sleep; frogs hide themselves in the mud at the bottom of ponds and ditches; and moles make the nests in which they lodge during the winter. Flocks of wood-pigeons, or stock-doves (the latest in their arrival of the birds of passage,) appear at the end of the month, before which silk-tail, golden plover, and pocher are seen. Salmon now ascend the rivers to spawn. Their force and agility in leaping over cataracts and other obstacles to their ascent are very surprising. They are frequently taken in this attempt by nets and baskets placed directly below the

(1) Fierce.

(2) Named.

fall, into which they are carried after an unsuccessful leap.

Our gardens retain a number of the flowers of last month; and, in addition to several of the flowering trees and shrubs, they have the fertile and glowing China-roses in bloom; and in fruit the pyracantha, with its lustrous red berries, that cluster so beautifully on the walls of cottages. November is a busy farming month. The husbandman finishes his ploughing and sowing; winter fallows are turned up, and the fields drained; cattle and horses are kept in the farm-yard or stable; sheep are sent to the turnip-fields, or, in bad weather, fed with hay; bees are put under shelter, and pigeons fed in the dove-house. Threshing begins, forest and fruit trees are planted, and timber felled.

November originally consisted of thirty days, which were continued both by Romulus and Numa. Julius Cæsar gave it thirty-one, but Augustus reduced it again to thirty, which it has ever since retained.

November 1.—Feast of All Saints.

"Because," says Bishop Sparrow, "we cannot particularly commemorate every one of those saints in whom God's graces have been eminent, for that would be too heavy a burden; and because in those particular feasts which we do celebrate we may justly be thought to have omitted some of our duty through infirmity or negligence; therefore holy church appoints this day in commemoration of the saints in general." This festival, also called the Feast of Allhallows, is celebrated by the Latin and English churches. Its origin is referred to the year 607, when Phocas, the emperor, wrested the Pantheon from the pagans, and bestowed that splendid edifice upon the faithful. In A. D. 837, Gregory the Fourth, at the wish of Louis *le Debonnaire*, altered the anniversary of this feast from the first of May to the first of November, where it has remained until the present time; assigning as the motive of such change, that, as the harvest was then gathered in, less inconvenience would arise from the vast concourse of pious poor who resorted to Rome, for the purpose of joining in devotion at this high festival. "Allhallows Day," remarks the author of *Morus*, "closed the festivity of the harvest. As the labourer and vintager had now received the fruit of their pains, so it was proper that the labourers in the Lord's vineyard should be honoured with praises. The face of the country was now changed by the advance of the year, and the success of the husbandmen; the fields were naked, the leaves were falling fast from the trees, the dark clouds poured down rain, and brooks were swollen to rivers. All Halloween Day was the last joyful feast of the year."

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

On this festival, in many parts of England, apples are ducked for, and nuts cracked, &c., as upon its vigil, Allhallow Eve. Tollett relates, "that on All Saints' Day, the poor people in Staffordshire, and perhaps in other country places, go from parish to parish *a-souling*, as they call it; i.e. begging for *soul cakes*, or any good thing to make them merry." Another writer observes that in the county of Monmouth a custom prevails among the lower classes of the inhabitants, both Romanists and Protestants, of begging bread for the souls of the departed on the first of November; the bread thus distributed is called *dole bread*. This is, no doubt, the same antique usage as is thus referred to in the "Festival" (printed in 1511):—"We read in old time good people would, on Allhallowen-day, bake bread, and deal it for all Christian souls." We shall have occasion to say more about this subject in our notice of All Souls' Day. The first of November was considered among the ancient Welsh as the conclusion of summer, and celebrated by them with bonfires, accompanied with ceremonies suitable to the event. A writer in 1788 speaks of a custom observed in some parts of England "among the Papists, of illuminating

some of their grounds upon the eve of All Souls, by bearing round them straw, or other fit materials, kindled into a blaze. The ceremony is called a *Tinley*, and the vulgar opinion is that it represents an emblematical lighting of souls out of purgatory."

November 2.—All Souls' Day.

"The memory of the departure of all Christian souls," writes an old author, "is established to be solemnized in the Church on this day, to the end that they may have general aid and comfort, whereas they may have none specially." Odillon, Abbot of Cluny, in the ninth century, first enjoined the ceremony of praying for the dead on this day in his own monastery; and the practice was partially adopted by other religious houses until the year 998, when the feast of All Souls was appointed throughout the Western Church. "To mark," says Brady, "the pre-eminent importance of this festival, if it happened on a Sunday it was not postponed to the Monday, as was the case with other such solemnities, but kept on the Saturday in order that the Church might the sooner aid the suffering souls, and that the dead might have every benefit from the exertions of the living. The remembrance of this ordinance was kept up by persons dressed in black, who went round the different towns, ringing a loud and dismal-toned bell at the corner of each street, every Sunday evening during the month of November; and calling upon the inhabitants to remember the deceased suffering the expiatory flames of purgatory, and to join in prayer for the repose of their souls. This custom was general in this country until the Reformation was completely established."

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1784, it is stated that at the village of Findern, Derbyshire, the boys and girls go every year in the evening of the 2d of November to the adjoining common, and light up a number of small fires amongst the furze growing there, and call them by the name of *Tindles*: this usage has long been discontinued. "In Wales," relates Pennant, "they have a custom of distributing *soul cakes* on All Souls' Day, at the receiving of which poor people pray to God to bless the next crop of wheat." On this day formerly, in Lancashire and Herefordshire, it was usual for wealthy Romanists to dispense oat cakes, called *soul-mass-cakes*, to the poor, when, by way of expressing gratitude, the partakers of this liberality offered the following homely benediction:—

"God have your soul,
Bones and all."

Aubrey relates that, in his time, in Shropshire, &c., there was set upon the board a high heap of soul-cakes, lying one upon another like the picture of the shew-bread in the old Bibles. They were about the bigness of twopenny cakes, and every visitant on the feast of All Souls took one. He adds, "There is an old rhyme or saying, 'A soul-cake, a soul-cake, have mercy on all Christian souls for a soul-cake.'"

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

All Souls' Day was formerly devoted in England to prayer and masses for the dead, and to the remembrance of the death which awaited the living. The altars were hung with black, men kneeled upon the graves of their relations, and strewed them with flowers, and held lonely vigils, and strengthened their own hearts. During this lugubrious festival, it was the custom, as in Italy at present, for every one to appear in mourning. "When that ghostly era arrives," says Mr. Digby, "a devout multitude leaves every city, and repairs to the holy field for the dead, bearing lighted torches, to assist at the benediction there given solemnly. The poor, the lame, the blind, meekly and in silence line the ways, and alms are largely given to them. After the

office each family visits its ancestral tomb and prays for the souls of its members departed. All that night the bells of the churches and monasteries send forth a solemn peal. In some places, as at Bayeux, in consequence of the affluence of the people there was the fair of the dead."

November 5.—Guy Fawkes's Day.

This is the anniversary of the GUNPOWDER PLOT. "This," writes Hone, "is a great day in the Calendar of the Church of England: it is duly noticed by the almanacks, and kept as a holiday at the public offices." Appended to the "Book of Common Prayer" is "A Form of Prayer, with Thanksgiving, to be used yearly upon the fifth of November, for the happy deliverance of King James I., and the three Estates of England, from the most traitorous and bloody-intended Massacre by Gunpowder." The particulars of this execrable plot and its discovery are too well known to require any relation in these pages.

POPULAR CUSTOMS.

Poor Robin's Almanack for the year 1677 contains the lines on the fifth of November:—

"Now boys with
Squibs and crackers play,
And bonfires blaze
Turns night to day."

"It is still customary," observes Brand, "for the boys to dress up an image of the infamous conspirator, Guy Fawkes, holding in one hand a dark-lantern, and in the other a bundle of matches, and to carry it about the streets, begging money in these words,— 'Pray remember Guy Fawkes!' In the evening there are bonfires, and these frightful figures are burnt in the midst of them." The following stanza is ordinarily shouted before every house by the retainers of the effigies above described:—

"Please to remember the fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
We know no reason why gunpowder treason
Shall ever be forgot.

Holla, boys! holla, boys! huzza - a-a-a!"

"Scuffles," remarks Hone, "seldom happen now; but in my youthful days, 'when Guy met Guy, then came the tug of war!' The partisans fought, and a decided victory ended in the capture of the 'Guy' belonging to the vanquished. Sometimes desperate hands, who omitted or were destitute of the means to make 'Guys,' went forth, like Froissart's knights, "upon adventures." An enterprise of this sort was called "going to smug a Guy;" that is, to steal one by "force of arms," fists, and sticks, from their rightful owners. In such times, continues our informant, the burning of "a good Guy" was a scene of uproar unknown to the present day. The bonfire in Lincoln's-inn-fields was of this superior order of disorder. It was at the Great Queen-street corner, immediately opposite Newcastle-house. Fuel came all day long, in carts properly guarded against surprise. Old people have remembered when upwards of two hundred cart-loads were brought to make and feed this bonfire, and more than thirty "Guys" were burnt upon gibbets, between eight and twelve o'clock at night. At the same period, the butchers in Clare Market had a bonfire in the open space of the market, next to Bear-yard, and they thrashed each other "round about the wood fire" with "the strongest sinews of slaughtered bulls." Large parties of butchers from all the markets paraded the streets, ringing peals from marrow-bones-and-cleavers, so loud as to overpower the storms of sound that came from the rocking belfries of the churches. By ten o'clock, London was so lit up by bonfires and fireworks, that from the suburbs it looked in one red heat. Many were the overthrows of horse-men and carriages, from the discharge of hand-rockets, and the pressure of moving mobs inflamed to violence

by drink, and fighting their way against each other. This fiery zeal has gradually decreased: men no longer take an interest or part in such an observance of the fifth of November in the metropolis, and the tumultuous proceedings, &c. above described, have long since fallen into desuetude.

At almost every village in England this day is still celebrated with bonfires and rejoicings.

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Painters.

VANDYCK.

THE celebrity of this eminent artist arises chiefly from the excellence of his portraits, in which branch of the art he has been compared to Titian.

Anthony Vandyck was born at Antwerp, on the 22d of March, 1599; and it is a singular coincidence that the much-admired Spanish painter, Velasquez, was born in the same year.

Vandyck's father painted on glass with some skill, and his mother excelled in embroidery. His first instructor was Hendrick Van Balen, who had studied the works of the great masters in Italy; but Vandyck soon rivalled his preceptor, and, being an ardent admirer of Rubens and his works, he placed himself under the guidance of that illustrious man, who conceived a great affection for him, and foresaw his future excellence.

Vandyck improved rapidly, and became very useful to his master, whose manner he copied so well, that many of his productions have been ascribed to Rubens. The following anecdote affords a proof of Vandyck's powers of imitation in that respect.

It was the custom of Rubens, when the labours of the day were ended, to go out towards evening, and enjoy the relaxation of exercise in the air. On these occasions his pupils sometimes obtained permission from his old servant, Valviken, to enter Rubens's cabinet, and examine his different sketches, and his method of finishing his pieces. It happened, one day, when the young men were all eagerly pressing forward to observe a picture which Rubens had been painting during the morning, that one of them stumbled against the object of their curiosity, and effaced the arm of a Magdalen, and the cheek and chin of a Madonna. The accident excited general alarm, and the whole school appeared lost in confusion and dismay, when John Van Hock exclaimed, "We have no time to lose; we must find some expedient to screen us from discovery. Let the most skilful among us endeavour to repair the mischief we have occasioned. I, for one, give my voice for Vandyck, the only one capable of succeeding." This suggestion was unanimously approved of. Vandyck alone hesitated; but the entreaties of his companions, and his dread of encountering the anger of Rubens, induced him to comply; and he performed his task so well, that, the next day, Rubens, on examining the picture, said to his pupils, "That arm and head are among the best things I ever did."

Many have asserted, that, when Rubens was at length apprised of the circumstance, he effaced the whole; whilst others maintain that he suffered it to remain as Vandyck had finished it. The picture was the celebrated Descent from the Cross, in the cathedral of Antwerp.

In his twentieth year Vandyck went to Italy, by the advice of Rubens. On leaving Antwerp, he presented his kind friend and master with three excellent pictures. One was the portrait of Rubens's wife: the second was an *Ecce Homo*; and the third represented our Blessed Saviour in the Garden of Olives, when the Jews came to take him. Rubens valued these paintings highly, and placed them in his best apartment. The last, in which the figures were extremely well designed, beautifully coloured, and the effect of torchlight most powerfully displayed, Rubens placed over the chimney-piece, and always bestowed upon it the highest encomiums. In return, he gave Vandyck one of the finest horses he possessed; and, in his celebrated picture of St. Martin dividing his cloak with a mendicant, Vandyck has painted himself mounted upon that horse.

After having visited Rome and other parts of Italy, Vandyck took up his abode at Venice, where he studied the superior productions of Titian and Paul Veronese; and acquired that facility of outline, and delicacy of manner, by which his pictures are distinguished.

He observed minutely every tint in the works of Titian, and, by the superiority of his genius, he was enabled to discover the true principles which guided the celebrated masters of the Venetian school to the high degree of excellence which they attained.

On quitting Venice he repaired to Genoa, and, whilst there, his reputation and pecuniary advantages increased rapidly.

After a short visit to his native country, where he was warmly applauded by Rubens, and other eminent judges,—though he was assailed by the jealousy and envious criticisms of inferior artists,—he went to the Hague, where he painted the portraits of the Prince and Princess of Orange, their children, and most of the nobility, ambassadors, and wealthy merchants. He was highly paid for these portraits, in which, as in all he painted, he united the perfection of the art with the charm of truth.

At length, having heard how liberally the fine arts were patronized in England, he departed for London. There he painted some admirable pictures; but, strange to say, he met with so little encouragement, that he returned to Antwerp disappointed and disgusted.

He then resolved to retrieve the time which he said he had lost in other countries, and to signalize his return home by some of his best productions; amongst which was a picture of the crucifixion. He also painted a St. Anthony, at this period, for the Infanta of Spain.

Some excellent engravings from his works having found their way to England, a general regret was felt that greater regard had not been evinced for his uncommon talents; and Charles I. sent him a pressing invitation to visit his court.

Vandyck was at first unwilling to return to a country where he had been so unfavourably received, and it was only at the urgent solicitation of Sir Kenelm Digby that he consented to accompany him.

The king received him most graciously, and presented him with a gold chain, and the royal portrait richly set in diamonds. Soon afterwards his majesty conferred on him the honour of knighthood, and allowed him a considerable pension.

Apartments at Hampton Court, and in the palace of Eltham, were likewise given to him. Vandyck proved himself worthy of the king's munificence, for in a short time he enriched this country with many chefs-d'œuvre, and supplied the continual demand for portraits, not only for the galleries in the royal palaces, but for noble and wealthy families. The king often condescended to visit the artist, and took great delight in conversing with him.

Vandyck's portraits of the unfortunate Charles, his Queen, and family, are very numerous; and it is observable that those of the king have all that melancholy cast of countenance for which his majesty was remarkable, even before those calamities which might naturally have produced it. But Vandyck has represented him as handsomer than any other painter has done.

The artist's prosperity was now very great, but he was unreasonably expensive in his habits. He kept brilliant equipages, and a sumptuous table, to which all his friends and acquaintance were welcome. His establishment of domestics and horses equalled that of any nobleman of that period; but his gains were so great that he might have continued even these superfluous expenses, had he not absurdly wasted his money and his time in the pursuit of Alchemy.

He built a laboratory at a great expense, and the gold which was hardly and honourably earned by his pencil, soon evaporated in the crucible. The fumes from the coal, and grief at finding his attempts fruitless, added to the irregularity of his life, produced an illness which appeared likely to terminate fatally. He recovered, however, and some time afterwards he married, with the sanction of the king, one of the handsomest women of the court, the daughter of the Earl of Gowrie, a Scottish nobleman.

Vandyck went to Antwerp, after his marriage, with his wife, on a visit to his family and friends; and thence he proceeded to Paris, with the intention of offering to paint the Gallery of the Louvre; but Poussin was already engaged for that undertaking; therefore, after a sojourn of only two months in the French metropolis, he returned to London. His state of health soon became alarming, and he gradually sank under an accumulation of diseases. It is said that the king promised to give his physician three hundred guineas if he could save Vandyck's life. But his complaints were beyond the reach of medical skill, and he expired in 1641, at the age of forty-two, and was buried with funeral honours in St. Paul's cathedral.

He left a widow and one daughter, who married Sir John Stepney, a gentleman of good family in Wales. Her mother was re-married to Sir Richard Pryce, of Coguthan, in Cardiganshire.

Vandyck was a remarkably rapid painter. It is well known that he would commence a head in the morning, and, in order not to delay his work, he generally invited the person who sat to him to dine with him, and in the afternoon he finished the picture. He seldom retouched a piece after the first day.

He gave to his heads an appearance of nature and truth that could not be surpassed, and he excelled in painting the hands, which were always beautifully formed, and delicately exact in their proportions. His power of expression was so

striking, that the character and feelings of the person seemed, as it were, visible in the portrait.

The attitudes of his figures are natural and graceful; his colouring is much to be admired; and his draperies, which were taken from the fashion of the period, are in a grand yet easy style.

His best portrait, in England, is said to be that of the Earl of Strafford, at Wentworth House.

Though Vandyck is generally considered as a portrait painter, yet he has nearly approached his great master, Rubens, in some of his historical pictures. He had, it is true, less genius and spirit, but he excelled Rubens in the delicacy of his tints, and the vivacity of his colours. This was acknowledged even by his enemies, on the occasion of the exhibition of the picture which he painted for the church at Antwerp, in which is represented our Saviour lying dead on the knees of his mother, and surrounded by angels.

However it must be admitted that he was generally inferior to Rubens in historical subjects, though he surpassed him in his portraits, which, says De Piles, "have a softness and freedom of penciling beyond anything else in that way."

The most capital works of Vandyck are in England.

DESCRIPTION OF A SIBERIAN SHAMAN.

THE writer from whom we transcribe the following description of a Shaman, is treating of somnambulism, ecstasy, and quotes, as instances of it, the conjurers or wizards of Lapland and of Samoyede, and the Shamans of Siberia, who bring themselves into this singular state by artificial means, such as whirling round of the body, especially of the head, accompanied by stunning cries, songs, and music. "The condition," says our author, "into which the Shaman brings himself is much more extraordinary than that of the Lapland seer or the Samoyede enchanter: it resembles more what we might imagine the state of an ancient Pythoness, being a kind of convulsive delirium, during which he utters dark and oracular sentences, and remarkable clear seeing, or prophetic sight, takes place." An interesting account of these Shamans is given by a companion of Wrangel, in his expedition to the North Pole, contained in a letter written by Mr. Matinschkin to a friend at Petersburg, dated December, 1829.

This gentleman, after wandering all day by the banks of the Siberian river, Tobalog, sought shelter from the snow (which was beginning to fall, though only the month of August) in a place, where he found assembled a great many persons around a Shaman, who was just on the point of commencing his incantations.

By means of one of the company, to whom Mr. M. had lately shown a trifling kindness, and by the promise of some brandy and tobacco, our traveller was permitted to remain and witness the proceedings.

"In the centre of the place a bright fire blazed, around which a circle was marked out by black sheepskins, on which, in slow and measured steps, the Shaman moved round, repeating, at the same time, half aloud, the forms of his incantation. His long, black, bristly hair, covered almost completely his red and swollen face, while from under the shaggy eyebrows gleamed a pair of blood-shot eyes. His dress was a long Talar, composed of the skins of animals, and hung from top to bottom with amulets, rhymes, chains, shells, and pieces of iron and copper. In his right hand he held a charm-drum in the shape of a tambourin, likewise ornamented with shells. In his left hand was an unbent bow.

"By degrees the flame of the fire became extinguished, leaving only the glowing embers, which throw a dim mystic sort of light around. The Shaman threw himself down on the ground; and, after remaining motionless for about five minutes, broke out into a melancholy wail, the sound of which was as if it came from different voices. The fire was again kindled, and shot up into a high flame. The Shaman then sprang up, placed one end of the bow on the ground, rested his forehead on the other, and still holding the bow in his hand, he began to whirl round it, first slowly, and then rapidly. This whirling continued until the very sight of it made me giddy, when suddenly he stood still, and commenced making all manner of figures in the air with his hand without exhibiting the slightest symptom of giddiness. He then seized his drum, and, in a sort of inspiration, played, what seemed to me, a sort of melody, while he quickened or slackened his pace, and moved and contracted his body with inconceivable rapidity. The motion of the head was especially striking; it whirled round with a velocity resembling a ball on a string.

"During these operations the Shaman took, now and then, a mouthful of brandy and a whiff of tobacco, which, at a sign given by him, was handed to him by some one of the bystanders. This and the other operations must at length have stupefied him, for he fell suddenly down, and remained rigid and seemingly lifeless. Two of the spectators then approached, with large knives in their hands, which they began to, what on each other close to his head. This seemed to bring him again to himself; he renewed his strange wailings, and moved his body slowly and convulsively. The persons who had the knives in their hands raised him up, and placed him in an erect posture. His countenance was horrid to look at; the eyes were as if starting from their sockets, and seemed to project out from the head, while his face was crimson all over. He appeared perfectly unconscious, and except a slight tremor of the body, he remained for some minutes without a sign of life.

"He then awoke from his stupor apparently, and supported himself by his right hand on his bow, while, with the left, he swung the drum rapidly round his head with a whirling noise, and then suddenly let it fall, which, I was informed, was the sign that he was now fully inspired, and ready to be questioned. I approached him, as he stood motionless before me, without token of life either in eye or countenance, while neither my questions, nor his answers (which were given instantly, without one moment's reflection) changed in the slightest degree the immobility of his features. Several of his answers were very remarkable; others so obscure, that none of the interpreters were able to give me them in Russian. When the curiosity of all had been satisfied, the Shaman again fell into convulsions, accompanied with internal spasms, lying thus on the ground for about a quarter of an hour." The demons, it would appear, took a much shorter time to effect their exit than their entrance; as, for the latter, four hours had been necessary. Besides their usual mode of departing—by the chimney—the traveller saw the door opened by the spectators to let them out that way if they preferred it.

"At length, all was finished; the Shaman arose with marks of astonishment in his countenance, like a man awakened out of a deep sleep, finding himself in the midst of a large assembly. He looked at all the people around him, and particularly at Mr. M., whom he seemed now to see for the first time. Mr. M. asked him to explain some of his dark sayings, but the Shaman only looked at him with a questioning expression of countenance, as if he knew nothing of what had happened, and shook his head at each interrogatory, being utterly oblivious of what had passed, or of what he had said."

Our author is of opinion that the religious ceremonies of the dervishes of the present day had, in their origin, the same end in view as the demon-conjurings of the

Siberian Shaman, namely, that of inducing a somnambulous cataleptic state; but that now, the former not carrying out their whirling and other stupifying operations to the same extent as was once done, these ceremonies have become mere senseless and unmeaning rites; the Dervishes themselves being now ignorant of the purpose meant to be accomplished by their singular religious services. Three, however, out of the thirty-two orders into which the Dervishes are divided, the Meldeve, the Bedive, and the Rufai, still practise the whirling to a much greater extent than any of the others; their movements, accompanied by a barbarous kind of music, and various other ceremonies, while they call out in a voice of increasing loudness, "Allah! Hu!" until, breathless and exhausted, like the Shaman, they fall into a state of utter insensibility. After a few more absurd practices, they are then blessed by their chief, "Sheik Uliam," as he is sometimes called, (meaning Chief of the True Believers,) and speedily recover.

A. R. L.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

THE THREE VOICES.

S. M.

WHAT smith the Past to thee? Weep!
Truth is departed;
Beauty hath died like the dream of a sleep,
Love is faint-hearted;
Trifles of sense, the profoundly unreal,
Scare from our spirits God's holy ideal—
So, as a funeral bell, slow and deep,
So tolls the Past to thee! Weep!

How speaks the Present hour? Act!
Walk, upward glancing;
So shall thy footsteps in glory be track'd,
Slow, but advancing.
Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavour;
Let the great Meaning enoble it ever;
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain;
Work, as believing that labour is gain.

What doth the Future say? Hope!
Turn thy face sun-ward!
Look where light fringes the far-rising slope—
Day cometh onward!
Watch! Though so long be the twilight delaying,
Let the first sunbeam arise on thee praying;
Fear not, for greater is God by thy side,
Than armies of Satan against thee allied!

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

RISE OF THE THERMOMETER.

THE cold during the winter nights is very severe. The sentinels are frequently obliged to be relieved every half hour, and the officers, so long as they are beardless, may enjoy horizontal refreshment in peace; but when they obtain those manly appendages yclept whiskers, they find that turning in bed becomes hopeless, and being "brought up with a round turn," discover that they are frozen to the sheets. And we are told that families have been awakened by their houses becoming

roofless, owing to the intensity of the frost having extracted the nails by which the shingles were fastened to the rafters. Provisions are brought into St. John's frozen hard, and they will keep perfectly well so long as the frost lasts; it is ludicrous enough to see pigs, hares, and large codfish frozen stiff, and carried by a leg or tail over a man's shoulder, like a musket. One evening a discussion as to the degree of cold led to a bet, and the commanding officer's orderly was sent to ascertain what the thermometer stood at outside the window. The major's servant ingeniously brought the thermometer into the room, and looked at it by the light of the fire; the mercury thus suddenly astonished, naturally ran up a tremendous pace. In the conversation which took place between him and the orderly, he was overheard exclaiming, "Wait till it stops, Bob! Now tell the major it is at 45 notches above *Nero*."—*Echoes from the Backwoods*.

ANECDOTE OF LORD ERSKINE.

WHEN induced to make a personal observation on a witness, Erskine divested it of asperity by a tone of jest and good humour. In a cause at Guildhall, brought to recover the value of a quantity of whalebone, a witness was called of impenetrable stupidity. There are two descriptions of whalebone, of different value, the long and the thick. The defence turned on the quality delivered; that an inferior article had been charged at the price of the best. A witness for the defence baffled every attempt at explanation by his dulness. He confounded thick whalebone with long in such a manner that Erskine was forced to give it up. "Why, man, you don't seem to know the difference between what is thick and what is long. Now, I'll tell you the difference. Now, I'll tell you the difference. You are a thick-headed fellow, and you are not a long-headed one!"—*Townsend's Lives of Eminent Judges*.

THERE is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will; a word—a look, which at one time would make no impression—at another time wounds the heart; and, like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarcely have reached the object aimed at.—*Sterne*.

WHO does not look back with feelings which he would in vain attempt to describe, to the delightful rambles which his native fields and meadows afforded to his earliest years? Flowers are among the first objects that forcibly attract the attention of young children, becoming to them the source of gratifications which are among the purest of which our nature is capable, and of which even the indistinct recollection imparts often a fleeting pleasure to the most cheerless moments of after-life.—*Kidd*.

WHEN two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets, and interchange their keys.

THE noblest weapon wherewith man can conquer, is love and gentlest courtesy.

N.B.—The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; covers for binding, with table of contents, may be ordered of any Book-sellers.

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King Lear and his
Daughters.



KING LEAR AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

Lear. Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cordelia. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot hear
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majesty
According to my bond: nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? Mend your speech a little,
Least it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good, my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those d. ties back as are right fit,
Ohey you, love you, and must honour you

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good, my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so;—thy truth then be thy dower:

For,—

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood;
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever.

Shakspeare.—King Lear.

FARLEIGH GRANGE.

So utter is its desolation that even winter lacks the power to make its aspect wilder or more desolate. Summer leaves, and summer flowers, bright with the sunshine or glittering with the dew, trailing along the broken walls and shattered coping-stones, hanging a garland over porches moulder into dust, over dim discoloured window panes, over wormed and mossy garden seats, over fountains choked with weeds, over paths but barely pervious, mock and magnify its desolation and decay; but in winter all external and surrounding objects are in keeping with the void and ruined Grange. Titanic trees circling the old house like a body-guard of giants, wierd and awful in their look as those which frowned upon the Pilgrim's path, naked and gnarled, and making melancholy music as the wind sighs through the leafless boughs; bare slopes, with here and there a barer hush creaking as it sways; here and there a heap of faded leaves, that rustle with a startling unfamiliar rustle as you tread; dead stems of flowers, and crackling sapless shrubs, weaving a tangled network that overspreads the uneven terrace and dismantled urns; the stagnant and turbid fishpool, the very clouds themselves, heavy and cold and leaden, and creeping sluggishly across the sky; are perfectly in harmony with all the eye discerns and all the imagination pictures of that old decaying house.

Did light laughter ever echo underneath that roof? Did youthful footsteps ever bound along its floors? Did the firelight ever gleam in crimson flakes upon its shining walls? Were rosy children ever awakened by the summer sunshine streaming through its cheerful window-panes? Did the smoke of blazing yule logs ascend its tunnelled chimney stacks at bygone Christmas festivals? Who were its inmates? what was their history? Why is it tenantless—fallen to decay?

Pass through the vaulted porch, traverse the sounding hall, and by the cold deserted hearth sit down, and let us conjure up a history of the past.

Once on a time,—for that is, after all, your only legitimate method of opening a tale,—once on a time, two centuries since perhaps, a grey-haired man, who had amassed great wealth by trading ventures to the East, came hither to reside. An only daughter, her husband, and their child, shared in the old man's heart and home. He had been a poor dependent, this son-in-law, whose thrifty zeal had helped to build the fabric of the merchant's fortune, and, growing in his good opinion year by year, gained at the last the rich requital of his daughter's hand. Her hand, we say, for that her heart accompanied it admits of doubt. If rumour did

not wrong him, this son-in-law was one better calculated to excite distrust and dread than love. Fair seeming, smooth spoken, humble almost to abjectness, winding into men's thoughts without developing his own, with a wandering eye, a hesitating step, thin bloodless lips wearing a perpetual smile, a smile so like a sneer that it was difficult to determine when he smiled and when he sneered,—he was a man whom dogs and children would instinctively avoid: direr reproach we will not stay to cast upon him. Those wandering eyes of his, how truly did they symbolize the narrow restless mind which worked within! how intelligibly they spoke of growing, greedy, unsatisfied desires, of baneful, peace-destroying passions usurping absolute dominion over that inquiet stormy mind! The inactive aimless life he led, subserved to foster those desires by offering no diversion to the current of his thoughts, which still flowed on in one direct and unimpeded course, delving a deeper channel, expanding into a broader flood, and gaining might, and volume, and velocity, by the mere absence of all impediment and check.

He knew that, come what might, all that his benefactor had amassed must one day devolve on him; but then the certainty was not so proximate as he could wish. Years might elapse before the wealth so coveted should become his portion. Oh, that the inevitable, but yet remote, event could be accelerated! Oh, that the wearisome delay, the tedious waiting for the dead man's shoes, could be abridged! And might it not? Ay, might it not? In this one question all his gloomy reveries eventuated: beyond it, all was dim, chaotic, undefined.

So, brooding over this dark thought; so, day by day, tending and nourishing the poison-plant which had struck deep root and thrived apace within his mind, until its baneful growth became too mighty for repression; so, suffering suggestion to assume the form and pressure of a settled purpose, and listening to the whispers of a dwarfish fiend, until that fiend, dilating with his expanding influence, swelled into giant's shape, and wore the mien and gestures of a stern inexorable taskmaster; the old man's son-in-law became the docile slave of Avarice. Day and night, weekday and holiday, at mass and meals, visions of wealth, of sole supreme possession, flitted before his eyes, and ministered unceasing aliment to the master passion of his mind. But ever there arose one uniform impediment,—ever the figure of an old grey-headed man glided between him and his desire; and ever, as that presence troubled him, a phantom whispered in his ear suggestions of a fearful import, which, awful and hideous at first, grew less and less repulsive with every repetition, so that a murderous thought at length would lose its horrid

character, and harbour in his brain as naturally as though it were its own familiar lurking-place. From thought to act, from the motive to the method, were easy, if not inevitable, transitions. And yet, and yet, there was a haunting dread, the disquieting and constant fear of subsequent detection, to deter him from the deed. "Silently and well would poison work, but if suspicion should arise—" and then the prospective murderer would ponder on the matter more profoundly, search into old treatises, study the nature of mineral and vegetable poisons, and test their effects on animals, whenever practicable, until his knowledge of their character and operation was accurate and complete.

And one was chosen, slow, and subtle, and sure as truth itself; and nightly mingled and administered in the stoup of spiced wine which custom had commended to the old man's palate. Yea, while he drank, the placid murderer stood by and never blanched; heard kindly words, thankful acknowledgments of his (the murderer's) delicate attentions fall from the old man's lips, and yet felt no compunctious visitings! And every day he saw the fitful flame of life which burnt within the victim's frame flickering with a fainter, feebler light, and knew how soon it would be quenched for ever; and saw the earnest sorrow of the daughter of that dying man, and yet persisted in the desperate crime, unwavering to the last! Grey-headed old man, surrounded on thy death-bed by delusions, close thy dim eyes in peace, happy in the illusory belief that thou hast confided thy daughter's happiness to safe and worthy keeping! He sank so slowly, wasting away with such a gradual decline, so like the natural decay of life, that, when death *did* set his "silent seal" upon the suffering clay, no comments followed the event, and he was laid to sleep within the village church with solemn pomp and simulated grief by the husband of his child, the inheritor of his possessions, and the destroyer of his life.

"To sleep," said we? No, not to sleep, but thenceforth to haunt the troubled vision of the assassin by his perpetual presence. Go where he would, to the murderer's fancy the very air was full of eyes, dim aged eyes, glaring upon him with a fearful menace. Through the dim gloom of midnight the angry gleam of those old eyes would seem to penetrate and awe him. In the blazing embers, in the pictures on the walls, in the fantastic figures on the fountain, in the white clouds that skimmed athwart the sky, in the very stones upon his path, he saw the lineaments of the murdered man. In the moaning of the wind, in the shivering rustle of the leaves, in the murmuring ripple of the water, in every casual, transient, sound, there were, to his ear, intelligible articulations of the old man's voice. Wine had no power to banish from his brain the frightful images which thronged in thick succession through it; there was a poisonous savour in everything which met his lips; and the pure element itself smacked of a polluting mixture. Music was torture to his ears, for his wife found melancholy solace in dwelling on the songs and melodies which her father in his life-time loved; and by the mere force of association the murderer would shudder as he passed *one* vacant chair, and hurry from the room, filled with the fear of seeing its former occupant glide into his accustomed seat.

His wife, too, pined and drooped, and seemed to wither gradually away. As we have hinted, her affection for the only parent she had ever known, had never been supplanted by the more impassioned love which ordinarily springs up within a woman's heart towards him with whom she forms a new and nearer tie. From a sentiment of duty towards her father, rather than of actual attachment to the object of her father's choice, she had originally consented to the union proposed to her; and in the society of that father, and in the nurture of her infant son, she had subsequently found her greatest happiness; hence the bereavement she had sustained was full of bitterness. The one golden link in the chain of old remembrance was snapped—the living

memento of earlier and happier times was now no more. That wrinkled face, those silvery hairs, those old benignant eyes, that kindly voice—lost, lost—irretrievably lost. While he was alive, it was a joy only to meet his affectionate greeting, morning and evening—much more to hold *his* converse of the past, to run over the sunny retrospect of her girlhood, to compare impressions, restore the half effaced, and, by renewing, vivify the fresh. Dreary, exceeding dreary, therefore, was the void created by the death of that dear doting parent.

Her spirits sank, and then her health, and then she, too, went down into the dust. Her husband and her son, the one a haggard, prematurely grey, and conscience-stricken man, the other a dull-eyed, glibbering idiot, abandoned Farleigh Grange within a year of her decease, and perished by shipwreck on their voyage to a foreign land. The estate reverted to a distant relative, but, often as it has been tenanted, the Grange has never been the permanent abiding place of its inhabitants. Some curse appears annexed to its possession—some fatality attached to its possessors; and, for half a century past, it has been, as it now is, a desolate, deserted, and, in common credence, haunted house.

SCENERY OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Few chapters in the history of civilization and human industry are so replete with importance and interest to every grade of readers, as the accounts of the means by which England has been, within the last score of years, covered with a net-work of iron, or System of Railways. As a branch of national economy, the subject will have a paramount claim upon the attention of the statist and the politician in forming their estimates of the means by which the internal prosperity and domestic peace of the empire have attained a century of advancement within less than a quarter of that period. At this vast subject it is but our intention to glance; and rather to select one of its stupendous examples, and describe its course and construction, we trust, so as to prove that a Railway, instead of cutting up and despoiling the face of the country, has, like a fertilizing river, enriched and embellished the district through which it trends, in its progress stretching out its giant arms of improvement on each side of its mighty course.

For this purpose we have preferred *THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY*, in many respects the most important work of its class yet completed; and one of the most attractive by means of the picturesque and interesting country through which it passes. There exists, likewise, a peculiar facility for our task, or rather labour of love, in a work of the highest authority, which has just been issued from the press. This is a magnificent folio volume, detailing the history and description of the line, profusely illustrated with views of its great works, and the adjacent scenery; and forming, altogether, the most complete specimen of Railway Illustration yet produced. The work is, in every respect, worthy of the noble subject: the scenic pages are masterpieces of the artists' skill, both draftsman and lithographer; and the literature of the volume, both as regards scientific treatment and descriptive talent, takes precedence of every labour of its kind. In its vivid details of the skill of our own times in Railway construction, and of the glories of other ages in the antiquities of the country

(1) *The History and Description of the Great Western Railway, including its Geology, and the Antiquities of the District through which it passes: accompanied by a Plan and Section of the Railway, a Geological Map, and by numerous Views of the principal Viaducts, Bridges, Tunnels, Stations, and of the Scenery and Antiquities in its Vicinity: from Drawings taken expressly for this Work, and executed in Lithography, by John C. Bourne. Folio. (Size, 16 by 14 inches.) D. Bogue, Fleet-street. 1846.*

through which the line passes, this work presents a truly glorious picture of present and past. It has been published, we are informed, at an outlay of some fifteen hundred pounds, a large sum, if it is true; but only proportionate to the vast and varied interest and attraction of the subject of the work, and its demand on popular encouragement. By the aid of this very complete work we shall proceed to describe that truly magnificent line—the Great Western Railway.

"Bristol, the capital city of the West of England, has been distinguished for its commerce from a very early period, and was for many centuries the second city in the British dominions. Its position, upon a tide river, and surrounded by an extensive coal-field, appears as well fitted to secure a pre-eminence amongst the manufacturing interests of modern times as amongst those of commerce in days of yore. In practice, however, this has not been fulfilled. The manufacturers of England, since they have attained their present immense importance, have flourished chiefly in the Northern and Midland districts, and have not descended, in any great force, into the West."

It was natural to expect that the Railway System would be introduced at an earlier period amongst a population enriched by machinery, such as that lying northward of Birmingham, than amongst the men of commerce and agriculture who inhabit the West. Thus, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was completed before any of the passenger-railways about Bristol were commenced; and the Great Junction and London and Birmingham Railways both obtained their Acts earlier than the Great Western Railway; though, when the latter was brought forward, it received a far more cordial support from the population of its own districts than was the case with the northern lines.

Thirteen years have now elapsed since the Great Western Line was first proposed; mainly with the object of reviving the commerce of the ancient port of Bristol, in connecting it by this iron road with the Metropolis. The enterprise was a noble one, and reminds one of the recovery of its fortunes by Cabot, some three centuries and a half since.

The Railway project was warmly taken up; for we find Mr. Britton leaving his antiquarian pursuits to illustrate its advantages, in a Lecture read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Bristol, Oct. 19, 1833. "London," says the Report, "from its greatness, is, and must long continue to be, the centre of wealth, of arts, and of commerce; but its port is not well situated for the trade of the West: a long and dangerous passage, during the winter season, of more than one hundred leagues, must be made by ships coming from the West. Could vessels discharge their cargo in this port, they would be in safety, and ready for another voyage; indeed, ships from America and the West Indies, under favourable circumstances, may make two voyages in the season; but the fortnight that it takes longer in going to London is often fatal to their doing so. This will show the advantage of a ready land communication with London, which is now afforded by the projected Western Railroad. By this, the cargo of a vessel discharged in Bristol, may, in six hours, be in the centre of London, and conveyed at a moderate price at all seasons of the year. Bristol may become, under these views, the Great Western Port of London, being but six hours' distance from her. It has been figuratively said that the Grand Junction Canal may be compared to the back-bone of England. Then, surely, we do not violate propriety by saying that the Great Western Railway may be the right arm of the Metropolis." This anticipation was not a mere rhetorical flourish; but, as we have just said, the promise has not been fulfilled. There were many difficulties at the outset: the advantages were, by no means, generally appreciated; the estimated capital,—two and a half millions,—was large; and the line was to be carried through a district altogether unused to such undertakings, and pre-occupied by powerful turn-

pike-road and canal interests. It is not to our purpose to enumerate the several Acts of Parliament obtained for forming this Railway; but it should be mentioned, that, in the early stage of the proceedings, the promoters of the measure did not consider it practicable to apply to Parliament at once for an Act for the whole line. It was, likewise, at first intended to connect the line with the London and Birmingham Railway at Kensall Green, about four miles from the Metropolis; but the idea of this junction was abandoned, and a separate entrance into London secured.

Before we proceed to details, it may be as well to notice certain circumstances in which the Great Western district differs from any other. Its traffic is altogether of a higher class than that in the North: for example, the existence of such a city as Bath, or such a town as Cheltenham, (to which latter the line has been extended,) supported entirely by persons living upon their incomes, is peculiar to the West; and the passengers, if not so numerous, yet indulge in higher comforts than the general population of such towns as Birmingham or Manchester. The line of country westward of London, also, differs from every other line in the number and character of the towns upon the route. "Of a train-load of passengers starting from London, a considerable number, and of the highest class, might be expected to leave the Railway at Windsor, at Reading, at Oxford, at Gloucester, at Cheltenham, or at Bath; comparatively few of the original passengers will leave at Bristol; whilst, on the other hand, the seats of many of those who had left the train would be filled by persons proceeding to Bristol from the place for which the others had departed. This is wholly different from what takes place either upon the Birmingham, or upon any other line of Railway proceeding out of London; and the towns that have been named are, notoriously, centres of a numerous and wealthy population."

In choosing the course of the Railway, two lines of country were to be considered, between London and Bristol, or rather, between Reading and Bath; the one ascending the vale of the Kennet, keeping the high ground south of the Marlborough downs, and descending through the Cotteswold by the valley of the Avon; the other following the ravine of the Thames, from Reading to near Wallingford, ascending the great vale of Berks, at the foot, and to the north of the Marlborough downs; and therefore intersecting the crest of the Cotteswold, above Box, a village a few miles east of Bath.

Mr. Brunel, the appointed engineer to the Company, chose the latter line—to the north of the Marlborough downs—both as being, in an engineering point of view, the best line, and as affording, in a greater degree than any other, facilities of communication with Oxford, Gloucester, Cheltenham, South Wales, and the West of England generally; points of very great importance.

The line, accordingly, takes the following direction through the counties of Middlesex, Bucks, Berks, Wilts, and Somerset. It commences at Paddington, passes by Acton, Ealing, Hanwell, over the Brent, to near the cattle-market at Southall, within two miles of Uxbridge; through Slough, and within one mile and three-quarters of Eton and Windsor; through Salt-hill to Maidenhead, where it crosses the Thames, and within six miles of Marlow; and thence passes within five of Wokingham and Henley, to Reading. The line next takes rather a northerly direction, ascending along the right bank of the Thames, which it crosses and recrosses at Basildon and Moulsoford, where it is four miles from Wallingford; and thence passes to Staunton, where it is four miles from Abingdon, and ten from Oxford. Its course then proceeds westward, within two miles and a half of Wantage, six miles of Faringdon, four of Highworth, and one and a half of Swindon, whence there is a ready communication with Marlborough, Hungerford, and the south of Berkshire, and where the line is joined by the Cheltenham and Great Western Union Railway, now complete to Cirencester, and between Cheltenham

and Gloucester; the latter city being the intermediate point for future Railway communication between South Wales and the Metropolis. From the Swindon Station, taking a south-westerly course, the line passes within half a mile of Wootton-Basset, six miles of Malmesbury, and six of Calne, through Chippenham, within five miles of Melksham, and nine of Devizes, through the southern suburb of Bath, where it crosses the Avon, to Bristol. Here it passes close to the dépôt of the Coalpit-heath Railway, which brings down the coal of the Gloucestershire collieries, and will, when completed, form the line of railway communication between Bristol and Gloucester. The communication westward and south, from Bristol, is continued by the Bristol and Exeter Railway, now open through Bridgewater to Taunton, and in course of construction to Exeter. This line affords an easy access to Weston and the watering-places on the Severn; and Exmouth, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, and the other places of resort in the south of Devon lie at no great distance from its extremity.

The Railway traverses a great variety of geological formations, and terminates in the centre of a district of high geological interest. As the arrangement of the strata is on the whole uniform, the upper and newer formations being found at the eastern end, and the older cropping out or rising to the surface in regular geological succession as they approach the West, there is little difficulty in arranging the order of their description: still, we are compelled, by want of space, to omit it, and summarily state that the formations intersected by the Railway extend from the London clay down to the coal-measures of the Bristol basin; and within a distance of thirty miles from that city, upon the railways that branch from it, are found all varieties of rocks, from chalk, to grauwacke and trap. It would be difficult to select a line or district possessing greater geological interest, and better fitted for the convenient study of the science itself. Accordingly, the chapter devoted to the "Geology" of the line, in the great work before us, is one of its most important sections.

Having thus briefly described the general and geological features of the country traversed by the Railway, we shall next bestow a short notice upon its main points of construction; and, first, of the gradients.

The greater part of the rise upon this line is concentrated within a comparatively short space by means of two inclined planes, upon one of which assistant power is employed, and the remainder of the line thus left free to be more economically worked. There is but one summit level, which is 77 miles from the London end; and, consequently, within about 18 miles only from the centre of the whole line. This summit is 270 feet above the London dépôt, and 292 above that at Bristol. From London the railway rises gradually to Maidenhead, Reading, and the Oxford Station at Steventon, by easy gradients, nowhere exceeding four feet in the mile, or one in 1,320, and frequently under this. This is a distance of 56 miles, and upon it occurs the heaviest traffic. From Steventon to the Swindon summit, the line continues to rise gradually, without undulations, at a maximum inclination of eight feet in the mile, or one in 600. From the summit level, the line descends by two inclined planes at Wootton-Basset and Box. The intermediate gradients do not exceed eight feet in the mile; the inclinations of the two planes are one in a hundred, or 52 feet in the mile. The length of the Wootton-Basset plane is one mile and 550 yards; it is surmounted without any extraordinary assistance. The Box plane is two miles and 660 yards in length, and upon it occurs the Box tunnel, the first out of London. Upon this plane an assistant engine is employed. From Bath to Bristol, the descent is one continued gradient of four feet in the mile, or one in 1320. Thus, the whole line, (118 miles 20 chains in length,) with the exception of the inclined planes, may be regarded practically as level; and it has been so arranged that four-fifths of the traffic are carried

on upon that part of the Railway of which the maximum gradient does not exceed four feet in the mile.

From the latter advantage, the absence of objectionable curves, and the great proportion of passenger traffic expected upon the Great Western Railway, it was proposed at a very early period of the undertaking to travel at a higher speed than had been attained upon other Railways. With a view to this end, the permanent way was peculiarly laid—principally in fixing the gauge or distance between the rails at seven feet, a much greater width than had hitherto been adopted, and by which it was proposed to ensure greater steadiness than was otherwise consistent with high speed.

The rails upon the Great Western are what is called bridge-shaped, with wide wings, or flanges; they are laid upon continuous bearings of wood, instead of upon the interrupted support of chairs or pedestals, as usually employed in this country; and it was proposed by this means to obtain greater steadiness of motion, with less noise, and less of that wear and tear which forms a very serious objection to high speeds upon ordinary Railways. The longitudinal bearings are half timbers of American yellow pine, connected together by transverse timbers. The whole frame is simply laid upon the road, which is previously covered with a bed of broken stone, burnt clay, or gravel, called technically "ballast." The main timbers are themselves canted or inclined inwards, at a slope of one in twenty; and the rail, of sixty pounds weight to the yard in length, are screwed down upon a strip of felt. The rails are almost wholly of Welsh iron, rolled at the several works of Howlais, Ebbw-Vale, and Rhynny.

Such are the main constructive peculiarities of the "Great" Western Railway; by the magnitude and importance of its engineering works, entitled to the character of "Magnificent." We now proceed to notice, in the order in which they occur, the principal objects on the line, and the picturesque country through which it passes.

Starting from the Paddington Station, there is little to notice: the present arrangements are temporary only; a large plot of ground being set aside for the purposes of a permanent station. Nevertheless, we are struck with the vast space covered by the engine and carriage sheds and workshops. We are struck, too, with the colossal size of the engines. The carriages, also, are of excellent build and accommodation, and some of them cost 400*l.* each. Some are eighteen feet long and eight feet wide, while others are twenty-one feet in length. Here, too, is kept the royal state carriage, fitted up for the accommodation of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. It is twenty-one feet in length, and nine feet in width, and the interior is divided into three compartments; the centre forming a saloon, twelve feet long, and six and a-half high, and fitted up with crimson and white silk, panelled with gilt mouldings in the style of Louis Quatorze; and embellished with allegories of the four elements, painted by Parria. The furniture is of richly carved oak; and the upper part of each end of the carriage is fitted with plate-glass, affording an uninterrupted view of the railway line. We have spoken of the vastness of the engines: one of them, "the Great Western," has driving-wheels eight feet in diameter, eighteen-inch cylinders, and two-feet stroke; and, in a trial made in June last, this engine drew a train one hundred tons weight, at the rate of from sixty-five to seventy miles an hour; yet, with this extraordinary speed, the passengers had no feeling of uneasiness.

The Paddington dépôt is crossed by three large bridges, or viaducts, carrying roads between various parts of the adjacent property, upon which a new town is now building, under long leases from the Sec of London. The large size and embellished character of the mansions, in a moment, impress the beholder with the gigantic spread of luxurious London, and its thousand-fold piles of patrician dwellings, more observable in this western suburb than in any other direction. Yet the eye soon leaves this palace-building grandeur, and returns to the Railway, which quits Paddington in cutting. On the

right, however, is seen the Kensal Green Cemetery, with its glittering temple, and its classic monumental memorials—the emblems of the sleep of death, strangely contrasting with the turmoil of the Railway progress, which can scarcely indicate the rapidity of life. We have often lingered in this Cemetery—this vast and daily increasing assemblage of costly temple and column, mingled with foliage of funereal hue—and there reflected how the Great Town is daily contributing its dead to this city of tombs.

Opposite the Cemetery, we gain an occasional view of the vale of the Thames, over Wandsworth and Richmond, with the wood of Holland House in the foreground, and the Surrey chalk-hills in the extreme distance. The line here crosses the course of the abandoned works of the Thames Junction Railway, at about only a quarter of a mile from the London and Birmingham Railway; and from the top of the embankment, at Old Oak Common, there is a pleasant view of a tract of country, well studded with villas and other indications of opulence. The part of the line east of Acton, including the depot and terminus, forms “the Paddington extension,” or that portion of the line formed after the plan was relinquished of entering London by the Birmingham Railway from Kensal Green. Yet, by making private arrangements with the landowners, the works were commenced long before the Act for the extension was obtained; so that, by severe engineering exertions, this part of the line was completed at the same time with the portion between Acton and Maidenhead, which had been commenced under the original Act, nearly a year previously.

We soon reach the Ealing Station, five miles and a half from London, though from the line lying in cutting, we lose the picturesqueness of Ealing Common. We are now close on the northern side of the Uxbridge Road, once a noted pleasure drive out of the Metropolis, but now an almost deserted and silent highway. The village of Ealing lies leftward of the road; the church fell down in 1729, and was rebuilt in 1736, “apparently after designs by the churchwardens,” for it is a heavy, tasteless, brick pile. Further on the Uxbridge Road are the Old Hats taverns mentioned by Bickerstaff, in his play of the “Hypocrite.” On the opposite side of the Railway, the station opens upon the road from Ealing to Twyford, and the high ground of Castle-bar, where the Duke of Kent, the father of her present Majesty, possessed a well-appointed mansion; though only a lodge and entrance-gate remain.

The Railway soon enters Hanwell, upon a gravel embankment; and the Hanwell Station, seven and a quarter miles from London, stands upon the northern side of the line, upon a short viaduct; from whence a second embankment leads to the Wharncliffe viaduct, the largest piece of brick work upon the railway, and about the first work completed. It is, indeed, a gigantic structure, consisting of eight elliptical arches, each seventy feet span, and seventeen feet six inches rise; the piers are composed each of two square massive pillars of brick, slightly pyramidal, and of somewhat Egyptian character. The base of each pier stands upon an area of 252 feet, the total length of the viaduct is 900 feet; the breadth between the parapets thirty feet. It is named “the Wharncliffe Viaduct,” in acknowledgment of the services rendered by the late Lord Wharncliffe to the Great Western Railway Company, as Chairman of the Lords’ Committee upon their bill, and its principal supporter in the Upper House. Upon the south face of the parapet are set up the Wharncliffe arms, sculptured in stone. The view from the Railway here is very striking; the new church of Hanwell, in the early English style, and

“That neighbouring hill, where
Harrow stands so high,”

are the principal objects on the north;

“Perivale, pranked up with
Wreaths of wheat,”

and Greenford, are still, as when sung by Drayton, to be seen upon the banks of

“Brent, that pretty brook;”

“and the churches of these villages are bits of not unpicturesque antiquity.” On the the south side of the railway, the Lunatic Asylum for the County of Middlesex occupies the foreground, and, rarely fails to give rise to commingled feelings of pain and consolation in the spectator; in showing a dire necessity to be met by the mildest means that humanity can dictate.

The Hanwell Asylum, however, merits an independent note, it being one of the noblest instances of wisdom-tempered zeal and humane skill which our age can boast of. The building and its appurtenances occupy upwards of fifty-three acres; the several patients, sometimes nearly a thousand in number, are treated according to the intensity of their affliction; but in no case is unnecessary restraint practised. Working upon the proverbial association of idleness and vice, in all cases where practicable, employment is resorted to as a remedy; and nearly all the operations of this vast establishment are conducted with the utmost order by lunatics; shops of lunatic tailors and shoemakers may be seen here at work; and the bakery, the laundry, and other domestic offices, are worked by the same “patient” classes. The out-door arrangements are upon the same system of non-restraint. The gardens and shrubberies are neatly kept by the inmates, who are allowed to enjoy their health-giving air with the most indirect surveillance, and various pastimes are allowed to minister to the “mind diseased.” Within doors, reading of an interesting and attractive, though not exciting, character, is provided; the tables are strown with cheap periodicals, in the hope that their good seed may not invariably fall upon the mind, as it were, lying fallow. Here, as in the same world outside of the Hanwell domain, society has its pets and butts, and men are prone to sport with each other’s weaknesses; but this is no new phase of humanity. We, who remember but too distinctly the clanking fetters and the horrifying gaze of the inmates of the old Bethlehem, have inspected Hanwell with very different feelings; and, as we walked, almost unattended, through crowds of “lunatics,” were indeed gratified to find them so far sane as to be sensible of their humane treatment. From the wall of one of their dormitories we copied the following lines:—

“Behold!

No gloomy cells where sullen madness pines
In chains and woe, where no glad sunlight shines;
But here kind sympathy for fallen reason reigns;
Our rule is gentleness, not force or galling chains.”

On the south side of the garden lies the burial-ground, wherein all patients not removed by their friends or parishes are buried; and here sleeps the individual who planned the Asylum, and eventually became one of its inmates for a long period previous to his death—one of those extraordinary coincidences that belong to the category of popular fatalism.

We have wandered from the Railway, but, we trust, not unprofitably, if this note have the effect of drawing attention to the frightful increase of insanity in this country, and to the best means that can be devised for its remedy and prevention. In the valley wherein lies this “happy port and haven” for afflicted nature, is a scene of serenity which should calm the angry passions that too often chase men out of the world of reason. The stream of the Brent passes through a brick channel beneath the second eastern arch; and the absence of its waters is compensated by the slopes and undulations, the graceful trees, and the foliage that thickly clothes portions of the embankment. The vastness and Egyptian design of the viaduct, perchance, remind us of the lasting grandeur of some of man’s labours; yet, look through one of the archways at the distant church, and the memorials of mortality with which it is surrounded, and what a lesson—what a shock—does human pride

receive in the contemplation ! Turn again to the scene of pastoral beauty, and smiling nature, in the verdant valley, and what joy unspeakable is to be found there !

The Wharfedale viaduct, we should mention, was built by Messrs. Grissell and Peto, who were also the contractors for various portions of the railway between London and Basildon. At about a quarter of a mile west of the viaduct, the Railway passes over, and obliquely, to two roads by an iron bridge and massive columns cast in Yorkshire. We soon reach the hamlet of Southall, nine miles from London, at which distance there is a station, with accommodation for loading and unloading cattle ; the celebrated cattle-market being held in the hamlet. In the south lies the well-wooded domain of Osterley, the seat of the Earl of Jersey. The Railway passes through Southall Park, and near the mansion, a spacious brick structure, belonging to the Jersey family, but now used as a private lunatic asylum. Between Osterley and the Railway may be noticed Norwood church, which retains some features of the early English and decorated styles. At Bull's bridge, within a quarter of a mile, the Railway crosses the Paddington Canal, the Yedding Brook, and the Grand Junction Canal, in its way to join the Thames at Brentford.

We soon reach the West Drayton Station (for Uxbridge, Colnbrook, and Staines,) thirteen miles from London, and standing on the brink of the brick district, upon the eastern edge of a broad, shallow valley, along which meander the streams of "the crystal Coln." West Drayton church, on the south of the line, is a very perfect example of the perpendicular style ; and outside the churchyard is a brick gateway of later date, but worth examination. Here the Railway crosses "the County Ditch," and leaving Middlesex, enters Buckinghamshire. This valley appears also to divide the London from the plastic clay formation, though from thence to Slough the latter is covered up with marl and gravel beds. The dead flat of the view is now relieved by glimpses of Windsor Castle, Eton College, and St. Leonard's heights. There is little else to attract until we reach Slough, if we except the church of Langley Marsh, or St. Mary's, on the south, which is an architectural study, with its examples of the Pointed Norman, early Decorated, and Tudor styles.

(To be continued.)

BLACK FRITZ.

CHAP. II.

THEY had now reached the valley ; the house lay before them, and the inhabitants soon appeared, and interested themselves in preparing the carriage ; and in putting everything in operation that was necessary for its repair. It seemed that the stranger had the entire command here, and, as Luitgarde drew near, while he was not present, to one of the workmen, she saw for the first time that they were men of immense, even terrific, stature. It was not without unwillingness that she spoke to one of them, and asked about the gentleman—their master. He was a merchant from Budweis, she was told, and the house and the implements here were his. At these words Luitgarde became more tranquil. "These dark savage looking men were workers in iron, and it was a great satisfaction to Luitgarde to see how ably they set about their business, so that she could soon hope to continue her journey. But the stranger was still absent ; at length he appeared with a troubled expression on his countenance. He asked her pardon for having made her wait so long, begged her respectfully to come into the house, and then opened a handsome room on the ground floor ; a small collation lay ready on the table, and an old woman received her with many reverences. The stranger's manner of giving her a chair, of offering to her fruit and preserves,

attracted her attention, and indicated a more elevated station of life ; a melancholy expression in those strongly marked features, joined to a soft tone of voice, excited in her heart the strangest feeling.

Her attendants now came to tell her that all was ready, and the carriage in a state fit to continue the journey. The stranger rose from his seat, and cast a terrific glance on the entering domestic, who brought this unwelcome message to his mistress. Luitgarde at the same time showed symptoms of fear ; the stranger noticed it, and again in a mild tone asked her pardon for the suddenness of his movement, and offered her his arm in order to conduct her to the carriage. She bowed assent in a kind manner, and placed her hand on his arm. He suddenly stopped, looked at her for some moments, and said, after a struggle with himself, "Noble lady, permit me to have the honour of saying a few words to you alone."

Luitgarde made a sign to her maid to leave the room, who left it accordingly.

"You have spoken to me of Black Fritz ; you do not indeed fear him, but his hand ; he has reason to avoid me ; where I am, he certainly does not come ; so permit me to present to you this ring, and if, by any unlucky chance, you fall into his or his people's hands, show this ring and you are safe."

Luitgarde stood quite amazed ; a thought which like lightning shot through her soul, overwhelmed her ; the swarthy stranger of the banks of the Moldau appeared before her mind ; she fancied she found a resemblance between him and the Budweis merchant ; she was seized with a shuddering, and, without being able to speak, and without taking the ring which he held out to her, she looked at him with a scrutinizing and frightened air. But the nobleness of those features, the mild expression of those eyes, checked her childish fears—she recovered herself and took the ring. It was a handsome cornelian, richly set in gold, and on both sides ornamented with three small diamonds in the form of a trefoil.

"I thank you from my heart, and I know the entire extent of my obligation towards you ; this ring will I preserve as a precious bijou, and I shall return it with the most lively thanks to its owner when I no longer require it : but now be so obliging as to tell me your name and habitation, that I may—"

"Does the poor present of an uncouth stranger overwhelm you ?" asked the man, with evident emotion ; "the ring is very dear to me ; I give it to you ; it shall serve you, perhaps save you, therefore must remain with you, and you—"

A blush diffused itself over the whole of Luitgarde's face, and she instantly let the ring fall into her bosom, without thinking what she was doing, for some one at the moment entered the room.

The merchant again offered his arm ; they left the room, he assisted her into the carriage, a slight pressure which he permitted himself of her hand, was even slightly acknowledged—their eyes met each other's once more, and the horses hastened off with the carriage.

In deep reflection, and with contending feelings, did Luitgarde proceed ; she could not deny that the appearance of the Budweis merchant had made a powerful impression on her as no man had yet done, and the incomprehensibility of the matter was the force by which his mind had acted on hers, obliging her as it were to unreservedness and kind feeling towards him, whom she had never seen, indeed whose exterior and "entourage" seemed to comprise many singular, and not agreeable mysteries.

Arrived at her uncle's castle—the latter came to meet her full of joy, and with the news that his son was expected in the evening. Luitgarde had accidentally heard that, and yet this news fell on her like a thunderbolt. She was not in a state to answer ; the fatigue, the commotion of the journey, the accident—which her maid had related in all its circumstances—served her as a pretext

to withdraw to her chamber. Here she threw herself on a chair: a storm rose in her breast; a thousand thoughts, images and feelings, sorrow and shame, curiosity and inquietude, terror and love, opposition and chagrin, moved in chaotic contention with each other; she was discontented with herself, with Frederick's sudden arrival, with the importunate attentions of the stranger, with the whole world. Then a noise was heard in the castle—doors were opened and shut—rapid steps were heard in the passages. Frederick was come: she was now forced to collect herself and meet him in a suitable manner. She rose from her chair, she felt that she trembled, and her knees tottered under her. "Heavens! what is this!" cried she, "what is the matter with me?" In this agitated state, as she raised her hands, the stranger's ring fell from the folds of her neck handkerchief; she was alarmed as if at the appearance of a spirit; but some one was approaching her chamber, she rapidly seized the ring, looked on it once more, and then concealed it in its former place. The door of the antechamber was opened; she heard her uncle and a second male voice, which strangely affected her. She rose up, however, with resolution, and hastened to meet them. Her uncle stood before her; and a younger man, in whose developed features she recognised the contours of her youthful friend, saluted her with grace and respect. "This is my son, my Frederick—*thy* Frederick," said the count joyfully, "and this is thy future bride."

"My fair bride!" gently whispered Frederick, while he stretched out his arms to embrace her; but in her the interior storm had reached its highest point, an indescribable sorrow agitated her breast, a deep cry escaped her, and she sank powerless on Frederick's shoulder.

On recovering she found herself on her bed; her uncle held her in his arms, Frederick was on his knees before her and holding her hand—and her maid was employing essences and restoratives. She looked wildly round; all seemed as a dream; and now a stream of tears broke from her eyes, and freed the oppressed heart.

"How are you, dear cousin?" asked Frederick. "Ah! heavens, you weep!"

"Had I thought that you would have been so much affected, I should have prepared you," said the old count; "but who could have believed—"

Luitgarde endeavoured to contain herself. "Do not be uneasy, my dear uncle; and you, Frederick, forgive me! I had no power over myself, but now it is past, I am again easier." She stood up, and strove to look in a friendly manner on her cousin, and to speak to him of his journey and residence at Vienna. It cost her unspeakable pain, but she succeeded. Frederick began his narrative, his father listened with inward satisfaction, and Luitgarde's agitated feelings gradually became composed. It was from that time reported in the castle that Luitgarde was deeply enamoured of her cousin, and Frederick sought by all kinds of tender attentions to make himself deserving of this passion. Luitgarde felt this in a thousand careful attentions, in graceful efforts to anticipate her wishes, and to be agreeable to her. She had only to look, only to wish, so that whatever she required for her work, or for ornament, was instantly procured for her; she was forced to be on her guard, and not too loudly express her wishes, if she did not desire to be surrounded on all sides by attendants and obligations, in which her intended strove to display his own taste, and his love for her. These talents extended much farther; he began to undertake the settling in order the whole castle, he spoke to and contracted with the workmen, he managed every thing himself: he ornamented some rooms with his own drawings, he painted others, he was punctual, adroit, amiable, and full of knowledge and talent. Luitgarde discerned all this and prized his worth; she honoured his good heart. was fully decided to give him her hand; but, in solitary hours, or when a too delicate and elegant manner exhibited her cousin to her as feminine or weak, she was not entirely able to keep down a rebel feeling—quite another

kind of image would rise up in her mind, and seemed to carry her away to a comparison which she did not dare permit herself to make.

In the mean time, Frederick knew how to occupy himself in a hundred different ways, and Luitgarde strove with earnest mind to move in her old accustomed habits without repugnance, and to look forward to a new and holier relation with serenity; for the old count had fixed the marriage festival of his children for the next spring. But every coming guest, every inhabitant of the castle or village, who by chance had been at the neighbouring town, brought fresh stories of robbery and murder by Black Fritz. There were also comical jokes, arch tricks, or incomprehensibly hazardous enterprises narrated of him,—such as only excess of daring and contempt of every danger could suggest; actions by which the bold robber met seldom, in order to keep a foolish promise he had given, or to prevent an injustice, had staked his life, or even his liberty, which was still dearer to him, upon the die. Not without a palpitating heart did Luitgarde, since the affair of the Budweiss merchant, hear these narrations; although the ring on which was engraven a beautiful noble coat of arms seemed to bespeak a different station. However, it explained nothing really, and, in spite of an inward horror, a secret power always brought her back to the thought, which came to her mind with terror and still with inexpressible pleasure, that she had been probably near that much dreaded man;—near him, before whom all trembled; that she had received a proof of interest, indications of the tenderest respect, from that fierce and lawless individual. And this uncertainty, this enigmatical obscurity, wherein her relation to the unknown was enveloped, only served to awaken more frequently in her mind the recollection of the mysterious unknown.

But those casual relations and conversations were not the only things which perpetually brought that portrait before her mind. For some time, she had distinctly felt that she was surrounded by an unknown power, and observed secret influences of which she did not discover the author, but from the kind and nature of which she was able to associate intentions of the tenderest respect, perhaps of a still softer sentiment. Many a little wish, which she accidentally manifested, was accomplished; many a care which occupied her as mistress of the house, appeared as if by accident taken away from her; what she ordered for the house, or for her own use, in provisions or other necessary matters, came to hand through the very middle of the most troubled locality; and, whilst every place was full of deeds of robbery, at the castle all was in safety; for several miles round her residence profound tranquillity existed, and, in the most impenetrable forests which surrounded it, one might travel during the night with handfull of gold. It was as if a protecting divinity watched over that neighbourhood, and many a little theft which had been committed earlier on a tenant of her uncle, was now replaced in a mysterious manner. Every such incident struck a sharp arrow into Luitgarde's breast, and impressed a portrait now only too dear, still deeper upon her soul.

Some weeks before, she had accidentally at table expressed a wish to possess a parrot, such as she had seen at the house of one of her friends at Vienna. She spoke in a pleasant and laughing mood of the entertainment the bird would afford her in her solitary hours, when business or indisposition confined her uncle, and the pursuits of literature her cousin. But this conversation about the parrot and the pleasure of possessing it had long been forgotten, when suddenly on her getting up one morning, a singular cry struck her ear, and, going to the window from whence it came, she perceived with strange astonishment, a large cage attached to it, and in the cage was a handsome parrot! How did the cage come to her window, which, on the second floor of a castle built on a rock, was only accessible to the most daring adventurer? She called up every one in the house, and inquired of her cousin, who from the window

of the adjoining chamber could easily have been the cause of the unexpected occurrence. She had the bird taken in, she hastened down to her uncle, every body was surprised, no one could give any information. Indeed, Frederick proved to her by all kinds of little circumstances, that he could not have been during this night in that wing of the castle. All the people of the house were examined minutely, but nothing was discovered.

In the meantime Luitgarde kept possession of the bird, and amused herself with its various kinds of talk; she could not banish certain thoughts which gave it value to her, when she thought on the manner in which the cage was placed at her window. She was seized with the utmost surprise, when, one day, in a solitary hour, the bird suddenly cried out, "Victorin! ah, Victorin!" This name made her start and tremble; she sprang up and asked the bird who had taught him that word, just as if he could comprehend her, but the bird repeated his—"Ah, Victorin!" and Luitgarde, who instantly thought of the son of the beloved of her mother, and of him to whom she had been first affianced, felt an unspeakable alarm; it was to her as if she were surrounded by the spirits of the dead. But, shortly after, her clear understanding came back again, and she was ashamed of her fear; indeed, she petted the bird unceasingly, and allowed it to repeat the name, as often as it liked.

The bird, and the strange manner of its coming into the house, gave a lively interest to its inhabitants, most of whom found much amusement in the well-instructed, prattling little animal. The old count alone significantly shook his head, whilst he associated it with other mysterious events, with which an unseen power seemed to environ Luitgarde, and which could not fail to affect the members of her family. Count Frederick was in a very disturbed state; he inquired every where, he sought every where through the whole castle and its neighbourhood; he watched, but discovered nothing.

So passed some days, when a very distant relation of the family, the Countess Bellheim, came to visit it. Her property was a couple of days' journey distant, and only a pressing affair, which she had to transact with the old count, could have induced her to make such an expedition in the winter, and in the insecure state of the roads. She was received by everybody with joy, and Luitgarde, who had been so long without any intercourse with her own sex, led her the next morning after her arrival, to her apartment, where female occupations, dress, and a thousand such subjects, gave matter for an animated conversation, when suddenly the parrot raised its voice, and calling, "Victorin! ah, Victorin!" the eyes of the countess were turned on it.

"What is that!" cried she, amazed; "this parrot, here, in your chamber?"

"Do you know him?" exclaimed Luitgarde, seized with a frightful idea.

"It is my parrot," said the other; "I have had him many years, and he was taken away from me in a quite incomprehensible way."

Luitgarde stood before her—"I solemnly declare, I know nothing—"

"I am well persuaded of that," replied the countess, "but how did he come into your hands?"

Luitgarde related the history. The countess shook her head with astonishment—"Let him comprehend that who can," said she, "but, to convince ourselves whether I am right, or a singular resemblance leads me astray, be so good as to open the cage a little."

Luitgarde did so.

"Poll! poll!" said the countess, in a caressing tone; the parrot turned its neck towards the voice, shook its wings, and flew out of the cage straight to the countess, who held out her hand to him; he perched instantly on it, he fondled her, and thus recognised his former mistress, with every indication of attachment.

"The bird is yours," said Luitgarde, despondingly,

"I see it well, take him with you!" and she resigned it with bitter feelings.

The countess, however, refused; she had no wish to deprive Luitgarde of what gave her pleasure, and besought her to receive the bird, which before had been a stolen property, now honestly from the hand of a friend.

"Stolen property!" replied Luitgarde, deeply affected. "Yes, yes, you are right, countess!" said she, after a pause, "and I thank you for your offer, but I cannot accept it; the bird is distasteful to me since I know how I came by it."

The countess wished to persuade her in a friendly tone; she represented to her, that probably he who brought it to her with danger to his life, quite innocently—

"No, no," cried Luitgarde, hastily, "that cannot be!"

"How do you know?"

"I know nothing, indeed nothing," replied Luitgarde, quickly, "except that I can no more see the bird, and I beg of you to take him away with you when you return, for I—I will let him fly out of the window—What matters it to me!—O Heavens! he is indeed stolen."

The flow of tears which accompanied these words astonished the countess. She did not further attempt to explain them, and then decided to take her bird home with her. With various conversations, which, in order to amuse her deeply affected friend, she brought on the *tapis*, she at length calmed Luitgarde's agitation, and after awhile she became sufficiently tranquil to ask the countess, who in her house had the name of Victorin: and why the parrot always repeated that name with a sigh?

"Victorin!" said the astonished countess, "in my whole house there is no one of that name; he has never known that word so long as I have had him, which was nearly three years."

Luitgarde became silent and thoughtful.

"That is the name of your unknown knight, and he has taught the bird to pronounce his name, in order to put you in mind of him. This might serve as an indication—"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing!" Luitgarde, interrupting her warmly, exclaimed; "I know no man who bears that name!"

The countess did not press the matter farther, for she saw well how all that had reference to the bird excited Luitgarde in the highest degree; she kept her thoughts to herself, but could not avoid communicating a part of them to Count Frederick, the same evening.

He, who had been slightly informed of what had taken place, and of the agitation under which his intended bride laboured, had indeed no mistrust of anything. Excited by the narration of the countess, he wandered into various trains of ideas, but could not bring together his thoughts into any sort of consistence; he thought at least he had not much to fear from a rival who brought such equivocal presents, and which were given up again with so much indifference.

The countess was soon to take her departure; she had heard here in the castle accounts of all the bloody stories that were in circulation, and she became extremely uneasy, so that the old count saw no possibility of tranquillizing his relation, except by giving her a secure escort. "Willingly," said he, "would I myself perform the knightly service to my fair kinswoman, but my gout does not permit me in this weather to leave the house; so, Frederick, you must go instead."

"With much pleasure," replied the latter, standing up and bowing to the countess; but Luitgarde saw distinctly the unwillingness with which he undertook the charge.

However, there was nothing more to be done than to keep a good countenance at a losing game. The journey was undertaken on the following day, and Count Frederick reached his paternal habitation on the third

evening, fortunately, and in good health. Luitgarde came to meet him on the steps of the house; she was not entirely able to overcome some anxiety for the journey of her youthful friend, however kindly and seriously her uncle had spoken to her, and had advanced various reasonable grounds against this inquietude. The reason which made her apprehensive, and which even for her depended upon uncertain presumptions, she dared not name.

Frederick was satisfied with this proof of sympathy; he embraced her with true affection, and she soon discovered by his deportment that something significant must have taken place, which he had to communicate to her. "Only think, Luitgarde," said he—"stop, wait! my father must hear it too—Come now in." He drew her into the old count's chamber, and, immediately after the first salutations and informations, he was no longer able to retain his great piece of news.

"Father! Luitgarde!" said he, "think what has happened to me, what I have lived to see,—I have seen *Black Fritz!*"

"Black Fritz!" cried out both.

"Yes, yes! as large as life, and as near as I see you, and I have even talked to him!"

"With the robber chief!" said the father—"he is then taken?"

"Oh, no! that he is not," answered Frederick.

"Have you been attacked?" inquired Luitgarde, with an air of fear.

"God forbid!" replied Frederick—"I have spoken to him, as I speak to you, tranquilly, peacefully."

"Now, in God's name," said the old count, impatiently, "relate the affair."

And Frederic began. "This morning I was delayed at the first stage from the countess' castle, for some time, waiting for horses. I thought it right, for my own safety, to conceal my rank and my name; I asked for no private room, but took my place in the common one; all kinds of people were there; peasants, parish and public officers, and some of those dragoons, whose duty it is to patrol the country. They were boasting and laughing, and relating all kinds of wild anecdotes of the robbers, and how, on two different occasions, they had been already on the track of *Black Fritz*; how he keeps his habitation in that neighbourhood, and so on; all which was not quite to my taste, when I reflected that the waiting for the horses might force me to travel by night. Just then the door opened, and there entered a priest, followed by his schoolmaster. He was a young man of good figure; his exterior, his profession, even his look, if I might so say, imposed silence on the vulgar crowd; he had some wine for himself and his schoolmaster, of which he drank moderately, and remained silent. By-and-by, the dragoons began to bravado; they affirmed they knew *Black Fritz* well; they represented him with frightful features, and declared that if ever again they were to fall in with him, he should no longer escape them.

"The priest now stood up, placed himself opposite them, and asked them, 'If they were so certain of their affair, why did they not put an end to the man's frightful occupation long since?' The dragoons bravadoed, and bullied, and talked away as raw soldiers are accustomed to do; the clergyman carried on his jest with them, which I was clearly able to see, and it seemed to amuse him to hear how highly and valiantly the fellows estimated themselves, and what they meant to do with *Black Fritz*, if they came in contact with him.

"And suppose he were here in the midst of you?" said the priest, with a tone which frightened the dragoons, and which I confess made my blood for a moment curdle. We all looked at each other, each feared to discover in his neighbour the dreaded robber. In the mean time, the schoolmaster had returned to the room, from which he had absented himself, and gave a wink to the priest.

"*I AM BLACK FRITZ!*" roared out the last, with a

voice of thunder, in the midst of the terror-struck assembly; threw down his false hair, and stood terrific, but handsome, in his black curled locks, while at the same time he drew forth a pistol, and held it before him—"Let him approach me who dare," cried he. The pretended schoolmaster exhibited an enormous sabre, and covered his master's retreat. We all stood in amazement, and the robbers disappeared."

"What the deuce!" cried the old count, "that is too bad! Are you not ashamed? Was there not one of the fellows willing to run the risk?"

"But, dear father, the smallest party was armed."

"And have you not followed him?"

"Yes, indeed, the dragoons instantly sprung up, but the girths of their saddles were cut away, and when they wanted to mount they tumbled over, with cloth and saddle, from their horses, while the two robbers, with a jeering laugh, leaped on their horses, and flew off swift as the wind."

"Now, this is too ridiculous!" said the father, "a whole chamber full of men, and soldiers among them, and two robbers, who made themselves known in a deriding manner, could not be taken!"

Count Frederick endeavoured to explain and excuse the matter, but the father kept his own opinion, and asserted that it was an eternal shame, while Luitgarde thirsted with desire to ask her cousin for a description of *Black Fritz*—at last she ventured to do so.

"Permit me, fair cousin, that this remain for the present my secret," replied he; "in a few days thou shalt be fully and more than satisfied."

Luitgarde was obliged to yield, but she was now less able than ever to banish a certain image from her mind, or keep off the unpleasant idea that her cousin had played but a sorry part with the audacious robber.

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

November 9.—Lord Mayor's Day.

This day has received the above designation in allusion to its being the period when the chief magistrate of the city of London annually enters upon his mayoralty. Prior to the alteration of style in 1752, this anniversary was held on the 29th of October. The amphibious procession of the corporation to the city of Westminster and back—the most remarkable of our civic displays—is too familiar to our readers to need a description here. A high authority in mediæval antiquities considers it a very interesting exhibition, inasmuch as it bears a close resemblance to the ancient pageants. It cannot vie, however, with the "Lord Mayor's Show" of former days, as described by a writer in 1575. "The day of St. Simon and Jude," says Master William Smythe, 'citizen and haberdasher of London,' "the Lord Mayor enters into his state and office. The next day he goes by water to Westminster, in a most triumphant-like manner, his barge being garnished with the arms of the city; and near it a ship-boat of the Queen's Majesty being trimmed up and rigged like a ship-of-war, with divers pieces of ordnance, standards, pennons, and targets of the proper arms of the said mayor, of his company, &c.; next before him goeth the barge of the livery of his own company, decked with their own proper arms; then the bachelors' barge, and so all the companies in London, in order, every one having their own proper barge, with the arms of their company. And so passing along the Thames, he landeth at Westminster, where he taketh his oath in the Exchequer, before the judge there; which done, he returneth by water as aforesaid, and landeth at Paul's Wharf, where he, and the rest of the aldermen, take their horses, and in great pomp pass through Cheapside. And first of all cometh two great standards, one having the arms of the city, and the other the arms of the mayor's company; next them two drums and a flute,

then an ensign of the city, and then about seventy or eighty poor men marching two and two, in blue gowns with red sleeves and caps, every one bearing a pike and target, whereon is painted the arms of all them that have been mayors of the same company that this new mayor is of. Then two banners, one of the king's arms, the other of the mayor's own proper arms: then a set of hautboys playing, and after them certain whiffiers [or staff bearers], in velvet coats and chains of gold, with white staves in their hands; then the *Pageant of Triumph*, richly decked, whereupon by certain figures and writings some matter touching justice and the office of a magistrate is represented. Then sixteen trumpeters, eight and eight, having banners of the mayor's company: then certain whiffiers as before: then the bachelors, two and two, in long gowns, with crimson hoods on their shoulders of satin; which bachelors are chosen every year of the same company that the mayor is of, and serve as gentlemen on that and other festival days, to wait on the mayor, being in number according to the quantity of the company, sometimes sixty, or one hundred. After them, twelve trumpeters more, with banners of the mayor's company; then the drum and flute of the city, and an ensign of the mayor's company; and after, the waits of the city in blue gowns, red sleeves and caps, every one having a silver collar about his neck. Then they of the livery in their long gowns, every one having his hood on his left shoulder, half black and half red, the number of them according to the greatness of the company of which they are. After them follow sheriff's officers, and then the mayor's officers, with other officers of the city, as the Common Serjeant and the Chamberlain; next before the mayor goeth the sword-bearer, having on his head the cap of honour, and the sword of the city in his right hand, in a rich scabbard set with pearls; and on his left hand goeth the common crier of the city, with his great mace on his shoulder, all gilt. The mayor hath on a long gown of scarlet, and on his left shoulder a hood of black velvet, and a rich collar of gold of SS. about his neck, and with him rideth the old mayor also, in his scarlet gown, hood of velvet, and a chain of gold about his neck. Then all the aldermen, two and two (among whom is the recorder), all in scarlet gowns; those that have been mayors have chains of gold, the others have black velvet tippets. The two sheriffs come last of all, in their black scarlet gowns and chains of gold. In this order they pass along through the city to Guildhall, where they dine that day, to the number of one thousand persons, all at the charge of the mayor and the two sheriffs. Immediately after dinner they go to St. Paul's church, every one of the aforesaid poor men bearing staff, torches, and targets, which torches are lighted when it is late, before they come from evening prayers."

The last Lord Mayor who rode on horseback on this occasion, was Sir Gilbert Heathcote, in the reign of Queen Anne. The procession to and from Westminster was by land, until the year 1435, in the reign of Henry VI., when Sir John Norman built a sumptuous barge at his own expense, for the purpose of going by water. The twelve companies, emulating their chief, have, from that period, "graced the Thames" on Lord Mayor's day.

"All that remains," says Hone, "of the Lord Mayor's Show, to remind the curiously informed of its ancient character, is in the first part of the procession, wherein the poor men of the company to which the Lord Mayor belongs, or persons hired to represent them, are habited in long gowns and close caps of the company's colour, and bear painted shields on their arms, but without javelins. So many of these head the show as there are years in the Lord Mayor's age.

November 11.—*St. Martin's Day.*

St. Martin, the son of a Roman military tribune, was born in Pannonia, now called Hungary, about A.D. 316.

For some time he followed his father's profession. It is related, that at the gate of Amiens he divided his cloak with a poor mendicant, and that on the following night our blessed Lord appeared to him wrapped in that half of it which he had parted with, and said to his angelic retinue, "Martin has given me this garment." This vision occasioned the saint to leave the army, and retire into solitude, from which he was withdrawn by St. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers. He was elected Bishop of Tours in 374. The zeal and piety which he displayed in this office were most exemplary. He converted the whole of the diocese to the true faith, levelling the temples of the heathens with the ground, and erecting, in their stead, churches for the worship of the true God. The Emperor Valentinian, and even the tyrant Maximus, treated him with respect and honour; and he continued in his bishopric, universally beloved and esteemed, until A.D. 400, when he departed to glory, at the advanced age of eighty-four years. St. Martin has been styled THE APOSTLE OF GAUL. The French had formerly such reverence for his memory, that they carried his helmet with them in their wars, as an incitement to courage. His festival was instituted A.D. 650, and is one of the four cross quarter days. It is commemorated in the Anglican Church Kalendar, as is also that of his translation on the 4th July. The former is still called in law, MARTINMAS, from which it has been corrupted to Martle, or Martionmas. "Formerly," says Brady, "the feast of this saint was denominated Martimalia, and was held with much festivity, in close resemblance to the VENALIA of the Romans, which had been instituted in honour of Jupiter and Venus." St. Martin is the patron of the Vintners' Company, London. St. Martin's *little summer* is a term for the nine days which sometimes occur about the beginning of November.

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

A usage anciently prevailed everywhere in England, though generally confined at present to country villages, of killing oxen, &c. at this season. In Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Husbandry" are the following lines:—

"When Easter comes, who knows not than
That veal and bacon is the man?
And *Martimus beef* doth bear good tack
When country folk do dainties lack."

Brand observes, that rustic families in Northumberland still club at Martinmas to buy a cow, or other animals, for slaughter, the entrails of which, after having been filled with a kind of pudding meat, consisting of blood, suet, groats, &c. are formed into "little sausage links," boiled, and sent about as presents, under the name of black puddings. A custom somewhat similar to this formerly prevailed in Germany, where there was at this time, a kind of entertainment called the "Feast of Sausages, or Gut Puddings," which was wont to be celebrated with great joy and festivity. On the continent St. Martin's day is a great festival: new wines then begin to be tasted, and the hours are spent in carousing. Dr. Stukeley remarks, that St. Martin's day is marked with a goose in the wooden almanacks of Norway: for on that day they always feasted with a roasted goose. "They say," he adds, "St. Martin, being elected to a bishopric, hid himself, but was discovered by that animal." The same bird, we are informed, is one of the delicacies "in common use" at every table on the continent at Martinmas: and that such was also formerly the case in England, appears from the following account in the "Popish Kingdom," of the fashion in which the Feast of St. Martin was celebrated by our ancestors:—

"To belly cheer yet once again doth Martin more incline,
Whom all the people worshipeth with roasted geese and wine:
Both all the day long, and the night, now each man open makes
His vessels all, and at the most outtime the last he takes,

Which holy Martin afterwards alloweth to be wine;
Therefore they him unto the skies extol with praise divine,
And drinking deep in tankards large, and bowls of compass
wide.

Yes, by these fees, the schoolmasters have profit great beside:
For with his scholars, every one about do singing go,
Not praising Martin much, but at the goose rejoicing tho',
Whereof they oftentimes have part, and money therewithal,
For which they celebrate this feast, with song and music all."

November 13.—On this day the Stamford bull-running annually takes place. This custom is said to have originated as follows:—William, Earl of Warren, in the time of King John, standing, it is said, upon his castle wall, saw two bulls fighting for a cow in the fields below. A butcher of the town of Stamford, owner of one of the combatants, accidentally coming by with a huge mastiff, set the dog upon his own bull, who fled into the town, and no sooner entered it than all the butchers' dogs in the place, great and small, followed him in hot pursuit. By this time the enraged fugitive had become stark mad, and ran over everything in his path. The town was soon in an uproar, and so great was the noise, that the Earl of Warren rode with all speed to the scene of action, and was so delighted with the spectacle, that he gave all the meadows in which the bulls were at first found fighting as a common to the butchers of Stamford, upon the condition, that upon the anniversary of the day of the bull-chase, the butchers should from time to time, yearly for ever, find a representative of the original Taurus for the continuance of that amusement.

The manner in which the sport is now conducted is briefly this:—The bull is shut up during the night, before the appointed day, in a place provided for the purpose. At eleven o'clock a.m. he is released from his prison, generally into a street, stopped at each end, which he parades "in majesty sublime." At this juncture every post, pump, and wall is in requisition. The carts and waggons which form the barrier at the ends of the street are crowded with individuals, and, in a word, every place tenable is occupied. Some years back it was usual to irritate the bull, by goading him with pointed sticks, but this practice is now wholly abolished. Frequently a hoghead, with both ends knocked out, is brought, wherein a man places himself, and, by rolling it to the bull, provokes him to toss it. He tosses, but tosses in vain; its inmate is trained too well to be easily dislodged. By this and other means equally harmless, he is rendered sufficiently infuriated for the "running." The street is then "unstopped," when, all agog, men, boys, and bull tumble one over the other to get free. *Bridging the bull* is next thought of. This, if he be much enraged, is the most dangerous part of the fun; it consists in driving him upon the bridge, (which is a great height above the water) and forcing him into the waves below. Crowds of persons press upon him on three sides, and at length, in spite of his amazing powers, he yields to the combined strength of his opponents,—he plunges into the river. On rising to the surface his first care is to land, which, in most cases, he does in the meadows, where the chase continues until night puts a stop to the proceedings. The baited animal is then slaughtered, and his carcass sold at a reduced price to the lower classes, who regale themselves with a supper of bull beef. A frequent eye-witness of the above singular custom affirms that it is not nearly so cruel as some represent it to be. "Fatigue," he observes, "is the greatest pain the bull is subjected to; and, on the other hand, the men who so courageously cope with him are in imminent danger of loss of life or broken limbs, whilst they possess not the most distant idea of doing anything more injurious to the animal than irritating him."¹

(1) Is it possible that this senseless and brutal custom is still in observance?—EDITHA.

November 17 is the anniversary of QUEEN ELIZABETH'S accession, and was long observed in this kingdom as a Protestant Festival, with public prayers, processions, and illuminations. The figures of the Pope and the Devil were usually burnt on this occasion. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for November 1760 is an account of the remarkable cavalcade on the evening of this day, A.D. 1679, at the time the bill for excluding the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) from the throne of England was in agitation. We are informed in the above narrative that the procession in question set forth at Moorgate, and passed first to Aldgate, thence through Leadenhall-street, by the Royal Exchange and Cheap-side, to Temple Bar, in the ensuing order; viz.—Six whiffers to clear the way. A bellman ringing, and in loud and doleful tones crying out, "Remember Justice Godfrey." A figure of the justice, carried on horseback before a Jesuit in black. A priest in a surplice, and a cape embroidered with skulls, &c., distributing pardons. A priest in black, with a silver cross. Four Carmelites. Four grey friars. Six Jesuits, with bloody daggers. A concert of wind music. Four bishops, in purple and lawn sleeves, with pastoral staves in their hands. Four other bishops, with surplices and rich embroidered copes, and gilt mitres on their heads. Six cardinals in scarlet robes and caps. The Pope's doctor, with Jesuits' powder, &c. Two priests in surplices, with golden crosses. Lastly, "the Pope, in a lofty glorious pageant, representing a chair of state, covered with scarlet, richly embroidered and fringed, and bedecked with golden balls and crosses. At his feet a cushion of state, and two boys in surplices, with white silk banners, and bloody crosses, and daggers, with an incense pot before them, censuring his holiness, who was arrayed in a splendid scarlet gown, lined through with ermine, and richly daubed with gold and silver lace; on his head a tripple crown of gold, and a glorious collar of gold and precious stones, St. Peter's keys, &c.," and at his back, not an effigy, but a person representing the devil, acting as his holiness's privy-counsellor, and "frequently caressing, hugging, and whispering him, and oftentimes instructing him aloud." The whole procession was attended with some thousands of individuals carrying flambeaux and lights. The statue of the Queen on the inner or eastern side of Temple Bar having been conspicuously ornamented, the figure of the Pope was brought before it, when, after a song, partly alluding to the protection afforded by Elizabeth to Protestants, and partly to the existing circumstances of the times, "his holiness, after some compliments and reluctances, was decently toppled from all his grandeur" into the flames of a huge bonfire prepared for his reception.

The Pope-burning processions, of which this is, perhaps, the most remarkable example, were promoted by the party in opposition, for the express purpose of inflaming the public against the Court, and they were carried on under some common direction, which assigned the actors their parts, and prescribed the methods by which they should arrange their spectacles. These exhibitions were very properly put down by government in 1681.

BOOK OF HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY.¹

THE title of this very pleasant book is rather apt to mislead. It is not, as might be supposed, a collection of the traditional poetry of the Highlands, as Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' is of that of the southern part of Scotland, but a volume of poems by Mrs. Ogilvy herself, founded upon a variety of historical and traditional incidents, collected from an evidently

(1) "A Book of Highland Minstrelsy." By Mrs. D. Ogilvy. With illustrations, by R. R. Melan. London: Nicklison. 1846.

familiar acquaintance with the character, habits, and history, of our Highland countrymen. We cannot say that we think Mrs. Ogilvy's choice of subjects has been, in every instance, the happiest possible. She might, we feel assured, have found, among the multitude of Highland traditions, many better fitted for poetic handling than some of those she has chosen. Such as they are, however, she has made a good use of them; and her volume, if not ranking among the highest poetical achievements of the day, must be assigned an honourable place at the head of those of the second class.

The peculiar features of character by which the Highlanders of Scotland were long distinguished are rapidly becoming effaced, as the peculiarities of condition from which they sprung are disappearing before the inroads of modern improvement and innovation. Let us not be grudged the slight feeling of regret, founded, we admit, rather in sentiment than in reason, with which we contemplate this change. There is no tree, however useless and unsightly, which, if we have been accustomed to look upon it all our lives, we can see at last grubbed up, without some slight twinge of sorrow, in spite of our full persuasion of the necessity for its destruction. The conviction that what is removed can never again return—that the torch which is extinguished can never again be lighted—that years, as they roll, will bring many changes, but will never restore that from which we are now parting,—throws an involuntary shade of sadness over the general satisfaction with which we contemplate changes in the character and habits of a people, flowing from their advancement in civilization, and from what is an undeniable improvement, in many respects, in their condition.

It must be admitted, perhaps, that those semi-barbarous peculiarities, which constitute the poetical element in the character of a race, owe their interest mainly, if not altogether, to the fact which their sentimental admirers deplore—that they have disappeared, or are in the act of disappearing. Many an eye "in a fine frenzy rolling" looks with delight upon the mountain robed by distance in its azure hue, whose owner would little relish being compelled to take up his abode among the mists, and drifts, and roaring torrents, of the mountain side. A cateran is an infinitely more poetical personage after he is dead, and when his deeds are recounted by the side of a warm fire, under the shelter of constables, and police, and magistrates, who, as Bailie Jarvie says, "do not bear the sword in vain"—than he would be deemed by a man awakened at midnight by the screams of his household to see his barn in flames, and to hear the farewell lowing of his precious three-year-olds as they trotted before the bare-legged ravisher up the glen. The common lament for the departure of "the good old times" is most probably less the result of a specific admiration for any of the incidents of those times in particular, than the expression of the general feeling with which we look upon that line in our mental horizon which is just disappearing from view; a feeling which, let us be at what point of our progress we may, will always find wherewith to exercise itself, and of which our own times will be the object to our grandchildren, just as are to us the times of our grandfathers, who in their turn looked back with similar feelings of veneration and regret upon times which are altogether hidden from our view. There is nothing easier than to ridicule the feeling of respect for the character and manners of "the olden time." The ridiculous points about it, which are numerous enough, are obvious to the dullest, and are sure to be sufficiently

paraded by those who take up admiration for antiquity as a trade. But, if we will look more deeply into the matter, we shall find that it has something more and better in it than a childish affectation of reviving exploded follies, or the mere cant of enthusiasm for reverend antiquity. It speaks the clinging of the affections to the soil where their roots have been early planted—the unwillingness of generous minds to part for ever with what is associated, however remotely, with the objects of their love and veneration—and the natural tendency of men of ardent benevolence to prefer, to the smooth level of equal rights and general independence which marks the present day, a state of society in which, if the happiness and comfort of the mass of the people were less perfectly secured, and left more at the mercy of the individual characters of men of rank and power, there was, for that very reason, more scope for the exercise of a class of virtues the most captivating in their aspect, as infusing into the social relation those feelings of reciprocal attachment and veneration, which, in their gentle development, cast so exquisite a charm over the family circle.

But to return to the Highlanders. The peculiarities of character by which they have been distinguished are easily referable for their origin to the circumstances in which they were placed. Inhabiting a mountainous country, seldom approached by visitors from other parts of the world, their ideas necessarily circled within a narrow round. The character of the country, of which the habitable part consisted of valleys separated from each other by nearly impassable ranges of mountain, must have greatly contributed to, if it did not altogether create, those peculiar feelings, so ardent in their good and in their evil, which are connected with the system of clanship. The limits of their valley marked out at first the natural boundary of settlement for families issuing from a common stock. The affections, centred in this narrow spot, were not taught to expand by freedom of intercourse with other families, who were too distant, and too difficult of access, for any easy interchange of friendly offices, though both distance and difficulty could at any time be overcome at the instigation of the more active feelings of hostility and revenge. Thus the Highlander's affections were all thrown inward, with an intensity of glow greatly increased by their forcible compression, upon himself, his family, his kindred, and the head of his clan; his angry passions only had room to throw out their shoots into the outer world. When he ventured to overstep the limits of his narrow home, he found only strangers or foemen—strangers made foemen by some of the numberless causes of quarrel, sure to arise at the casual meeting of men to each of whom his own little community was the world, and who, therefore, went abroad bristling at every point with feelings and jealousies which it was scarcely possible to avoid touching, and which could not be touched without giving mortal offence.

The exclusive devotion of the Highlander's affections to his own clan, and his limited acquaintance with the rest of the world, naturally gave birth to ideas of personal and family consequence, which, though they appear ludicrous enough when measured by the standard usually applied to such things, were not without a very beneficial influence upon his own character. In his eyes his chief was the greatest man in the world—his clan the noblest race of living men. Not one of the clan but had the blood of the chief in his veins, and not one, therefore, but had some degree of hereditary dignity to sustain. If this feeling led to some incongruous absurdities in their rare intercourse with the rest of the world—if it had the still worse effect of carrying down into the lowest grade of society the gentlemanlike vices of quarrelsomeness and revenge—it had no less the effect of throwing over the character of the lowest Highlander a feeling of self-respect, and of imparting a dignified polish to his manners, of which corresponding examples can scarcely be found among any other people in the

world. The barbarism and lawlessness attributed, with justice, to the Highlander till within the last hundred years, were purely relative. To the world at large he was barbarous, because he did not understand its usages—he was lawless, because he did not consider himself bound by its laws. But within his own circle, where alone he felt that he owed obedience and respect, no man was more observant of those habitual courtesies which constitute the greatest charm of polished life; or more implicitly subservient to all the laws by which his society was bound together. The absurdities and vices, flowing from the feeling of personal consequence we have attempted to describe, have almost entirely disappeared under the influence of an enlarged acquaintance and more frequent intercourse with the world; its benefits still remain to dignify and elevate the Highland character. In no part of the world, at this day, do men of very limited fortunes occupy a higher place in the social scale—no where are they more fully imbued with the feelings, or more liberally endowed with the qualifications, which raise and maintain men above the common level.

The poetical elements in the Highland character are easily deduced from its general features. Their mode of life, active, but not laborious—full of enterprise and adventure, and free from the toil which depresses the spirit and cramps the faculties—gave full scope to the development of passion and imagination. Their little communities, with their rivalries, hostilities, and alliances, were each a theatre within whose narrow bounds the whole round of human feelings and passions were displayed and brought into play. The objects might be trifling and insignificant, but the passions and feelings were as active and vigorous as if they concerned the struggles of empires; and all the more picturesque in their exhibition, from the limited field to which they were confined. And from the closer contact of the hostile communities, and the greater importance in every struggle of each individual, the public feelings of friendship or hostility for the friends or enemies of the clan, were more dramatically interwoven than can often take place in the struggles of nations,—with the private feelings of individuals, which, either flowing with those public feelings, gave them greater vigour or intensity, or, running counter to them, disturbed the current by a conflict full of the richest elements of poetry.

All these peculiarities of Highland circumstances and character are now no more. The inaccessible character of their country has been destroyed. Clanship is little more than a tradition, or a fond memory lingering in the hearts of a few, who are unwilling to lose sight of the last distinguishing peculiarity of their native race; the enmities of rival clans have been laid asleep; and with that the exclusive devotion of clansmen to their chief and to each other has been cooled down. The few remaining points of distinction between the population of the Highlands and the other parts of the country, are wearing away day by day, and we shall, by and by, have only such books as Mrs. Ogilvy's Highland Minstrelsy, to furnish us with any knowledge regarding what once constituted so picturesque a feature in the character of the northern half of our island.

We have too long detained our readers from the slight taste we mean to give them of Mrs. Ogilvy's muse. We cannot attempt any general analysis of her book, but we select two poems as very favourable specimens of her powers in different styles. Each poem is prefaced by some general observations of a very interesting character illustrative of the story, and in general necessary to a full understanding of it. The first is founded upon the superstition of the "second sight," and is thus introduced:

"It has been well said by Mrs. Grant of Laggan, that the second sight of the Highlanders differed from all heathen divinations in this important respect, that it was entirely involuntary. It is described by this elegant and imaginative essayist,

as a 'shuddering impulse, a mental spasm, that comes unsought, and often departs without leaving a trace behind by which it may be connected with any future event.

"The Highland seer did not go about like Balsam, to seek for enchantments; his gift was a fatality, and was generally as unwelcome as unlooked for. He was not consulted by those curious to pry into futurity; he made no trade of imposture; no honours were attached to this mysterious endowment; the prophet was shunned rather than regarded by the vulgar. Instead of possessing, he was possessed by the spirit within him, over the working of which he had no control."

"The seventh son of a seventh son was supposed, by the accident of his birth, to be gifted with this unenvied power. The consciousness of being so considered by those around him, would of itself foster in the mind of the unfortunate child a dreamy habit of reflection, an abstraction of manner, and a feeling of being unlike others, calculated as he grew to manhood to isolate him more and more from his fellows, and to teach him to people with apparitions the solitude of his soul. Such a character is that attempted to be portrayed in the following ballad:—

MARY OF THE OAKENSHAW.

"It was upon a summer night,
A tranquil night of June,
We rested on our idle cars
Beneath an amber moon,
That mirrored upon Crinan's loch
Thy ruined walls, Duntroon!
The sky was calm, the air was balm,
The night was clear as day,
Our eyes could trace each wooded isle
On Crinan's breast that lay,
And e'en the mist of Scarba's hills
Far out beyond the bay.
It was a night to meditate,
But full of speech were we,
As lark that singeth from the cloud,
Or mavis from the tree;
There was Mary of the Oakenshaws
With Willie Bhane and me.
Sweet Mary of the Oakenshaws
So thrillingly she sung;
No burn above its mosses flowed
So smoothly as her tongue,
No bluebell e'er so beautiful
In cleft of granite hung.
I scarce had hoped to mate with her,
Yet she to me was vowed,
And blushed so full of happiness,
That well I might be proud;
For I had won her manfully
From all the rival crowd.
And Willie Bhane, no common youth
Was fashioned like to him,
Of lineage so feminine,
So delicate of limb,
With eyes where saddest sentiment
Well'd ever o'er the brim.
A stranger to our mountain shores
In earliest youth came he,
His mother was a dark eye'd dame,
From climes beyond the sea;
There was a spirit in her mien,
That spake of ancestry.
There was a lightning in her glance,
Although her tones were mild,
And there were sad and cloudy cares
Upon her forehead piled;
She never gazed as mothers gaze
Upon an only child.
But silent in that fisher glen
She dwelt where first she came,
And if her homely neighbours asked
Of lineage or of name,
She said, 'He is a seventh son,
His father was the same.'"

The ballad goes on to tell the effect produced on the boy's character by the mysterious influence supposed to

belong to the circumstance of his birth—how the fishers feared to meet him alone, and how he did not mingle with other boys, but strayed away by himself, climbing the loftiest and most dangerous rocks, “to watch the sunset on the sea,” and how he became the best and boldest boatman on the lake.

“But most his mood was pensiveness
When he would dreaming lie,
As if beneath the bubbling wave
Strange visions met his eye,
And whoso next he looked upon,
They said was soon to die.

Thus half we clung to him in love,
And half we shrank in dread,
Until he grew to be my friend
And hers, that maiden dead,
And words of angel sympathy
To him she pitying said.”

The natural consequence followed—he loved Mary of the Oakenshaws—was necessarily rejected, and leaving her without upbraiding or complaint, went to sea.

Again he returned, and met the lovers as they were preparing to cross the loch. He warned them against the attempt, foretelling that it would end in disaster; but his warning was disregarded, and then he sprung into the boat beside them, that he might share Mary's fate. It was a lovely evening as they returned from their excursion, so lovely that

“E'en Willie Bhane in that repose
Forgot his fatal gift.”

The catastrophe is thus told :—

“Then one by one we sank in thought,
And each began to muse;
Our hearts absorbed the gentle calm
As flowers the summer dews,
When Mary's voice spontaneously
Its magic did infuse.

So sweet she sang, so soft she sang,
She wiled our hearts away;
Forgetful of the helm and oar
We drifted from the ray
Of moonlight to the darkest shades
And shallows of the bay.

So sweet she sang, so sad she sang.
Our tears she did unlock;
When, all unstrered, the helpless boat
Drove rudely on a rock,
And by an eddying tide engulfed
Heeled over in the shock.

The music still was in our ears
Of that entrancing burst,
When we were struggling for our lives
In chilliest waves immersed,
And madly grasping at the clothes
Of her who sank the first.

’Twas but a second—swimmers strong,
We both the deep could brave,
And near us lay the sheltering land,
But she was in the wave,
And Willie Bhane sank hopelessly
With her he died to save!”

The other poem, of which we extract a part, “The Vow of Ian Lom,” relates to a very remarkable character. Ian Lom Macdonald was born, says Mrs. Ogilvy—

“In the reign of James VI. of Scotland, and lived, it was alleged, till that of Queen Anne, a spectator and eloquent denouncer of the union of the two kingdoms. His poetical genius was of a high order, entirely devoted to the Jacobite cause, which he advanced as much, if not more, by his songs as others did by their claymores. He accompanied Montrose in most of his marches, and commemorated his victories. Charles II. created him Gaelic Poet-Laureate, a distinction of which he was justly proud, and which, beginning in his person, died in his death, never having been conferred on a successor. Ian Lom's last fight was the fatal victory of Killiecrankie, where he had gone with

Dundee, whose hapless fall in the very heat of success he laments with even more than his accustomed fervour. The story of the poem is strictly true. The two young Macdonalds of Keppoch, chieftains of the tribe to which Ian Lom belonged, were murdered by a family of the same name, a father and six sons, who were tacksmen on the lands of Keppoch, and had some private quarrel with the youths. The uncle of these unhappy brothers was present, but neither interfered to prevent the deed, nor took any subsequent steps to bring the criminals to justice. But the devoted and intrepid Scannachie was bound to his chieftains by closer ties than those of relationship. Indignant at the kinsman's apathy, he went from house to house, and from castle to castle, calling for vengeance on the assassins. After many fruitless attempts, he at last obtained from government a commission to take the murderers, dead or alive, and from Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, a body of men sufficient to execute the commission. The seven guilty men defended themselves with unparalleled bravery, barricading their house, and fighting till they fell dead beside their own hearthstone. Ian Lom has preserved the dirk with which they had slain their chieftains, and its edge was now turned against themselves.”

THE VOW OF IAN LOM.

“Through the beeches by the river,
In whose shades a man might lurk,
Who is he that wildly searcheth,
Brandishing a dripping dirk?
On the night air, gurgled, babbling,
Streams the mantle at his back,—
Ian Lom, the Blood Avenger,
Hurrying on the murderer's track!

Whither fled those catiff brothers,
When the assassin's work was o'er?
To the fastness of the mountain—
To the caverns on the shore?
Doth the kinsman's wrath pursue them,
In whose sight the deed befel?
Or at peace, upon their homestead,
Are the guilty left to dwell?

Now with screaming of the pibroch—
Now with coronach and cry,
Clansmen bear the sons of Keppoch
In their father's grave to lie.
Wherefore silent is the minstrel?
Chants he not their young renown,
Who went forth in manhood's glory
Where the red hand struck them down?

Ere the rites are fully ended—
Ere the mourners hie them home,
In the midst, with head uncovered,
‘Hear me vow!’ quoth Ian Lom,
‘Till my chieftains be avenged
Song shall be foresworn by me,
Woman's heart and woman's beauty,
Minstrel's praise and minstrel's fire!’

On his brows he thrust his bonnet,
Turned and strode along the vale,
And the clansmen of Macdonald
Answered with a thrilling wail.
Deep it swelled from manly bosom,
Silvery sad from woman's tongue,
On the fresh-heaped grave of Keppoch
Like a cloud of grief it hung.

Oh! the minstrel's words were mighty,
And the minstrel's soul was strong,
With a more than mortal passion
Writhing to avenge the wrong.
Journeying swift to hall and castle,
Fearlessly he told his tale,
Crying, ‘Vengeance for the orphans
Is the glory of the Gael!’

Journeying swift by firth and ferry,
Early starting, resting late,
Soon he reached the knight Macdonald
On the distant shores of Sleat.
Loud the minstrel's voice resounded
Through the rugged halls of Knock,
And he shook the chief with passion,
As the earthquake shakes the rock.

'Faithful vassal, truthful minstrel,
By the fell or by the flood;
I will find those sons of Dougal—
Shedders of the guiltless blood!
Forth he sent, that western chieftain,
Clansmen armed in strong array,
Ian Lom, the Blood Avenger,
Went to guide them on their way—

Hunted home into their dwelling,
Strongly barred with stone and wood,
Pale of face, but firm of purpose,
By the door those traitors stood.
Seven were they, sons and father,
Stalwart men to wield the brand,—
'Twas a strife of desperation
At the meeting hand to hand.

Broken down their vain defences,
One by one they fell and died,
And the sire upon his hearthstone
Sank at last his sons beside.
Through thy woody paths, Glengarry,
Marched the victors of that fray,
In the waters of thy fountain
Seven heads were laved that day.

Sternly parting from the corpses,
Left to blacken on the ground,
Ian Lom returned rejoicing,
For the vengeance he had found.

Girt through life by war and tempest,
He was great in his degree,
For he sang, Montrose, thy glory,
And he wailed thy fall, Dundee!
Kings arose and kings descended
Unlamented to the tomb,
Ere the coronach was pealing
For the death of Ian Lom.

Nor with life his greatness perished,
Left undying in his song
Words familiar by the fireside
When the winter nights were long;
Words familiar, ever chanted
To the bride when she was wed,
To the babe when it was christened,
To the corpse when it was dead:

By the shepherd in the shealing,
By the lady in her home;
Wheresoever men were gathered
Went the songs of Ian Lom.
And his voice again was breathing
From the grave a trust and power,
When the Stuart sailed for Scotland
In a dark and evil hour.

Mightier was the verse of Ian
Hearts to nerve, to kindle eyes,
Than the claymore of the valiant,
Than the counsel of the wise.
Still he singeth unforgotten
In the echoes of his home;
Every burn and every mountain
Tells thy glory, Ian Lom!"

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

INTEGRITY REWARDED.

THE ANNALS of the American War record the following story:—"A plain farmer, Richard Jackson by name, was apprehended, during the revolutionary war, under such circumstances as proved, beyond all doubt, his purpose of joining the king's forces, an intention which he was too honest to deny; accordingly he was delivered over to the high sheriff, and committed to the county

gaol. The prison was in such a state, that he might have found little difficulty in escaping; but he considered himself as in the hands of authority, such as it was, and the same principle of duty which led him to take arms, made him equally ready to endure the consequences. After lying there a few days, he applied to the sheriff for leave to go out and work by day, promising that he would return regularly at night. His character for simple integrity was so well known, that permission was given without hesitation, and for eight months Jackson went out every day to labour, and as duly came back to prison at night. In the month of May the sheriff prepared to conduct him to Springfield, where he was to be tried for high treason. Jackson said this would be a needless trouble and expense. His word was once more taken, and he set off alone, to present himself for trial and certain condemnation. On the way he was overtaken in the woods by Mr. Edwards, a member of the council of Massachusetts, which at that time was the supreme executive of the state. This gentleman asked him whether he was going? 'To Springfield, sir,' was his answer, 'to be tried for my life.' To this casual interview Jackson owed his escape, when, having been found guilty and condemned to death, application was made to the council for mercy. The evidence and the sentence were stated, and the president put the question whether a pardon should be granted. It was opposed by the first speaker: the case, he said, was perfectly clear; the act was unquestionably high treason, and the proof complete; and if mercy was shown in this case, he saw no cause why it should not be granted in every other. Few governments have understood how just and politic it is to be merciful; this hard-hearted opinion accorded with the temper of the times, and was acquiesced in by one member after another, till it came to Mr. Edwards's turn to speak. Instead of delivering his opinion, he simply related the whole story of Jackson's singular demeanour, and what had passed between them in the woods. For the honour of Massachusetts and of human nature, not a man was found to weaken its effect by one of those dry legal remarks, which, like a blast in the desert, wither the heart they reach. The council began to hesitate, and when a member ventured to say that such a man certainly ought not to be sent to the gallows, a natural feeling of humanity and justice prevailed, and a pardon was immediately made out."

IN some unlucky dispositions, there is such an envious kind of pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be set forth for excellent: so when they hear one justly praised, they will either seek to dismount his virtues: or, if they be like a clear night, eminent, they will stab him with a *but* of detraction: as if there were something yet so foul, as did obnubilate even his brightest glory. Thus when their tongue cannot justly condemn him, they will leave him in suspected ill, by silence. Surely, if we considered detraction to be bred of envy, nested only in deficient minds, we should find that the applauding of virtue would win us far more honour than the seeking slyly to disparage it. That would show we loved what we commended, while this tells the world we grudge at what we want in ourselves.—*Feltham's Resolves*.

N.B. The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready: covers for binding, with table of contents, may be ordered of any Book-seller.

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Angel Watchers.

See page 48.

THE ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU, ONE OF THE BERNESE ALPS.

THE JUNGFRAU AND THE RHINE AT SCHAFHAUSEN.

THE virgin mountain, wearing like a queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
Sheds ruin from her sides; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine; but on they go,
Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen,

Till madness seizes on the whole wide flood,
Turned to a fearful thing, whose nostrils breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke, with which he tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies:
And doth in more conspicuous foment writhe,
Deafening the region in his "ireful mood."

Wordsworth.

THE most celebrated mountain of the Bernese
Alps is the JUNGFRAU, or *the Virgin*, so called either
from the unsullied purity of the snow which covers
it, or because, till lately, its crest had never been

reached by human foot. It has now lost its claim to the title on the latter score, the highest peak having been attained by two brothers named Meyer, of Aarau, in 1812; by a guide in 1823; and in 1841 by a party of scientific men, who had been residing among the glaciers of the Aar, for the purpose of making meteorological and geological observations.

The Jungfrau is the first mountain that the children of the country learn to call by name; and strangers arriving at Berne inquire for it as for the principal object of curiosity. With its vast expanse of snow and glacier, it is indeed a magnificent spectacle. Not only its summit, but all the mass of the mountain above the level of the spectator, is white with perpetual snow, of virgin purity, which breaks off abruptly at the edge of a precipice, forming one side of a ravine separating the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp. It appears to be within gun-shot of the spectator; so colossal are its proportions, that the effect of distance is lost. Planted on the brow of a ravine is a chalet 5,350 feet above the sea-level, directly facing the Jungfrau, and presenting the best view of it. The opposite precipice, forming the base of the mountain, is channelled with furrows or grooves, down which avalanches frequently descend: they are most numerous a little after noon, when the sun's influence loosens masses of ice from the glacier, and causes them to break off.

A distant roar, as of thunder, announces the fall of an avalanche, and in half a minute a gush of white powder, resembling a small cataract, is perceived issuing out of one of the upper grooves or gullies; it then sinks into a fissure, and is lost for a time, but reappears some hundred feet below with another roar, and a fresh gush from a lower gully, till the mass of ice, reaching the lowest step, is precipitated into the gulf below. By watching attentively the sloping white side of the Jungfrau, the mass of glacier which produces this roar may be seen at the moment when disengaged, and before the sound reaches the ear; sometimes it merely slides down over the surface, at other times it turns over in a cake; but, in an instant after, it disappears, is shattered to atoms, and, in passing through the different gullies, is ground to powder so fine, that as it issues from the lowest, it looks like a handful of meal; and particles, reduced by friction to the consistence of dust, rise in a cloud of vapour. Independently of the sound, which is an awful interruption of the silence usually prevailing on the high Alps, there is nothing grand or striking in this phenomenon; and, indeed, it is difficult at first to believe that these echoing thunders arise from so apparently slight a cause, or that that cloud of dust arises from tons of ice hurled down the mountain, which would be capable of sweeping away whole forests, did any occur in its course, and of overwhelming houses and villages. During the early part of the summer, three or four such discharges may be seen in an hour: in cold weather they are less numerous; and in the autumn scarcely any occur. The avalanches finally descend into the valley of Trumlaten, the deep and uninhabited ravine which divides the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp; and on melting, send forth a stream which falls into the Lutschine, a little above Lauterbrunnen.

Such is the mountain which the scientific party before alluded to proposed to scale. They had

met at the hospice of Grimsel, intending to sup together for the last time, when it was proposed that they should make one more excursion before they separated. The autumnal season was favourable to their plans, and it was soon decided to attempt the ascent of the Jungfrau, first crossing the Mer de Glace of Viesch.

Having fixed upon a guide, Jacob Leuthold by name, a man of known skill and fidelity, preparations were made during the evening; provisions, consisting of wine, cheese, meat, and a huge quantity of bread, were collected, while each one prepared his package, taking care to exclude every thing not absolutely necessary. The next morning, the 24th August, the weather becoming rainy and stormy, Jacob declined to set out. The weather did not improve during two days, so that it was the morning of the 27th before the party started on their expedition. They were twelve in number, namely, M. Agassiz, the distinguished ichthyologist; Mr. Forbes, professor of natural philosophy at Edinburgh; Mr. Heath, professor of mathematics at Cambridge; M. du Châtelier; M. de Pury; and M. Desor. There were also six guides, at the head of whom was Jacob, who was also appointed captain of the expedition.

Before the commencement of the journey, a circumstance occurred which serves to illustrate the character of the mountaineer guides, and to explain the unlimited confidence which travellers are wont to repose in them.

Johannes Wœhren, the inseparable friend of Jacob, and one of the most intelligent among all the guides of the hospice, happened, the day before the intended departure of the expedition, to be seized with a violent inflammation in the knee, which a medical man pronounced to be serious. He had long pleased himself with the prospect of conducting the party to the Jungfrau, for he and Jacob were the only individuals who were in the secret of this expedition. In spite of the pain he was suffering, the poor fellow still hoped it would turn out nothing; and the party felt great grief in telling him that he must no longer think of the Jungfrau. During the two days that the party was detained on account of the weather, Wœhren's knee became much better, so much so that, on the evening before they set out, he came limping to them with the assurance that he could go, having no doubt that he would be quite well on the morrow. M. Agassiz, as may be supposed, refused his consent, pointing out to him all the dangers to which he would be exposed. The unfortunate Wœhren could object nothing to these reasons; but the greatest sorrow was depicted on his countenance, and he retired to a corner of the apartment, where he continued sobbing, while his comrades were making preparations for departure. Next day, one of the party having occasion to enter the servants' apartment, was surprised to observe Wœhren at breakfast with the other guides. Surprise being expressed at this, he inquired if he was not to be permitted to bid them adieu. The party thanked him for his attention, again recommended him to be careful of his knee, and then set out. They had not proceeded far, when, on suddenly turning round a rock, he was seen with the other guides. Every one immediately called out to him, asking if he had really lost his senses. The party endeavoured to persuade him to abandon an undertaking which they believed would be

fatal to him; but his only reply was, that he had reflected on the dangers he ran, and that he would rather die than not be of the party. He was therefore allowed to proceed, with the recommendation to be prudent.

In two hours they reached the extremity of the Oberaar glacier, and paid a visit to the hut of a shepherd, which was wretched enough; it was a mere kennel, composed of four walls, and a stone roof, through which the wind blew without mercy. The shepherd was a poor little boy of twelve years old; ill clothed, sickly in appearance, weak in limb, and stupid in expression. Provisions for three months had been sent to him from Valais, consisting of black bread, almost as hard as the stones of his hut, and a little dried-up cheese.

At ten o'clock the party arrived at the summit of the Col de l'Oberaar, after crossing with great difficulty numerous fissures covered only with a frail bridge of snow. The thermometer indicated 35° Fahr. The summit of the Col is 10,023 feet above the level of the sea: it is about 100 feet broad, and is enclosed between two large peaks, the highest of which on the north is the Oberaar horn. The party spent a quarter of an hour contemplating the view commanded by this elevated point; gazing on the multitude of gigantic peaks which rose on all sides, some of them like huge gothic spires, others resembling immense cupolas covered with snow.

From this Col the party descended to the plateau of snow which feeds the glacier of Viesch. It is a vast circus of more than half a league in diameter, in the centre of which they halted for dinner,—a dinner as frugal as it well could be, but which was nevertheless delicious, thanks to the seasoning of a good appetite. While thus engaged, thick mists rose on the right, and the instruments seemed to agree in presaging rain. This made the party resolve to descend to the châteaux of Mæril, even though, by so doing, some leagues would be added to the next day's journey. They, therefore, descended the fields of snow, which extend southwards towards the Valais. The surface was smooth, the crevices had almost entirely disappeared, or, if any were still to be seen, they were on the sides of the valley, never extending so far as the place over which our travellers were walking. "We were thus advancing in perfect serenity," says M. Desor, the narrator of the expedition, "when we remarked, at some distance from us, many small openings. Curious to know the cause, we turned aside to examine them, but what was our surprise, when, on looking into one of these sky-lights, which was not more than three inches broad, by a foot long, we saw that it concealed an immense precipice, and in this precipice an azure light prevailed, which surpassed in beauty, transparency, and softness, all that we had hitherto seen among glaciers! What a pity that I have not the power of reproducing, in language worthy of the subject, all the poetry that was embodied in this simple combination of light and snow! Never had I seen a more attractive spectacle; our eyes were so fascinated by it, that we did not at first perceive that the crust of snow which covered this enchanted cavern did not exceed in this place a few inches; I do not, however, think that we ran very great danger, for the snow was very compact, and the sun had not softened it that day. After contemplating the attractive effect of this unique phenomenon, we

were desirous likewise to become acquainted with its nature and cause. It was an immense fissure of more than 100 feet in width, and of a depth varying from 100 to 300 feet. At the place from which we examined it, it had no other opening but the small loop-hole of which I have spoken; but farther on it corresponded to a large crevice, open near the right bank, by which the light entered, and the intermediate roof, by tempering the reflection of the snow walls, gave them an indescribable mildness and beauty."

After proceeding for nearly an hour along the fields of snow, the party entered upon the *névé*. As walking upon the latter is much easier than on the snow, it is usually the part of the glacier preferred to every other. That of Viesch was remarkable, when our travellers passed over it, for the quantity of red snow which it contained, and which, at a distance, imparted to it a rose-coloured reflection. As the minute organisms which compose red snow are usually accumulated in greatest numbers some lines below the surface, they were rendered more apparent by trampling upon them; and each step taken left as it were a bloody mark, which the eye could follow to a great distance.

The increasing elevation soon became apparent by the appearance of needles of ice; and soon the glacier of Viesch began to assume that irregular appearance, which gives it the character of being one of the most varied in the Valais. On the right side of this glacier the most difficult passage was encountered. The party had to descend a wall of rock nearly vertical and very high, at the foot of which fell a beautiful cascade. The path was a kind of opening, which presented here and there some slight projections on which the foot rested. When these points of support were insufficient, the passenger was obliged to cling in the best way he could against the walls of the opening, assisting himself with his pole, which is always ready to lean upon; or he was forced to call for the help of one of the guides—a step, however, which his self-love made him unwilling to adopt. It appears that this dangerous path is really the only way to the upper pastures, and that the shepherds hoist up the sheep by means of ropes tied to the horns, or, when these are wanting, round the neck. The shepherds themselves do not at other times often pass this way; for, when the sheep are once over it, they are left to themselves till the autumn, and are only visited by a shepherd from time to time, for the purpose of supplying them with salt.

The party continued to travel towards their resting-place for the night, and arrived, about six o'clock, at the cottages of Mæril, where the shepherds received them cordially, and promised to supply them with the best they could afford. These châteaux are situated in a little valley at an elevation of about 6,000 feet, and, although not very comfortable, they are of great utility to naturalists. They occupy a central point in the midst of the glaciers, whence researches can be made in any direction. From this point the party were to commence their journey to the Jungfrau, when an unforeseen circumstance had nearly thwarted their designs. "In order to attempt such an ascent, a ladder was indispensable; we had not brought one with us, because Jacob, who accompanied M. Hugi in 1832, had left the one he then used near the great fissure. He had not the least doubt that he would find it again nine years afterwards in the same spot

where he left it. What, therefore, was his surprise, when he learnt from a shepherd that his ladder had been carried away some years before by a peasant of Viesch! He instantly despatched a messenger to the village to demand back his ladder, but the detainer refused to restore it, alleging that it was now his property, because he had had it repaired. Let any one conceive our disappointment, when, at midnight, our delegate returned empty-handed! What were we now to do? Were we to delay our journey for another day? That would have been to sin against our star which visibly protected us, for all the mists of the previous evening were dispersed, and there was not a cloud in the sky. Should we attempt the ascent without a ladder? Jacob assured us that was altogether impossible. Not knowing what plan to adopt, we decided on sending off a second messenger to this refractory personage, to intimate to him that if he did not instantly restore our property, we would come down in a body to Viesch, to do ourselves justice. This second messenger left us at midnight, promising to execute our orders promptly. At four o'clock in the morning every one was awake, waiting with anxiety for the messenger, who failed to appear; five o'clock approached, and he had not returned, and still the sky continued as clear as at midnight. At last we saw him approaching with the ladder on his back. A cry of joy resounded through the air, and in an instant every one was prepared for starting."

The party then advanced to the Lake Mæril, from the margin of which they ascended to the glacier of Aletsch. At a place where the glacier bends, a magnificent view was obtained in two directions, in one of which the Jungfrau stood out grandly, and seemed to invite to perseverance.

"Who first beholds those everlasting clouds—
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,
As rather to belong to heaven than earth—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not—
A something that informs him 'tis an hour
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever."
Rogers.

From the place where the party mounted the glacier, to the point where the ascent becomes steep, the distance is reckoned to be six leagues, but this was traversed in less than four hours. At half-past nine they arrived at the snow-fields, which commence with the ascent. Here the party halted at a place which they named "The Repose," because the passage they had made, and the immense heights which rose in stages in front of them, seemed naturally to invite to rest and refreshment.

The Repose is described as one of the most beautiful situations on a glacier that can possibly be met with. It faces an immense amphitheatre, in which five great confluent branches of the glacier of the Aletsch become confounded with each other. Two of the most considerable of these occupy the background; they descend, one from the sides of the Jungfrau, and the other from the summit of Mönch. The three others are more lateral. The Mönch on the right, and the Jungfrau on the left, are in some measure the two columns of the great amphitheatre, which in this place separates the Swiss plain from the Valais. To the west of "The Repose" a vast hollow extended downwards between the Jungfrau and Kranzberg, and in this

was distinguished a series of terraces rising one above another, by which the ascent was to be made.

Leaving the party for a time at this convenient halting-place, we reserve for another occasion the account of the more perilous part of their journey.

SCENERY OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

No. II.

THE Slough Station is the next first-class to Paddington, from which it is distant eighteen miles. It is one of the most important points on the Railway; for, besides the population of Windsor and Eton, the influx of visitors to Windsor Castle is very great. Her Majesty, the Court, and attendants, also continually pass to and from London; and in the Station are two reception-rooms, very handsomely furnished, for the Queen's use. The building is very spacious; all the trains stop here, and stand under a covered shed, removed from the main line; the whole station being upon its south side. In the court-yard is a vast hotel, most superbly furnished, in most cases from the state-rooms of Louis XIV. and XV.; the principal bed-chamber is hung with Gobelin tapestry from Versailles, and the fittings are mostly in right royal taste, presenting accommodation of the most luxurious class.

Windsor has been the residence of the sovereign since the Conquest; but the ancient palace was at Old Windsor, on the mead. The mound occupied by the round tower of the present castle was, no doubt, William's work, but no traces of his masonry remain. Henry I. rebuilt the castle. Edward III. was born here. In 1359, he began to pull down the old structure, and, under the direction of William of Wykeham, rebuilt it upon a more ample plan. To this period is due the round tower; and "the general plan of the castle, its concentric defences, its flanking towers, and heavy gateways," says the author of the folio History before us, "are all manifestly Edwardian." The chapel of St. George was built by Edward IV. and the Seventh and Eighth Henries; and the tomb-house is the addition of Wolsey. Rickman pronounces the chapel to be one of the finest perpendicular buildings in the kingdom. "Henry VII." says the History, "added to the castle a pile of buildings in the upper ward, next the royal lodgings; Henry VIII. rebuilt the great gate of the lower ward. Edward VI. brought a supply of water from Blackmore Park, in Winkfield. Elizabeth made the celebrated north terrace; and Charles I. and II. augmented the royal lodgings." One of Charles the Second's improvements was to lengthen the terrace to 1870 feet, thus making it the noblest walk in Europe. Various alterations were made by succeeding princes, down to our own time, when, about the year 1804, George III. took up his residence here; though the good king and his family had lived at Windsor in a lath-and-plaster lodge thirty years before it occurred to him to inhabit his own castle. The great restoration was, however, commenced by George IV. in 1824, under Sir Jeffrey Wyattville. In 1828, the king removed to the private apartments on the south side of the castle. The entire work was not completed until the reign of his successor, William IV. It has cost the country upwards of a million, but no expenditure of the public money has been more satisfactory. The style of the building is old, while the material is new; and the harmony of

parts is so complete as to form a whole of almost inexpressible massiveness and grandeur. The most prominent addition in the view from the Railway is the keep, or round tower, heightened by some thirty feet; and, as says the poet Bowles,—“most imposing is its distant view, when the broad banner floats, or sleeps, in the sunshine amidst the intense blue of the summer skies; whilst its picturesque and ancient architectural vastness harmonizes with the decaying and gnarled oaks, coeval with so many departed monarchs.” Von Raumer, on his visit in 1835, acknowledged Windsor to have made a greater impression on him than all the other castles he had ever seen put together. This is high praise from a native of Germany, where feudalism has left so many stately monuments of its frowning glory. “Windsor,” says the acute critic, “combines the originality of the middle ages with the highest pitch of splendour and comfort which our times can reach. It is not an empty, tedious, monotonous repetition of the same sort of rooms over and over again; but every staircase, every gallery, every room, every hall, nay, every window, is different, surprising, peculiar; in one word, poetical. . . . In Windsor, England’s history—so rich with recollections—suddenly stands before my eyes. There are gigantic towers, bastions, chapels, churches, and knightly halls, in fresh and boundless variety; at every step, new views over rivers, valleys, woods, and fields; the fancies of a thousand years crowded together into one instant.”

We remember to have seen the Castle under very effective circumstances—on a dark night during the visit of the King of the French, in 1844—when a flood of light streamed through the principal windows in the northern front, protracted through the entire eastern side; it was, even from without, a scene of right regal hospitality, carrying the mind’s eye back to the chivalric glories of the feudal age in which the palace was built, and assuring us that, in the long vista of centuries, Windsor has not lost a ray of its splendour and magnificence.

To the public, the Castle has lately acquired an additional interest, from their free admission to inspect its interior; and so far has their recreation been studied, that a catalogue of its treasures has been prepared at the instance of the Prince Consort, and is sold to the masses at a merely nominal price. And there cannot be a more gratifying or beneficial sight for a monarchy-loving people than to see their sovereign mingling with crowds of her loving subjects, beneath her own palace-windows, and their children following the very foot-marks of royalty: such a scene of harmony may often be witnessed on the terraces of majestic Windsor. The view from the round tower, unequalled for richness of scenery, will impress the beholder with the secret of the nation’s greatness, as he traces the fertilizing course of “Father Thames,” nowhere more beautiful than where he is seen

“——— To sweep
Round Windsor’s castled steep
His waters to the distant deep;
Now hid behind some rising mound,
Some swell of intervening ground,
Or woods, whose waving top betrays
The distant windings of his maze;
Now to one sheet of silver spread,
Now foaming in his narrowing bed;
As though some guardian goddess gave
Her brightness to the crystal wave.”

On the banks of the Thames, opposite to Windsor Castle, and between it and the Railway, lies Eton, with its ancient chapel, and group of venerable buildings composing the College; a scene tinged with the picturesque melancholy of the poet Gray:

“Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry’s holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor’s heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey;
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way!
Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain.”

Between Eton and the Railway, lies Slough, with its Norman church, the burial-place of Sir W. Herschel, the frame of whose forty-foot telescope may still be seen in his garden on the Windsor Road. The benefits of the Railway contact are evident in every direction; from the little road-side inn to the luxurious villa. A geological fact of interest is thus recorded in the *Railway History*: “The section of a well at Slough gives of gravel sixteen feet, yellow clay fifteen and a-half feet, wet sand thirty-two feet, mottled clay eleven feet; total, seventy-four and a-half feet, at which depth the chalk and chalk-flints were reached, and a plentiful supply of good water rose to the level of the rails. This is the first indication of the chalk formation here covered up by the plastic clay.”

The *Electric Telegraph* has been for some time laid down upon the Railway: it was at first laid between London and Drayton, a distance of thirteen miles; and it has lately been completed to Slough, with a view to a still further extension to Buckingham Palace at the one end, and to Windsor Castle at the other. This is the invention patented by Mr. Cooke and Mr. Wheatstone: it consists generally of a number of wires, suspended separately in the air by a series of upright standards of cast-iron, varying from ten to twenty-five feet in height, and placed sometimes as much as one hundred and fifty yards apart. These wires communicate with the different stations, at each of which is a small machine, by means of which a galvanic battery is put in action, and signals are read off upon a dial, or given by pressing upon keys, resembling in appearance those of a piano-forte. As the velocity of the electric fluid, when travelling along a good conductor, is estimated at about 200,000 miles per second, the transmission of signals is practically instantaneous; and the conversation, by means of keys, may be carried on by an experienced person almost as rapidly as a familiar piece of music could be played.

The Electric Telegraph is worked at Slough in a small wood-built station, placed upon a slight eminence, to which there are steps of ascent; and the Telegraph in action may here be inspected at the exhibition charge of a shilling. By aid of the marvellous power of this triumph of science, the event of Her Majesty’s accouchement at Windsor Castle, Aug. 6, 1844, was communicated from Slough to Paddington, and an acknowledgment of the message returned to Slough within eleven minutes!

We must spare room for a few other performances of this Telegraph. Thus, in January 1845, the flight of Tawell, then suspected of murder, was communicated from Slough after he had left that station by a train; the intelligence was received at Paddington, and acknowledged, long before Tawell’s arrival there; and thus he was followed by the police, and eventually captured! The vast importance of this application of the Telegraph produced in the public mind a startling conviction of its utility to the welfare of society. By this Telegraph, too, has been accomplished the apparent paradox of sending a message in the year 1845, and receiving it in the year 1844! Thus, directly after the clock had struck twelve on the night of the 31st of December, the Superintendent at Paddington signalled his brother at Slough that he wished him a

happy new year; an answer was instantly returned, suggesting that the wish was premature, as the year had not yet arrived at Slough!

Upon leaving Slough, the Railway is seen to have approached nearly to the boundary of the Thames, and to run at the foot of a well-wooded range, forming the rising ground upon the north. On the summit of the hill above the Station is seen the cupola of Stoke Pogis House, not far from the site of the mansion built by the Earls of Huntingdon, in the reign of Elizabeth, and celebrated by Gray, in his "Long Story":

"In Britain's Isle—no matter where—
An ancient pile of building stands:
The Huntingdons and Iltons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands."

The estate is now possessed by Mr. Penn, a descendant of Penn, of Pennsylvania, and representative of the old stock of Penn, of Penn, in this county. In the park is the memorial to Gray, erected by Mr. Penn; and the spire of Stoke Church may be seen rising from massy foliage, and the "Church-yard" of Gray's "Elegy." But the village church, and park, with Eton and its College, are all eulogized in Gray's verse; and it is scarcely possible to point to a locality which is more closely identified in lyric poetry than are Stoke and Eton.

There is, however, still another memorial to be noticed in this poetic region—the "Mons," or Mount, whence the famed festival of the "Montem," or "Ad Montem," derives its name. It is celebrated triennially; next year will be its enactment, the last "Montem" having been 'in 1844, when it was a strange anomaly to see the Etonians, in their superb costumes of centuries since, collecting "salt" of the railway passengers: it was bringing the past and present into very suggestive association. D'Israeli, by the way, has given us a charming picture of the Montem, in his very characteristic novel of "*Coningsby*."

Just west of Stoke lies Farnham Royal, which is held of the crown by one of those feudal tenures which carry us back to the most picturesque age of our history; the possession being by the service of supporting the king's right arm, and providing a glove for his right hand, when holding the royal sceptre at a coronation. A little below Farnham is Balleis, a quadrangular brick mansion, once the residence of the polite Earl of Chesterfield. The *Railway History*, too, notes: "Burnham, the next parish, gives name to a hundred and deanery. An abbey of Benedictine nuns, founded here in 1165, was dissolved at the Reformation. The church is large, and contains some irregular perpendicular windows. In it hangs an escutcheon of Hastings of Woodlands, with the hundred quarterings of that illustrious race."

On the south side of the Railway, between Slough and Taplow, the country lies open to the Thames. The Taplow or Maidenhead Station, twenty-two and a-half miles from London, marks the point to which the Railway first opened in June, 1838; it lies here upon an embankment, crosses the Great Western turnpike road by an oblique brick bridge, and we soon reach the Maidenhead bridge.

This celebrated bridge is composed of a central pier and two main arches, flanked at either end by four smaller openings; it is of brick, finished with stone. The Maidenhead bridge is peculiar, inasmuch as it consists of two arches only, each 130 feet span and 24 feet rise, which are probably the largest, and are certainly the flattest in proportion to their span, yet executed in brick. The reason of its construction with two arches instead of a greater number, was the existence of a shoal, affording an excellent foundation for the pier, in the middle of the river; and the necessity of leaving the sides and deeper parts of the stream open for the navigation. "The latter cause on the one hand," states the *History*, "combined with the importance of preserving uniform the gradients of the Railway on the other,

governed also the height of the arches." As this bridge was a novelty in engineering, its failure was pretty generally predicted; and some bad cement being used in the construction, the northern arch proved faulty, was condemned by the engineer, taken down, and rebuilt. The southern arch, however, remains as it was originally built; and the entire bridge, since the removal of the centerings, has stood with less than the ordinary amount of settlement. The view from this fine work is very charming; in the distance the hanging woods of Taplow and Cliefden,

"With their beechen wreaths, the king of rivers crowning,"

ascend from the margin of the stream, and terminate in the imposing façade of Cliefden House. The view in the opposite direction commands the river,

"——— Flowing,
To Windsor-ward again,"

and extends over St. Leonard's and the Castle, including much of the park. The old Maidenhead bridge lies at a short distance; it is a many-arched structure, which loses much in contrast with the very bold railway work.

Next Maidenhead lies Bray, famed for its ancient manor-house at Ockholt, which the Abingdon family have suffered to fall into ruin. The parish church of Bray stands near the Thames, and is seen near the Railway: it has a fine lofty tower, and some good transition windows; though the church is more popular in association with "the Vicar of Bray," who has been cited as a political turncoat, from the reign of Henry VI., when, according to Fuller, this "vivacious vicar" lived. In four reigns he was, first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant. "The vicar," says quaint old Fuller, "being taxed by one for being a turncoat, 'Not so,' said he, 'for I always kept my principles, which is this: to live and die Vicar of Bray.'"

North of the Railway lies Bysham, once a Preceptory of the Temple. It had, too, a fine monastery, in the church of which were buried many of the Montacute and Neville families, including the king-maker Warwick. All the monumental glories of its illustrious dead were swept away after the Dissolution, and even the site of the abbey-church cannot with certainty be traced. An early English doorway, and a few other fragments of the abbey, are built into the modern mansion named Bysham Abbey.

The Railway remains for some distance upon a high chalk embankment, crossing the roads between Bray and Maidenhead upon a series of very lofty bridges. The Twyford Station, thirty-three and three-quarter miles from London, is timber-built; thence the line crosses

"The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crowned."

This stream occupies two principal channels, here both fordable; a circumstance which has given its name to the village. About two miles below, the Loddon, "the fair Lodona called," falls into the Thames; according to Drayton,

"——— Contributing her store,

As still we see the much runs ever to the more."

The Railway cutting next west that of Loddon, is that of Sonning, nearly two miles long, and varying from twenty to sixty feet deep. At the latter depth, "the top breadth, at the slope of one foot horizontal for two-thirds of a foot perpendicular, is 220 feet. One of the objections brought against the Great Western gauge was the increased amount of the earth-work required, which was stated to be as seven to five, or as the difference between the new and the old gauge. The cross section of the deepest part of this cutting, allowing a width of thirty feet for the railway, and ten feet for the side drains, gives 867 cubic yards of excavation for each yard in length; had the gauge of the Railway been, instead of seven, of the old width of five feet, allowing

a width of twenty-three feet for the railway, and ten feet, as before, for the drains, the earth-work for each yard in length would have been 820 yards; the difference being only about forty-seven cube yards, or as 867 to 820."—(*History of the Railway*.) At its deepest part this cutting is crossed by two bridges, one of which carries the Great Western turnpike-road from London towards Reading.

On leaving the Sonning cutting, the Railway enters once more the valley of the Thames, at a point where

"— Clear Kennet overtakes
His lord, the stately Thames,"

and traverses the rich alluvial meads of Reading.

The Reading Station, thirty-five and three-quarter miles from London, is in plan like that at Slough; and you are soon reminded that you have reached a place of importance. Reading is the flourishing county-town of Berkshire; and, within the present century, has doubled its population, the number in 1801 being 9,742, and in 1841, 19,528. It is a borough, returning two members to Parliament; one of whom, Mr. Charles Russell, is also Chairman of the Great Western Railway Company. The town appears to be of Saxon origin, and its possession was much contested by the Saxons and Danes in the ninth and tenth centuries. It had also a Norman castle, destroyed in 1153. A mitred Abbey of Benedictines was founded here by Henry I. in 1121, and the church was consecrated by Becket in 1164. Within its walls were buried the founder, and his queen Adeliza; and probably their daughter Maud, the wife of the Emperor Henry IV., and mother of Henry II. of England. Her epitaph, recorded by Camden, has been deservedly admired:

"Magna orto, majorque viro, sed maxima partu;
Hic jacet Henrica hinc, sponsa, parens."

Within the abbey, parliaments were convened, from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries. At the Dissolution by Henry VIII., its revenues were equal to 20,000*l.* per annum, present money; and from thence to the reign of Charles I. the Abbey was a royal residence. In 1642, the town was fortified by the parliament, taken by the king, and retaken from Sir Arthur Aston by Essex; whose entrenchments may still be traced across the valley. In 1688, the only officer who fell in the Revolution, was slain in a skirmish with James's troops at Reading. The eminent prosperity of the borough was, in the main, the wealth of its abbey; but, as early as the reign of Edward I., it was famous for its cloth-manufacture: this was destroyed in the Civil Wars; but Reading still remains a great mart for corn and agricultural produce. The extension of the Thames navigation to Oxford has likewise contributed to its prosperity; as did, also, the conversion of the Kennet into a navigable canal as high as Newbury in 1716; although, in the short-sighted spirit of the times, that "innovation" was loudly protested against. The railway has, unquestionably, proved a great benefit to the town; and the public spirit of its inhabitants partakes largely of the characteristic intelligence of the age. Of the ancient glory of the abbey, but a few walls, or a ragged, broken skeleton, remain; though, in recent excavations, the plan of the building has been traced; and, says the *Railway History*, there "have been brought to the surface, from the neighbourhood of the high altar, the relics of kings, and warriors, and holy men, the fathers and founders of a church, which they probably trusted would have confined their bones till doomsday." In the last remains of a Franciscan monastery, in the town, is preserved a very fine decorated window. There are, also, several ancient parish churches; and the love of ancient art at Reading is shown in the new buildings—for example, in the large gaol, in the old English style, which nearly faces the Railway station, and in a restored chapel adjoining. Near Reading resides Miss Mitford, who has drawn a

delightful picture of the borough, under the name of "Belford Regia."

From Reading may be seen the fine domain of Caversham Park, on the Oxfordshire bank of the Thames. It was, till lately, a seat of the Cadogan family, who were formerly Barons of Reading. At Caversham lived the wittiest of English divines, Dr. South.

The Railway leaves the Reading Station as it arrived there, upon embankment, and then passes into cuttings, one of which divides Purley Park into two parts. The mansion, Purley Hall, sometimes mistaken for Horne Tooke's "Purley" was built for Law, of South Sea notoriety; and Warren Hastings resided here during his memorable trial. The Railway here lies close to the south bank of the Thames, and commands a fine view of the woods and Elizabethan house of Maple-Durham, the ancient seat of the Blounts.

From the Purley cutting the line is carried over an embankment, to the village and Station of Pangbourne, forty-one miles and a-quarter from London. The Station is, generally, Elizabethan, broad-eaved, and not unpicturesque. Pangbourne is named from its fine trout stream, the Pang; it is a pretty village, upon the Reading and Oxford road, which is crossed by the Railway close to the station, upon an oblique red brick bridge. Opposite Pangbourne, on the Thames, lies Whitechurch, noticeable for its church of good Norman work, and perpendicular and decorated windows.

"The Railway," says our complete *History*, "now fairly lies within the ravine of the Thames," passing into the Shooter's Hill cutting, under Basilidon Park, the finely-wooded estate of Mr. Morison, M.P., who has lately proposed some very salutary legislative enactments for the better management of railways. Mr. Morison has realized a large fortune as a warehouseman in Fore-street, Cripplegate; and, some years since, became the purchaser of Fonthill Abbey. The mansion at Basilidon is in the classic style of the last century; its festal capabilities were lately put in requisition, when Mr. Morison entertained, in most sumptuous style, the Lord Mayor, and a large party of the corporation of London, on their "View of the Thames." Basilidon church has a beautiful chancel, and is a valuable example of the Early Decorated style. During the railway construction, there were found in a field two skeletons, and the foundation of a Roman villa, with a tessellated pavement; the latter has been carefully preserved.

At Basilidon, (says our illustrated guide,) the source of the Thames bends considerably to the west, and approaches to the foot of the chalk range. In consequence of this, the Railway crosses the river into Oxfordshire, at Basilidon, and recrosses it about two miles further on, at Moulsoford, by means of two nearly similar bridges of red-brick, with Bath stone finishings, and each composed of four elliptical arches, of sixty two feet span. The Thames valley only presents the character of a ravine between Pangbourne and Stratley, which lies upon the Berkshire bank of the river, upon a sort of shelf or platform between it and the steep escarpment of the chalk. The village lies on the Roman road, called Ickle-ton-street, which, here descending the hill, crosses the Thames by a ford; hence, the name compounded of "street," or way, and the "ey," or island, still seen in the middle of the river. The Railway labourers have met with several indications of Roman occupation in this locality; a vase of coarse pottery, found at Basilidon, is entitled to special mention. The church is in the Transition style, from Norman towards Early English.

Opposite Stratley lies Goring Station, forty-four and a half miles from London; it has a church, mostly Norman; and from thence the line passes in cutting to Moulsoford. We may here quote a specimen of the admirable geological description of the *History*:—"The valley now opens rapidly; the high ground on the left passes off westward, to form the lley Downs, and that on the right recedes almost at a right angle, under the name of the Chilterns. The space between them is the

lower end of the great vale of Berks, and is moulded into a number of low, undulating hills, composed of grey or chalk marle, and forming the sub-escarpment of the great crest of the chalk; this marle throws out the waters which have percolated through the chalk, and the junction between the two is marked by a line of springs, indicated by such names as Brightwell, Jutwell, Harwell, Mongewell, &c., and by a thick belt of population, attracted thither from a very early period by the fertility of the soil. The grey chalk, here full of fossils and pyrites, forms the embankment on which the Railway approaches Moulsoford Bridge; the subsoil, however, is covered up with a thick deposit of gravel, in which elephants' and sharks' teeth, and various diluvial remains, have been discovered." Moulsoford village lies in Berkshire, and its "ford" crosses the Thames to South Stoke, through which village the Railway passes; it has an Early English and Early Decorated church. From this part of the line may be seen, on the south, some of those curious terraces called "Linchetts," so common on the sides of chalk and oolite downs. Here, too, may be seen the spires of Wallingford, and the wooded dells of the Chilterns; and "a spur from the Isley Downs, crowned by Unwell Wood, well known to the Oxford botanists for its varieties of the Orchis tribe; as the Down is to sportsmen for the excellent coursing matches of Mr. Stone, the venerable squire of Streatley."

We have now reached the Wallingford Station, upon the Berkshire bank of the river, forty-seven and a half miles from London, and about three from Wallingford. The town is a "fine old place," still enclosed by the Roman earthworks, though the ford is superseded by a stone bridge. A lofty *agger*, defended on the exterior by a wet ditch, encloses the town, and forms three sides of a parallelogram, of which the Thames is the fourth. Wallingford was destroyed by the Danes in 1006, but rose again into prosperity; and Swein, their king, was born here in 1013. The Conqueror found the Saxon Wigod in possession of the "Vill," and married his heiress to Robert D'Oyley, who founded castles here and at Oxford. Wallingford castle was very strong, and its central position made it of great importance in the Barons' wars. In this stormy period, however, its strength had begun to decay; Leland, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, describes it as "sore yn ruine;" Camden, who wrote somewhat later, says that "its size and magnificence used to amaze me when I came hither, a lad from Oxford." Still, up to the Civil Wars, it was considered one of the most important fortresses in the king's possession: it was held by Charles until its surrender to Fairfax, in 1646; and it was finally destroyed, and the materials sold, by order of Cromwell, in 1652. The date of the fortress is, however, confirmed by its lofty Norman mound, inside which is a well; and there is a doorway of the same period. The castle inclosure is kept in order by its proprietor, Mr. Blackstone. The name of the town is ascribed either to an ancient British word, *guallen*, or the Latin, *vallum*, each signifying a fort, or fortified position, and the ford over the river, thus making *Guallen Ford* or *Vallum Ford*. Its fourteen churches, described by Leland, have dwindled to three, and the remains of a chapel in the castle. One of the former, St. Peter's, was rebuilt by Sir William Blackstone, who is buried there.

Leaving the Moulsoford Station, the Railway passes under the Oxford road, and by a deep cutting of chalk marle, enters Cholsey, famed for its Saxon monastery and Norman church, the latter one of the finest parochial buildings in the country. "The village," says the *History*, "stands upon a knoll of gravel, in great part surrounded by land liable to be flooded; hence its name of 'Cholsey, or Ceolsia, 'the island of Cæol,' who was, probably, its Saxon owner."

(To be concluded in next Number.)



THE CAPUCHIN.

FATHER CRISTOFORO of **** was a man nearer sixty than fifty years of age. His shaven head, circled with a narrow line of hair, like a crown, according to the fashion of the Capuchin tonsure, was raised from time to time with a movement that betrayed somewhat of disdain and disquietude, and then quickly sank again in thoughts of lowliness and humility. His long grey beard, covering his cheeks and chin, contrasted markedly with the prominent features of the upper part of his face, to which a long and habitual abstinence had rather given an air of gravity, than effaced the natural expression. His sunken eyes, usually bent on the ground, sometimes brightened up with a momentary fire, like two spirited horses, under the hand of a driver whom they know by experience they cannot overcome; yet occasionally they indulge in a few gambols and prancings, for which they are quickly repaid by a smart jerk of the bit.

Father Cristoforo had not always been thus: nor had he always been Cristoforo: his baptismal name was Lindovico. He was the son of a merchant of **** who, in his latter years, being considerably wealthy, and having only one son, had given up trade, and retired as an independent gentleman.

In his new state of idleness he began to entertain a great contempt for the time he had spent in making money, and being useful in the world. Full of this fancy, he used every endeavour to make others forget that he had been a merchant; in fact, he wished to forget it himself. But the warehouse, the bales, the journal, the measure, were for ever intruding upon his mind, like the shade of Banquo to Macbeth, even amidst the honours of the table and the smiles of flatterers. It is impossible to describe the care of these poor mortals to avoid every word that might appear like an allusion to the former condition of their patron. One day, to mention a single instance, towards the end of dinner, in the moment of liveliest and most unrestrained festivity, when it would be difficult to say which was merriest, the company who emptied the table, or the host who filled it, he was rallying with friendly superiority one of his guests, the most prodigious eater in the world. He, meaning to return the joke, with the frankness of a child, and without the least shade of malice, replied, "Ah, I'm listening like a merchant." The poor offender was at once conscious of the unfortunate word that had escaped his lips; he cast a diffident glance towards his patron's clouded face, and each would gladly have resumed his former expression; but it was

(1) This very striking sketch is taken from an excellent translation of Manzoni's "Betrothed," lately published by Mr. Burns, of Portman-street.

(2) "*Io faccio orecchie da mercante.*" A proverbial expression, meaning, "I pay no attention to you," which quite loses its point when translated into English.

impossible. The other guests occupied themselves, each in his own mind, in devising some plan of remedying the mistake, and making a diversion; but the silence thus occasioned only made the error more apparent. Each individual endeavoured to avoid meeting his companion's eye; each felt that all were occupied in the thought they wished to conceal. Cheerfulness and sociability had fled for that day, and the poor man, not so much imprudent as unfortunate, never again received an invitation. In this manner, Ludovico's father passed his latter years, continually subject to annoyances, and perpetually in dread of being despised; never reflecting that it was no more contemptuous to sell than to buy, and that the business of which he was now so much ashamed, had been carried on for many years before the public without regret. He gave his son an expensive education, according to the judgment of the times, and as far as he was permitted by the laws and customs of the country; he procured him masters in the different branches of literature and in exercises of horsemanship, and at last died, leaving the youth heir to a large fortune. Ludovico had acquired gentlemanly habits and feelings, and the flatterers by whom he had been surrounded had accustomed him to be treated with the greatest respect. But, when he endeavoured to mix with the first men of the city, he met with very different treatment to what he had been accustomed to, and he began to perceive that, if he would be admitted into their society, as he desired, he must learn, in a new school, to be patient and submissive, and every moment to be looked down upon and despised.

Such a mode of life accorded neither with the education of Ludovico, nor with his disposition; and he withdrew from it, highly piqued. Still he absented himself unwillingly; it appeared to him that these ought really to have been his companions, only he wanted them to be a little more tractable. With this mixture of dislike and inclination, not being able to make them his familiar associates, yet wishing in some way to be connected with them, he endeavoured to rival them in show and magnificence, thus purchasing for himself enmity, jealousy, and ridicule. His disposition, open and at the same time violent, had occasionally engaged him in more serious contentions. He had a natural and sincere horror of fraud and oppression—a horror rendered still more vivid by the rank of those whom he saw daily committing them—exactly the persons he hated. To appease, or to excite all these passions at once, he readily took the part of the weak and oppressed, assumed the office of arbitrator, and intermeddling in one dispute drew himself into others; so that by degrees he established his character as a protector of the oppressed, and a vindicator of injuries. The employment, however, was troublesome: and it need not be asked whether poor Ludovico met with enemies, untoward accidents, and vexations of spirit. Besides the external war he had to maintain, he was continually harassed by internal strifes; for, in order to carry out his undertakings, (not to speak of such as never were carried out,) he was often obliged to make use of subterfuges, and have recourse to violence, which his conscience could not approve. He was compelled to keep around him a great number of bravoes; and, as much for his own security as to ensure vigorous assistance, he had to choose the most daring, or, in other words, the most unprincipled, and thus to live with villains for the sake of justice. Yet, on more than one occasion, either discouraged by ill success, or disquieted by imminent danger, wearied by a state of constant defence, disgusted with his companions, and in apprehension of dissipating his property, which was daily drawn upon largely, either in a good cause, or in support of his bold enterprises,—more than once he had taken a fancy to turn friar; for in these times, this was the commonest way of escaping difficulties. This idea would probably have been only a fancy all his life, had it not been changed to a resolution by a more serious and terrible accident than he had yet met with.

He was walking one day along the streets, in company with a former shopkeeper, whom his father had raised to the office of steward, and was followed by two bravoes. The steward, whose name was Cristoforo, was about fifty years old, devoted from childhood to his master, whom he had known from his birth, and by whose wages and liberality he was himself supported, with his wife and eight children. Ludovico perceived a gentleman at a distance, an arrogant and overbearing man, whom he had never spoken to in his life, but his cordial enemy, to whom Ludovico heartily returned the hatred; for it is a singular advantage of this world, that men may hate and be hated without knowing each other. The Signor, followed by four bravoes, advanced haughtily, with a proud step, his head raised, and his mouth expressive of insolence and contempt. They both walked next to the wall, which (be it observed) was on Ludovico's right hand; and this, according to custom, gave him the right (how far people will go to pursue the right of a case!) of not moving from the said wall to give place to any one, to which custom, at that time, great importance was attached. The Signor, on the contrary, in virtue of another custom, held that this right ought to be conceded to him in consideration of his rank, and that it was Ludovico's part to give way. So that in this, as it happens in many other cases, two opposing customs clashed, the question of which was to have the preference remaining undecided, thus giving occasions of dispute, whenever one hard head chanced to come in contact with another of the same nature. The foes approached each other, both close to the wall, like two walking figures in bas relief, and on finding themselves face to face, the Signor, eyeing Ludovico with a haughty air and imperious frown, said, in a corresponding tone of voice, "Go to the outside."

"You go yourself," replied Ludovico; "the path is mine."

"With men of your rank the path is always mine."

"Yes, if the arrogance of men of your rank were a law for men of mine."

The two trains of attendants stood still, each behind its leader, fiercely regarding each other, with their hands on their daggers prepared for battle, while the passers-by stopped on their way, and withdrew into the road, placing themselves at a distance to observe the issue; the presence of these spectators continually animating the punctilio of the disputants.

"To the outside, vile mechanic! or I'll quickly teach you the civility you owe a gentleman."

"You lie: I am not vile."

"You lie, if you say I lie." This reply was pragmatical. "And if you were a gentleman, as I am," added the Signor, "I would prove with the sword that you are the liar."

"That is a capital pretext for dispensing with the trouble of maintaining the insolence of your words by your deeds."

"Throw this rascal in the mud," said the Signor, turning to his followers.

"We shall see," said Ludovico, immediately retiring a step, and laying his hand on his sword.

"Rash man!" cried the other, drawing his own, "I will break this when it is stained with your vile blood."

At these words they flew upon one another, the attendants of the two parties fighting in defence of their masters. The combat was unequal, both in number, and because Ludovico aimed rather at parrying the blows of, and disarming, his enemy, than killing him, while the Signor was resolved upon his foe's death at any cost. Ludovico had already received a blow from the dagger of one of the bravoes in his left arm, and a slight wound on his cheek, and his principal enemy was pressing on to make an end of him, when Cristoforo, seeing his master in extreme peril, went behind the Signor with his dagger, who, turning all his fury upon his new enemy, ran him through with his sword. At

this sight, Ludovico, as if beside himself, buried his own in the body of his provoker, and laid him at his feet, almost at the same moment as the unfortunate Cristoforo. The followers of the Signor, seeing him on the ground, immediately betook themselves to flight: those of Ludovico, wounded and beaten, having no longer any one to fight with, and not wishing to be mingled in the rapidly increasing multitude, fled the other way, and Ludovico was left alone in the midst of the crowd, with these two ill-fated companions lying at his feet.

"What's the matter?—There's one.—There are two.—They have pierced his body.—Who has been murdered?—That tyrant.—Oh, Holy Mary, what a confusion!—Seek, and you shall find.—One moment pays all.—So he is gone!—What a blow!—It must be a serious affair.—And this other poor fellow!—Mercy! what a sight!—Save him, save him!—It will go hard with him too.—See how he is mangled! he is covered with blood.—Escape, poor fellow, escape!—Take care you are not caught."

These words predominating over the confused tumult of the crowd, expressed their prevailing opinion, while assistance accompanied the advice. The scene had taken place near a Capuchin convent, an asylum in those days, as every one knows, impenetrable to bailiffs, and all that complication of persons and things which went by the name of justice. The wounded and almost senseless murderer was conducted, or rather carried by the crowd, and delivered to the monks with the recommendation, "He is a worthy man, who has made a proud tyrant cold; he was provoked to it, and did it in his own defence."

Ludovico had never before shed blood, and although homicide was in those times so common that every one was accustomed to hear of and witness it, yet the impression made on his mind by the sight of one man murdered *for* him, and another *by* him, was new and indescribable; a disclosure of sentiments before unknown. The fall of his enemy, the sudden alteration of the features, passing in a moment from a threatening and furious expression to the calm and solemn stillness of death, was a sight that instantly changed the feelings of the murderer. He was dragged to the convent almost without knowing where he was, or what they were doing to him; and, when his memory returned, he found himself on a bed in the infirmary, attended by a surgeon-triary, (for the Capuchins generally had one in each convent,) who was applying lint and bandages to the two wounds he had received in the contest. A father, whose special office it was to attend upon the dying, and who had frequently been called upon to exercise his duties in the street, was quickly summoned to the place of combat. He returned a few minutes afterwards, and, entering the infirmary, approached the bed where Ludovico lay. "Comfort yourself," said he, "he has at least died calmly, and has charged me to ask your pardon, and to convey his to you." These words aroused poor Ludovico, and awakened more vividly and distinctly the feelings which confusedly crowded upon his mind; sorrow for his friend, consternation and remorse for the blow that had escaped his hand, and, at the same time, a bitterly painful compassion for the man he had slain. "And the other?" anxiously demanded he of the friar.

"The other had expired when I arrived."

In the meanwhile, the gates and precincts of the convent swarmed with idle and inquisitive people; but, on the arrival of a body of constables, they dispersed the crowd, and placed themselves in ambush at a short distance from the doors, so that none might go out unobserved. A brother of the deceased, however, accompanied by two of his cousins and an aged uncle, came, armed *coup-à-piè*, with a powerful retinue of braves, and began to make the circuit of the convent, watching with looks and gestures of threatening contempt the idle by-standers, who did not dare say, "He is out of your reach," though they had it written on their faces.

As soon as Ludovico could collect his scattered thoughts, he asked for a Father Confessor, and begged that he would seek the widow of Cristoforo, ask forgiveness in his name for his having been the involuntary cause of her desolation, and at the same time assure her that he would undertake to provide for her destitute family. In reflecting on his own condition, the wish to become a friar, which he had often before revolved in his mind, revived with double force and earnestness; it seemed as if God himself, by bringing him to a convent just at this juncture, had put it in his way, and given him a sign of His will; and his resolution was taken. He therefore called the guardian, and told him of his intention. The superior replied, that he must beware of forming precipitate resolutions, but that if, on consideration, he persisted in his desire, he would not be refused. He then sent for a notary, and made an assignment of the whole of his property (which was no insignificant amount) to the family of Cristoforo, a certain sum to the widow, as if it were an entailed dowry, and the remainder to the children.

The resolution of Ludovico came very *à propos* for his hosts, who were in a sad dilemma on his account. To send him away from the convent, and thus expose him to justice, that is to say, to the vengeance of his enemies, was a course on which they would not for a moment bestow a thought. It would have been to give up their proper privileges, disgrace the convent in the eyes of the people, draw upon themselves the animadversions of all the Capuchins in the universe for suffering their common rights to be infringed upon, and arouse all the ecclesiastical authorities, who at that time considered themselves the lawful guardians of these rights. On the other hand, the kindred of the slain, powerful themselves, and strong in adherents, were prepared to take vengeance, and denounced as their enemy any one who should put an obstacle in their way. The history does not tell us that much grief was felt for the loss of the deceased, nor even that a single tear was shed over him by any of his relations: it merely says that they were all on fire to have the murderer, dead or living, in their power. But Ludovico's assuming the habit of a Capuchin settled all these difficulties; he made atonement in a manner, imposed a penance on himself, tacitly confessed himself in fault, and withdrew from the contest; he was, in fact, an enemy laying down his arms. The relatives of the dead could also, if they pleased, believe and make it their boast that he had turned friar in despair, and through dread of their vengeance. But, in any case, to oblige a man to relinquish his property, shave his head, and walk barefoot, to sleep on straw, and to live upon alms, was surely a punishment fully equivalent to the most heinous offence.

The Superior presented himself with an easy humility to the brother of the deceased, and, after a thousand protestations of respect for his most illustrious house, and of desire to comply with his wishes as far as was possible, he spoke of Ludovico's penitence, and the determination he had made, politely making it appear that his family ought to be *therewith* satisfied, and insinuating, yet more courteously, and with still greater dexterity, that whether he were pleased or not, so it would be. The brother fell into a rage, which the Capuchin patiently allowed to evaporate, occasionally remarking that he had too just cause of sorrow. The Signor also gave him to understand, that in any case his family had it in their power to enforce satisfaction, to which the Capuchin, whatever he might think, did not say no; and finally he asked, or rather required as a condition, that the murderer of his brother should immediately quit the city. The Capuchin, who had already determined upon such a course, replied that it should be as he wished, leaving the nobleman to believe, if he chose, that his compliance was an act of obedience; and thus the matter concluded to the satisfaction of all parties. The family were released from their obligation; the

friars had rescued a fellow-creature, and secured their own privileges, without making themselves enemies; the *dilettanti* in chivalry gladly saw the affair terminated in so laudable a manner; the populace rejoiced at a worthy man's escaping from danger, and at the same time marvelled at his conversion; finally, and above all, in the midst of his sorrow, it was a consolation to poor Ludovico himself, to enter upon a life of expiation, and devote himself to services, which, though they could not remedy, might at least make some atonement for his unhappy deed, and alleviate the intolerable pangs of remorse. The idea that his resolution might be attributed to fear pained him for a moment, but he quickly consoled himself by the remembrance that even this unjust imputation would be a punishment for him, and a means of expiation. Thus, at the age of thirty, Ludovico took the monastic habit, and being required, according to custom, to change his name, he chose one that would continually remind him of the fault he had to atone for—the name of Friar Cristoforo.

Scarcely was the ceremony of taking the religious habit completed, when the guardian told him that he must keep his novitiate at * * * sixty miles distant, and that he must leave the next day. The novice bowed respectfully, and requested a favour of him. "Allow me, Father," said he, "before I quit the city where I have shed the blood of a fellow-creature, and leave a family justly offended with me, to make what satisfaction I can, by at least confessing my sorrow, begging forgiveness of the brother of the deceased, and so removing, please God, the enmity he feels towards me." The guardian, thinking that such an act, besides being good in itself, would also serve still more to reconcile the family to the convent, instantly repaired to the offended Signor's house, and communicated to him Friar Cristoforo's request. The Signor, greatly surprised at so unexpected a proposal, felt a rising of anger, mingled perhaps with complacency, and, after thinking a moment, "Let him come to-morrow," said he, mentioning the hour; and the Superior returned to the monastery to acquaint the novice with the desired permission.

The gentleman soon remembered that the more solemn and notorious the submission was, the more his influence and importance would be increased among his friends and the public; and it would also, (to use a fashionable modern expression,) make a fine page in the history of the family. He therefore hastily sent to inform all his relatives, that the next day at noon they must hold themselves engaged to come to him, for the purpose of receiving a common satisfaction. At midday the palace swarmed with the nobility of both sexes and of every age; occasioning a confused intermingling of large cloaks, lofty plumes, and pendant jewels; a vibrating movement of stiffened and curled ribbons, an impeded trailing of embroidered trains. The ante-rooms, courtyards, and roads overflowed with servants, pages, braves, and inquisitive gazers. On seeing all this preparation, Friar Cristoforo guessed the motive, and felt a momentary perturbation; but he soon recovered himself, and said:—"Be it so; I committed the murder publicly, in the presence of many of his enemies; that was an injury; this is reparation."—So, with the Father, his companion, at his side, and his eyes bent on the ground, he passed the threshold, traversed the court-yard among a crowd who eyed him with very unceremonious curiosity, ascended the stair, and, in the midst of another crowd of nobles, who gave way at his approach, was ushered, with a thousand eyes upon him, into the presence of the master of the mansion, who, surrounded by his nearest relatives, stood in the centre of the room with a downcast look, grasping in his left hand the hilt of his sword, while with the right he folded the collar of his cloak over his breast.

There is sometimes in the face and behaviour of a person so direct an expression, such an effusion, so to speak, of the internal soul, that in a crowd of spectators

there will be but one judgment and opinion of him. So was it with Friar Cristoforo; his face and behaviour plainly expressed to the by-standers that he had not become a friar, nor submitted to that humiliation, from the fear of man; and the discovery immediately conciliated all hearts. On perceiving the offended Signor, he quickened his steps, fell on his knees at his feet, crossed his hands on his breast, and bending his shaven head, said, "I am the murderer of your brother. God knows how gladly I would restore him to you at the price of my own blood, but it cannot be: I can only make inefficacious and tardy excuses, and implore you to accept them for God's sake." All eyes were immovably fixed upon the novice and the illustrious personage he was addressing; all ears were attentively listening; and, when Friar Cristoforo ceased, there was a murmur of compassion and respect throughout the room. The gentleman, who stood in an attitude of forced condescension and restrained anger, was much moved at these words, and, bending towards the suppliant, "Rise," said he, in an altered tone. "The offence—the act certainly—but the habit you bear—not only so, but also yourself—Rise, Father—My brother—I cannot deny it—was a cavalier—was rather a—precipitate man—rather hasty. But all happens by God's appointment. Speak of it no more. . . . But, Father, you must not remain in this posture." And taking him by the arm, he compelled him to rise. The friar, standing with his head bowed, and his eyes fixed on the ground, replied, "I may hope that I have your forgiveness? And if I obtain it from *you*, from whom may I not hope it? Oh! if I might hear from your lips that one word—pardon!"

"Pardon!" said the gentleman. "You no longer need it. But since you desire it, certainly. . . . certainly, I pardon you with my whole heart, and all. . . ."

"All! all!" exclaimed the by-standers, with one voice. The countenance of the friar expanded with grateful joy, under which, however, might be traced an humble and deep compunction for the evil which the forgiveness of men could not repair. The gentleman, overcome by this deportment, and urged forward by the general feeling, threw his arms round Cristoforo's neck, and gave and received the kiss of peace.

"Bravo! well done!" burst forth from all parts of the room: there was a general movement, and all gathered round the friar. Servants immediately entered, bringing abundance of refreshment. The Signor, again addressing Cristoforo, who was preparing to retire, said, "Father, let me give you some of these trifles, afford me this proof of your friendship;" and was on the point of helping him before any of the others; but he, drawing back with a kind of friendly resistance, "Thee things," said he, "are no longer for me; but God forbid that I should refuse your gifts. I am about to start on my journey; allow me to take a loaf of bread, that I may be able to say I have shared your charity: eaten of your bread, and received a token of your forgiveness." The nobleman, much affected, ordered it to be brought, and shortly a waiter entered in full dress, bearing the loaf on a silver dish, and presented it to the father, who took it with many thanks, and put it in his basket. Then, obtaining permission to depart, he bade farewell to the master of the house and those who stood nearest to him, and with difficulty made his escape as they endeavoured for a moment to impede his progress; while, in the ante-rooms, he had to struggle to free himself from the servants, and even from the braves, who kissed the hem of his garment, his rope and his hood. At last he reached the street, borne along as in triumph, and accompanied by a crowd of people as far as the gate of the city, from whence he commenced his pedestrian journey towards the place of his novitiate.

The brother and other relatives of the deceased, who had been prepared in the morning to enjoy the sad triumph of pride, were left instead full of the serene joy of a forgiving and benevolent disposition. The com-

pany entertained themselves some time longer, with feelings of unusual kindness and cordiality, in discussions of a very different character to what they had anticipated on assembling. Instead of satisfaction enforced, insults avenged, and obligations discharged,—praises of the novice, reconciliation, and meekness, were the topics of conversation.

Father Cristoforo pursued his way with a peace of mind such as he had never experienced since that terrible event, to make atonement for which his whole life was henceforth to be consecrated. He maintained the silence usually imposed upon novices without difficulty, being entirely absorbed in the thought of the labours, privations, and humiliations he would have to undergo for the expiation of his fault. At the usual hour of refreshment, he stopped at the house of a patron, and partook almost voraciously of the bread of forgiveness, reserving, however, a small piece, which he kept in his basket as a perpetual remembrancer.

It is not our intention to write the history of his cloistral life: it will suffice to say, that, while he willingly and carefully fulfilled the duties customarily assigned to him, to preach and to attend upon the dying, he never suffered an opportunity to pass of executing two other offices which he had imposed upon himself—the composing of differences, and the protection of the oppressed. Without being aware of it, he entered upon these undertakings with some portion of his former zeal, and a slight remnant of that courageous spirit which humiliation and mortifications had not been able entirely to subdue. His manner of speaking was habitually meek and humble; but, when truth and justice were at stake, he was immediately animated with his former warmth, which, mingled with and modified by a solemn emphasis acquired in preaching, imparted to his language a very marked character. His whole countenance and deportment indicated a long-continued struggle between a naturally hasty, passionate temper, and an opposing and habitually victorious will, ever on the watch, and directed by the highest principles and motives. One of the brotherhood, his friend, who knew him well, likened him, on one occasion, to those too-expressive words—too-expressive, that is, in their natural state, which some persons, well-behaved enough on ordinary occasions, pronounce, when overcome by anger, in a half-and-half sort of way, with a slight change of letters—words which even thus transformed bear about them much of their primitive energy.

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Painters.

REMBRANDT VAN RYN.

REMBRANDT, one of the most original painters of the Dutch, or Flemish school, was born on the 15th of June, 1606, in a village near the city of Leyden in Holland. His family name was Gerretsz, but the surname of Van Ryn—or of the Rhine—was given to him, because the place where he passed his youth, and where his father rented a mill, was situated on the bank of the Rhine.

The miller had the sagacity to perceive that his son possessed superior abilities, and he was anxious to afford him the opportunity of studying literature; but it was with difficulty that Rembrandt could even be taught to read. The study of design alone seemed to occupy his thoughts, so that his indulgent parent, who carefully watched all his tendencies, placed him under the care of Jacques Van Zwaneburg, a painter established at Amsterdam, in whose school he remained three years.

He afterwards became the disciple of Peter Lastman, with whom he remained but six months, and then studied for the same space of time under Jacob Pinas. Whilst Rembrandt was with this master, he is said to have acquired that taste for strong contrasts of light and shadow, which he subsequently cultivated with such admirable talent. He formed his own manner entirely by imitating nature, and although he did not often select what was most beautiful or graceful, yet he represented every object with wonderful truth and force.

After quitting Jacob Pinas, he returned to his father's house, and for a long time he made the mill his studio. The space which he reserved for himself was inclosed on all sides, with the exception of a single aperture, from above, which admitted but a partial light.

It is worthy of remark that, although Rembrandt and Caravaggio belonged to very different schools, they resembled each other in three respects; namely, in their strong contrasts of light and shadow; their deficiency in taste with regard to the selection of their models, although they copied those models with great fidelity; and their habit of painting in a chamber where the light descended from above.

Rembrandt might probably have remained in peaceful obscurity in his father's mill, if one of his friends and brother artists had not prevailed upon him to take a picture which he had just finished to Amsterdam, and offer it to a connoisseur. That gentleman received him with great kindness and respect, and gave him a hundred florins for this painting.

This circumstance was the commencement of Rembrandt's future prosperity: it made him known, and his works were sought after by many persons of distinction. He therefore resolved on settling at Amsterdam, whither he removed in 1630.

The demand for his paintings soon became so general that he had scarcely time to execute the orders he received; and his pecuniary resources were also considerably augmented by his numerous pupils, most of whom were the sons of persons of rank or fortune.

His success now appeared certain, and he married a young girl of the village of Ramdorp, whose portrait he often painted.

At this time he finished his pictures highly, and their spirit, and strength of colouring, were worthy of his great genius; he afterwards adopted a bolder style, which produces a wonderful effect in his works.

His love of gain increased with his fame, and the debasing vice of avarice induced him to commit the most unworthy actions. Innumerable anecdotes are related of the manœuvres which he practised to increase his store of wealth. His wife encouraged him in these dishonourable proceedings; and she one day persuaded him to conceal himself, and to suffer the report to be spread that he was dead, in order to insure a greater price for his pictures. The experiment succeeded, and Rembrandt laughed at those whom he had thus grossly deceived.

The Burgomaster Six was a sincere friend and patron of Rembrandt, and he often endeavoured to induce him to frequent the society of persons in a superior station, but in vain. Rembrandt preferred living among people of an inferior class;

and there is no doubt that his choice of subjects for his works would have been more refined if he had moved in a higher sphere.

It has been observed, also, that, if Rembrandt had visited Italy, and studied the antique, his taste might have been improved; but this is very doubtful, for he had a collection of the finest Italian engravings, drawings, and designs, many of them taken from the antiques, from which he might have derived improvement; but it appears that he experienced more real pleasure in contemplating his own repository of old draperies, armour, weapons, and turbans, which he jocularly called his antiques, than he ever felt from surveying the works of the Grecian artists, or the productions of Raphael. Nevertheless, as M. Fuseli observes, "Rembrandt was, undoubtedly, a genius of the first class, in whatever is not immediately related to form and taste."

As to his colouring, it is surprising; and he perfectly understood the principles of the *chiaroscuro*. The lights in his pictures were painted with a body of colour unusually thick, but he knew the nature and property of each particular colour so thoroughly, that he placed every tint in its proper place, and by that means preserved his colours in their full freshness, beauty and lustre. The works of Rembrandt require to be viewed at a certain distance, whereas those of Titian will admit of the closest inspection.

Rembrandt's portraits are excellent, and he was so exact in giving the true resemblance of the persons who sat to him, that he distinguished the predominant feature, and the character of every face, without endeavouring to improve or embellish it.

Rembrandt's etchings are greatly admired, and carefully preserved in the cabinets of the curious in most parts of Europe. It is said that the sums he received for these etchings, and his pictures, were immense; and, as he was extremely economical, he must have left considerable property at his decease. He died in 1674, in his sixty-eighth year.

The genuine works of this great master are rarely to be met with, and whenever they are to be purchased they produce extremely high prices. Many of them are preserved in the rich collections of the English nobility; and there are several fine pictures by Rembrandt in the National Gallery in London.

NOTICES OF SOME ANCIENT CUSTOMS OF ENGLAND.

"Those iron times, when laws of battle were,
That weakly folk, of prowess small in fight,
The galling gyves of vassalage should bear."

Warton.

It has been well observed, that, as an historical incident, the Norman Conquest has no parallel; that we look in vain, throughout the records of other nations, for a parallel to the circumstance of a brave country being utterly subjugated in one battle, by the chief of a comparatively insignificant state. For, though for years and years the groaning English evinced their repugnance to their new

yoke by acts of insubordination, their revolts were never conducted with that spirit, or method, or general union which alone could give any chance of success: they displayed their inability effectually to resist quite as plainly as their determination not to submit, and the results were their utter degradation, and most complete and cruel subjection. The great blow was struck at once, though it was found frequently necessary to cauterize the wound.

The transcendent effect of this conquest on the annals of England is evidenced by the influence it has exercised over our historians, who generally begin the histories of the reigns of our kings from the Norman Conquest, assigning from thence to each reign, however unimportant, a separate chapter, and a careful detail, while all those monarchs who lived before the time of William, are clubbed together, and dismissed with a few hasty lines of reference: thus, in effect and reality, making the Norman conquest "a dark, determined, boundary line," a term "of beginning and ending," an era on which to found chronologies and calculations.

But this great error is now fully understood and carefully avoided. Historical writers of the highest talent and deepest research have, of late years, devoted their commanding talents to the study of Anglo-Saxon antiquity; and the result is, that our Anglo-Saxon kings are restored to the eminence they so justly deserve to occupy, in niches higher, aye, far, than those filled by the rapacious early Normans; and that the Anglo-Saxon laws and legislature are proved to be the very germ and foundation of that freedom which now it is our boast to enjoy. The most important principle of the English constitution, which, without asserting in direct terms that the sovereign is responsible to the nation, does virtually place him in subordination to the law, may be traced as it began to be developed in the Anglo-Saxon Empire.

It is indeed true, that the Anglo-Saxons, as a nation, had become enervated and debauched, and that the rule of the Normans, iron as it was, awakened a new spring and spirit in the land ultimately beneficial. But the rigid feudalism, to which William subjected the whole nation, certainly obscured, if it did not tend to destroy, those "liberties" derived from the Anglo-Saxon constitution, for the restoration of which there were often such fierce contentions, and which the barons wrested from the tyrannic John. Are we not right in saying that this charter, restoring their "ancient liberties," and ceded on the plains of Runnymede, is the foundation of the liberty we now enjoy?

And yet it is said that the direct influence exercised by William on the legislation of the realm, was of limited extent; that he respected the Saxon laws, and assented to the general demand of the people for their observance. "Though he hath had the name of Conqueror (says Baker, in his Chronicle), yet he used not the kingdom as gotten by conquest; for he took no man's living from him, nor dispossessed any of their goods, but such only, whose demerit made them unworthy to hold them. Only vacancies of offices, and filling up the places of those who were slain and fled, were the present means he made use of for pre-

(1) Palgrave, *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*, vol. i. 654.

(2) Palgrave.

ferring his followers." But his devoted attachment to the laws, customs, and government of Normandy, was undeniable; and his prohibition of the use of the Saxon tongue was of more destructive effect, than any open opposition to the laws or customs of the realm. And these, his moderate measures, refer only to the early portion of his reign; for his arbitrary and cruel temper being driven to exasperation by the unceasing revolts of the English, he became exacerbated to the utmost extreme of tyranny; and "formed the scheme of rivetting such fetters upon the conquered nation, that all resistance should become impracticable."

He fully realized his purposes. All Englishmen, who still held honourable offices, were deprived of them; they were deprived of all their political privileges; all their property was confiscated; the whole soil (with very slight exceptions) was divided amongst foreigners; and the very name of Englishman became a reproach.

And, in the progress of this utter subversion of old rights, in apportioning the confiscated lands on military tenure to his Norman knights, William introduced as a universal system that foreign feudalism which was hitherto but slightly known in England. No land was granted to a noble, no estate held, but on condition of rigidly specified military service and feudal obligation. These nobles imposed correspondent obligations on their tenants, and multitudinous bonds, fines, and services were specified and rigidly enforced, which were unheard of in the Saxon times, when the extent of feudality seems to have been the obligation to attend the king in military expeditions, to assist in defending the royal castles, and in repairing the highways and bridges. To these Knute added the Heriot, or the forfeiture of a thane's horse and armour, on his death, to the king.

Thus, though the influence of the Norman invasion remains to this day, yet was its immediate effect not so perceptible as we might suppose among a great mass of the people; for the labouring class of that day, having no acknowledged station, passed like the cattle which they tended, and the ground which they tilled, from one proprietor to another, little heeding, in the mere exchange of misery, whether he were Norman or English. "They could not," says Henry, "so much as call their lives their own: for these might have been taken from them by their masters with perfect impunity, and by any other person, for paying their price to their owners. For some time after the settlement of the Saxons in England, their slaves were in the same circumstances with their horses, oxen, cows, and sheep, except that it was not fashionable to kill and eat them." And though this brutal disregard of human life became ameliorated as the influence of Christianity prevailed, still the extreme carelessness with which the life of a slave was regarded was evidenced by a law which prevailed a considerable time afterwards, viz. that if a slave killed his master, he was punished with instant death; but if he killed only a fellow-slave, his punishment was—just what his master pleased.

By the time of the Conqueror the Anglo-Saxon laws were minute and multifarious, and were, for the most part, duly administered. William confirmed many of the laws of Ethelbert; amongst them the *WERES*, or pecuniary compensation for personal injuries, which were most minutely de-

fined, prices being set on every species of bruise or wound with marvellous exactitude.

For example:—

If an ear be cut off, let compensation be made by payment of twelve shillings.

If an ear be cut through, let compensation be made by payment of three shillings.

If a piece of the ear be cut off, let compensation be made by payment of six shillings.

If an eye be lost, let compensation be made by payment of fifty shillings.

Whoever fractures the chin bone, let him forfeit twenty shillings for the offence.

For each of the front teeth six shillings.

For the tooth that stands by the front teeth (on either side) four shillings.

For the tooth that stands by the last-mentioned tooth, three shillings; and for every other tooth, one shilling. If the speech be affected, twelve shillings.

If a thumb be cut off, let compensation be made by payment of twenty shillings; and for a thumb nail, three shillings.

If the shooting finger (*i.e.* the forefinger) be cut off, let compensation be made by payment of eight shillings.

If the gold finger (*i.e.* the ring or third finger) be cut off, let compensation be made by payment of six shillings.

If the little finger be cut off, let compensation be made by payment of eleven shillings.

For every (finger) nail, one shilling.

For a smaller disfigurement or deformity (in the countenance), three shillings; and for a larger one, six shillings.

If a man hit another on the nose with his fist, let compensation be made by payment of three shillings. If there be a bruise on the nose, one shilling.

Et cetera, et cetera.

If we bear in mind the difference in the value of money then and now, we shall not consider these fines lenient. The *weres* were made to apply to every possible injury, from the slightest personal blemish even to loss of life: and it is a singular circumstance in the jurisprudence of the Middle Ages, that, if a person removed from one kingdom or province to another, his life and limbs continued to be valued at the same rate they had formerly been, whatever were the different custom of the country to which he was come; consequently those persons who removed from a rich country into a poor one, had much greater, and those who migrated from a poor country into a rich one, much less security for their lives, limbs, and properties. "The nose of a Spaniard (as Henry humorously illustrates the custom) was perfectly safe in England, because it was valued at thirteen marks; but the nose of an Englishman ran a great risk in Spain, because it was valued only at twelve shillings. An Englishman might have broken a Welshman's head for a mere trifle; but few Welshmen could afford to return the compliment."

One of the most interesting peculiarities of the early legislature of England was the compurgation, branching as it did into various ordeals, and later into the trial by combat.

The most ancient form of clearing an accused person seems to have been by oaths taken in his behalf; and we are told that the conflicting parties

appeared in the court or field, attended sometimes by as many as a thousand witnesses on each side, who discharged whole volleys of oaths at one another.

The person called upon to clear himself of the imputation of crime was required to bring his compurgators (as those who testified in his behalf were called) to a certain place; the number of oaths required for any crime being regulated by law. These compurgators did not testify their knowledge of the man's innocence, but only their belief of his own affirmation of the same. They each placed a hand on the Gospels, or on a holy relic, and the accused party placed his above the rest, and swore by the Almighty, and by all the hands that were under his, that he was not guilty. In some cases, two, three, or four hands were sufficient; in others, fifty or a hundred were required; and if one were withdrawn from the heap, the testimony of the whole was invalidated.

If the party accused were a female, law and custom required that she should obtain the requisite number of women to take oaths in her behalf, though in any other case they were not admitted to be compurgators. If the accused person, male or female, failed to clear himself by the requisite number of hands, if but one were wanting, he was condemned. This oath was called the oath of credulity, and hence arose the saying, "he has cleared himself by so many hands."

Afterwards a certain value was fixed on hands, according to the different ranks of the owners; thus, the hand of a thane was equal to the hands of six ceorls, &c. We must not omit to add that the law required compurgators to be of unblemished character; a "good name," says the historian, "was never of more value than now;" and a man of ill reputation was compelled to undergo a triple ordeal in cases where a single one sufficed for persons of credit.

There is an ancient form of words extant, which shows the solemn estimation in which an oath was held.

"May he who breaks his plighted troth be banished and driven from land and home, as far away as men may flee! Let him be a forlorned man, whilst fire shall flame, whilst the grass shall spring, whilst the fir-tree grows, whilst the babe shall greet after the mother, whilst the mother shall give suck to the babe, whilst the ship shall sail, whilst the shield shall glitter, whilst the sun shall shine, whilst the hawk shall soar, whilst the heavens shall roll, whilst the wind shall howl, whilst the waves shall flow. Let him be forbidden from Church and from Christendom, from the house of God and the fellowship of all good men, and never let him find a resting-place except in hell!"

Can a more impressive denunciation be imagined?

But, despite all precautions as to character, the multiplication of oaths had the natural effect of destroying their force, and then other means were resorted to, to imbue them with a degree of solemnity which might beneficially influence the minds of the compurgators. Of course each nation or province adopted such symbols as were most interwoven with their own prejudices and opinions.

The Danish army, we are told, A.D. 876, "stole into Wareham, a fort of the West Saxons. The king afterwards made peace with them; and they gave him as hostages those who were worthiest in the army; and swore with oaths on the holy bracelet,

which they would not before to any nation, that they would readily go out of his kingdom."¹

This holy bracelet, we find, was a solemn, perhaps the most solemn, oath with the Pagan Danes; yet a very solemn one of the Teuton was his sword, the symbol of the deity worshipped by his Scythian kinsmen. He whose universality of knowledge becomes daily and yearly more a subject of wonder and admiration, Shakspeare, has not less beautifully than faithfully illustrated this:—

Hamlet. Touching this vision here,—

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. } My lord, we will not.

Mar. } Nay, but swear't.

Ham. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. (beneath). Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! Say'st thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. (beneath). Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Swear by my sword

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. (beneath). SWEAR BY HIS SWORD.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit.

In later times the sword has been a very usual emblem on which to pledge faith, but though in each case a religious emblem, it has not been, as with the Danes, a Pagan, but a Christian one, from the handle being always made in the form of a cross. It was long used almost as a confessional, and in the last moments of the great and good Bayard, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, he held the crucifix (of his sword) upright before him whilst he prayed solemnly.

Our solemn oaths of justice are administered on the Gospels—the holiest emblem we possess; but formerly the relics of saints and holy men were esteemed, if not more holy than this, at any rate to add solemnity to the attestation;² and though this oath might even be obtained by fraud, it was yet considered imperatively binding. A vivid picture of the superstitious reverence attached to relics is found in the Roman de Rou, when William Duke of Normandy, having Harold in his power, causes him to take an oath to further his accession to the English throne, and Harold, making a virtue of necessity, takes it. Some extraordinary relics are placed there unknown to Harold, yet so marvellous is the effect, that it is said the *hand trembled* and the *flesh quivered* as he touched the chest containing them. In these days we might suppose the emotion was caused by his taking an oath which he did not mean to keep. After he had

(1) Saxon Chronicle.

(2) It was often usual formerly to cause an attestator to place his right hand on the *corporate*, or linen cloth, which covered the eucharistic emblems: hence perhaps our term *corporate* oath.

sworn, William triumphantly displayed the holy relics, which added such force to the oath, and at the sight of which he, Harold, "was sorely alarmed." We may remark, that oaths at this time were always taken *fasting*, often in a church, or, if not within the church walls, in a court held close by.

The Anglo-Saxon oaths were mostly, indeed very generally, clothed in alliterative rhyme, and great power was attached to the mere pronunciation of the words, even though the mind might not follow them. They were called "words of power." It is said that the promise or oath pronounced in our marriage service is the identical one of the Anglo-Saxons, and that, even when the benediction and other prayers were pronounced in Latin, this oath or promise was made in the vernacular tongue. The remains of the ancient rhythm are said to be most clearly perceptible in the Old Salisbury Missal:—"I take thee, John, to be my wedded husband—to have and to hold—fro' this day forward—for better for worse—for richer for poorer—in sycknesse, in hele—to be bonere and huxom in bedde and at borde—till death do us part—and thereto I plight thee my troth."

Many are the instances in which the mere pronouncing of the words was held binding in olden times, and we are not without "a case in point" in modern ones. The readers of the memoirs of Mr. Edgeworth, the father of the accomplished novelist, will remember that this gentleman, in his boyhood, one merry evening after a dance, went through the marriage service with a young lady, the key of the door serving for a ring, and another youth, as giddy as any of them, enacting parson. But so serious a matter did the elder Mr. Edgeworth consider this frolic, that he absolutely instigated a suit of *jaçitation of marriage* in the ecclesiastical court to annul this mock marriage.

If these ancient words of power do yet indeed retain their efficacy, it is, we fear, utterly bootless that so many fair ones, with natural and praise-worthy, however useless, foresight, do ever, when at the hymeneal altar, pronounce the cabalistic word OBEY with a *mental reservation*.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

ANGEL WATCHERS.¹

BY S. M.

Not unwatched by heavenly powers
Sleeps the Church's lowly daughter;
Through the night's unconscious hours
Impulses of love are taught her,
Which, by day, she seems to win
From some kindly fount within.
As, beneath you tender light,
Weary Earth finds sweet reposing,
And the flowers that fold at night,
And the birds, their soft wings closing,
Dream not that their bloom at morn
Is of dewy moonlight born.
So we know not what we gain
In that silent time of sleeping;
Reck not of the gracious powers,
Which our hearts in mercy keep,
Falls, perchance, to woe away
Stains unknown, incurred by day.

(1) See Illustration, p. 32.

When the Powers of Hell prevail
O'er our weakness and unfitness,
Could we lift the fleshly veil,
Could we for a moment witness
Those unnumbered Hosts that stand
Calm and bright, on either hand;

Could we see—though far, and faint,
(Sight too great for eyes unholly!)
The face of some departed Saint,
Tinged for us with melancholy;
Oh, what strength of shame and woe
Would start up to slay the foe!

Oh, what joyful hope would cheer!
Oh, what faith serene would guide us!
Great may be the dangers near,
Greater are the friends beside us.
Oh, what reverent heed would then
Watch our footsteps among men!

But, that these things are, we know,
And we know—oh, thought of wonder!
These and us, the weak, the low,
Nothing, but our sins, can sunder:
For our brows are bathed and cross'd—
We are of that glorious host!

Lord, Thy saints in evil hour
So could feel Thine armies round them,
That no sin could overpower,
And no shape of Death astound them—
Make our faith what their's hath been,
EVIDENCE OF THINGS UNSKIN!

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

FACTS are to the mind the same thing as food to the body. On the due digestion of facts depends the strength and wisdom of the one, just as vigour and health depend on the other. The wisest in council, the ablest in debate, and the most agreeable companion in the commerce of human life, is that man who has assimilated to his understanding the greatest number of facts.—*Burke*.

I HOLD it a greater injury to be over-valued than under. For when they both shall come to the touch, the one shall rise with praise, while the other shall decline with shame. The first hath more uncertain honour, but less safety: the latter is humbly secure; and what is wanting in renown is made up in a better blessing, quiet. There is no detraction worse than to over-praise a man, for, whilst his worth comes short of what report doth speak him, his own actions are ever giving the lie to his honour.—*Feltham's Resolves*.

N.B. The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; Covers for binding, with Table of Contents, may be ordered of any Book-sellers.

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The Landlady's Daughter.

See page 64.

WHAT IS WATER?

LET us imagine ourselves introduced to some old seaman who has navigated the Arctic and Antarctic Seas, and traversed those great ocean-basins which cover more than half our globe. If he possesses a fair share of observation and common sense, we shall gain some important knowledge of the strange animals and singular vegetation nourished in the wide dark-heaving world of waters. Leaving him, suppose we betake ourselves to the sea-shore, and gaze, when all is calm, upon those countless music-speaking waves, or listen, in the storm, to the roar of the same waters, when, lashed by the tempest, they drive navies from their anchors, and beat down the cliff-walls along the coast. With such scenes before us, and the narratives of the sailor in our memory, the question "What is water?" may naturally force itself upon our atten-

tion. To answer this inquiry, and furnish other information connected with the subject, is the object of this article.

It was natural that men should for ages imagine water to be a *simple* fluid, and the boldest speculator, as he gazed upon the sea, had no conception that the whole mass was resolvable into *two gases*.

The ancients represented chaos as the primeval condition of the universe, but this chaos was rather a name for the general confusion or commingling of all the elements, than an expression denoting their reduction to primitive substances. Some, who maintained air to be the origin of all things, may seem to have thought water, with all other bodies, resolvable into some rarer element; but these too were far from the truth, which lay buried behind that mysterious veil of visible agencies under cover of which the sublime workings of

the universe are carried on. But, if the ancients failed to perceive that water was the result of a union between two widely different principles, the moderns were not quick in observing this fact. It was not till the latter part of the eighteenth century, that the severely trained philosophy of Europe could answer the question "What is water?" There is something surprising in this long ignorance respecting a substance which is daily before us, which the farmer and mechanic depend upon for daily comforts and necessities, and which, in the form of rivers, rain, and dew, must have been continually soliciting the attention of scientific minds. Distant planets and comets had been measured, their mysterious journeys noted as accurately in the astronomers' tables as the various details of an English county in the hand-book of the topographer; but the nature of water was yet unknown.

Such a fact proves that things near and common are often the least understood; so little are we trained to see nature's plainest signals, or listen to her voice.

Let us first state the nature of water, and then narrate the steps by which its composition was discovered. This widely-diffused fluid is formed from the union of oxygen and hydrogen gas, in the proportion of eight weights of oxygen to one of hydrogen. That is, eight grains of oxygen, mingled with one of hydrogen, will produce nine grains of water; and from nine grains of water the chemist can again obtain eight grains of oxygen and one of hydrogen. We have spoken only of the proportionate *weights* of the two gases required for the production of water; but, as hydrogen is among the lightest of gases, one grain of it will be of much greater bulk than a like weight of oxygen. If these gases be mingled by bulk or measurement, the proportion will be two measures of hydrogen to one of oxygen gas. Thus, whilst the weight of oxygen in water exceeds the hydrogen in the proportion of eight to one, there is more *volume* of the latter gas in the ratio of two to one. When we speak of these gases being *mingled*, we do not refer to *any* kind of mixture; for, if such proportions of oxygen and hydrogen are put together in a vessel, and there left, water will not be formed, the mixture must be set on fire, an explosion then ensues, the two gases totally disappear, and water *alone* remains in the vessel.

In this case it is evident that nothing except the gases contributes to the production of the water; from these therefore it must be formed. The gases may be set on fire by passing an electric spark into the vessel containing them. Thus the glass of water on the reader's table, the river which adds to the beauty of his neighbourhood, and the whole mass of the ocean-waters, are resolvable into common gases.

Before proceeding, let us briefly describe those two elements of water. Oxygen is without taste, colour, or smell, and a little heavier than the common atmospheric air; it is the chief supporter of animal life, being extracted from the air by the lungs, and thus keeps the wonderful mechanism of our bodies in motion. But this fluid, so necessary to our existence when moderated by admixture with other gases, becomes destructive when breathed in its pure state, as it then excites the vital functions so rapidly that premature death is the result. A man is reckoned to consume 46,000 cubic inches of this gas daily. Its name is derived from two Greek

words, one being *oēus*, (oxys,) acid, and the other *γενναω*, (gennao,) I produce; the compound term oxygen denoting something which produces acids; a name given to this gas from its property of forming acid substances, when combined with certain other bodies. Thus, if sulphur receives a large mixture of oxygen, it becomes sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol.¹ It produces a brilliant flame when fired by heated substances; thus a piece of heated iron wire burns with vivid corruscations when plunged into a vessel filled with oxygen. Such are the properties of one of the constituents of water.

The other, hydrogen gas, resembles oxygen in three respects, being without colour, taste, or smell; but differs in its extreme lightness, common air itself weighing 14½ times heavier than this gas. It is inflammable. A jar full of it when fired will burn till all is consumed; and a particular combination of it with the substance called carbon produces the brilliant gas-light which nightly illuminates our towns and cities. The name is formed from two Greek words, *υδωρ*, (hydor,) water, and *γενναω*, (gennao,) and thus the word hydrogen expresses the fact, that this gas is the *basis* or principal element of water.

Such are the two substances which form the fluid of our oceans, seas, and rivers. There are some particulars which here call for attention. We have remarked the similarity of these gases in their want of odour, colour, and taste; and their product, water, resembles them in the same particulars, as *pure* water, unaffected by mineral, earthy, or other matter, is certainly tasteless; it will take any colour, but cannot be said to have itself a colour, and odour we cannot detect. So far the compound resembles the primitives. An inattentive thinker may assert that sea-water is not without taste, but that is not *pure* water, being mixed with several foreign substances, such as muriatic acid, sulphuric acid, soda, lime, and magnesia, which, it must be admitted, are quite sufficient to impart a pretty strong taste to the water. But further resemblance between the gases and their product cannot be traced, as the compound possesses some properties completely opposed to those of its elements. Both oxygen and hydrogen are *combustible*, and give out light during the combustion; but water tends to extinguish heat and flame.

Previously to experiment, we might have inferred, that when two combustible bodies were combined, the resulting compound would also be combustible. Where are the combustible qualities of the gases? Locked up in the secret cells of the water so securely that no force can draw them out,—so deeply hidden that the most delicate senses cannot detect their presence.

Again, oxygen gives increased energy to the vital powers, even developing them into an overwrought and destructive activity; whilst hydrogen, though it may be respired for some seconds, cannot be long breathed without being followed by death. Now we might have supposed that the admixture of the two gases would produce a wholesome air, the excessive power of the oxygen being corrected by the antagonist properties of the hydrogen; whereas the result is a fluid destructive to terrestrial life.

The *density* of water is another singular result,

(1) Hydrogen also contributes to form some acids, but these products are much less frequent than the combinations of Oxygen.

when we consider the extreme lightness of hydrogen, and that oxygen is but a little heavier than common air. Yet, from these aeriform substances, results a fluid capable of supporting enormous floating forts in the shape of first-rate line-of-battle ships. A cubic foot of hydrogen weighs about thirty-eight grains; the same bulk of oxygen about five hundred and eighty grains; whilst a like volume of water weighs 437,500 grains. Nevertheless, a certain weight of these gases will always produce a like weight of water, the point of difference being in the densities. Thus, while eight grains of oxygen, and one of hydrogen, equal a bulk of about seventy-five inches, the same weight of water will not be the twentieth part of an inch; such is the concentration produced by the chemical union of the gases.

Let us now trace the steps by which water was ascertained to consist of two gases, a discovery which some claim for the French chemist, Lavoisier, who was guillotined in 1794, and others for our countryman, Cavendish: other names must, however, have some share in the detection of this long hidden fact.

In 1776, Pierre Joseph Macquer, a member of the French Academy, and one of the writers in the *Journal des Savans*, noticed a fact in the course of one of his experiments which must here be mentioned. Over a vessel filled with burning hydrogen gas he held a porcelain saucer, and observed that the usual sooty deposit caused by flame was not produced upon the outside of the saucer, but that some drops of a pure dew-like liquid were formed. This attracted Macquer's attention; it was one of those signals thrown out by nature, through the observance of which men are led into the depths of her secret places. The product of the combustion was analyzed, and found to be *water*. Macquer was now on the verge of a great discovery: the book of nature was open, he read its characters, but failed to interpret their deep meaning. He simply recorded the fact observed, but drew *no conclusion*; and therefore left the prize for succeeding minds. The water on the saucer was of course produced by the hydrogen in the vessel uniting with the oxygen in the air, and thus causing the deposit noticed by Macquer, who lived just long enough to hear Cavendish, Watt, and Lavoisier, interpret the fact he had failed to understand.

In 1781, Priestley noticed that, whenever hydrogen gas and atmospheric air were mingled and exploded, water was the result; he made an inference from this, but not the correct one; as the water was supposed by him to be a mere deposition from the moisture existing in the air mixed with the hydrogen. The production of water from the gases was as yet a hidden thing. About two years after, in April, 1783, Cavendish made another step in advance, by exploding together hydrogen and oxygen instead of oxygen and common air; water was of course produced, but Cavendish saw not the cause. Almost contemporaneous with these experiments of Cavendish, Priestley made a most important observation; he found that the water produced was always *equal in weight* to that of the oxygen and hydrogen used in its production.

This was the key, the guiding fact, which might have suggested the unknown physical law to a philosopher. But Priestley stopped at this point, wondering at, but not understanding, the phenomenon, though his last observation respect-

ing the corresponding weights of the gases and water placed him in a position most favourable for completing the discovery. He now reported his observations to Watt, whose clear philosophic mind saw the meaning of the whole phenomena; and he declared that water must be a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, then called dephlogisticated air, and phlogiston (flame). This inference was quickly communicated to the Royal Society, and the world at last could answer the question "What is water?" At this point the honour of discovery seems due to Priestley and Watt; the former having ascertained the relations between the weight of the gases and that of the produced water, whilst Watt supplied the true theory of the facts noted by Priestley. But Lavoisier and Cavendish appeared subsequently as the elaborate expounders of the discovery; the former read his paper before the French Academy in 1783, and the latter expounded his views in an essay entitled "Experiments on Air," in 1784, before the Royal Society. Perhaps it may be proper to state that Sir Charles Blagden declared he communicated the discoveries of Cavendish to Lavoisier, whilst the latter was performing his experiments, and that such communications involved all the essentials of the theory.

Having noticed the steps in the advance to a knowledge of this great element of nature, we must now pursue some further considerations connected with this subject.

The facts attending the production of water bear a strong resemblance to those which accompany the formation of rain during a thunder-storm; there are in both cases a mingling of elements, a combustion, and an explosion, followed by the deposition of aqueous particles. Thus the agencies operating during a tempest may be similar to those employed in the experiments of Cavendish, Priestley, and Lavoisier.

Water may be said to take *three distinct forms*, the first being that usually exhibited at the ordinary temperature, to which condition the term water is alone commonly applied; the second that of steam; and the third, ice. A certain degree of heat, 212° of Fahrenheit's thermometer, is called the *boiling point*, as at that temperature water produces steam. This is the usual boiling point, but there is some variation even under ordinary circumstances; for water will boil at a less heat on the top of a mountain than in a valley, as the atmosphere there presses less upon the surface of a boiling liquid, and this enables it to vapourize at less heat. When the barometer stands at 30 inches, which represents the usual pressure of the atmosphere, the boiling point of water is 212°, but at 29½ inches, water boils at 211°; and should the barometer rise to 30½ inches, the temperature must be raised to 213°. If water be placed in a vessel under the receiver of an air-pump, it may be made to boil at various descending degrees; thus at a pressure answering to 23½ inches of the barometer, it boils at 200°; at 15 inches, the boiling point is 180°; and so the temperature required to make water boil will decrease as the pressure of the air diminishes, until all the air is pumped out, when the water, having no pressure on its surface, will boil at a point under 100° of Fahrenheit. Thus, the greater the atmospheric pressure, the more heat is developed in raising water to the boiling point. The general rule is, that, for every one-tenth of an inch which the barometer rises, the boiling point

also rises about one-sixth of a degree. The usual pressure of the atmosphere is fifteen pounds on every square inch of the earth's surface, and thus a square foot of water is forced down by a weight of 2,160 pounds. Now, if the atmosphere had a pressure represented by fifteen inches of the barometer, this same surface of water would be pressed down in the vessel by a force equal to 1,080, instead of 2,160 pounds. It would, therefore, exhibit much less heat when boiling in the former than in the latter case, the temperature being but 180° instead of 212°. Thus we see a correspondence between the heat shown in the boiling water of a tea-kettle, and the bulk of the whole atmosphere.

It is, of course, known to some readers that water cannot, under the usual atmospheric pressure, be heated to a higher degree than 212°; no application of heat can raise it beyond this, as it is then converted into steam. Water is said to boil under the atmospheric pressure; but, if this be doubled, so as to reach thirty pounds weight, or trebled, so as to amount to forty-five pounds, the boiling point will of course be raised in a corresponding degree. Thus, under a pressure of thirty pounds, steam is not produced till the water has reached 230° of the thermometer; with forty-five pounds on each square inch, the temperature will rise to 276° before steam begins to form. Between 32°, the freezing point, and 212°, the boiling point, is the range of water; below that temperature it is ice; above, it is steam. The latter element is frequently under our notice in these times, when the roar of the locomotive is heard in all parts of the land. The great peculiarity of water in its steam state, and that which most impresses the majority of minds, is its *power*. One cubic inch of water turned into steam will raise twenty hundred-weight a foot from the ground; and such a production of force is shown in ten thousand cases every day in England. When water is thus vapourized under the usual circumstances, it occupies 1,800 times the space which it previously filled; thus each cubic inch of water expands into more than a cubic foot of steam.

In the course of this expansion a remarkable effect arrests the attention of the philosopher. There is in steam an immense amount of heat which the thermometer does not indicate; for water at 212°, and steam at 212°, exhibit the same degrees of heat; whereas the heat in the steam exceeds that in the boiling water by nearly 100 degrees. This, being hidden from observation, and not capable of detection by the thermometer, is called *latent heat*. Its existence is fully proved by conclusive experiments, one of which may here be given. Let five and a half ounces of water, at the temperature of 32°, be placed in a vessel, the water will be close to the freezing point. Let one ounce of water be raised to the state of steam at 212°, as shown by the thermometer; then let this steam be conveyed into the jar containing the five and a half ounces at 32°, this latter will of course have its temperature increased by the admission of the steam; but how much increased, is the question. Many would probably expect the cold water to be heated, and the steam condensed into hot water, so that the whole mixture shall consist of hot water considerably under 212°, that is, under the boiling point. This supposition would not be absurd, since the one ounce of steam must have

lost much of its heat by contact with the greater quantity of water. But the actual result is, that the *whole mass* is raised to the boiling point, and we find in the vessel six and a half ounces of water at the temperature of 212°; that is, the ounce of steam at 212° has raised five times and a half its weight of water from 32° to 212°, and yet has lost no sensible heat; though it must have imparted nearly 1,000 degrees of heat to the cold water, which could not otherwise have been brought to the boiling state. This quantity of heat must therefore have been latent or hidden in the steam, and has been set free by the conversion of the steam into a liquid. But at present the reader must be left in possession of the simple fact, that whilst the thermometer indicates no difference of temperature between two substances, the one may in reality possess 1,000 times more heat than the other. We do not, however, call this body *warmer*, or *hotter*, because those terms would imply that the heat was *evident to the senses*, which is contradictory to all we have been stating. This singular property is of immense use to engineers, and all who use the agency of steam. It is clear it would be exceedingly dangerous did water "flash into steam" in a moment without the least previous warning. This it must do if the steam-heat were not gradually accumulated; and thus the gigantic power, instead of rising instantaneously, prepares itself at certain stages for its grand effort. Suppose that no steam could be formed till the moment when all the water in a boiler reaches the temperature of 1,180° of Fahrenheit, and that the *whole mass* was then *instantly* turned to steam; what machinery would be safe against such an explosion? As it is, all proceeds in beautiful order. At the boiling point part of the water begins to rise into steam; the remainder makes a pause; the heat appears to stand still; the thermometer denotes no rise in the temperature; yet heat is really rushing in from the furnace, though the increase is not manifested until *all* the water is turned into steam.

Let us now view water in a directly opposite state,—in the ice-form, which may be called the antipodes of the steam condition. When we consider the primary constituents of water, the hydrogen and oxygen gases, and take up a piece of ice, we must admit that little resemblance exists between such substances. Yet how closely are they allied. At twelve o'clock, on a winter's day, we may explode these gases, and produce water; in a few minutes that water may be a lump of ice. What is the link which connects these opposite states? A spark alone.

It is not our purpose to discuss the general properties of ice, but those only which belong to it, considered as water in a particular state. In both the steam and ice-form, water is expanded; for ice occupies more space than the unfrozen fluid, and thus breaks vessels in which it is confined. At 40°, water is most dense; from 40° to 32°, it *expands*, thus presenting an *exception* to the general law by which heat increases the volume. There is also an expansion in the act of freezing, as if the crystals were then making a final arrangement of their atoms, so as to prevent the ice from sinking to the bottom, and thus blocking up the beds of rivers by a solid mass of frozen matter.

When ice is changed into water, vast quantities of heat are received, but not indicated; just as in

the transformation of boiling water to steam. Thus if we take some ice at the temperature of 25°, and expose it to heat, we shall observe a gradual rise from 25° to 32°; but at that point it begins to receive heat without becoming warmer, and the thermometer remains at 32°, until all the ice is changed to water. The additions of heat will then begin to appear by the rising of the thermometer. The heat thus absorbed and buried, as it were, in the ice, is considerable, amounting to 140° of Fahrenheit's scale: a quantity sufficient to raise water from the freezing point, to that degree of warmth indicated by 172°. As this property of water was shown to be useful in causing a gradual production of steam, so is it highly beneficial by preventing destructive inundations in spring, which would inevitably follow the *instantaneous* melting of the winter ice and snow. Were it not for this singular absorption of heat, "at the first touch of warmth," to use the language of Whewell in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, "all the snow which lies on the roofs of our houses would descend like a water-spout into the streets: all that which rests on the ground would rush like an inundation into the water courses. The hut of the Esquimaux would vanish like a house in a pantomime: the icy floor of the river would be gone without giving any warning to the skater or the traveller." Thus in the liquefaction and vapourisation of water, the beautiful agency of latent or hidden heat attracts our admiration, and provides for our happiness.

Water has several properties which render it useful in various applications of machinery, and in many scientific investigations. For instance, a relation exists between the weight of the atmosphere and the height to which water rises in a tube, whence all the air has been pumped out. In such a pipe, water will rise to the height of thirty-four feet, being forced up by the pressure of the air on the water outside the tube. A column of water, thirty-four feet high, and covering a square foot of surface, weighs as much as the whole perpendicular pressure of the atmosphere on a like area. Thus the water-column balances the air-column; and the effect of this is seen in the making of pumps, the working of steam-engines, and in drawing water from deep mines. Upon these principles a most effective barometer is formed, water being used instead of mercury, and a thirty-four feet tube employed in place of one thirty inches high. For as air presses with a force of fifteen pounds on each square inch, and as a column of water thirty-four feet high, with an area of one inch, is of the same weight, it is evident that one column will balance the other. If the atmosphere become lighter, the water in the tube will fall; if heavier, the aqueous column will rise. Such a barometer gives notice of the slightest atmospherical changes, which the large divisions of its scale, more than thirteen inches for each inch of the mercurial barometer, enable the observer to read with great minuteness.

Water is also useful in preserving the standards of weights, and measures of capacity from variation. A cubic inch of water, at a fixed temperature, say sixty degrees of Fahrenheit, and at a constant atmospherical pressure, such as thirty inches of the barometer, will always retain the same bulk; in other words, it will never become more, never less, than a cubic inch; nor will its weight vary in the least, keeping at 252½ grains nearly in air, and

252½ in a vacuum; thus serving for a standard both of measures and weights.

Water is not, strictly speaking, an *incompressible* fluid, though formerly it was supposed incapable of reduction to a smaller bulk by any force, however great. It has, however, been compressed a little by the application of vast powers, nine cubic feet having been pressed into eight by a force equal to a weight of 30,000 pounds on a square inch. But, for most practical purposes, and in the management of hydrostatical and hydrodynamical machines, water may be considered incompressible, not yielding save to enormous pressures.

Some answer has now been given to the question, "What is water?" and we must therefore conclude this article on a fluid which has in past ages contributed, by its silently accumulating deposits, to form vast mountain ranges of strata, abounding with the vegetable and animal remains of ancient times; and is now producing new islands and deltas where succeeding tribes of men may yet found populous cities.

BLACK FRITZ.

CHAP. III.

Two days after, during which Frederick knew how to prevent, by an ingenious contrivance, his cousin from passing through the picture gallery, he led her from her chamber with a look of triumph; and, whilst he promised to show her something in a very mysterious manner, he brought her straight before the portrait of the wretched prisoner, which she had so often regarded with such deep sorrow, and said, "Now see, Luitgarde!"

Quite overcome, she retreated. The face of the prisoner was turned fully towards her, and the features of the unknown, and his large, deep-set eyes were fixed on her in gloomy despair. With a loud shriek she put her hands before her face, and disappeared.

Frederick followed her, glorying in the frightful consequence of his art, and in his adroit surprise; he found her trembling in all her limbs, supported by a column, in another room: her bosom palpitated, her entire frame was agitated.

"Good heavens, dearest cousin! what is the matter with you! Can, then, an artistic experiment so frighten you? You know we have often combated on that point; you found the portrait so decidedly interesting, because the features were not to be seen, and one could fancy them to be what one wished. I always considered it was only a painter's caprice, that he did not dare represent the suffering and desperation of the captive. Now I have endeavoured to solve the problem, I have given to the captive the face of the robber chief."

"Alas!" said Luitgarde, with a trembling gesture.

"I can assure you it is as like as possible: and your fright bears testimony to its successful execution. But come again, and look at it once more."

"Not for any consideration on earth," said she, with firmness; "into that chamber will I never set foot again."

"Do not be so childish. It was a bold fancy of mine, I avow, but I must regret that it has so completely succeeded, since I have disgusted you by that means with the portrait. I find —"

"Find what you like!" exclaimed she; "but he assured you have given me infinite pain."

"Pardon me, cousin, I had no wish to do that, and though I understand that the first glance could frighten you, still I do not comprehend —"

(1) Hydrostatics is that part of scientific mechanics which relates to fluids at rest, and hydrodynamics to fluids in motion.

"O, my God! my God!" exclaimed Luitgarde, and her tears burst from her eyes.

Frederick stood amazed; he endeavoured to tranquillise her, for it grieved him to see his amiable and fair friend in such deep agitation. It was flattering on the score of his own vanity, because he ascribed the whole affair to the successful effect of his great art.

At length Luitgarde recovered; she went to her chamber, but not again through the gallery where the altered portrait, with its unfortunate resemblance, and expression of frightful despair, came before her like a terrifying spectre.

The old count heard of the event; he highly disapproved of his son's inconsiderate joke, and had the portrait removed to another place, in order that his niece should not be obliged many times every day to make a long circuit through cold passages, and over steps. Still, however, though the picture was removed, and her road again open, she never went through the gallery without the portrait of the wretched captive rising up before her. The degradation into which an existence of a noble nature was sunk, and the prospect of a terrible future, where he, even so laden with chains, deprived of liberty, of the light of day, would number by deeply-cut notches the duration of a lamentable existence in dark despair,—all this lacerated her very heart, and in the background that gloomy dungeon view; and what did that offer to her sight? Death, by an executioner's hand, and the eternal damnation of a soul which was made for salvation, and which, perhaps, still at that moment was capable of better feelings.

One thought most powerfully seized her, and occupied her perpetually; it was a bright point, towards which her soul, in the cruel embarrassment that surrounded her, was guided with ardour and continually-increasing love. To save his soul, if it were possible, and that youth to whom she could not deny the warmest sympathy, who had shown himself towards her nobly and tenderly, and whom she might reclaim from his frightful ways. The more she reflected on this project, the more brilliantly did it present itself to her; she thought that this was a truly beautiful object, and might even become a redeeming subject for a whole existence occupied with it, and she wove a thousand plans and possibilities, how this might take place through her in the best manner.

The winter was now gradually approaching to its end; warm breezes passed over the earth, and melted in all places the snow from the hills, and broke the ice of the river; winter's mute rigidity yielded to the murmur of the falling drops, and of the discharged waters; spring, with all the feelings that follow in its train, was all in motion in animated and inanimate nature.

While Frederick looked forward with great satisfaction to his approaching marriage, Luitgarde felt her breast affected by painful presentiments, of which the cause was not this festival; indeed, every mention of it, of which now there were daily more, struck as with an icy hand into the buds of her melancholy hopes. Still was it the wish of her honoured uncle; the distinctly-expressed will of the whole family: and Frederick was so kind, so attentive to her, that her stronger reason imposed acquiescence on her rebellious feelings, and she took every pains to share the joy of the whole house upon the approaching gladsome event. In the mean time, a particular circumstance occurred to retard the marriage. An unforeseen, but important, matter claimed the presence of the old count at Prague for some time, which obliged him to defer for an uncertain period its celebration. Frederick was to remain at the castle, and attend to all the arrangements and domestic matters, but Luitgarde, who could not properly remain with him, was to accompany his father.

Two days of the journey were happily accomplished, and the travellers thought they had no longer any dangers to fear, when suddenly, in a forest where the

bad road obliged the carriage to move slowly, a number of mounted robbers sprung forward from both sides of the way, forced the postilion and servants, who were about to defend themselves, with loaded pistols at their heads, to come down from the carriage, and then with furious voice demanded of the travellers their money and valuables. The count replied intrepidly to them, but one of the robbers took out a pocket-pistol, and was about to fire it at his head. At this moment Luitgarde rose up in great terror, drew from her bosom the ring, held it to the robber's face, and cried out, "Begone, and leave us; respect the commands of your chief!" The robber fell back, examined the ring, took off his cap, called his comrades together with a whistle, and they all sprung at full gallop into the thicket.

At the end of a long pause of mute astonishment, the count at last asked an explanation of the strange occurrence; and Luitgarde, deeply blushing, was obliged to confess and relate what had taken place with regard to the ring.

Count Martinitz listened to the narration of his niece with deep vexation. A robber's love for her; the evident interest which the audacious youth had succeeded in inspiring her with; the reflections on his son's fate;—all agitated his inmost soul with painful sentiments. Still he preserved a gloomy silence, and only desired to see the ring. Luitgarde handed it to him. "Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the count, "this is the Lansky arms! It is a seal ring which I have often seen on my friend's finger, but without the diamonds that now adorn it! How does the man come by this ring?—and it is dear to him—has he told you?—and yet he has presented it to you!" and the count shook his grey head.

"Lansky! Lansky!" repeated Luitgarde, slowly and reflectingly; and that child, destroyed by the flames, and the parrot's talk, fell heavily on her heart. Victorin von Lansky had been destined for her by her mother and his father, and who had brought to her the parrot, and who taught it the name of her lost intended husband? She shuddered; for, from the very depth of confused feelings and thoughts, there arose a presumption, which awoke in her terror, sorrow, and painful pleasure.

"How came the highwayman by this ring? Do you know anything about it?" asked the count.

"Nothing, dear uncle, but what I have already told you. The ring is very dear to him, as he assured me. I wished to send it back to him, when I had no longer occasion for it; but he refused it with evident displeasure."

"The man is in love with you, that is clear. Now that explains many other things, and the present of the stolen parrot. A laughable, but shameful affection, indeed, between my niece and a bandit chieftain!"

This word sunk deeply and painfully into Luitgarde's breast; she was no longer able to restrain her tears; but from the open wound arose pride and the resolution to remain true to the unfortunate man, who, in the very midst of his evil doings, was yet capable of better feelings, and courageously to take his part.

Mostly in silence, and in deep reflection, they reached Prague. Count Martinitz pursued his affairs, and with them secret inquiries about the ring. Luitgarde felt she was watched, and not so unconstrained as in the country. This annoyed her; for she knew she was innocent of any criminal conduct, or evil intention; she had earnestly combated every seductive recollection; she intended to give her hand to Frederick; to be his affectionate and devoted wife. More he himself did not ask, for more he did not give; and the place, which probably a certain portrait held in Luitgarde's heart, was quite clearly and openly occupied in her cousin's breast by his collections and works of art. She did not look too closely at the point where she herself was deficient.

The history of the count's extraordinary escape from

the hands of the robbers made much noise at Prague. The domestics, who did not know all the particulars, had represented the affair in a confused and inaccurate manner. Passing from mouth to mouth, exaggerated, disfigured, it came to the knowledge of the chancellor of the superior court of law, who had for a long time the commands of Frederick the Third, to act with the greatest rigour and zeal against the extension of the robber bands; and, in furtherance of this mandate, he had now put a high price on the head of Black Fritz. He went himself at the same time to the Count von Martinitz; and, making his duty an excuse for the liberty he took, he called on him, in the name of His Majesty's High Court of Justice, even in that of the public good, for a true and exact statement. His niece's position in the extraordinary affair to a certain degree placed the count in embarrassment; still he replied to the chancellor's questions as candidly as he was able; and at length the latter desired to see the ring.

Luitgarde was obliged to give it up, which she did with the greatest unwillingness; she entreated, she threw herself at the knees of her uncle, who called on her for it; a dark presentiment ran through her soul; she would so willingly have preserved that pledge of the tender respect of the unfortunate young man for her;—and now, into what hands must it fall! Still her uncle claimed it in his own name, in the name of the public order, and of that peace which, through the misdeeds of the lawless banditti, had been quite long enough troubled. Luitgarde was no longer able to refuse it; mute and sorrowful, she gave it up. Perhaps at this moment was the wretched man betrayed, and through her means! The chancellor also knew the arms of the Count von Lansky; he took the ring with him, and promised to return it to him within eight days.

Those eight days were passed in painful uncertainty; and the more Luitgarde's feelings for the terrific adorer came into conflict with morals, integrity, and older ties, the more ardently was it inflamed against opposition and contrariety; and a melancholy, painfully sweet conjecture, which, since the nearer acquaintance with the ring, allured her a thousand times into extraordinary reveries, accomplished the spell.

But the eight days were passed—and ten at last fourteen. In the agony of her heart, Luitgarde had dared to recall the ring to her uncle; he dismissed her with an ill-boding look, saying that it was not simply permitted, but even a duty, to employ every means, which might lead to the detection and arrest of so atrocious a criminal, and that he was ashamed of the sympathy which seemed to agitate the breast of his relation, the intended wife of his son, in favour of so lawless a being.

To these words Luitgarde made no reply, but resolved not to hold any further communication on this matter with her uncle, who, as she thought, did her injustice, and especially conducted himself unfairly on this occasion. She began to give herself up to the fancies which allured her to comparisons between her two admirers. She imagined what Frederick would have been had he been flung by a bitter fate into the forest, among wicked, corrupted men; if he had been obliged to maintain his honour, his life, his liberty, against a hostile authority, and among criminal examples; and she placed now the unfortunate, fallen young man, with his superiority of mind and body, with his genius and aspirations, in the bosom of an affectionate family; she imagined him among worthy men of honourable habits, brought up in every exercise of virtue and useful knowledge; she undertook to complete the portrait, by supposing him to be actually Victorin Lansky, her first intended bridegroom; and she gave herself up to her sorrow and to her tears.

Some days passed, when at breakfast her uncle gave her back the ring, saying that the chancellor had no longer any occasion for it. An icy coldness seized

Luitgarde; she took it in silence from his hand, with a terrible presentiment, and suddenly quitted the room.

Upon the evening of the same day one of her maids burst into the chamber with loud joy, to announce to her the report that Black Fritz was taken, and was on the succeeding morning to be brought, heavily chained, into Prague. Luitgarde was petrified with horror. The darkness of the evening concealed from the maid her mistress's death-like paleness, and the girl's busy chattering allowed her to listen without saying a word, or rather, to sink into lacerating thoughts. "And I have betrayed him!" did she ejaculate at last, in sorrowing accents, as the maid left her apartment. That the ring was the cause of his arrest, that his supposed inclination for her was made the instrument of his ruin, was demonstrated to her incontrovertibly; and, from that moment, as the unyielding law was now fully satisfied and nothing more was to be dreaded from the terrific man, a deep, a holy interest, linked with bitter reproaches against herself, and with the consciousness of her fault towards him who, if even guilty towards the whole world, still with respect to her had acted nobly, seized violently on her soul, and made every other inclination, even every retrospective one, disappear.

A turbulent running to and fro in the street, the deportment of the domestics, all convinced her the next morning that the news of the maid was only too true. Taken, loaded with massive chains, almost every member of his body tied down, and attended by a company of soldiers with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, he was led as a welcome, and even yet as a terrific spectacle, through the streets of the town on a wagon, surrounded by guards. Everybody ran to see him, everybody related something of Black Fritz; and everybody seemed to unite to tear Luitgarde's heart to pieces.

"Ah! what a handsome man he is! What beautiful eyes he has!" said one maid to another, in the corridor before Luitgarde's door.

"And have you seen," said the other, "how fiercely and terribly he cast his eyes down on the ground, and at times shook his chains, which made me trouble with the noise?"

"Yes, it was as if he wished to frighten the people who ran to see him."

"Not that, however," replied the second; "I rather think the heavy chains must press him and wound him not a little; his right hand was quite covered with blood, poor man!"

"What is the matter with you, that you compassionate a highwayman?"

"Oh! he is an unfortunate man, and will bitterly pay for it."

Luitgarde's heart was full to overflowing, and at that moment would she have given half her fortune to be allowed to shed her tears for a lonely hour. But visit came after visit, and every one repeated the account of the entry of the dreaded robber, and everybody had some anecdote of him, whether true or fabricated, which painfully afflicted the heart of the unhappy maiden.

The examinations of the captive now began; and many circumstances relative to his destiny, his actions, and his imprisonment, were known. Not from his own mouth, however, for he obstinately refused to confess anything. His accomplices related, that he had been brought up in the Saxon Erzgebirge, by a collier, who, himself a member of a band of robbers, accustomed the boy—who named him with repugnance, father—to a rude, hard life, and to deeds of violence. At fourteen years of age he ran away, and fell among Swedish light troops, who received the well-grown daring boy, whose gallant bearing and cool resolution made him the favourite of his comrades, over whom he soon won a kind of authority. He gradually observed how deficient he was in acquirements in order to be or to become as renowned as others who stood above him. He was

not discouraged, however. In idle hours, while his comrades drank or gambled, he learned to read and write, and also to make military drawings. The commandant of the corps soon took notice of him. Fritz became a non-commissioned officer, and, in a short time, on the occasion of a little expedition, which only his enterprising courage would undertake and accomplish, he was made an officer. A brilliant road now lay open before him, and all the force of his will was directed in search of honour and renown. He wished to rise, to dazzle, to command; he threw everybody into the shade, for a glimmering recollection of a better state of things in his earlier childhood than what he found in the filthy collier's cabin, and among his vulgar associates, floated before him. He who would have reminded him of his residence and his life in the Erzgebirge, would have mortally offended him; he no longer called himself Fritz, but Victorin, for an uncertain tradition existed in his breast, that he had been, in other times, called by that name, and he sought ardently after the splendor which, as he believed, belonged to his birth, and which a fatal event had torn him from, and hoped to rise by courage and talent. But, inflexible, intrepid, and proud, he had always neglected to make himself friends, confiding only in his actions, which should be his testimonials; his enemies and those persons jealous of him knew how to turn all this to his disadvantage; persons of little worth and younger men were preferred to him, because they possessed the advantage which he had not, of being able to put themselves forward in the eyes of the world. All this deeply wounded him, and filled his breast with feelings of hatred. At last he was on the point of attaining his wish, and of entering as captain into a regiment of the line, when peace was concluded, his corps was broken up, and most of the troops were discharged. Now that all further hope of advancement was lost to him, his old lawless habits awoke; want, despair, and revenge urged him on; men without bread and without occupation associated themselves with him, and he was chosen, with unanimous consent, their leader and captain. The most daring exploits, the most hazardous projects, were executed by him; he even maintained a strong discipline, and a rude justice among the members of his terrific association; thus was it possible for him to achieve things almost incredible, and to ward off every treachery and danger.

At length, it was said, his presence of mind, his penetration, gave way to the seductive voice of a passion which spoke stronger than honour, courage, and prudence; he fell into the adroitly-arranged snare, and accepted a mysterious invitation, which came to him from a woman whom he ardently loved, and which was strengthened by a ring, which he himself had given to her in a happy moment as a pledge of his affection. Thus he was taken, and poured imprecations on the faithless one who had deceived him, and whose faithlessness he felt more acutely than his chains, or even the death that was before his view; for her alone on earth he had truly loved, and from her alone he had deserved gratitude.

No one who related the whole, or part of this history in Luitgarde's presence—for Black Fritz was the general conversation—thought how painfully it touched a heart which felt itself so deeply affected without any fault on its part. She avoided on this account, as much as possible, to go into the world, but she was not able to avoid visiting her relations, without exciting her uncle's dissatisfied humour.

At the house of one of these, a respectable old lady, she met with a clergyman, whose mild exterior and calm benevolence won her heart at the first introduction. Even here, the conversation fell soon on the news of the day, the robber-chief; and it happened that he was the priest whose solemn duty it was to prepare criminals for death, and to accompany them on their last journey. With warm interest did the

worthy old priest dilate on his prisoner. He lamented many a fine disposition here destroyed, nor did he refuse to the fallen man his deep sympathy; but what most afflicted him was, his impenitence; he manifested no trace of repentance for all his misdeeds, nor would he make any confession; more than once, indeed, he suspected him of the unholy effort to deprive himself of life.

"There is a wild despair in the young man," said the priest, "which appears to proceed less from the consciousness of his guilt, or from fear of punishment, than from an immeasurably wounded pride, and from a deep irritation against a person, who must have deceived or betrayed him."

"And has he not explained himself, nor indicated who this person is?" enquired Luitgarde, trembling.

The priest shrugged his shoulders. "It must be a woman," said he. "I gather this from some accidental words and signs; but he is not to be moved to any confession; not even to this."

"Then he will be put to the torture without any further delay," said one of the gentlemen present.

Luitgarde's heart ceased to beat, and a death-like paleness covered her whole face; the priest looked at her unobserved, but attentively.

"This will not be necessary," said he, "for he denies nothing; he leaves to the judges to speak, and decide as they like respecting him; the overt acts are proved by the declarations of so many other criminals and witnesses, that he cannot possibly escape. His life is certainly condemned; would to God that it were my power, that I were so happy as to save his soul."

Luitgarde look long and inquiringly on the priest. In his countenance lay so much humanity, so much patience, so many heavenly-seeking aspirations, that a resolution which began to rise in her mind became more and more clearly defined. From that moment she took but little interest in the conversation; her whole mind fixed itself on one thought.

The following morning she rose early, said she wished to communicate with her confessor, and went accompanied by her maid to the cloister, where Father Augustine lived, whose order and name she carefully got possession of. She had him called by the porter, and the priest soon made his appearance. With a deeply-wounded heart, amidst tears of sorrow and shame, she now exposed to the priest her whole destiny, the disposition of her heart towards the unfortunate man, her engagement with Frederick, the history of the ring, the crime of treachery which was imputed to her, her anguish at the consequences of the captive's desperation, at the thought of the everlasting death of his soul, and her hope, although not perhaps an open avowal on her side, that a knowledge of her feeling for him, and her repentance at the unintentional wrong which through her had been committed, might melt his obduracy, and open a way for milder sentiments, perhaps even for a pious thought into his proud heart.

The worthy father had allowed her to speak out freely; he sat still awhile in deep reflection: at last he rose and spake.

"It is possible, my child, that your meritorious resolution may be efficacious. I will reflect on it. However, in the first place, do not speak of your project to any one, and give no place to any kind of hope; for we have not to do with a light-minded inconsiderate sinner, but with a hardened criminal." And thereupon he penetrated, with convincing eloquence, into the very depth of her heart; he laid before her all the possible consequences of her step, and at last desired her to return to him again in eight days.

She quitted the holy father, sick and in anguish, full of doubt of him, but, however, firmly decided in spite of all hindrances which appeared to rise up against her, to attain her aim, either through him or by some other means.

SCENERY OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

No. III.

From Cholsey the Railway passes in South Moreton, "Moor-town," over a wide grassy moor, with eminences, upon which are built the villages of North and South Moreton. There are also some fine entrenchments, one of which, Sinodun Hill, separates the Thames from the railway. Eastward is Brightwell Barrow, and below is the point

"Where Isis, Cotteswold's heir, long woo'd, is lastly won,
And instantly does wed with Fame, old Chiltern's son."

The spot where this marriage takes place, or, as Drayton further phrases it,

"The winding Isis with the fruitful Thame,"

lies in the parish of Dorchester, and is defended by a double line of earthworks, extending from one river to the other. Dorchester was originally a Roman station, and probably occupied Sinodun, the Celtic hill just named.

The vale now becomes less attractive in its scenery; the line, after leaving the Moreton cutting, passes over Hagbourne Marsh, towards Didcot. The railway traveller sees but few antiquities in this part of his journey. Nevertheless, the several village churches present some good examples of Norman, Early English, and Decorated architecture; and there is a very interesting earthwork, thus neatly noticed in the *History*:—"Cuchelmsley Knowe, corrupted into Scutehamfly Knob, is a large barrow upon the chalk ridge, above Hendred, 853 feet above the sea, and well known as a land-mark for many miles round. The farmer, upon whose land it stands, a better agriculturist than antiquary, has already carted away one-half of the soil for manure."

The Railway next reaches Steventon, which stands upon the gault clay, slightly covered with chalk, marl, and green-sand: the verdure displays the value of the lower marl in an agricultural point of view: the village is subject to floods, and is intersected by a raised causeway, paved with grey-wether and coral-rag boulders.

The Steventon Station is fifty-six and a quarter miles from London, and sixty-two from Bristol; and here the Oxford traffic joins the line. The *History* contains so admirable an illustration of Railway economy at this point, that we shall quote it:—

"The Railway was completed to Steventon in June, 1840; and a number of villages, probably as little known as the most remote of Cornwall or Northumberland, were then laid open. Here, as almost generally throughout the vale of Berks, the communication of the different villages with each other and their market town is very imperfect, and liable, in many cases, to be flooded, and rendered impassable to a considerable extent. Upon such clay soils as that of Steventon, it is not uncommon to find the outlying cross-roads completely blocked up during the winter season. The population of these villages varies generally from two to four and five hundred persons, and sometimes reaches seven or eight hundred. A comparison of the present numbers with those returned under the census of 1801, shows usually a moderate increase: in some few cases, indeed, the population, not only from 1801, but from the date of Elizabeth, and probably from a much earlier period, has been stationary. Notwithstanding this uniformity, it is remarkable how completely the families seem to change. In the case of one rather secluded parish, with no resident landed proprietor, and the population of which had remained stationary in point of numbers some centuries, a careful analysis of the register showed that the surnames were in a continued state of fluctuation, any one name rarely remaining in the parish above one century, and a very small number indeed turning the second century."

From Steventon, the Railway passes over a flat open district to the Faringdon Station, sixty-three and a quarter miles from London, six from Faringdon, and three from Wantage; thence by a deep cutting past Baulking, and by another cutting past Beckett, the beautiful seat of Viscount Barrington, east of the village of Shrivenham. At Coleshill, too, the Earl of Radnor has a seat built by Inigo Jones. The population of this part of Berkshire is almost wholly agricultural. The upper part of the vale is mostly grazing and dairy land: the lower part commonly arable, and the chalk downs extensively occupied as sheep-walks. "The cottage manufacture of pillow-lace, so common under the Chilterns in Bucks and Oxfordshire, does not extend at all generally in this direction, nor is its place supplied by any other handicraft."

The Shrivenham Station is seventy-one and a quarter miles from London. The antiquities of this middle district of the Railway are extremely curious: the numerous churches, though mostly small, are good specimens of Norman, Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular. One of the finest is Wantage, a large and handsome church, composed of a tower, nave, aisles, transepts, chancel, and chapels: its finest monument is a life-size alabaster effigies upon a rich altar-tomb of a knight of the Fitzwarren family. Uffington church, too, though very little known, is an exquisite and perfect specimen of the Early English style. Shillingford has an Early English tower and spire, and some lancet-windows of great length.

Nor are the churches the most striking antiquities of the locality. The sky-line of the chalk downs, as seen from the vale, is continually broken by the elevation of some earthwork, carrying the mind's eye back to times of war and bloodshed, spoliation and conquest. On the steep escarpment of Uffington Hill, just below the entrenchment, is the celebrated White Horse—a rude figure of a horse at full gallop, formed by removing the thin layer of turf, and exposing the white surface of the chalk. The figure is about 380 feet long, and is said to cover an acre of ground: the side of the down is 893 feet above the sea level; and in particular directions, the horse may be seen ten or twelve miles distant. This famed White Horse has given rise to much controversy among antiquaries as to the object for which it was cut out; said to have been to commemorate the victory of the men of the Saxon kingdom of Wessex, under Alfred and Ethelred, over the Danes, in 871. Be this as it may, the horse is of Saxon origin, or of still higher antiquity; and we think this antiquarian theory by no means a wild one. The figure has given to this district the name of the Vale of White-Horse: the country people had an ancient custom of assembling to "scour the horse;" i.e. to clear away the turf, so as to keep the form perfect. On such occasions, a rural festival was held, and the people were regaled by the lord of the manor; but we have no record of this since 1780.

Just under the White Horse Hill is a knoll of chalk, called the "Dragon Hill," described as a mound or barrow, intended to cover the dead, whose victory the horse is supposed to commemorate: this is a plausible link in the chain of the antiquary's theory; but it is by no means certain that the mound is artificial. At all events, the neighbouring downs are thickly strewn with tumuli, and other marks of an early population.

The entrenchments, too, are very interesting; and the advantage which has been taken of the natural ravines, to aid in forming camps, is very striking to the student of military antiquities. On the chalk hills north of Lambourn is the relic popularly known as "Wayland Smith;" and the country-people have a tradition of an invisible smith residing here, who would shoe a traveller's horse, if it was left here for a short time with a piece of money by way of payment. Sir Walter Scott has embellished this popular belief in *Kenilworth*.

In the great *Railway History* before us, we find this monument thus lucidly described: "Wayland Smith's Cave is a combination of a cromlech with a regular

Druidical circle. The circle is composed of between thirty and forty stones, some of which are overthrown and partially buried, while all are more or less displaced. Within the circle, three stones are set on edge, so as to form a chamber, which is roofed by a fourth. This is the cave. In front of the cave is a sort of cruciform alley of stones, two areas of which are closed at the ends, whilst the third is open, and forms the entrance to the cromlech. This curious relic stands by the side of the old Ridge Way: the stones are all grey-wethers, and similar to those of Abury, and the Trilithons of Stonehenge. The modern proprietor of this curious Druidical remain has had the good taste to plant a small wood of fir-trees around it, throwing the whole into a deep gloom, well suited to its ancient character."

Another relic, of kindred interest, may be mentioned here. This is the noted Blowing Stone, which stands some way up the hill, at the back of the village of Kingston Lisle, and about five miles from Wantage. It is a grey-wacke, and has in it several holes, into one of which, if a person blow powerfully, an extremely loud noise is produced, something between a note upon a French horn, and the bellowing of a calf, which may be heard at six miles distance. A probable tradition asserts it to have been employed as a Druidical oracle.

In this ramble among Druidical, Saxon, and Danish relics, we fear the reader will have *lost the train* of the narrative, at least; and so return we to the Railway at Shrivvenham, proceeding from whence westward, we arrive at the Bourton cutting, in deep blue clay, in which appears a bed of ammonites, some of them of large size. A little further on are found Deltoid oysters and septaria in beds of Kimmeridge clay, which, at the Stratton cutting, yields a rich harvest of fossils. Across this cutting is the first stone bridge on the line, carrying the Roman road from Cirencester towards Newbury.

The Railway now reaches the Swindon Station, seventy-seven miles from London, forty-one from Bristol, eighty-five and three quarters from Taunton, eighteen from Cirencester, thirty-three from Cheltenham, and thirty-nine from Gloucester by way of Stroud. Between Shrivvenham and Swindon, the village churches have some noticeable architectural features; and the antiquity of "Stratton" is told in its name, from "town in the Roman street."

Swindon lies on the summit of a hill about a mile south of the Railway; and it is scarcely possible to imagine a more beautiful view, alike attractive to the antiquary and the geologist. Towards the north and south it commands the chalk ridge, with its entrenchments and range of barrows, along which we have conducted the reader; "the scene, probably," says the *Railway History*, "of the early Celtic settlements, of the final struggle of that people under Arthur against the Saxons, and subsequently of some of the most severe contests between the Saxons and the Danes. This ground forms the northern limit of the immense plain of the chalk, extending from Avelbury to beyond Stonehenge, and including some of the most stupendous Celtic works now extant."

Swindon has been chosen as the great central depôt of the Railway, on account of its position intermediate between London and Bristol, and its being the point at which takes place the junction between the Great Western, and the Cheltenham and Great Western, railways. It is the principal depository for locomotive engines employed upon the Railway, as well as the stopping-place of all trains. In this respect it corresponds with the Wolverton Station on the London and Birmingham line. To show the importance of the position, too, prospective as well as present, we may here mention that, during the speculative mania of last year, Swindon was "the disputed railway territory," from the great number of schemes proposing to have connexion with the Great Western Railway, or to cross here with independent lines.

The Swindon depôt consists of a station-house for the

accommodation of passengers; and an engine-house and sheds for the safe keeping and repair of the locomotive engines. The passengers' station is double, and is placed on each side of the main line, here expanded to four lines of rails. Each station-house consists of three stages, the principal floor opening upon a spacious platform, protected from the weather, and upon which the passengers step from the carriages. The refreshment-rooms are superbly decorated in arabesque; the upper story is occupied as an hotel, sitting, and coffee-rooms on the south, and bed-rooms north; the communication between the two station-houses being by a covered gallery, crossing the Railway.

At some distance west of the passenger-station, on the north side of the line, is the engine depôt, capable of accommodating one hundred engines; for here every train changes its locomotive. The engine-shed is 490 by 72 feet, and will hold upon its four lines of rails forty-eight engines and tenders, a sufficient number of which are always kept ready with their steam up. The engine-house is 290 feet by 140; here the engines stand in compartments, as horses in the stalls of a stable; and in the centre is a travelling platform, fifty feet broad. North of the engine-house is the erecting-house, in which the parts of the engine machinery, when repaired, are put together.

"THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES in use upon the Great Western differ from those generally employed, chiefly in the dimensions of their wheels and framing, which are adapted to the broad gauge, and in the short stroke of their pistons as compared with the diameter of their driving-wheels, an arrangement intended to allow of a high rate of speed without an unfavourable increase in the motion of the parts of the machinery upon each other. All the engines run upon six wheels. In the passenger-engines the driving-wheels are seven feet in diameter, and the other wheels four feet. The length of stroke is eighteen inches, in the diameter of the stroke fifteen inches. The boiler contains 127 tubes. Each of these engines, when upon the line, and properly supplied with fuel and water, weighs about nineteen tons, and is calculated to exert a power equal to 120 horses, working at about forty-five miles in the hour. The tender following each engine runs also upon six wheels, and is constructed to contain about 1,600 gallons of water and twenty-five cwt. of coke."—(*Railway Hist.*) The carriages in use upon the line are not only broader than those running upon other railways, but they are also more lofty, and are all supported upon six wheels, the diameter of which varies from four feet to four feet six inches; it being one of the incidents of the broad gauge that it permits wheels of a very much increased diameter to be used with safety.

At the Swindon Station we see a change in progress which, in its development, will work a social transformation in the entire locality. Around the Station is fast rising a little town; the Railway Company and private speculators are building upwards of three hundred houses; the principal inhabitants of the place already being the men employed about the engines, persons of a superior class, both in intelligence and conduct. A library, reading-room, and mechanics' institute, have been established for this community. A large church, with 800 sittings, and a spire, 140 feet high, have been built at a cost of between 5,000*l.* and 6,000*l.*; and a parsonage and school-house, at 1,700*l.* A piece of ground has also been laid out as a park. To this judicious scheme of improvement, the Directors have very liberally contributed: they employ here from 300 to 400 mechanics, pay to their servants about 140,000*l.* half-yearly; and have expended upon their establishment here nearly 600,000*l.* Hence, they have a vast interest at stake; and in these provisions for the comforts of their servants, they have shown a wise and liberal policy. The rising town takes the name of *New Swindon*; and, though it may excite special wonder, for a moment, we must remember that the change corresponds

with what took place in this country upon the roads formed here by the Romans some sixteen centuries since; when stations rose rapidly to be villages and towns, and the *termini* were cities, or places of importance. These roads have lasted, in some places, to our times; and portions of railways are actually laid upon these old Roman ways.

Leaving Swindon, north of the line is Basset Down, once the residence of Maskelyne, the astronomer royal, and still possessed by his daughter, Mrs. Storey. In the opposite direction lies Lydiard Tregoze, the seat of the St. Johns, Earls of Bolingbroke, and Barons Lydiard.

We soon reach the Wootton Bassett Station, eighty-two miles and three quarters from London, and thirty-five and a-half from Bath. The town occupies the summit of a hill: it was once the inheritance of the Bassets of Wycombe; its first name being corrupted from Wodetoun, "Woodtown."

Leaving Wootton Bassett, the line enters a deep cutting, crossed by a bridge carrying the road from Malmesbury towards Cliffe Deppard. The Railway next passes at the foot of the hill

"Whence Brandon gently brings forth Avon from her source,
In her most quiet course which, southward making, soon
Receives the gentle Caln."

Bradenstoke Hill, crowned by the Decorated Priory (now a farm-house), rises almost immediately from the Railway. Adjoining is Clack Hill, with its earthworks, including a central mound for a beacon fire.

THE "TIMES" TESTIMONIAL.

THE following account of probably the most remarkable incident in the history of the newspaper press of this country, appeared in a late number of "Dolman's Magazine." The subject is itself so interesting as to be well worthy of a place in this Magazine, and is so well treated by the writer in Dolman, as to render any attempt on our part to improve upon it superfluous.

"In the month of May, 1840, a Brussels paper announced the detection of a most extraordinary fraud upon continental bankers, by the means of forged letters of credit, purporting to come from the London banking firm of Glyn, Halifax, Mills, and Co. The announcement was copied into Galignani, and in the same month the correspondent of the *Times* furnished that journal with fuller particulars of the affair, with portions of the correspondence of the perpetrators of the fraud, a correspondence which had been intercepted by the French authorities, and with the names of the conspirators; and among other names, that of Mr. Bogle, a banker of Florence, and the head of the banking firm of Bogle, Kerrieh, and MacCarthy of Florence. Upon this letter of its correspondent being inserted into the *Times*, Mr. Bogle proceeded to London from the continent, and his solicitor instantly served Mr. Lawson, the printer of the *Times*, with a writ in an action of libel, and made efforts to bring the *Times*, by the person of its printer, to an immediate trial. The *Times* might have put in other pleas in answer to the declaration of libel, but it preferred to plead justification; that is to say, to stand to the correctness of its correspondent's report, and to maintain that the assertion was true, and that Mr. Bogle was one of the perpetrators of the fraud. Of course, to bear out this plea, a great body of evidence was necessary. The fraud was at that time vaguely, but only vaguely, understood; the foreign bankers who had suffered by it, as well as the governments in whose states it had occurred, seemed anxious at first to hush it up, and consequently great exertions and an enormous outlay were necessary, before the *Times* could possess itself

of those particulars which were alone able to justify it in a court of justice, and which we shall presently detail in a succinct form to the reader. Suffice it at present to say, that the determination of the *Times* to obtain those particulars was in a great measure crowned with success; that Mr. Dobie, its solicitor, and Mr. Kirwan, a barrister, were sent by that journal to various parts of the continent; that commissions were sued out to examine witnesses abroad, in spite of the efforts of the plaintiff—efforts which there is every reason to believe were backed by the very money which he and his associates had plundered—and directed and advised by the ingenuity of one of the other conspirators, who is said, for the purpose of tendering his aid and his funds, to have come in secret to London.

When the *Times* had obtained all the evidence that it was possible, under very disadvantageous circumstances, to obtain, the trial came on, at the Surrey Assizes, on the 16th of August, 1841. Those who remember the masterly efforts made by the counsel on both sides; the ingenious endeavours of Sir Frederick Thesiger for the plaintiff, and the calm sagacity of Sir William Follett for the defendant, cannot doubt that the case was, as far as circumstances allowed, thoroughly sifted. Chief Justice Tindal, memorable for his judicious and impartial examination of every fact that was laid before him, summed up, and the jury brought in a verdict against the *Times*, but a verdict of one farthing damages only; thus testifying sufficiently, that, although the strictly legal evidence did not allow them to give a stronger testimony against the criminality of the plaintiff, they were resolved not to give him more than the strictness of technical rules, which had won him this disastrous victory, obliged them to give. On the verdict being announced, Sir Frederick Thesiger called upon the judge, as is usual in the case of small damages, to certify that the plaintiff was entitled to his costs. This was refused, and the plaintiff accordingly had the poor consolation of having won by his action one farthing to compensate for immense costs, and of having received from a jury of his countrymen the strongest mark of reprobation that the imperfectness of the evidence allowed them to express.

On the other hand, the *Times* had to pay its own costs, which were said to amount to something like five thousand pounds; and, as this heavy outlay had been encountered not certainly through any interested motive, the merchants of London, and of most of the continental countries, determined to compensate that journal, and to mark, moreover, their signal admiration for the course which it had pursued. A meeting was therefore held at the Mansion House, on the 1st of October, 1841, for the purpose of considering the most eligible mode of thus testifying their acknowledgments. At this meeting all the principal merchants of London were present, and several foreign bankers. Respecting the resolutions moved at that meeting, the *Times* spoke the next day, in a leading article, in the following characteristic style:

"A present of plate was spoken of as an indemnity of our heavy expenses. The liquidation of these we know would be nothing, if undertaken by gentlemen so numerous, of such wealth and importance, acknowledging such services. But no, gentlemen; ever honoured by us will you be for these intentional testimonies to our merits; but we could accept nothing from you—nothing but your esteem, and any memorial of that which your sense of public duty might suggest. But our funds must not be augmented by one farthing, nor any additional splendour be added to our establishment, by a donation of a farthing's value. The surest pledge of the continued independence of the journal is its freedom from all pecuniary obligation; that it shall certainly retain; and your simple approbation, however otherwise evinced than by those methods which we respectfully decline, will be the best encouragement to others to pursue our course. By such a public display as this in our favour, future journalists will know, and we hope

will endeavour to pursue, the same honourable path to fame which has been successfully trodden by the *Times*. The meed of your approbation, gentlemen, will exert itself beyond the present race; and, while you thought only of conferring a favour upon us, you will be found to have benefited your country, and excited the love of an honest and independent course in the hearts of men yet unborn.

In consequence of the refusal of the *Times* to accept of any compensation, the subscription which was raised was devoted to an object not certainly so profitable to the conductors of that journal, but inconceivably more honourable; and, in fact, constituting in itself an event in the history of the press. Of the subscription itself, we may mention that it arose from contributions from all parts of the world. The contributors may be described as follows:—thirty-eight public companies; sixty-four magistrates and officers of the corporation of London; fifty-eight London bankers and joint stock banks; one hundred and twenty-nine London merchants, manufacturers, and traders; one hundred and sixteen country bankers, manufacturers, and traders; twenty-one foreign bankers, merchants, and public companies; and one hundred and twenty-nine from individuals or anonymous sources. The subscriptions from foreign bankers, merchants, and public companies, were from Alexandria, Antwerp, Cadix, Calcutta, Cologne, Dantzic, Florence, Geneva, Hamburg, Lagunayra in South America, Macao, Malta, Messina, Naples, Newfoundland, Ostend, Paris, Vendée, Veray, and Wiesbaden. The contributions were limited to ten guineas in the case of firms, and to five in the case of individuals, and the whole subscriptions amounted to 2,700*l*. Of this sum nearly 1,800*l*. was invested in the purchase of 2,000*l*. three per cent. Consols, in the names of the Lord Mayor, the Bishop of London, the Governor of the Bank of England, and the Chamberlain of the City of London, all for the time being; the dividends to be applied to the support of two Scholarships, to be called 'The *Times* Scholarships,' in connexion with Christ's Hospital and the City of London School, for the benefit of pupils proceeding from those institutions to the University of Oxford or Cambridge; and one hundred and fifty guineas were expended in the erection of a commemorative tablet in the New Exchange, and a similar one at the *Times* printing establishment, and tablets commemorative of the 'Times Scholarships' were placed in the grammar school of Christ's Hospital, and on the principal staircase of the City of London School. Such were the steps which the commercial community considered it right to take in this matter, and on the 2nd of September, as we have said, they wound up the proceedings by a sumptuous entertainment to the proprietors of the *Times*.

We shall now give some particulars of that conspiracy which called forth the exertions of the *Times*.

In the strange mixture of the gay society of Florence, there were, between the years 1832 and 1840, two individuals who formed in their own characters a kind of link between the aristocratic refinements of the fashionable people gathered together in that city, and between the rogues who generally follow in their train. The one was the Marquis de Bourbelle, a Frenchman, and the other Cunningham Graham, of Gartmore in Scotland, and formerly member of Parliament for Stirling. The characteristics of these individuals belong more to the rogues of fiction than to what would have been conceived to be reality. The Marquis de Bourbelle was, according to his own account, of excellent family. His family was like that of Barras, 'as old as the rocks of Provence.' It is said, however, that he was a member of the small gentry of Normandy, and that his father filled a subordinate situation in the suite of the Marquis of Hastings, when that nobleman was governor-general of India. When young, Bourbelle was attached to the French mission at Florence, and afterwards to that of Copenhagen. Subsequently he killed in a duel a Mr. Haidé,

a gentleman of Greek extraction. After this duel he got into bad repute, became a gambler, a duellist, and a confirmed roué, and was some time a member of the secret police of France. On the other hand, he is described as a man possessed of many accomplishments. He spoke several languages, and his English letters, in spite of an occasional incorrectness, show a great familiarity with the English language. He was known for his taste in the fine arts, was an excellent draughtsman, rode, fenced, boxed, and intrigued, and was universally looked upon as a specious, agreeable rascal. Early in 1838 he eloped from Florence with his wife's maid, and the former, an Englishwoman, died broken-hearted in childbirth. This transaction threw De Bourbelle into such very bad repute that he was obliged to leave Florence, and he accordingly retired with his family to Villa Micali, a country-house near Leghorn, on the Florence road. There, however, he did not remain in solitude, for he was often visited by Cunningham Graham, a man scarcely less remarkable than himself in his own way.

Graham was of really good family, and had been of good estate. He had disgraced the one, and had lost the other. He had left Scotland in 1828, to escape from his creditors, and after residing for some time at Brussels, he at length, in 1832 or 3, settled in Florence, where he met Bourbelle, who came to that town a year afterwards. Graham was described as a singularly remarkable man; he did not yield to De Bourbelle in taste for the fine arts; he was possessed of much reading and a vigorous mind, which had been improved by cultivation. More cool than De Bourbelle, he was, however, like him, crafty, designing, and thoroughly unprincipled. His chief excellence was in the imitative and mechanical arts. He was a first-rate turner and mechanic. He formed and fashioned his own tools with surpassing ingenuity, and had invented a contrivance by which he was able to trace copies of not only the rarest engravings of Raphael Morghen, but the choicest masterpieces of Domenichino and Guido Reni. He soon discovered, however, that this contrivance might answer a more profitable purpose, that of counterfeiting, with astonishing exactness, the signature of bankers.

Cunningham Graham had married a Mrs. Bogle, and he was not long in Florence before he was joined by her son, Allan George Bogle, who became afterwards so well known by his action against the *Times*. Bogle was a native of Glasgow, and the son of a West Indian merchant of some eminence. He had entered life in the navy, and risen to the rank of lieutenant, and was at the time of which we speak on half-pay. At Florence, he became, in 1834, and probably at the suggestion of Cunningham Graham, clerk to Mr. Johnstone, a banker in that city, and on the failure of the latter in 1837, Bogle set up as a banker on his own account. He was not, however, very long in this isolated position, for in the November of the same year he entered into partnership with Messrs. Kerrick and MacCarthy as principal partner.

Whether Bogle was an original member of the conspiracy in which he and Graham and Bourbelle afterwards took so signal a part, it is not easy to ascertain. It is more probable that he was at first made an unconscious tool by the other two, who disclosed their plans to him only when they were ripe for execution.

To Bourbelle and Cunningham Graham it appears very soon to have occurred that the mechanical instrument of which we have spoken could be turned to some advantage; for they spent much of their time together, principally in Graham's turning-room, as is to be presumed, concocting and perfecting their plans. In such meditations they appear to have come to the conclusion that a fraud unparalleled in its magnitude might be successfully perpetrated upon the bankers of the Continent, by which the conspirators might clear about a million sterling. Once possessed of this sum, they proposed to escape to America, India, and other parts of the world.

The means which they proposed to use were circular letters of credit.

Circular letters of credit, with which most continental tourists must be familiarly acquainted, may be described as orders for a certain sum of money to be received wholly or in part at one or at several of the continental bankers, correspondents of the London banker, who gives the letter of credit, in consideration of a certain sum lodged with him. The firm, whose letters of credit the present conspirators selected, on account of the magnitude of its transactions, was that of Glyn, Halifax, Mills, and Co., London bankers. The letters of credit of this firm are like those of other west-end bankers. Stamped on them are the initials of the firm; beneath is a blank space for the payments, which are marked off as they are made on the Continent, until the sum for which the letter of credit is given is entirely exhausted. Annexed to, and forming a part of the letters, are the names of the principal towns of Europe, beginning with Abbeville and ending with Zante, and opposite to each town the correspondent of Glyn and Co. in each respective place. And thus, with a letter of credit for a thousand pounds, one may obtain the whole sum at any of these places, or portions of the sum at each of them.

Bourbelle and Graham, having settled on the object which they had in view, had two things to do in order to effect it. It was necessary for Graham to obtain, in Florence, a circular letter of Glyn and Co., from which he might copy, by the means of his machine, the signature, which stands out *alto relievé*, thus: 'G., H., M., and Co.' This could alone be effected by Graham's machine. On the other hand, it was necessary to obtain a circular letter also, from which to print off fac-similes of the engraved portion of them, and in no place on the Continent could the printing be safely done; London was therefore fixed upon as the proper locality for that operation. For the first of these operations, it would appear, that Graham had obtained from Bogle an old circular letter, belonging to a gentleman of the name of Robert Nicholson; and it is improbable that, without this copy first to try his skill upon, they would have proceeded to the printing. It was, however, quite sufficient to afford Graham the signature of Glyn and Co.; and this obtained, the only part wanting in the operation was, to have the copper-plates of the printed portion of the letters engraved. There was also something else wanting,—that is to say, instruments to put the fraud into execution; for the principal conspirators were anxious not ostensibly to take a part in the transaction. With both these ends in view, Bourbelle came to London.

In London, Bourbelle soon fell in with an old friend of his, a person of the name and title of Baron D'Arguson. At the time, the Baron lived by gambling; he was, however, the son of Count D'Arguson, a peer of France, President of the College of Electors of the department of Eure, and First Chamberlain of Hortense, wife of Louis Buonaparte. To the Baron, Bourbelle, on the 7th of January 1840, gave 150*l.*; and the Baron, having lodged that money with Glyn and Co., obtained from them a circular letter of credit for the amount. Thus was the object answered of obtaining a copy from which to strike off the copper-plates; for it was impossible to remove from Florence the letter of credit belonging to Mr. Nicholson, from which, as we have seen, Graham had copied the signatures. It appears, however, that the conspirators were singularly economical in their proceedings; for, before putting the letter of credit to the use for which they intended it, they sent it over to the Continent, and obtained the whole of the sum for which it had been given, with the exception of five pounds. It was afterwards remarked, as a coincidence, that the same partner who signed the letter of Nicholson, signed the present one,—that is to say, Mr. Halifax, jun., whose exclusive province it by no means was to sign the letters of credit. From this circumstance, it would have been not at all improbable that, even had

the conspirators not been early disturbed, as we shall presently see, in the execution of their scheme, some suspicion might have been excited by their letters of credit invariably bearing the same signature.

Matters having so far proceeded, a sufficient quantity of the peculiar paper upon which Glyn and Co. print their circular letters was obtained, with some difficulty, from a paper manufacturer; and Bourbelle, and his friend D'Arguson, set about the matter in earnest. A printer was engaged. At first he worked in his own office, near the Haymarket; but subsequently, Bourbelle, who objected to the intrusion of strangers, induced him to come and work at his own lodgings, at 184, Regent-street, where he resided on the top floor. The circular letter was given to the printer, bit by bit; and he was never allowed to have two portions of it at the same time, until the copper-plate was completed, when he could not but suspect, as he acknowledged at the trial, that there was some fraudulent purpose in the affair; being well paid, however, he held his tongue. When the copies had been struck off, they were forwarded by Bourbelle, with great care, to Cunningham Graham, at Florence, and the latter traced upon them the signature of Glyn, Halifax, Mills, and Co. They were afterwards distributed among the members of the conspiracy, according to the directions of Bourbelle, and according to the amount which it was arranged that each member should levy upon the bankers of the Continent.

Thus far Bourbelle's measures had been successful; and upon them he appears to have spent considerable sums of money; but there was still one difficulty remaining,—it was the want of proper instruments to put the whole scheme into play. As we have said, it was no part of the plan that the principal conspirators of the plot should be actors in it; it was therefore necessary to find some individuals who, for a per centage on the profits of the chief worthies, would consent to present the circular letters in the various towns of the Continent. This was no trifling difficulty; and we shall see that it was owing to the ill-judged selection of one individual that this nefarious plan was brought to so early a close.

The parties whom Bourbelle selected were the following:—

1^o. D'Arguson, who was to travel under the name of Castel.

2^o. Marie Rosalie Desjardins, the mistress of D'Arguson, who was to travel under the name of the Countess De Vaudec.

3^o. A person of the name of Frederick Pipe, who was to travel under the name of Dr. Coulson. This man is said to have practised originally as a veterinary surgeon, but to have been, at the time that Bourbelle fell in with him, connected with one of the gambling-houses in the Quadrant. Another account makes him out to have been formerly in the service of a Dr. Coulson, whose name he now assumed. Be his early education what it might, we shall presently see that he certainly was one of the most accomplished swindlers of the party.

4^o. Charlotte Anne Pipe, said to be the wife of the last, and who was to travel under the name of Lenoy.

5^o. Alexander Graham, the son of Cunningham Graham, and who was to travel under the name of Mr. Robert Nicholson. This young man appears to have been one of the most worthless of the whole gang, so much so that he excited the utmost solicitude in the bosom of his worthy parent, whose letters, reminding him of 'honour,' and exhorting him not to act in an 'unprincipled manner,' are not unworthy of notice. Even Bourbelle appears to have distrusted young Graham completely. However, their misgivings were not entirely borne out, for he appears never to have exerted himself, for good or for ill, more than to obtain 150*l.*, with which to live pleasantly at Aix-la-Chapelle, whilst his companions were acting more industriously in other parts. Before the trial of *Bogle v. Lawson* came on, young Graham had died of a loathsome disease, in a maison de santé, near Paris, in want and misery.

60. The sixth individual whom Bourbelle selected was a man styling himself Charles Gerard, Count de Paindry, but from what source he had obtained this title of nobility it would not be very easy to ascertain.

70. The seventh was T. W. Perry, alias Ireland, who did not speak French.

Every thing being in readiness, it was agreed that proceedings should commence on the 21st of April, simultaneously, in Italy, in Belgium, and on the Rhine. Alexander Graham, who had been residing at Florence with his father, left that city for Aix-la-Chapelle, whither the other conspirators, with the exception of Bourbelle and Pipe, (alias Dr. Coulson,) starting from London on the 1st of April, repaired to join him. In the mean while Bourbelle and Dr. Coulson proceeded, *via* Paris, to Italy. At Nice, these latter were met by old Graham, who, it would appear from the letters intercepted by the French police, declared the letters of credit to be perfection, and that it would be impossible to refuse them. The following letter, from Bourbelle to D'Argusson, will give an idea of their plans at that moment, as well as of the character of the man:—

‘ Here at Nice, April 13th.

‘ Neither Coulson, Graham, nor myself have received anything from you; no letters, from which I conclude that all is tranquil with you at Aix-la-Chapelle. May God preserve you in peace up to the 21st. I leave them here to-morrow, but with orders to act, if they receive from you a letter telling them to do so, sooner than the period fixed upon; but I hope that they will not receive any letter from you, and that all will go on quietly. Do not commence, without having given them notice, before the 21st, otherwise you would cause them to be taken in the middle of Italy; but you are aware of that, and you are incapable of baseness. Adieu, dear. You will find at the post-office of Milan a letter for you from me, under your name D'Argusson. It will tell you where I advise you to go when you have done at Milan. I think I shall tell you: go to Venice and Trieste, in order thence to reach Egypt and India; and until you have been able to reach India, drop there all trace of you; abandon your passport, and embark there for America, without any other name than that of Castel, and to return quietly do not stop. You could go from Trieste to Corfu, and there cast your skin, and do not enter Ancona; but I advise the grand flight. Adieu again: embrace you. In your misfortune I have been a brother to you; be mine now. My fortune, my happiness, my ruin is in your hands.

‘ BARON LOUIS D'ARGUSSON, Poste restante, Paris.’

From Nice also Bourbelle wrote to Alexander Graham on the 14th that all was right, and ‘a proof that all is right is, that Bogle lets old Graham come and embark in the affair. Bogle and your papa are convinced that all will turn out well, and that the letters of credit must be paid.’ This paragraph formed a portion of the evidence against Bogle on the part of the *Times* at the trial, and though insufficient as a complete proof of the criminality of the former, it was, with the other evidence, quite enough to satisfy the public of his criminality.

At length the 21st of April arrived. By this time De Paindry had arrived in Florence, and on his side also so had Bourbelle. On the morning of that day De Paindry presented himself at the bank of Bogle, Kerrick, and MacCarthy, and presented a letter of credit, upon which he asked and received 200*l*. It would appear that later in the day De Paindry attempted to get a further advance on the same letter, from an English shopkeeper in Florence, who expressed, remarkably enough, some doubts as to the genuineness of the letter; for, in the course of that day, Bourbelle came to the bank, and had a long interview with Bogle, in the private room of the latter, and with locked doors. In this interview it is presumed that they decided that it would be wiser that De Paindry should return the money, as

otherwise the whole affair might be blown upon at the very outset. Be this as it may, De Paindry returned to the bank the next day, and mentioning the suspicion of the shop-keeper, insisted on returning the money, adding that ‘*lorsque l'honneur est blessé mortellement, on ne doit point songer à garder aucune mesure.*’ Having thus succeeded in destroying all chance of an alarm being created at Florence, De Paindry proceeded to Venice, and on the 24th obtained 374*l*. on the same letter of credit, on which Bogle, Kerrick, and Co., had marked the cancelment of their payment, at the request of De Paindry, and on the 25th 40*l*. more from the brothers Dubois. From Venice he proceeded to Trieste, and on the 29th obtained 1612*l*. 6*s*. from Mr. Richard Routh, who was so delighted by his agreeable manners and conversation, that he invited him to dinner, and gave him the use of his opera-box in the evening.

In the mean while, at Genoa, on the 21st, Frederick Pipe (alias Dr. Coulson) presented to Gibbs and Co. a letter of credit for 2000*l*., requesting 1500*l*. on it in gold, in order to purchase works of art. Next day he presented at Turin another letter of credit to Nigra and Son, and obtained 600*l*. on it. Proceeding to Milan, he obtained on the 23rd, in that city, 800*l*. from Pasteur Girod and Co. on another letter of credit. On the 24th he obtained again 800*l*. from Louis Laurent and Co., at Parma. Thence Graham and Pipe (for it is observable that the minor, or rather acting conspirators, were for the most part accompanied by one of the original projectors, who are supposed to have received the greater part of the spoils) proceeded to Rome, and passing at Villa Micali, met Bourbelle, who had allowed De Paindry to proceed by himself. It is supposed that at Villa Micali they divided their spoils, and that Bourbelle received a considerable share; for it was ascertained by the register of the Police, that he was in Florence on the 28th, and the banker Treppa acknowledged to having received from him 1700 Napoleons on that day.

On the 28th, the self-styled Dr. Coulson and his friend Graham were in Rome. The former called upon M. le Mesurier, and obtained 200*l*. on a letter of credit for 2000*l*. Shortly afterwards he returned again and demanded 1800*l*. more. M. le Mesurier, as it was the first time that he had honoured any of Glyn and Co.'s letters of credit, hesitated to make this second advance. Upon this Coulson flew into a furious rage, told him that he had come over to execute a commission for his father, and that if the money was not immediately paid, he should return the 200*l*. he had already received, go back to England, and that his father would bring an action against Glyn and Co., not only for the expenses of the journey, but for damages besides. On consideration, therefore, and after consulting the English consul and another gentleman, M. le Mesurier paid the money.

The conspirators, who had assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, had all, with the exception of Alexander Graham, left it before the 19th, some of them, as we have seen, to proceed to Italy. Alexander Graham contented himself with obtaining 150*l*. from a banker in Aix-la-Chapelle, and after that remained inactive. The Countess de Vaudec (alias Rosalie Desjardins) on leaving Aix-la-Chapelle, proceeded in style up the Rhine, in an elegant carriage, with a courier. Her only companion was a little girl. At Cologne she presented, on the 22nd, a letter of credit for 800*l*. to Oppenheim, jun. and Co., and demanded and received 500*l*. upon it. At Coblenz, on the 23rd, she obtained from another banker, and on a fresh letter of credit, 500*l*. more. On the 24th she presented another to Gogel, Koch, and Co., and obtained 520*l*. upon it. At Mayence she presented another to Human and Mappes fils, and having obtained 500*l*. more, she proceeded leisurely to Paris.

But whilst the master-spirits of the party were carrying on the scheme with such eminent success in Italy

and on the Rhine, the stupidity of one of their confederates was ruining De Bourbelle's hopes of an *El Dorado* in Belgium.

On the 20th of April, D'Arguson, who passed under the name of Baron de Castel, started with Perry (alias Ireland) from Aix-la-Chapelle for Liege. Once there, the Baron, who does not seem to have had a very great confidence in his companion, took the latter towards the bank of Nagelmaker and Cerfontaine, and in the very street in which those bankers lived, handed him a letter of credit for 800*l.* and directed him to ask for 550*l.* Upon this demand being made by Perry, it was refused, owing to his passport not being regular. Next day, however, he returned, and induced them to give him 100*l.* upon it. Out of this sum D'Arguson took 80*l.* and gave him the remainder. They thence proceeded to Brussels, and presented to Engler and Co. a letter of credit for 1400*l.*, on which they asked and obtained 750*l.*; out of this sum D'Arguson took 500*l.* At Ghent, on the 23rd, they presented a letter to Meulemerte and Son, but without success; these bankers objecting that they had not received a letter of advice. Later, on the same day, Perry, in company with the woman Lenoy, (alias Pipe), went to Antwerp, and presented to Mr. Agié the same letter on which Mr. Engler of Brussels had advanced 750*l.* The appearance of Perry excited some suspicion in the mind of Mr. Agié, and, when the former stated that he was about to return to England, the wonder was still greater, that such a man, after the receipt of so large a sum in Brussels, should require more money, and that when on the point of starting for England, from which the letter of credit was supposed to come. Mr. Agié refused, therefore, to make any advance, on the plea that he had received no advice. No sooner had Perry left him, however, than he wrote to Mr. Engler, suggesting that there was something wrong, and Mr. Engler sent immediate directions to have Perry arrested. Perry was accordingly arrested, with the woman Pipe, on board the Ostend steamer, when on the point of starting for London.

The depositions of Perry before the Belgian authorities exposed the whole matter, as far as he was connected with it. But, in the mean while, a premature announcement of the fraud made in the Brussels paper gave the alarm to the confederates, and they all succeeded in making their escape. It is true, that De Paindry was overtaken in Moldavia, obliged to disgorge a portion of his plunder, delivered up by the summary police of Constantinople, sent to Genoa, and thence to Aix-la-Chapelle, but there the court declared its incompetence to take cognizance of the matter, and he was dismissed. Graham the elder, D'Arguson and his mistress, or Pipe, do not seem to have been in any way molested. Bourbelle retreated to Spain, but it is asserted that he came expressly to London to support Bogle against the *Times* with his money and his advice, and that he was in London at the time of the trial. Pipe, after escaping to Malta, and remaining there four days, started for Bona in a Maltese Lombarde, and having there made friends with the English consul, and with the governor, changed his passport, and proceeded to France *via* Algiers.

On the 9th of May the depositions of Perry at Ostend reached Florence, and Bogle withdrew of his own accord from the firm of Bogle, Kerrick, and Maccarthy. Not making an attempt, however, to clear his reputation, he was, by a decree of the Tuscan government, expelled from Tuscany—a stigma from which the circumstances elicited in his action against the *Times* did not certainly in any way relieve him.

Such is a brief account of the facts connected with the famous conspiracy, by its elucidation of which the *Times* has rendered all similar conspiracies utterly impracticable."

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Painters.

RUBENS.

PETER PAUL RUBENS was born in the year 1577, at Cologne, whither his parents had retired from Antwerp in order to avoid the calamities attendant on the civil wars, by which, at that time, the Low Countries were disturbed.

His father, John Rubens, was a doctor of laws, and was much respected in Antwerp, where he repeatedly filled important public situations in the most honourable manner. Peter Paul gave signs of great natural talent from his earliest years. His father gave him a superior education after his return to Antwerp; and so apt was he in attaining knowledge, that when very young he could converse fluently in the Latin tongue.

He was a handsome boy, and was, for a short time, page to the Countess Lalain; but he soon became weary of that effeminate mode of life, and returned home. After his father's death, which took place at about that period, his inclination for painting became so marked, that his mother engaged Tobias Verhaecht, a painter of landscapes and architectural subjects, to give him instruction in that art.

He afterwards became a disciple of Adam Van Oort, a painter of but ordinary merit, and of so morose a temper, and of such incorrect morals, that young Rubens soon resolved to cease to be his pupil, and went to study under Octavio Van Veen, more generally known as Otho Venius, a painter who was as much admired for his talent in his art, as he was respected for his learning and excellent moral character. Rubens profited by the advantages he possessed, and pursued his studies under the guidance of this superior man with enthusiasm.

At the age of twenty-three he determined to visit Italy; and the Archduke Albert, Governor of the Netherlands, gave him the strongest letters of introduction to the Duke of Mantua, in order that he might have every facility for studying the admirable paintings and antique statues in his collection. The Duke received him with every mark of distinction, and soon became much attached to him; so much so, that he sent him on a mission to Philip the Third, King of Spain, which Rubens fulfilled in so satisfactory a manner, that both the Spanish monarch and the duke bestowed on him the most marked testimonials of their regard.

After his return to Mantua, he visited Rome, Venice, Genoa, and other Italian cities, where he studied the works of the great masters, and improved himself in colouring by his accurate observation of the style of Titian and Paul Veronese. It has been said that he did not sufficiently refine his taste by the study of the antique, as most of the celebrated artists had done; nevertheless, the fame of Rubens spread in a few years throughout Europe, and no painter's works were ever more universally coveted and admired than those of Rubens.

His great talents were eagerly demanded for the adornment of churches, the palaces of sovereigns, and the mansions of the noble and wealthy of all nations; whilst by his learning, his courteous manners, and amiable disposition, he obtained the friendship and patronage of the kings of England and Spain, and other monarchs. He was even com-

missioned by the King of Spain to proceed to England to make overtures to Charles the First for a treaty of peace—a mission which he fulfilled in the most satisfactory manner. The King of England bestowed every mark of consideration on Rubens; and having engaged him to decorate some of the apartments at Whitehall with his paintings, his Majesty conferred on him the honour of knighthood, as a public acknowledgment of his merit.

The talent of Rubens for allegorical compositions is displayed in a remarkable manner in his paintings in the palace of the Luxembourg at Paris: they are emblematical of the life of Mary de Medicis, Queen Consort of Henry IV. King of France. His landscapes are painted in the happiest style, and he possessed equal talent for painting animals. As his works were so eagerly sought after, he instructed a number of young men of genius, who assisted him in the execution of his designs. Vandyck and Snyders were among the number of his pupils.

In his house at Antwerp this princely artist had for his studio a circular apartment, with a dome—a miniature of the rotunda of the Pantheon at Rome—where the light, descending from an aperture or window at the top, produced a uniform and pleasing effect on the objects beneath. In this favourite studio or museum Rubens had collected a vast number of books, marbles, statues, cameos, intaglios, or engraved stones, and a variety of the riches of art which he had collected in Rome. The walls were covered with pictures either of his own composition, or copies, by his own hand, made at Venice and Madrid, of the works of Titian and Paul Veronese. All foreigners, literary men, or lovers of the arts, and even princes who might be passing through Antwerp, visited Rubens, and inspected his valuable studio. He eventually disposed of his collection to the Duke of Buckingham for a hundred thousand florins; but he stipulated that he should be permitted to take casts of the statues, &c., which were deposited in the place where the originals had stood.

Rubens was twice married; and he had several sons. The eldest filled a high office in Antwerp; and the others were still young, when their father died, at the age of sixty-three, in the month of May, 1610, at Antwerp. He was an admirable artist, an accomplished scholar, and a most amiable and excellent man. His body was interred in the parish church of St. James, of Antwerp, where his epitaph may be seen.

In the church of St. Peter, at Cologne, is the celebrated picture, by Rubens, of the martyrdom of St. Peter. It was a present from this great painter, who was baptized in that church. This picture was taken to France during the empire of Napoleon, and was sent back to Cologne after the restoration of the Bourbons.

The "Descent from the Cross," in the cathedral of Antwerp, has been considered superior to the above-mentioned picture.

The "Incredulity of St. Thomas" is a very fine picture. The subject will be found in the twentieth chapter of St. John. The figures are of the natural size.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.¹

THESE came three students over the Rhine—
 Dame Werter's house they entered in:
 "Dame Werter, hast thou good beer and wine?
 And where's that lovely daughter of thine?"
 "My beer and my wine is fresh and clear—
 My daughter is lying cold on her bier."
 They ~~opt~~ within the chamber of rest,
 Where shrouded lay the maiden, in black robes drest.
 The first he drew from her face the veil;
 "Ah! wert thou alive, thou maiden so pale,"
 He said, as he gazed with saddened brow,
 "How dearly would I love thee now!"
 The second, he covered the face anew,
 And weeping, he turned from the view:
 "Ah me! that thou liest on that cold bier,
 The one I have loved for so many a year!"
 The third once more uplifted the veil,
 He kissed the lips so deadly pale;
 "Thou loved I *ever*, still love I thee,
 And thee will I love through Eternity."

From Uhland.

THE BLIND GIRL.

BY ANNE A. TREMONT.

DARKNESS where'er I go!
 Nor earth, nor sky, nor blessed light for me,—
 But a deep yearning woe
 For the bright things I never more may see,
 But which, like lovely phantoms, still remain,
 Haunting the veiled chambers of my brain.
 And, when kind words are spoken
 Like holy breathings from a world unseen,
 My heart is well nigh broken,
 To think that it can only darkly dream,
 What form may wear the sweet-ton'd instrument,
 Where Love hath rail'd his gentlest music blent!
 Yet memory still is mine,
 And what lost treasure it gives back again;
 My girlhood's happy time—
 The forms and faces so familiar then;
 And, shining like a star through my dark night,
 Is one, who was as dear to me as sight.
 It is before me now,
 Wearing the looks I lov'd so to behold;
 The same calm thoughtful brow,
 And loving smile, that ne'er for me was cold:
 'Tis mid my desert a fresh lovely spot,
 And one which even blindness withers not.
 But oh! to feel how vain
 The hopes which came around us like sweet flow'rs!
 It almost sears my brain,
 To think through life such will no more be ours;
 Yet is it but the wreck of earth's frail bark!
 Father of Light! let not my *soul* be dark!

(1) See Illustration, p. 49.

N.B. The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; Covers for binding, with Table of Contents, may be ordered of any Booksellers.

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The Virgin Martyr.

(See page 77.)

STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY.

THE JOBSIAD.

In a former paper we promised some account of the Jobsiad, a mock heroic poem, intended to illustrate certain peculiar features of German Student life; which promise we now proceed to fulfil. It contains the adventures of Hieronimus Jobs, a student of theology, who, having achieved great fame at college, as what in England would be called a "rowing man," that is, a thorough "Bursch," is unable to pass his examinations as candidate for holy orders, and is obliged to take up the profession of night-watchman, in which situation the powerful voice which he had acquired by frequent singing of student songs, enables him to give great satisfaction. The whole story is told in a sort of slang doggerel verse, which it is difficult to give an idea of, and

adorned with wood-cuts, not the most *recherché* either in design or execution; but the author apologizes for the shabbiness of his illustrations by the cogent reason—

"That though the pictures are not the neatest,
The verses also are not the sweetest;
For this I considered good and wise,
That one with the other might harmonize."

The epic commences with an account of the parentage, birth, and early years of Hieronimus, showing how he was sent to school and learnt nothing there; how his father and mother, discovering in him the certain signs of great genius, wished him to be a clergyman; how his master endeavoured to persuade them to the contrary; and how they, reassured by the prognostications of a gipsy, and indignant at the teacher's calumnies, finally sent Hieronimus to the University.

"Our hero no sooner arrived, as stated,
Than he was *stulte pede* matriculated,
And from this time forth, of course, was he
A laborious student of theology.
But though in arrival one of the last men,
He very soon showed himself one of the fast men,
Spending frugely, and living fast,
While the useful time of his youth flew past;
And his conduct as student was very fair,
Considering he'd been such a short time there.
He very soon learned with the best of the band
To drink and to smoke in the gardens at hand;
He lived on wine, and tobacco, and beer,
And long and loud his voice you might hear,
And the welkin far with his accents rung
When the "*Gaudeamus*" he nobly sung.
To become a thorough Bursch was his aim,
And he soon acquired quite a deathless fame,
And every one pointed him out to see
The model of what a student should be.
He hated the Philistines¹ worse than the devil,
Did them in all ways all sorts of evil,
Beat them sometimes in glorious fight,
Broke their windows often at night;
And, in spite of the rector's and beadle's frowning,
Was always the foremost in any renouncing.²
On fresh young foxes³ he loved a joke,
And laughed when they sickened in trying to smoke.
The most of his time he spent over his beer,
But, by way of a change, in the class would appear
About once in two months, so that no one could say
He was idle, or wasted his time away."

And so the author goes on describing the heroic life of a true German student; and then, as Hieronimus begins to fall short of money, we have a letter from him to his parents, giving a faithful account of his doings at College.

"Dear parents, with pain I am forced to avow
That I'm greatly in want of some money just now;
Do me the favour, then, I pray,
To send me a trifle as soon as you may;
That is, some thirty ducats or so,
For I don't wish to ask too much, you know,
Since everything is so dreadfully dear —
Then send, if you please, the money here.
Yes, everything, washing and lodging here,
Food and candles, is dreadfully dear,
And sundries of every kind almost;
So send the cash, by return of post.
I'm sure you cannot at all comprehend
What a lot of money I'm forced to spend,
What with books and with college fees, —
So send me the ducats, do, if you please.
I study tremendously every day —
So send me the thirty ducats, I pray,
As soon as you can, for I see, with woe,
That my money is running terribly low.
Linen and boots, and gloves and hose,
Shoemakers, tailors, washing and clothes,
Pens and ink, paper and pencils, too,
Cost very much, — send me the ducats, do.
The cash, which I hope will be speedily sent,
Shall be, I promise you, properly spent.
Yes, dear parents, I live, I swear,
With the very greatest prudence and care;
Whilst other students are drinking and bawling
I withdraw myself from their riotous bawling,
And alone with my books, in my study small,
I shut myself up, apart from them all.
Except the most needful clothing and food,
I've been saving in every way that I could,
And never drink anything stronger than tea,
For to waste your cash would be shocking to me.
The rest of the students, who revel and riot,
Begin quite to hate me for being so quiet,
Saying, 'Look, how the miser *sittes* there,
As if a parson already he were."

Yes, many a jest against me they devise,
But all their attacks I completely despise,
And the way that they all at my virtue rail —
But send me the ducats, do, without fail.
Every day ten hours I pass,
At the very least, in college and class;
And when from the college at length I come
I study the rest of the day at home."

He then goes on to describe the other occasions he has for additional supplies, such as that he has unfortunately torn his coat, and has been obliged to get a new one; he has also fallen dreadfully ill, and has been presented with unconscionable bills by his physician his apothecary, his nurse, and his confectioner; moreover, his medical adviser has insisted on his drinking wine every day, to correct the weakness of his stomach; and, to crown all, in his haste in ascending the college steps, he has tumbled down and broken his arm; the burden of the whole letter being the same, "Send me some more cash;" and he concludes —

"If you are well, and have leisure to write,
In hearing from you I shall greatly delight,
For with very great pleasure your letters I see
When they contain a remittance for me.
So, then, I think I may finish this letter.
My sister, by this time, I hope is much better.
To my mother and her I send both a buss,
And remain, your affectionate

Hieronimus.

In haste, I just add you a postscript here,
My truly honoured and very dear
Parents, I beg you truly
To send me the cash I have asked of you duly."

Then comes the paternal reply:—

"His father answered, 'My dearest boy,
I have received your epistle with joy;
And with very great pleasure indeed I've read
What of your health and behaviour you said.
But it gives me, my dearest, quite as much pain,
That your letter should ask me for money again.
With delight I hear what so clearly you tell,
That you study, and always behave so well.
But with all but delight it is I see
That you're asking for so much money from me.
Steady, my boy, you'll allow me to say,
(Permit me this observation, pray.)
That so much money cannot be needful
To one of expense that at all is heedful.
It is very true, as every one sees,
You must pay for books and college fees;
But with such a sum you could pay, adzooks!
For no end of classes and college books.
Board and lodging, I'm sure, cannot come,
With fire and washing, to any such sum;
And paper and pens, and pencils and ink,
May be bought for a very few groschen, I think.
I am also extremely delighted to hear,
That from wicked companions you keep yourself clear,
And sit in your chambers and study all day,
And love your books as much as you say.
Also, that tea is your only drink;
Still, however, I cannot but think,
That if, indeed, you drink nothing but tea,
You wouldn't require so much money from me.
If the rest, as you say, point at you as a miser,
I am glad to hear you are always the wiser;
Though the title of miser, methinks, is scarce due
To one who can spend so much money as you."

And so the unfortunate father goes on, commenting in turn on each of the extraordinary items of expense contained in his son's letter, the answering burden of the paternal epistle being, that no more money is to be asked for. The various sums now demanded, are, however, dispatched to him, and the letter concludes with the significant P.S. :—

"From you I am always delighted to hear,
But ask me for no more money, my dear."

(1) All who are not students.

(2) In plain English, "kicking up a row."

(3) Freshmen.

The period at length arrives when, his college studies being finished, our hero is to return home.

"For luggage, he hadn't a very large packet;
For, except a dagger, a sword, vest and jacket,
With the suit of clothes he bore on his back,
The never a thing he had to pack."

His books, and the rest of his property, have long since disappeared, to furnish out the necessary expenses of a real German student; and, in order to account for their absence, he determines to inform his parents that his trunks have been stolen on the road.

Thus fortified, he arrives at home, and presents himself, in true Burschen style, to his astonished parents, who do not recognise him.

"The rather, that no one could guess
Who he was in his student's dress.
An enormous hat, with a swinging feather,
Trowsers and waistcoat of yellow buck's leather,
A scanty doublet of greyish stuff,
Disguised our hero, the parson, enough.
His hair hung in rat's-tails about his throat;
He'd a beard in colour and length like a goat;
And around his waist, in a baldric slung,
A most enormous broadsword hung;
Whilst, besides his extremely martial bearing,
Breathling of slaughter and deadly daring,
At every sentence, more and more
The pious young clergyman cursed and swore."

His father, as may be supposed, is not a little scandalized at the appearance and conduct of the hopeful young candidate for holy orders; and not the less so, when he drinks up all the beer in the house, and empties the contents of the governor's tobacco-box in the course of the first evening. However, Hieronimus is at length led to see the folly of his ways,—he exchanges his merry-andrew accoutrements for a suit of decent clerical black, gives up swearing, and determines to "leave off sack, and live cleanly." All these changes improve him so much, that his father begins to re-entertain those hopes which his first appearance had so completely destroyed. These bright anticipations, too, are rendered yet brighter, by the excellence of a sermon which Hieronimus preaches as probationer; being one which he had stolen from a fellow-student before leaving college.

The fatal day, however, at length approaches, when our hero's final examination for holy orders is to take place, and he appears before a committee of clergymen, appointed to inquire into his fitness. The names and qualifications of the examiners are given at considerable length, quite in the style of Homer's list of the ships; and then they proceed to open the University certificate, which runs something as follows:—

"It is now, I think, three years or better,
Since the bearer of this my letter,
Mr. Hieronimus Jobsius,
Was here Theologus Studiosus.
Wishing now to depart from our care,
He has asked for this writing from me; and therefore
In virtue of my said station,
I give the aforesaid my signed attestation.
He has, I think, to the best of my knowledge,
Attended at least once a quarter in college.
Whether he studied in private or no,
His examination perhaps will show;
For upon this matter I can't, I protest,
In the slightest degree in this writing attest.
As to how he behaved him, if ill or well,
I'm sorry I haven't much good to tell;
But Christian charity bids me be still,
For fear I should speak of him undeserved ill.
For the rest, I am sure, I may truly say,
That I heartily wish him safely away;
And pray that Heaven may always preserve,
And grant him all happiness he may deserve."

The reading of this certificate of diligence at college,

of course does not produce a very favourable impression towards the young candidate; but the examination proceeds:—

"The learned Inspector began the first,
Hawked four times, as if like to burst,
Stroked down his paunch, and hawked again,
Coughed four times also, and asked him then—
'I, as, at present, pro tempore Inspector,
And of the present committee Director,
Ask of you—Quid sit Episcopus?'
To whom at once Hieronimus:—
'A Bishop is, I rather think,
An extremely pleasant species of drink,
Made of wine and of lemons and sugar well plied,
And an excellent tipple to warm one's inside.'
At this reply of the candidate Jobs,
All the Examiners shook their nobles.
First the Inspector said—'Hem! hem!'
And then the rest, secundum ordinem.
Then the Assessor commenced in his turn:—
'Mr. Candidate Jobs, I should like to learn
Who the holy Apostles were?'
Hieronimus boldly answered there:—
'They call by this name the glasses so clear,
From which the students drink wine and beer;
And many a jolly good Bursch that I know,
Will finish a dozen Apostles or so.'
At this reply of the Candidate, &c.
The good Mr. Kruger then took up the text,
And said, 'Mr. Candidate, tell me next
Who was the sainted Augustin?'
At once Hieronimus answered him:—
'I have never read nor heard
Of any Augustine, upon my word,
But the college bawle, who got me a lecture
Many a time from the learned Pro-rector.'
At this reply, &c.
Mr. Plotz was the next one there;
He asked, 'Mr. Candidate, how many were
Concilia œcumenica?'
Hieronimus answered him—'Ah, ha!
I was often cited, when I was at college,
Before the Council; but, in all my knowledge,
No Council ever addressed to me
A single word on economy.'
At this reply, &c."

And so they go on asking various questions, all of which Hieronimus answers in the same way, with romances of his college life and college slang; and all of them, of course, with about the same amount of success. But—

"For brevity's sake, my reader I'll spare
The rest of the questions they put to him there;
But, at every reply of the Candidate Jobs,
All the Examiners shook their nobles.
First the Inspector said, 'Hem-hem!'
And then the rest, secundum ordinem."

Hieronimus is, of course, thoroughly plucked, and his prospects in life ruined. His father dies of vexation, after having delivered to him a long discourse on the folly of his conduct; and the hero of the epic, passing from one situation to another, finally ends his days as night-watchman in his native town. Such is a sketch of that grand comico-heroic poem, the *Jobiad*. Its excellence, in our eyes, is not very great; but it is curious, as a specimen of the comic writings of the Germans; a portion of their literature with which we are not much acquainted, and which, indeed, we could not at all enter into. Moreover, the object of the poem is good; and, as it appears to be admired in its own country, it is not impossible that it may be productive of benefit,—showing up, as it does, the absurdities of the Burschen system.

BLACK FRITZ.

CHAP. IV.

THE eight days were passed, and Luitgarde appeared again before Father Augustin. Through the visible surprise with which he received her there shone a mark of tranquil satisfaction, and he replied to her questions, whether he had well considered her project, and intended to aid her in its accomplishment, that something might be done—something even, perhaps, hoped for, as to the conversion of the captive, but—Luitgarde must make up her mind to go herself to him in the dungeon.

She was alarmed, but replied—"If there be no other way, I am even ready for that; and, as soon as you, honoured father, can assure me of discretion and silence, so that, except you and he, no one can learn anything of this hazardous step—"

"This I can do," replied the father.

"Name, then, the day and hour."

"But, you are really in earnest?"

"It is my firm resolution; I will do what I can to save his soul. I will, for his love, which I have so badly recompensed, give this as a compensation."

The features of the father brightened up more and more as he observed Luitgarde's fixed purpose, and the visit was appointed for the next day but one.

With the necessary precaution, and fully disguised, they proceeded on their way. The nearer Luitgarde came to the miserable spot, the more her whole frame was violently agitated. Father Augustin prepared her for what she was to find; a deep, dark, subterranean dungeon,—the prisoner bound hand and foot with heavy chains, lying on his hard couch, through which the chains passed down, and were attached underneath by an enormous lock. Through long, dark passages—by close, grated apertures, out of which proceeded the clank of chains, imprecations of rage, or deep groans,—pale and tottering, she followed her leader. Now the way led down a narrow staircase; the turnkey opened, with a rustling noise, a creaking iron door,—and they were on the spot.

An ice-cold current blew from the damp and gloomy abode. The father went forward; he addressed the captive, who, lying on his face, did not even once turn his eyes towards the persons entering, and said to him in a friendly tone,—*"Fritz, thou hast longed to see the well-known person; if thou wilt be persuaded of her innocence—here she is."*—At these words, he seized the veil, which Luitgarde from anguish and sorrow had forgotten to raise up.

"Art thou she?" exclaimed the prisoner. "Thou comest into this abode of horror and wretchedness!" He gazed on her awhile, half tranquil, half irritated; gradually his features took a darker expression, and with a laugh of bitter mockery, said he,—*"Art thou meditating some new deceit? Wilt thou draw out still more from me, in order to betray me to my torturers? It is not necessary; I am ready to die, I have no wish to escape."*

"Thou art silent!" continued the captive; "thou art silent! I see how it is with thee." And now he broke out into bitter scornful reproaches against her for her falsehood, while a strange passion, partly furious and overbearing, partly tender and fervent, unveiled itself in these complaints, and allowed Luitgarde to see to the very bottom of a heart which was entirely given up to her, and which had for a long time been dear to her. She wept gently, which gradually disarmed him; and, as he became calm, she drew near to him, and said, "Victorin, I am still innocent, however appearances may be against me; listen to me!"—and she related to him now the affair of the robbers, the sensation which this story excited, and the inevitable demand of the chancellor for the ring; and while she spoke, the tears streamed from her eyes.

"Is it possible," exclaimed the captive, "that you

do not hate me? Does there still exist a voice in your heart which speaks for me?"

She raised her head, and through her tears looked at him earnestly and tenderly, while she replied, "I wish you well from my heart; it was the same from the first moment I learned to know you; and I tell you, as truly as I wish for you and for myself eternal happiness, I am innocent of your betrayal."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed he aloud—"but, alas! alas! what have I done! I have calumniated you. God cannot be merciful to me!" He fell down on his face, and his heart heaved with fearful convulsion.

Luitgarde placed her hand on his shoulder; "Victorin!" said she, with deep emotion, "believe me, God is infinitely good, and long-suffering; and if you, a weak and dying being, can forgive me by whom you believe yourself injured, shall not the all-merciful Father forgive his fallen and repentant child?"

Father Augustin now came forward; with all the force of holy truth—with all the knowledge of the human heart—and with all the persuasion of his high mission—he penetrated irresistibly into the soul of the wretched man. He struck at that heart which was still capable of many beautiful sentiments, and, at length, he succeeded in melting its hardened covering. The captive raised himself up; Luitgarde saw his face bathed in tears. "And do you believe—do you really believe, honoured father," said he, deeply affected, "that God can still pardon me—me, so corrupt and hardened a sinner?"

The worthy priest rapidly seized on these expressions; he developed the immeasurable extent of the divine mercy; he quoted all the places in holy books which promise pardon to the repentant sinner. Victorin's tears flowed more abundantly. "O God! O God!" exclaimed he at last, and flung himself on his knee, from his bed, *"canst thou forgive me?"* At this moment, the sun passed over the grating of the prison, and shot down a clear light on the kneeling captive.

"Surely, thou art heard—thou art forgiven!" exclaimed Luitgarde, in a holy inspiration.

"May God give you strength, my son!" said the priest, putting his hand on the young man's head.

Luitgarde sunk on his breast. "Ah! this angel in my arms!" said he, "do I dare presume to look at you? O God! pardon thy contrite—thy despairing child!"

A deep and holy, though humble, tranquillity lit up the countenance of a fallen sinner, on his return to his divine Redeemer. When the three persons had recovered from their emotion, Father Augustin said to Luitgarde, "Now, my young lady, I shall accompany you out of this place, for I must speak alone with him;" to which Luitgarde silently yielded.

"I dare still once more, before my death, hope to see you, noble young lady!" said the captive, respectfully, but with evident anguish.

She held out her hand to him in tears; "I shall see you again, Victorin; we are not separated." The priest led her out.

Victorin's repentance was not the passing feeling of the moment. It gradually advanced under the wise guidance of Father Augustin. His obstinate deportment towards his judge now disappeared; he acknowledged his guilt, he claimed no indulgence, he wished to die; only one goal appeared to him worth wishing for in this world,—the possession of the woman whom he loved above everything else—of her, who awoke long before in his callous heart the first movement of a nobler nature; and she was, through his guilt, for ever removed from him.

Luitgarde, like Victorin, had resigned herself to her destiny; even to her, it was clear that he must die. But, although her mind was made up for that event, yet one thing pressed anxiously upon her mind, namely, the clearing up of Victorin's birth. She admitted the priest into her secret; and, after many consultations, it

was at last decided that the latter should write to the Count von Lansky, send the ring to him, and communicate to him the recollections of the prisoner from his childhood, and other presumptions, and then await his decision. Victorin was to know nothing beforehand of this communication. The reply soon came back. Paternal anxiety and hope—paternal joy and pain, were in opposition with each other in it; still it left everything undecided, much to hope, still more to fear. But the count himself would come to Prague, and, in the mean time, Father Augustin was to examine the captive more closely, and prepare him for his arrival. He did so. All that Victorin related—all the glimmering recollections upon which he dwelt—the value the good collier's wife, his nurse, put upon the seal ring—the consideration which she secretly sought to impress him with for it, as for his most valuable possession—stray words which he heard fall from his nurse and her husband, in the Saxon mountains, all agreed completely with Luitgarde's conjectures. At length, Father Augustin ventured to disclose to him the probable secret of his birth, and of his rank.

He was beside himself at the intelligence. Pride and despair, joy and overwhelming sorrow, tore his breast; and the thought of having found, perhaps, in the last moments of a life condemned and devoted to the executioner's axe, a splendid birth, a father, and a noble lady, dear to his heart—in short, everything which can give value to existence, to lose all these blessings in a few days, was a greater burden than his mental and bodily strength could endure. He fell under it; a wasting fever seized him, and the worthy father saw, not without a mixture of satisfaction, the approach of a welcome death, which should spare the captive the last soul-harrowing steps, and the open disgrace.

At the priest's earnest solicitations, the patient was brought into a healthier room, the heavy bonds were changed for lighter, and he was attended to with greater care; his well-preserved youth withstood the violence of disease, and, as his strength returned, the impetuosity of his spirit was subdued. As soon as he came to himself, capable of some recollection, and saw the priest enter, he held out to him his hand, with a quiet and gentle mien, and spoke; "Now, Father Augustin, I have found it; now I am at rest! O, pardon the pain, the sorrow I have caused you!"

"And, my child, what have you found?" asked the holy man.

"Ah! a thread which shall lead me, honoured father, from the labyrinth of my despair, and of my corruption!" And he went on to develop, with a kind of noble elevation, the thought that God had so wonderfully led him, and brought him back to himself at the very end of his earthly career.

Joyous and tranquil, the good old man proceeded by his exhortations to strengthen his disciple in his pious thoughts and resolutions, and presently repaired to Luitgarde, in order to make her a report of all. Scarcely had he arrived, when the door opened, and a man of middle age, of tall and noble presence, entered the room.

"Gracious heavens! Count Lansky!" exclaimed Luitgarde.

The count stood still with amazement! "You know me, noble lady? I do not know that I ever—"

Luitgarde blushed deeply. "Pardon, count, we presumed—we knew—"

"Is my friend Martinitz at home?"

"He has gone to meet his son, who is expected in a few days; I am his niece, and this clergyman is Father Augustin."

The count went up to the father, and silently, but with great emotion, shook him by the hand. He then looked fully at Luitgarde—"Tell me candidly, how you recognised me at the first glance."

"If I am to tell the truth, an evident unerring resemblance—"

"With the robber chief?" said the count, warmly. "Oh so then, it must indeed be true! Am I then to have found a long-bewailed and only son for no other purpose than to see the disgrace of my family in him."

The priest came forward, and sought to alleviate that painful sentiment, whilst he represented to the count the admirable deportment, the pious devotion, of the unhappy man. He listened, absorbed in deep reflection; then he turned towards Luitgarde, and said, "And you, young lady, what may be your name?"

"Luitgarde Branow—"

"This cannot be! Surely everything unites to drive me to despair! You are Miss Branow, the daughter of the sister of Count Martinitz?"

Luitgarde bowed affirmatively.

"Yes, these are her eyes! so looked Adelheid, such was her stature. O, heavens! and do you know what fate was intended for you?"

She replied with a heavy sigh, and said, "I know, count; I have long had some knowledge of it."

"And do you abhor him whom the wretched parents had destined for you?"

Luitgarde's tears burst out, but, presently composing herself, she related to the count everything, from the first occurrence on the banks of the Moldaw, up to her last visit to him in the dungeon. Count Lansky listened to her with nervous agitation; by degrees, his indignant spirit melted into tenderer sentiments; paternal sympathy, and a deep sorrow at the noble qualities which a hostile fate had destroyed, took their place in his heart. At last he rose up with tears in his eyes, and said, "Now, if it then be true, and I am to find again in the prisoner my lost child, let us go to him. Of all things, a torturing uncertainty is borne with the greatest difficulty; and I do not know whether I should fear most at having no son, or at seeing him again such as he is. Conduct me to him, Father Augustin; and you, noble lady, daughter of the unforgotten friend of my youth, are you still so kind as to accompany us?"

They went; Father Augustin opened the door of the high-vaulted, fast-grated apartment, in which, however, cleanliness and friendly daylight agreeably greeted them as they entered. Luitgarde, with a high-beating heart, remained outside the half-opened door, in order not to interrupt the affecting scene. The captive stood up from the table, at which he was reading a pious book. He went to meet the priest, as far as his chains permitted, and kissed him with respectful joy. The paleness of his features, the slowness of his movements, bore testimony to what he had suffered, and drew towards him the sympathies of the beholders.

"This is an envoy from the Count von Lansky," said the priest, "who is come to ask you for the circumstances of your early history, and your recollections; you know of what importance the truth of your declaration is in this matter."

Victorin bowed in silence, whilst he placed his hand on his breast; and a sudden emotion appeared to seize him, at the look of the stranger, and at the name of his supposed father.

Even the old count regarded him with evident embarrassment. When he began to speak, he scrutinised him severely, and even with some hardness in his tone and look. The captive replied respectfully and gently. The harshness in the count's manner diminished gradually, as his attention became fixed on the wretched man, in whose form and deportment no common mind, nothing ignoble was expressed; but his embarrassment augmented with every proof which the prisoner exhibited, and at last he gave way to a deep internal struggle.

"All, all is accurate," he exclaimed, sorrowfully; "still one only mark remains to decide on the misery and shame of an aged nobleman."

Victorin became pale, and retreated.

"The lost son of the Count Lansky must have a scar

on his forehead, from a heavy fall he had in the fourth year of his age. Have you that?"

A rapid glow passed over the countenance of the victim; he drew, with trembling hand, the dark lock of hair from the upper part of his forehead, and the scar appeared.

"Just heaven, it is he! he is my son!" exclaimed the count, with heart-piercing accents; raised both his hands before his face, and, with violent emotion, turned away from his now discovered son.

"My father! oh, my father!" exclaimed Victorin; he stretched out his arms, and pale, with faltering steps, retired, as he saw his repugnant gesture. Father Augustin went up to him to support him; but, at that moment, Luitgarde, who, at the last words, unobserved, had approached nearer, sprang forwards. She embraced him with both her arms, and exclaimed, "And if your father rejects you, if all the world abandons you, I do not abandon you! I am yours—unalterably yours!"

The unhappy man gazed at her with looks of deepest tenderness, and sunk powerless in her and Father Augustin's arms; they placed him on his bed of straw, they exerted themselves to arouse his still living spirit. The old count sternly turned towards the group; he saw the death-pale youth who bore his features, who was his only son, as one dying in strangers' arms. The father's heart was deeply affected; he ran towards him, embraced him in tears, and exclaimed, "He is still my son! my only, my beloved child! Awake, awake, my Victorin, my son!"

The count leant forward to raise him up, and pressed him in his arms, to his paternal heart. Luitgarde and Father Augustin remained stationary, weeping and praying in silence; but after some time the storm of excited feelings was allayed, and they were able to converse together upon their position. Victorin related calmly and frankly his history. When he came to the period of his robber life, he implored his father to permit him to pass it over; and he ardently protested that, since he saw Luitgarde the first time, his hand had shed no blood, and a resolution to separate himself from his associates, to renounce the life of a bandit, and to render himself worthy of the object of his affections, had grown up powerfully in his breast.

His father, deeply moved, listened attentively to the recital; the thought, whether it might not be possible to save the only child, in whom a noble and now repentant heart was mirrored, awoke in him with greater force, and increased with every evidence of the altered mind of the prisoner. He would go to Vienna, throw himself at the feet of Ferdinand, and implore from him the pardon of the victim. Victorin, however, rejected this proposal—he had no wish, he said, to live; the recollections of his breast were too painful; he looked on death as but the just award of God's offended justice, and of outraged social duties. But he implored his father to avail himself of his rank and connexions to procure for him a more speedy and less opprobrious death, without torture, and by the sword of the executioner of justice.

When Count Lansky and Luitgarde came to the house, the uncle and his son had also arrived. Martinitz met the early friend of his youth with joy and surprise. Explanations took place. The unhappy circumstance of Luitgarde's position between Frederick and Victorin—the destruction of hopes, which were long and ardently nourished—sympathy with his son's unfortunate position, at first produced discontent in the heart of Martinitz. But his better judgment gradually gained the ascendancy. He recognised the influence of a higher destiny, which mocks at the plans and hopes of men; he had nothing to object to the validity of Luitgarde's first engagement, which was the ardent desire of his dying sister; he could not condemn the force of a passion which showed itself true and steady from the first moment of recognition, amidst dangers, suspicion,

and separation, and as one which had been preserved in the hearts like a pre-ordained union.

Thus did he yield to Count Lansky's representations; he himself spoke to Frederick, and represented to him as decided what he had already on his journey here thought it right to prepare him for.

Meanwhile, Victorin's sentence was passed; and it was announced to him that he was to die on the third morning. Luitgarde was informed of it with discretion. At this moment her long-supported strength gave way; she recovered late from a deep swoon, but she became acquainted with the short time she had to enjoy with her friend on earth: she exerted all her strength, and implored from her uncle only the permission to pass the last days with the beloved of her infancy, with the man to whom her blessed mother destined her, in the society of Father Augustin.

Count Martinitz shook his head. Victorin heard of this project with ecstatic gratitude. His father, in tears, embraced Luitgarde, and Count Martinitz allowed himself to be persuaded to accompany his niece, and at the same time make the acquaintance of the unhappy son of his friend, who had caused in the world, and in his house, so much disturbance.

He entered the chamber of the prisoner with a pre-determined constraint. Victorin was now, since his condemnation, better and more kindly treated, according to his usual habits, and dressed, according to his wish, simply but suitably to his birth and station, in which the humility of the repentant sinner was mixed with the sense of noble rank. The quiet deportment, the bearing of the contrite and unhappy man, touched even him; he embraced the once-hated person with a hearty warmth, and assured him of his full pardon. Luitgarde, Count Lansky, and Father Augustin passed this and the following day entirely with Victorin.

Luitgarde held up with all her strength, although internally she felt too well the influence of the long and harassing excitement, and foresaw what would happen when the decisive moment should arrive. On the second evening—it was that before the day of execution—after she and Count Lansky had taken the last farewell, and Victorin, like a dying man, dismissed her, calm, pious, and resigned, she sank down in the passage, before his door. She was carried, without consciousness, to her home, to her bed, and did not recover during the whole frightful night from her swoon.

Next morning Father Augustin, with deep sorrow and holy tenderness, accompanied his converted son upon the last sad journey. Victorin was prepared—occupied with God and the momentous event now near at hand, he advanced tranquilly and steadily through the staring multitude, who, by words and tears, showed their sympathy for him, on account of his beauty, his youth, and his evident repentance. At the place of execution he gave to his spiritual father the last holy kiss for his father and for his beloved, his eyes were bound, and in a few minutes his soul stood before God, who penetrates the acts and intentions, circumstances and relations of mortal man, more clearly than weak human beings can, and for His Son's sake judges them in mercy.

At the same moment Luitgarde recovered from her swoon. "It is passed!" she exclaimed: "O, Victorin, let me come to thee!"

Her heart was broken; she lingered some time longer—but, in a few weeks, sorrow had slowly snapped all the threads of a blooming, youthful life. About two months after Victorin's death, and about the same hour of the morning in which he died, she gently and serenely expired, the pious father having administered to her the last consolations of the Church, and having strengthened and supported her to the last with his holy counsels.

THE ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU,

ONE OF THE BERNESE ALPS.

PART II.¹

THE party left at The Repose the greater part of their provisions, and carried with them only a little bread and wine, some meteorological instruments, and articles of different kinds; amongst others, a ladder, a hatchet and a cord. At 10 o'clock they set foot on the first plateau of snow, and were disappointed to find that it was neither sufficiently compact, nor covered with a crust thick enough, to bear walking on, so that they sunk very deep, in some places up to the knee. The fissures were frequent where the declivities were steep. Some of them were nearly a hundred feet wide, but not very continuous, so that our travellers were able to go round them; or they were concealed beneath the snow, in which case the greatest caution was required to avoid danger. On this account they advanced slowly, and, in spite of all precautions, some of the party sank down, but without sustaining any injury. In this way they scaled many terraces, and always directing their course westward, arrived at a vast expanse, commanded on all sides by mighty peaks, the highest of which was the Jungfrau. "Here," M. Desor remarks, "we saw nothing but insurmountable difficulties on all sides; on the right, vertical precipices; on the left, masses of ice which threatened to crush us by their fall; and in front the great fissure, to all appearance impassable, so widely did it yawn. I could not avoid asking Jacob in what direction we were to ascend; but he refused to answer my question, contenting himself with saying, that we had only to follow him with all confidence, and that, for himself, he already saw the road we should take."

It was nearly mid-day when the route was resumed. The heat was excessive, and the guides, in order to refresh themselves, placed handfuls of snow on the napes of their necks. Many of the party did the same, and found benefit from it, notwithstanding the apparent danger; but in these elevated regions the body is much more independent of hurtful influences than in the plain. The reflection of the light from the snow was so intense as to be almost insupportable without wearing a veil; but this renders the footsteps less secure, and increases the heat of the face. The party reached the great fissure above referred to, after surmounting a fourth terrace. It is a gulf of unknown depth, opening upon the declivity of the last terrace but one, and penetrating somewhat obliquely into the snow; its breadth is nowhere less than ten feet, so that a ladder is required for crossing it. Immediately above the great fissure the terrace was fearfully steep for a space of about thirty feet; and the snow which had hitherto been very loose, now became so hard that the guides were obliged to cut steps. Jacob and Jann ascended first, and then let down a rope to the rest of the party to assist them in mounting this perilous path. In this way they all arrived safely at the upper terrace, where they were able to walk with comparative ease.

They had not advanced far before another fissure opposed their progress. It penetrated like the

former obliquely into the mass of snow, so that one of its walls was thinner than the other, and ran beneath it, a circumstance which rendered the passage more difficult. A new danger here met them, which is thus described. "As Agassiz, Jacob, Jann, and I, had gone a little in advance, while our companions were still engaged in climbing the first ascent, I proposed that we should wait for them, that we might at least get the rope. Jacob thought we could pass it well enough without this precaution. In fact, he found a place where the fissure was sufficiently narrow to allow him to stride over it; after having done so, he stretched out his hand, and assisted us to do the same. While three of us were standing on the edge of the northern lip of the fissure, we suddenly heard a dull crackling noise beneath us; at the same time the mass of snow on which we stood sunk about a foot. The guide Jann was at this moment on the other side, and upon seeing what had happened, he was so alarmed that he cried out to us—'For heaven's sake, return quickly!' Jacob, on the contrary, far from allowing himself to be disconcerted, told him instantly to hold his tongue, and making a sign to us to follow him, he continued the ascent at a quickened pace, repeating in his Haslian dialect—'It's nothing at all; always go forward!'

"Although we had great experience in glaciers, and were familiarized with the dangers they present, I must, however, confess that at this moment I felt my heart beat quicker than usual; but such was our confidence in our guide, that we hesitated not an instant in following him." Jacob afterwards explained the cause of their alarm to be nothing more than a layer of fresh snow sinking down upon an older layer, and mentioned more than one example of his having found the surface sink many feet under him.

At two o'clock the party arrived at the Col de Rott-thal, a wild, disrupted valley, covered with mists, which prevented them from noticing its features, celebrated as it is over the country as the abode of turbulent spirits, known under the name of *Seigneurs du Rott-thal*. The party rested for awhile before they encountered the last peak, which seemed likely to be the most difficult of ascent. From the Col where they stood, its height was estimated at from 800 to 1,000 feet. The ground was covered with compact ice, in which the guides were obliged to cut very deep steps, so that the progress was slow, sometimes not amounting to more than fifteen steps in a quarter of an hour. The cold was here very severely felt, and in the most difficult part of the ascent they were suddenly enveloped in a thick mist. The precipices were frightful, and the path was well calculated to alarm every one who had not full confidence in his head and legs; for the uppermost ridge is nearly in the form of the section of a cone, with vertical sides. They ascended in a straight line without any zig-zag, so that if by mischance one of them fell down, it would not have been impossible for the others to draw him up. They walked on the edge of the ridge, because the ice in that place was less hard; but by this arrangement they had the precipice constantly under their eyes, being separated from it only by a slanting roof of snow, the breadth of which varied from one to three feet. The poles of the travellers often penetrated through this snow roof, and they were thus enabled, every

¹ (1) Concluded from page 36.

time the fog dispersed for a moment, to look down through the hole made by the pole into the bottom of the great circus at their feet. Far from dissuading them from this, the guides encouraged all to do it who were free from giddiness, as an excellent means of giving them confidence. All at once the veil of clouds which concealed the mountain rose, as if touched by the perseverance of the party, and the Jungfrau displayed itself to their admiring eyes in all the beauty of its wild and majestic forms.

After ascending for some time in the same direction, the party suddenly turned to the left, traversing the inclined surface of a semi-cone until they arrived at a place where the naked rock was exposed, and where they saw, as if by enchantment, at the distance of a few paces, the summit of the mountain, which hitherto seemed to recede in proportion as it was approached. Of the thirteen who formed the party on leaving the cottages of Mæril, eight reached the top of the mountain. These were Messrs. Agassiz, Forbes, Du Châtelier, and Desor, accompanied by four of the guides. About ten feet below the highest peak is a small elbow, and on reaching this they saw, with some alarm, that the space which separated them from the real summit was a sharp ridge, in some places ten, in others eight, or six, inches broad, by a length of about twenty feet, while the declivities on the right and left had an inclination of from sixty to seventy degrees. Nearly all the party except Jacob were of opinion that the actual summit could not be reached, but, laying aside the articles he was carrying, Jacob began to advance, passing the pole over the ridge, so as to have the latter under his right arm, and walked along the west side, where he endeavoured to make solid steps by treading down the snow as much as possible with his feet. A few minutes were sufficient to enable him to gain the summit.

So much assurance and coolness gave courage to the party, and, when the guide returned, no one any longer thought of staying behind. Jacob took M. Agassiz by the hand, and conducted him without difficulty to the summit. It is a kind of triangle, about two feet long by a foot-and-a-half broad, which has its base turned towards the Swiss plain. M. Desor thus describes the feelings of the party on actually attaining the summit:—

"As there was room for only one person at a time, we went by turns. Agassiz remained upon it for nearly five minutes, and when he rejoined us, I saw that he was greatly agitated; in fact, he confessed to me that he had never experienced so much emotion. It was now my turn: I found no difficulty in the transit; but when I was on the summit I could not prevent myself, any more than Agassiz, from giving way to great emotion at a spectacle of such overpowering grandeur. I remained only a few minutes; long enough, however, to remove any fear that the panorama of the Jungfrau will ever be effaced from my memory. After examining attentively the most prominent points of this unique picture, I hastened to rejoin Agassiz, for I feared lest an impression so powerful should deprive me of my usual confidence. I had need of grasping the hand of a friend, and I venture to say that I never felt so happy in my life as when I had seated myself by his side on the snow. I believe that both of us would have wept had we dared; but a man's tears ought to be modest, and we were not alone; and such is the strength of the

habits which society makes us contract, that, at twelve thousand feet, there was still a regard to etiquette. Messrs. Forbes and du Châtelier visited the summit in their turn, and I have reason to know that they were not less touched than we. Indeed, he who could remain indifferent at such a spectacle would be unworthy of contemplating it."

"Amid yon mountains far descried,

With ice eternal crown'd,

'Mid glaciers spreading far and wide

A frozen ocean round;

'Mid floods that from unfathom'd caves

Sent up the voice of viewless waves,

Where at the thunder's awful peal

Th' o'erheating avalanche bursts, and rocks beneath it reel.

"Mid these, that spake Jehovah's might,

Where nature felt her God,

My spirit wing'd a loftier flight,

My foot devoutlier trod,

Than where ambitious art display'd

Her pomp, her pillar'd colonnade,

And genius, 'mid adoring Rome,

Earth's stateliest temple crown'd, and pois'd in air the dome."

From the summit of the Jungfrau the outlines of the distant mountains were by no means accurately defined; but, had they been so, they would probably not long have engaged the attention of our travellers, so fascinated were they by the spectacle presented in the immediate neighbourhood. Before them lay extended the Swiss plain, and at their feet the anterior chains were piled up in stages, and seemed, by their apparent uniformity, still further to increase the size of the mighty peaks which rose almost to the level on which the observers now stood. At the same time the valleys of the Oberland, which shortly before were shrouded in thin mists, could be descried in many places, and thus, to a certain extent, the lower world could be contemplated through the openings. On the right the valley of Grindenwald, with its glaciers, could be distinguished; on the left, in the depth, an immense crevice, and at the bottom of the latter, a shining thread which followed its windings; this was the valley of Lauterbrunnen, with the Lutschinnen. But, above all, the Eiger and Mönch attracted attention. It was difficult to form an idea as to what these summits were, which seemed nearer heaven than earth, when seen from the plain. Here the observers looked down upon them from above, and from no very considerable distance. Opposite, on the western side, rose another peak, less colossal but more beautiful; its sides, entirely covered with snow, obtained for it the name of Silberhorn, or Silverpeak. In the same direction were observed many other peaks, alike crowned with snow. These summits, many of which have as yet obtained no name, form, as it were, the immediate attendants upon the Jungfrau, which rises like a queen in the midst of them.

In an eastern direction were mountain-masses of great extent, and more savage character, one of which, the Finsteraarhorn, (13,428 feet,) is the highest mountain in Switzerland, and the only one which rose above the level of the Jungfrau (12,870 feet).

On the southern side the view was intercepted by the clouds, which had been collected for some hours on the chain of Mount Rosa. But this disappointment was more than compensated by a very extraordinary phenomenon, thus described:—

"We were beginning to fear that the mists would

envelope us a second time, when they suddenly stopped at some feet from us, no doubt from the effect of a current of air from the plain, which prevented them from extending further in this direction. Thanks to this circumstance, we found ourselves suddenly in the presence of a vertical wall of mist, the height of which was estimated at 12,000 feet at least, for it penetrated to the bottom of the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and rose many thousand feet above our heads. As the temperature was below the freezing point, the minute drops of mist were transformed into crystals of ice, which reflected in the sun all the colours of the rainbow; one would have said that it was a mist of gold sparkling around us. It was a spectacle at once terrible and attractive."

On returning to the elbow or projecting angle already noticed, Jacob poured out a glass of wine for each one of the party, and they drank with great feeling "to the welfare of Switzerland." The party then reposed for a short time on the snow in order to contemplate, as naturalists, the surrounding spectacle. The Jungfrau, apparently so compact when viewed from Berne and Interlaken, does not form a continuous mass, but is composed of a series of ridges drawn up one behind another, and separated by deep cuts or valleys. These ridges are arranged according to their height, so that the first, or that nearest the plain, is the least elevated, and the last the highest.

A number of observations were made respecting the forms and other characters of the neighbouring mountains. The thermometer indicated 26° Fahr. in the shade, but so engrossed were the observers with their subject, that they did not feel the cold.¹ The sky above was perfectly clear, and of so deep a blue that it approached to black; they endeavoured to discover the stars which at great heights are said to be visible during the day, but they did not succeed. They were much surprised to discover on the surface of the exposed rock, as well as on the fragments detached from it, many lichens in a very fresh state, some of which occupied a surface of many inches in diameter. A hawk was seen hovering in the air above the heads of the party, whose presence apparently excited its curiosity, for it described many circles around them.

Many discordant accounts have been given respecting the influence of the air, in elevated situations, on the human frame. M. Desor says:—"During the whole time we were on the summit, and also during the ascent, we experienced none of those occurrences, such as nausea, bleeding at the nose, ringing of the ears, acceleration of the pulse, and so many inconveniences which those who have ascended Mont Blanc tell us they were subject to. Must we ascribe this to the difference of 1,500 feet which there is between the height of Mont Blanc and that of the Jungfrau? Or, rather, should we not seek the cause in the habit we had contracted while living for many weeks at the height of nearly 8,000 feet? But it ought to be remarked, that M. du Châtelier, who had been among the mountains for only a few days, was not more affected than we." M. Desor is inclined to believe that there is some degree of exaggeration in all that has been said on the subject; and that some travellers

have, perhaps, allowed their imagination to deceive them, like those medical students who fancy themselves every day to be affected with the malady their professor has been describing.

"We could not quit the summit of the Jungfrau without leaving some traces of our visit; and, as we had not brought a flag with us, it was determined that we should employ M. Agassiz's pole for this purpose, as it happened to be the longest. For my part, I was willing to sacrifice my cravat, and was about to attach it to the end of the pole; but one of the guides, lamenting the fate of the cravat, which he doubtless thought too pretty to be delivered up to the fury of the tempests, asked leave to substitute his pocket-handkerchief for it. We thus managed, by means of a travelling-pole of fir and a purple-coloured rag, to manufacture a flag, which Jacob fixed on the summit we had just left. He drove the pole nearly two feet into the hard snow, so that it rose only two feet and a half above the surface."

At four o'clock the party were ready to descend. The ascent had been sufficiently painful, and it was feared the descent would be still more so. The slope was too great to admit of walking in the usual manner, and the party were forced to descend backwards. "I confess," says M. Desor, "that the first few steps gave me some uneasiness; for, as Agassiz and I had no guides before us to direct our feet, we were obliged to look constantly between our legs to find the steps, which made the steepness appear much more giddy. But in a few moments we recovered ourselves: and such was the regularity of the steps, that, after a few hundred paces, we knew them by the touch of our legs, and had no need of looking at the place where we set our feet. The slope, however, was always nearly the same, varying between 40° and 45°, according to Mr. Forbes's repeated measurements; that is to say, nearly equal to that of the roofs of our Gothic cathedrals." In spite of this excessive steepness, the party reached the Col de Rott-thal in about an hour. They crossed in safety the crevice near which the sinking of the surface took place during the ascent, and also the great fissure. They had only some platforms of snow to descend in order to rejoin the rest of the party at The Repose. They had now gained so much assurance in the descent that they ran rather than walked; no longer paying any regard to fissures, although they were perhaps more treacherous than in the morning, for the sun had softened the snow during the day. Jacob did not cease to recommend caution, repeating, "Gently, gently," with the same calmness as when he ascended.

They reached The Repose at six o'clock, having accomplished in two hours a distance which it had occupied six to ascend. They all sat down on the snow with a vigorous appetite, to refresh themselves with some meat and wine. The first glass was offered by Agassiz to Jacob, the captain of the party; his health was drunk by every one in turn with much heartiness, for it was obvious to all that without him they would never have reached the summit.

Six leagues were still between them and the cottages, and that part of the glacier most abounding in fissures had to be crossed after nightfall; but no one seemed to be annoyed at this; and besides, the moon was about to rise, and the clouds had almost entirely disappeared from the horizon.

(1) The party were forced to set out without taking that most essential instrument, the barometer. During their abode on the glacier of the Aar they had broken three barometers; the fourth was imperfect, and they had no means of getting them repaired.

They traversed with accelerated pace the three leagues of névé which succeed the plateaux of snow, for the surface was smooth and regular. Scarcely had night fallen when the moon rose opposite to them, directly in the axis of the glacier, so that the whole of this great river of ice was uniformly illuminated, and reflected a light so much the more pleasant after the painful light of the sun by day.

On entering the region of fissures, the party formed into a file by means of the rope, for, although the moonshine was very clear, the light was not sufficient to enable them to distinguish with certainty the old snow from that recently fallen. At each step one or other of the party was obliged to retire from a crevice, and, after a few slight accidents, they succeeded in getting over this unpleasant part of the course.

At about nine o'clock they suddenly heard the cry of a shepherd. "Bravo! it is our Valaisan!" exclaimed they. This man had been ordered, on leaving the cottages, to start at six o'clock with provisions to meet the party. After having exchanged with him some of those shrill and piercing sounds which the mountaineers can make to penetrate to the distance of leagues, the party perceived that he was on the left side, so that before they could join him they had to cross a considerable part of the glacier. The brave fellow was laden like a mule; for, in addition to the provisions which he was told to carry, he had brought a quantity of excellent new milk, still warm. "This was unquestionably the most delightful refreshment that he could have offered to us, and almost every one left the wine for the milk. We seated ourselves in a circle round our Amphitryon, taking draughts in turns from his immense vessel, till it was nearly empty. This was the most picturesque repast, and at the same time one of the most grateful, I have ever enjoyed."

Nearly three leagues remained to complete the journey; but, with the exception of some fissures, the road was easy, and the party at length arrived on the banks of Lake Mairil. Here they made their last halt, in order to admire a singular spectacle. The blocks of floating ice which swam on the surface had a most alluring effect when seen by the beautiful light of the moon. At the same time the section of the glacier in the back-ground appeared like an immense wall of crystal; and what further added to the beauty of this spectacle was, that the observers arrived just at the moment when the moon was passing behind the mountain-mass which overlooks the lake, and they saw in a quarter of an hour the most varied effects of light, and the most striking and interesting contrasts. It was a finale worthy of such a day.

At half-past eleven o'clock they re-entered the hospitable roof of the Valaisan shepherds, after a journey of upwards of eighteen hours. "As for fatigue, we did not feel it even now, so pre-occupied were our minds with all the things that had passed under our eyes and moved our hearts during the day." Next day they descended to Viesch, where the guides left them. The two days which the guides occupied in their return home were a continual triumph to them, for there was not a hut in the valley of Conches, from Viesch to Obergesalp, which they did not enter and proclaim their success.

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

November 25.—*St. Catharine's Day.*

St. Catharine is commemorated on this day in the Calendar of the Church of England. She was born at Alexandria, and "of so wonderful a capacity," that having, soon after her conversion to Christianity in 305, disputed with fifty heathen philosophers, she not only vanquished them by the strength of her reasoning, but also persuaded them to embrace the true faith. For this offence, the Tyrant Maxentius caused her to be cast into prison, where the Empress and one of the principal generals, who visited out of curiosity, were likewise converted by her eloquence and learning. This was deemed so great an aggravation of her crime, that the Emperor not only condemned the Virgin Saint to a cruel death, but caused the fifty philosophers to be burnt alive. According to Alban Butler, St. Catharine was beheaded. He adds—"She is said first to have been put upon an engine made of four wheels joined together, and stuck with sharp-pointed spikes, that when the wheels were moved her body might be torn to pieces. The Acts add, that at the first stirring of the terrible engine, the cords with which the martyr was tied, were broke asunder by the invisible power of an angel, and the engine falling to pieces by the wheels being separated from one another, she was delivered from that death. Hence the name of St. Catharine's Wheel."

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

The author of the "Popish Kingdom" says, "What should I tell what sophisters on Catharine's Day devise, Or else the superstitious joys that masters exercise."

Whence it would seem that there were public scholastic disputations on this day before the Reformation. A writer in 1730 observes, "St. Catharine is esteemed in the Church of Rome as the saint and patroness of the spinsters; and her holiday is observed, not in Popish countries only, but even in many places in this nation: young women meeting on the 25th of November, and making merry together, which they call *Cutharning*." Formerly women and girls in Ireland kept a fast every Wednesday and Saturday throughout the year, and some of them also on St. Catharine's Day; nor would they have omitted it though it happened on their birth-day, or they were ever so ill. The reason assigned for this custom was, that the girls might get good husbands, and the women better ones, by the death or desertion of their living spouses, or at least by an improvement in their manners. About six o'clock on the evening of this day a man, dressed in woman's clothes, to represent St. Catharine, with a large wheel by his side, and seated on a wooden chair, was, till within the last few years, brought out of the royal arsenal at Woolwich, by the workmen there, and carried round the town with attendants, &c., similar to "Old Clem's." The procession stopped at several houses, at each of which a speech was recited.

November 29.—*Advent Sunday.*—(1846.)

The term *Advent* denotes the coming of the Saviour. In ecclesiastical language it is the denomination of the four weeks preceding the Feast of the Nativity. This season is set apart by the Church to the duties of devotion and penitence: anciently it was kept as a rigorous fast. Advent-Sunday, or the first Sunday in Advent, depends upon the Festival of St. Andrew, and is always the Sunday nearest to the feast of that Saint, whether preceding it, on the day itself, or on that following it.

November 30.—*Feast of St. Andrew.*—(1846.)

St. Andrew, the patron of Scotland, is one of the twelve Apostles. He suffered martyrdom by crucifixion, in the year 69, at Patras, in Achaia. The cross upon which St. Andrew suffered was different in form to that of the Passion, having been made of two pieces of timber driven into the ground, in the shape of the

letter X, styled a *cross decussate*. Hence this Apostle is represented in all pictures and sculptures as bearing a cross of that description. His festival was instituted A.D. 859. "This saint's day," says Bishop Sparrow, "is the first [in the Christian era] that is kept solemn, because he first came to CHRIST, and followed Him before any of the other Apostles; he brought his brother Simon to CHRIST; he it was that said, 'We have found the Messiah,' and therefore his day is rightly set at the beginning of Advent for ever, to bring news of the Advent, or coming of our LORD."

OLD CUSTOMS.

Barnaby Googe remarks,—

"To Andrew all the lovers and the lusty wooers come,
Believing, through his aid and certain ceremonies done,
(While as to him they presents bring, and conjure all the night.)

To have good luck, and to obtain their chief and sweet delight."

Probably allusion is here made to some such observances as are described by Luther, who relates that, on the evening of the feast of St. Andrew, the young maidens of his country strip themselves naked, and each repeats a prayer that she may obtain a worthy helpmate, and may know that night what sort of person he will prove. In an account by Hasted of the parish of Eastling, Kent, it is stated that on this festival there is yearly a diversion called squirrel-hunting, in this and the neighbouring parishes, when the labourers and lower kind of people, assembling together, form a lawless rabble; and being accoutred with guns, poles, clubs, and other such weapons, spend the greatest part of the day in parading the woods and grounds with loud shoutings; and, under the pretence of demolishing the squirrels (some few of which they kill), they destroy numbers of hares, pheasants, partridges, and, in a word, whatever comes in their way; breaking down the hedges, and doing much other mischief.

SCENERY OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

No. IV.

THE Railway now passes through a rich pasture country by Cocklebury, Christian Malford, and Sutton Benger; the two latter villages having Decorated churches. Draycot, the next village, is rich in the tombs of the Cernes, and their descendants the Longs, cadets of Long of Wraxall, of whose baronial state John Aubrey gossips so pleasantly; they married the heiress of Tylney, and are now represented by the Long Welleseys. Langley Burrell church, very near the Railway, has some curious decorated work, "especially a hagioscope, or opening between the chancel and body of the church, for the convenient exhibition of the *host* to the people."

The Chippenham Station, ninety-three miles and three-quarters from London, and twenty-four and a-half from Bristol, is next reached; where the line passes from cutting into embankment, and a lofty viaduct of Bath stone, over which the Railway crosses the Malmesbury road. Chippenham was a market-town in the Saxon times: it has a cloth-manufacture, and a fine market for the rich dairy produce of Wilts. The church has a noble Norman arch, with a Decorated hagioscope.

We now arrive at the Corsham Station, ninety-eight miles from London, in cutting; and next a tunnel in the great oolite, the celebrated Bath stone. At Corsham, the cutting is crossed by a single arch of stone, ninety feet span, by twenty-one rise. The town is not seen from the Railway; it is said to have been a royal "vill" in the times of the Saxon Ethelred; and is, therefore, styled Corsham Regis. The Methuens have held the manor since the seventeenth century.

The last Railway work named, is the celebrated Box Tunnel, the longest work of its class—3195 yards, or

nearly one and three-quarter miles in length; and ventilated by six shafts, each twenty-five feet in diameter, and varying from seventy to 300 feet in depth. The quarries on the rock above are very curious: "a shaft is sunk through the forest marble and rubble beds, and the excavation is then carried in every direction; the chambers are sometimes of great extent, and from twenty to fifty feet in height. The stone is cut out with a saw, and blocks, containing 200 cubic feet, are sometimes raised to the surface; the quarrymen allow about sixteen cubic feet to the ton." It is but justice to mention that the stupendous Box Tunnel was superintended throughout its formation by Mr. W. Glennie, the assistant engineer to Mr. Brunel, upon this part of the Railway.

The Box Station, a hundred and one miles and three-quarters from London, and five from Bath, at the foot of the Box inclined plane, is reached by a short tunnel through the marle of Middle Hill. From the clay rise two mineral springs, which the colonists of Britain used many centuries since, Roman baths having been found here; and the architect to the Railway has very fitly constructed the faces of the tunnel of Roman design.

Bathford is next reached, where the Railway crosses the Avon by a beautiful stone bridge, of one elliptic arch, fifty-four feet span, and twenty-seven feet rise. Farley Down and Claverton Down, and Bathford church lying between them, are finely seen from this point. The Railway then passes close by Bath Hampton church, which has a very good Perpendicular tower; and the line then enters Bath by Sydney Gardens, the Vaux-hall of the city, which it intersects; the communication between the two parts of the Gardens being by two bridges, so that this interference improves rather than detracts from the attractions of the pleasure-place. The line then passes westward, beneath several houses and a street; and on emerging, the first view of Bath is very striking. The line crosses the Avon by an iron bridge, at the end of the North Parade. At a few yards east of the Station, the Avon is again crossed by a handsome Bath stone bridge, with a principal arch and two roadways; the arch being elliptical, eighty-eight feet span, and twenty-eight rise. At length, we reach the Station, lying obliquely to the continuation of Pierpoint-street, along which is carried its chief communication with the city.

The Bath Station is, architecturally speaking, of the age of James I., with debased Gothic windows and Romanesque ornaments. "The peculiarity of this Station," says the *Railway History*, "lies in its roof, which is sixty feet span, without buttress or tie of any description, either vertical or horizontal; the ribs or principals being, in fact, the long arms or jibs of a series of cranes, of which the side-columns represent the upright parts. These jibs meet in the middle, and are still further steadied by the cross diagonal planking of the roof." This is a very beautiful, yet simple, construction.

The Railway works between Bath and Bristol were of great difficulty and expense, and occupied four years; whereas, the whole line required but five years and four months in completion.

The Railway leaves the Bath Station by an oblique wooden two-arched bridge, of very peculiar construction; so that, although the river is but eighty feet wide, the space traversed by the railway is 161 feet. From the line there is a fine view of the crescents and the upper part of Bath, ascending to Lansdown.

The line passes through the suburb of Bath upon a viaduct; the bridges between which and Tiverton are in the Perpendicular style of Gothic architecture. The Tiverton Station and tunnel are next passed, and we reach the Newton coal-pit, yielding very fine coal for coking. A fine view of Lansdown is enjoyed here; and Kelston House and park are seen to advantage on a steep bank of the river: this property was long the inheritance of the Harringtons, and here the witty Sir John Harrington received a visit from his godmother, queen Elizabeth, in 1591.

The Saltford Station, four miles and three-quarters from Bath, is next reached; and in the centre of a cutting is the Saltford tunnel. At the Keynsham station-house, six miles and three-quarters from Bath, one of the chambers is floored with a tessellated pavement, removed from a Roman villa at Newton Saint Loe. It represents Orpheus playing upon his lyre amidst a circle of leopards, stags, bulls, &c., within a deep square border, with spandrels filled with a wreathed pattern. The white tessere are white lias, the red tessere, baked earth. Of St. Keyn, after whom Keynsham is named, some amusing legends are related. Like other holy persons, on the lias formation, he is said to have turned snakes into stone, as the ammonites in the neighbouring quarries are, by the credulous, believed to prove. This is also reputed to be the village in which the leprous Bladud met the swineherd, who hired him and whose pigs he drove to Bath by way of Swineford.

There is little noticeable further until the Railway approaches the coal-field of Bristol, and passes the seat of various manufactures, to which the presence of fuel, and the vicinity of the port of Bristol, have given rise. From this point to Bristol, much of the line lies through rocky cuttings, galleries, and tunnels, which have a wild and savage effect in comparison with the neat masonry of other portions of the works. In one instance, the course of the Avon is diverted to nearly half its breadth, and thus a shelf is gained upon the hill side of sufficient breadth to carry the Railway. Further, on the right bank of the river, are the fine sandstone cliffs and quarries of Hanham. Some of the tunnels have noble castellated fronts, embattled and corbeled, of grand dimensions, and extreme simplicity of design; and, in combination with the scenery above and around them, very picturesque. The next great work is a fine Gothic bridge, crossing the Avon, with three arches, of which the central one is 100 feet span; harmonizing with the architectural character of the Bristol terminus, which we are now fast approaching.

The engine-house is first reached, and then the coke-ovens, which supply the whole Railway consumption of about 450 tons weekly.

The Bristol Terminus comprises a passenger station, with a depot for goods; it communicates with the Bristol and Exeter Railway, and will in a short time join the Bristol and Gloucester line. The passenger station is 408 feet by 114, up the centre of which the Railway passes. The west-end, 184 feet in length, forms the principal front, and faces Temple-street. It consists of a centre, two wings, and two flanking gateways. Over an oriel in the centre are the arms of the cities of Bristol and London, being the arms used by the Company; and below is the motto of the City of Bristol, "VIRTVTE ET INDUSTRIA," the style of the Company, and the date of its incorporation. Over the archways appear the royal arms, on one side, and a turret clock on the other. The architecture of the station is Elizabethan, with some modification; the material, chiefly Bath stone. The roof has a truly noble appearance, being seventy-four feet span, without cross tie or abutment: it is composed of ribs, constructed like the jib of a crane, springing from iron columns, which divide the central space from the aisles; each jib rising to the centre and ridge of the roof, and there meeting its fellow, from the opposite side; while the short arm of the crane is carried backward to form the roof of the aisle, and is strongly tied to the outer wall. The whole is then planked diagonally.

The goods-shed is 326 feet by 138 feet; and, with its vast roof, supported on iron columns, its numerous trucks, turn-tables, and rolling platform, is a striking scene. The contrivance for raising and lowering the trucks from the level of the rails to that of the railway is ingeniously effected by a couple of alings, or scales, into which the trucks are run; and which are then alternately lowered and raised by the exertion of a water-power, obtained by the regular working of a small

hydraulic machine. In this way, loads of ten tons are raised or lowered twelve feet in about half a minute.

We find in the *Railway History* these judicious remarks on the style of architecture employed generally upon the line:—"At Hanwell, the viaduct and bridge are decidedly of an Egyptian character. As we advance further west to Chippenham, we reach the Roman style, which is seen in the viaduct there, and in the tunnel fronts and bridges towards Bath. The St. James's Bridge is Italian; and towards Bristol the buildings are wholly Gothic, one of the tunnel fronts being Norman, and the Bristol station and its approaches the later Gothic, or Perpendicular. We believe this to be the only Railway in which the advantage of using the local building material (as clay or stone found upon the line) has been combined with a considerable approach to general unity of design; and the works of which may be appealed to, to show how much real architectural beauty depends upon the proportion of the parts, and how little upon ornament, and to how great an extent a sound economy of design is compatible with the exercise of a pure taste."

The several great works on the line are illustrated in Mr. Bourne's admirable drawings on stone, which are appended to the folio *History*. Each of these views is thirteen by sixteen inches, so that there is ample space to give the massive grandeur of the works, and the picturesque beauty of the country in which they are placed; and the brilliancy and artistical spirit in which all this is done, aided by the fine "lithotint" working of Mr. Cheffins, has rarely been equalled, and never surpassed. The drawings of Church Antiquities in the Appendix are alike distinguished by their characteristic breadth and beauty.

We may briefly mention that the traffic on the Great Western Railway is altogether of a superior class to that on other lines: its principal stations are centres of districts abounding in landed gentry; and Bath and Cheltenham are supported by persons living on their own resources. The population on the line is estimated at 910,000; added to which is the population of West London, about 1,500,000. The income of the Company for six months of 1842 was 302,084*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.* This, however, is but an approximation to the probable returns of the Railway when the continuations and branch lines are completed.

The cost of the Great Western Railway (118 miles) has been five millions and a half of money; and so rapidly were the works carried on, that between 6,000 and 7,000 persons were constantly employed upon the line.

The Great Western Railway indisputably, in respect of speed, has stood first in the world, going over 118 miles twenty chains, uninterruptedly, in less than four hours and a half!

It is useless to compare this speed with the rate of the best appointed coaches that ever travelled on the Great Western road. The "long coach" system is swept away; and on September 19, 1846, the "Rival" Cheltenham coach, left the Belle Sauvage Inn, on Ludgate Hill, for the last time; this being, we believe, very nearly the last four-horse coach remaining in the metropolitan lists.

In this gossiping *iter* of the Great Western line we have attempted to present the reader with a picture of the railway system, and the mighty changes which it is fast working in the social scheme. Throughout the line there is ample field for reflection in the picturesque scenery of its course, rich in historic associations, and beautiful visions of the past, almost beyond comparison with any other district of England. How then, too, can we express our interest in the geological structure which the Railway course itself discloses, lecturing all but the least intelligent minds with the sublime lessons of change; and rebuking the folly of man in the sacred truths which are to be read, to speak familiarly, *underground!*

In parting, we should mention in the highest terms of commendation the letter-press of this *History of the Great Western Railway*, after reading which we have perused these few pages. The authors have acquitted themselves admirably, in the introductory chapter, the history of the railway, its general topography, geology, and general antiquities, as well as the description of the scenery and works on the line; to which is added an Appendix of "Church Notes," describing the most important ecclesiastical antiquities of the district. All these are detailed with an amount of industry and intelligence such as had not hitherto been displayed in any similar task.

STORIES FROM THE DRAMATISTS.

NO. I.—THE VIRGIN MARTYR. (*Massinger.*)

THE last, and most terrific, storm of persecution which swept over the early Church, broke out in the nineteenth year of the reign of Dioclesian, in the beginning of the fourth century. Every torture which the utmost refinement of cruelty, inflamed by bigotry and hatred, could invent, was inflicted upon all, without distinction of age or sex, who dared to avow themselves disciples of the Christian faith, or refused to join in the public worship of the gods. The powers of darkness seemed to have concentrated all their energies into one grand effort, more vigorous than they had ever before employed, for the destruction of the Church, but only to be still more signally defeated by that "unresistible might of weakness," with which she had risen victorious from every former conflict.

In no part of the empire did the persecution rage more furiously than in Cæsarea. The governor, Sapritius, was no whit behind the other instruments of imperial tyranny in persecuting zeal: but the chief minister of vengeance against the rising sect was an officer of high rank named Theophilus, who was expressly charged by the Emperor with the duty of enforcing the execution of the laws against them. This Theophilus was a man well advanced in years,—not naturally cruel, nor one who took pleasure in the infliction of pain or suffering for its own sake; but he hated the Christians, whom he regarded as the most impious of blasphemers, and he devoted himself to their extermination, as to a labour of love, with all the ardour of a zeal which no consideration of pity, remorse, or even natural affection, could stay in its course.

Theophilus had a secretary named Harpax, whose zeal for the destruction of Christians was even greater than his own,—who was his instigator to every extraordinary act of severity,—and by whose subtle and sarcastic reasonings the occasional relentings of his spirit were checked, and his heart closed against the persuasions of those feelings of compassion which he could not altogether subdue. There was something fearful and mysterious about this man. No one knew whence he had come, nor of what nation he was. Accident had thrown him in the way of Theophilus about the time he received his commission from the Emperor; and, in a short time, by his extraordinary activity, his sagacity, his wonderful power of diving into all men's secrets, and tracing with unerring certainty their most concealed actions,—above all, by his burning zeal for the worship of the gods, and hatred of Christianity and Christians,—he so recommended himself to the favour of Theophilus, and became so necessary to him, that he made him his secretary, kept him continually beside himself, and took no step of any importance without his advice.

Theophilus had two daughters, named Calista and Christeta. They were young and beautiful, and regarded by him with the fondest affection; for their mother was dead, and he had no other child but them. It may be judged, then, with what dismay he received the intelli-

gence, brought to him by his vigilant secretary, that these two, so dear to him, had apostatized to the Christian faith. In an agony of conflicting emotions he flew to them, hoping that for once his hitherto unerring intelligence might prove to have been misled. But there was no mistake. The two maidens had forsaken the gods whom their fathers worshipped, and they gloried in having done so. Neither prayers, nor tears, nor reproaches, nor threats, could move them to disavow the apostasy; and there seemed to remain no alternative, but that Theophilus should sacrifice his own children, as he had done so many others, with all imaginable torments, as victims to the insulted majesty of the gods. In this fearful strait, Harpax came to his aid; and, not because he was touched by the youth and beauty of the threatened victims, nor by the grief and perplexity of the father, (for, the costlier the sacrifice, the more highly did he relish it,) but because he should have in their return to idolatry, if that could be accomplished, a more signal triumph over the object of his hatred—the Church—than he could have in their death, which he well knew (for he was one of those who believed and trembled) would heap treble vengeance on his own head,—suggested to Theophilus a course by which he might show to the world that nothing would induce him to spare a Christian, and yet might stop short of the sacrifice of his children's lives. Telling him, that, were he to put them to death, the patient constancy with which they would endure martyrdom would be rather a triumph than a discouragement to the Christians, he advised him to deal with them with the utmost severity short of death, assuring him that the result would be in conformity with his warmest wishes. Theophilus followed this advice. He delivered his daughters over to the torture, which with what constancy they endured, until at length, yielding to his agony and tears, what no sufferings of their own could wring from them, they consented to renounce their Christian faith, and return to idolatry, we shall now tell in the words which the dramatist puts into Theophilus's mouth, while he recounts to the Emperor's daughter, Artemia, the success of his magisterial and paternal discipline.

On these, when they fell from their father's faith,
I used a judge's power, entreaties failing
(They being seduced) to win them to adore
The holy powers we worship; I put on
The scarlet robe of bold authority;
And, as they had been strangers to my blood,
I presented them in the most horrid form
All kind of tortures, part of which they suffer'd
With Roman constancy.

Artemia. And could you endure,
Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the rack?

Theophilus. I did; but must
Confess there was a strange contention in me,
Between the impartial office of a judge,
And pity of a father. To help justice
Religion stopt in, under which odds
Compassion fell; yet, still I was a father.
For e'en then, when the flinty hangman's whips
Were worn with stripes spent on their tender limbs,
I kneel'd and wept, and begg'd them, though they would
Be cruel to themselves, they would take pity
On my gray hairs. Now, note a sudden change,
Which I with joy remember; those, whom torture
Nor fear of death could terrify, were o'ercome
By seeing of my sufferings: and so won,
Returning to the faith that they were born in,
I gave them to the gods.

In the excess of his joy and gratitude for his daughters' reconversion, Theophilus devoted them to the service of the gods, placing them in the temple of Jupiter, where they were initiated into the mysteries of pagan worship, and signalized themselves by the zeal with which, on every occasion, they argued against the Christianity they had begun to profess, in support of the idolatry to which they had returned.

There dwelt also in Cæsarea, at this time, a lady of great beauty and noble birth, named Dorothea. She was the daughter of a Roman senator, who, in dying, had left her the heiress of all his wealth. With such attractions, of course there were not wanting many suitors for her hand. Among these, the most devoted, and the most favoured by her, was Antoninus, son of the governor Sapritius, a youth of merit equal to his exalted rank, and who had greatly distinguished himself in fighting under the imperial banner. But, while he was absent at the wars, a different object had gained possession of her heart; she had been converted to the faith of Christ; and his return found her deaf to those protestations of love to which she had before listened favourably, fixed in resolve to devote her life in stainless virginity to the service of Him in whom she had learned to believe, and admitting into her breast no feeling regarding her lover, but an earnest desire that he should become a partaker of her faith and hope, even at the cost of his shiring in that martyrdom which she knew of a certainty lay before her. It was by her example and conversation that Theophilus's daughters, who were her intimate friends, were led to make their short-lived profession of Christianity.

Dorothea was daily strengthened and encouraged in her holy resolutions by the conversation of her page, Angelo, a youth of most engaging aspect, full of wisdom beyond his years, ripely instructed in all the mysteries of the faith, and in whose society she found herself, as it were, surrounded by an atmosphere of holiness, in which her love and faith, and every Christian grace, burned brighter and purer than at any other time. This page had been a beggar boy, who had some time before asked alms of her as she was coming out of the temple. Struck with something, she could not well say what, in his appearance, and in the tone of his voice, she took him home, clothed his half-naked limbs, and caused him to wait upon her as her page; while, before long, he became her spiritual counsellor and director. The following conversation will show the singular relation which subsisted between mistress and page:—

Dorothea. My book and taper.

Angelo. Here, most holy mistress.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music that I never was ravish'd with a more celestial sound. Were every servant in the world like thee, So full of goodness, angels would come down To dwell with us. Thy name is Angelo; And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest; Thy youth with too much watching is oppress'd.

Ang. No, my dear lady; I could weary stars, And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes, By my late watching, but to wait on you. When at your prayers you kneel before the altar, Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven, So blest I hold me in your company; Therefore, my most lov'd mistress, do not bid Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence, For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nigh me still, then. In golden letters down I'll set that day Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself, This little, pretty body, when I, coming Forth of the temple, heard my beggar boy, My sweet-faced, godly beggar boy, crave an alms, Which with glad hand I gave—with lucky hand! And, when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom Methought was filled with no hot wanton fire, But with a holy flame, mounting since higher On wings of cherubims, than it did before.

Ang. Proud am I, that my lady's modest eye So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offer'd Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents. I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some, To dwell with thy good father; for, the youth Bewitching me so deeply with his presence, Who calls him son must do it ten times more.

I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents; Be not ashamed.

Ang. I am not: I did never Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace, Fill'd with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you, And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand, My father is in heaven: and, pretty mistress, If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand No worse than yet it does; upon my life, You and I both shall meet my father there, And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A blessed day! We all long to be there, but lose the way.

Dioclesian had returned in triumph from a war with the kings of Epiro, Pontus, and Macedonia, in which he had defeated their best troops, and taken themselves captive, and paid a short visit to Cæsarea, in company with his daughter Artemia. Antoninus came in his train, having gained the highest honours in the war, and having taken prisoner the king of Epiro, one of the greatest soldiers of the age, in single combat at the head of his troops. Dioclesian had no sooner arrived at Cæsarea, than he summoned the captive kings before him in the presence of all his court, and called upon them to say why they should not suffer to the utmost rigour the punishment due to rebels against the sovereign majesty of Rome. Boldly and regally they each answered him, asserting their right to freedom and independence, which they had only now lost by the fate of war, and defying the utmost extremity of his wrath. Then Dioclesian, full of admiration at their courage, took them by the hand, tendered them his friendship, and declared his intention of restoring them to their kingdoms, and conferring upon them the perpetual friendship and alliance of the Roman Empire.

Next, turning to his daughter, Artemia, (for his heart was overflowing with the sense of his good fortune, and he felt unwontedly desirous to bestow happiness upon all about him,) he invited her to look around upon the kings and nobles who were present, engaging that, if there was one among them to whom her heart inclined, and upon whom she was willing to bestow her hand, his will should ratify her choice. Many a heart fluttered high at this announcement, for the princess was young and lovely. With much dignity and modesty she thanked the emperor for a favour so seldom shown to ladies of princely rank; then, saying that, as Cæsar's daughter, she was too great in herself to be influenced in her choice by the title of queen, because whosoever she should marry, though of the highest rank, she should bring honour to him, but could receive none from him; and that, therefore, she preferred rewarding the honour and virtue of a subject, by raising him to her own rank, to sharing her dignity with a prince—she turned to Antoninus, and made him the offer of her hand. Confused and alarmed beyond expression, he stammered out a hurried declaration of his conscious unworthiness of such an honour, and urged the princess to turn her eyes more worthily upon one of the kings beside her, with so much earnestness, that her pride became alarmed; and she coldly and haughtily withdrew the offer she had made, telling him she was not so far gone in fond affection for him but that she could retire with honour; and bidding him remember, when at some future time he should feel inclined to envy the good fortune of him upon whom her hand should be bestowed, that it had been within his own reach, and that he had scorned it.

Alarmed at the tone of pique with which this was spoken, Antoninus hurriedly excused himself; attributed his hesitation to the astonishment he had felt at receiving so unexpected an honour; pled for a little delay, that his mind might become somewhat more reconciled to the idea of embracing such a dignity, and that he might be able to look upon his offered bride with more familiar eyes than his duty would yet allow. Artemia, somewhat mollified, replied that it was yet in his power

to redeem the error into which he had fallen. And Dioclesian, to afford an opportunity for their coming to an understanding, left Artemia as his substitute in Cæsarea, investing her with full imperial authority, and then departed with his train.

No sooner was Antoninus freed from the restraint of the emperor's presence, than, disregarding every consideration of interest or safety, he hastened to Dorothea, to prefer his hopeless suit to her. Harpax, ever on the watch, detected his purpose, and announced it to Theophilus, by whom it was communicated, without loss of time, to Artemia. Burning with the sense of injured affection and insulted dignity, she hastened with Sapritius and Theophilus (Harpax excused himself from accompanying them, for he had an extraordinary dread of encountering the presence of the page, Angelo) to Dorothea's house, and was privately introduced into a gallery, where, without being seen, she witnessed the interview, and heard the conversation, between Antoninus and Dorothea. In an ecstasy of passion Antoninus threw himself at Dorothea's feet, and entreated her to listen favourably to his suit: but she, with immovable constancy, avowed her determination to die as she lived, acknowledging no lord of her affections but One, to whose service she implored him also to yield himself.

Stung to madness with all she saw and heard, Artemia rushed into their presence, followed by Sapritius and Theophilus, and, upbraiding Antoninus with his dissimulation, commanded them both to be removed to immediate execution, with special orders that every means of torture should be exhausted upon Dorothea, before death should be permitted to come to her relief. Before her commands could be executed, however, moved with pity for the anguish of the old governor, Sapritius, who was inconsolable at the miserable reverse in the fortunes of his son, whom he had not an hour before imagined within reach of the highest dignity in the empire, and partly moved by her own not quite extinguished love, she recalled her sentence against Antoninus, directing him only to be kept in close confinement. For Dorothea, Theophilus, calling to mind the lesson of Harpax in the case of his own daughters, and the success which had attended it, suggested a bitterer punishment than death would be:—

Let not this Christian thing, in this her pageantry
Of proud deriding both our gods and Cæsar,
Build to herself a kingdom in her death,
Going laughing from us: no; her bitterest torment
Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down;
The bravery of her resolution lie
Batter'd, by argument, into such pieces,
That she again in penitence shall creep
To kiss the pavements of our paynim gods.

"How is this to be done?" inquired Artemia. Theophilus answered,—

I'll send my daughters to her,
And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax;
Else spit at me, let me be made your slave,
And meet no Roman's but a villain's grave.

Artemia gave her consent, but, at the same time, issued her commands that Dorothea's estate should be confiscated.

In this hour of trial Angelo was not absent from the side of his dear mistress, but with words of encouragement and hope strove to nerve her spirits for the final conflict. "O, my dear mistress," he whispered into her ear, as she was carried away to prison, "quench not now the holy fire within thee, though temptations shower down upon thee. Clasp on thine armour, and fight courageously; and when the fight is over thou shalt see thy head clothed with sunbeams, and thy feet touching the stars."

The courage of Antoninus, which had been so often proved in battle, would have sustained him against any suffering inflicted upon himself; but the thought, that

by his mad passion he had been the cause of consigning his beloved Dorothea to torture and death, so preyed upon his mind, that his father, Sapritius, was filled with the most anxious apprehensions for his reason and for his life. Fearing that the death of Dorothea would bring his, as a necessary consequence, after it, Sapritius importuned his friend Theophilus to hasten the work of her conversion back to paganism, by the unanswerable reasonings of his daughters. Without delay she was sent for to her prison, and introduced into the presence of her two former friends, who received orders, as soon as their work was completed, to hasten with her to the presence of Artemia, who was that day sitting in council. Calista and Christeta eagerly entered upon their task. They painted in glowing colours the delights which the practice of heathenism so liberally showered around them, the free enjoyment which it allowed them of all their natural advantages of youth, beauty, and noble birth; and, contrasting with these the sufferings, the privations, the torments, to which the profession of Christianity exposed her, they entreated Dorothea, by the memory of their former friendship, to have compassion upon herself, and to return, as they had done, to the path in which all the enjoyments and delights of life awaited her. With noble dignity Dorothea rebuked the debased and sensual spirit which spoke in the solicitations of her friends, whose language resembled more that of a pair of wantons than of two virtuous maidens; then passing from her own case to theirs, and assuming a tone at once lofty and compassionate, as became her who had led them into the faith from which they had so miserably fallen, she implored them to consider for what they had forsaken the pure and holy service of the true God—for the worship of senseless images of gold, silver, brass, and wood, unable either to hurt or protect them, or, if there were living and powerful beings whom these images represented, yet beings so vile in character, so debased by every licentious and degrading passion, that they themselves would rather die than follow their example. The two sisters had not a word to say in reply. Conscience-smitten and ashamed, they could only plead that affection for their father had overcome their better principle; but now, fired by the inspired eloquence and noble example of Dorothea, they resolved to return at once to the fold from which they had wandered, and to submit to any extremity of suffering, and even to death itself, rather than be tempted to forsake it again.

Meanwhile Artemia and her council were consulting as to the fate of Antoninus and Dorothea. Artemia was not of an ungenerous nature: she heard with much sorrow of Antoninus's illness, and not only directed that, if it was occasioned by his imprisonment, he should be at once set at liberty, but, desiring him to be informed that she forgave his rejection of her, she gave her consent to his union with Dorothea, should she renounce Christianity, and directed that, in that case, her property should be restored to her. While the council were rejoicing at this generous proffer, a messenger arrived to announce that Theophilus's daughters had succeeded in the conversion of Dorothea, and that they were just at hand, with the image of Jupiter borne before them. Theophilus could not restrain his joy, and entreated Artemia to bestow upon his daughters, for the service they had done, some sign of her princely favour. With graceful condescension she held out her hand to them, but they remained rooted to the ground where they stood. "What!" she inquired with much surprise, "do you refuse my favour?" "Let us first deserve it," replied Calista. "Right, my dear child," cried Theophilus, thinking that she wished to give proof of Dorothea's conversion; "set down the image—prepare the incense. Now, fair Dorothea, let me support you—kneel and pay your vows." "I shall do it better by their example," said Dorothea, quietly. "You shall have it," replied Theophilus, "they are familiar with the rite. Come, my daughters." "Thus, then," they

exclaimed together; and, spitting upon the image, they threw it upon the ground.

All stood amazed at this act, so daring—so unexpected. Theophilus was horror-struck, and for a moment unable to speak; but Harpax, who stood by his side, recalled him to himself by reminding him that now it was necessary he should act with promptitude and decision; that his daughters' impious act, unless at once atoned for, must be punished with death; and that the sacrifice would be more impressive, more effectual as an example, and more honouring to the gods, if offered by his own hands. Stung by the exhortations of Harpax, Theophilus turned to his daughters, and commanded them immediately to redeem the fearful crime they had committed, by falling on their knees, and suing for pardon of the offended deity. With firm composure they refused. Maddened by the recollection of the confidence with which he had counted upon their success in converting Dorothea, to whose superior power of persuasion they had themselves yielded, he sprung upon them, and drawing his dagger, laid them dead at his feet. Dorothea was hurried away to immediate torment.

Dorothea endured her torments with heroic constancy, and at last, when the ingenuity of her tormentors was exhausted, she was led out to execution. Antoninus, who still continued in a deplorable condition, would not be restrained from being present to look for the last time upon her who was so dear to him. With sweet serenity she addressed her murderers, telling them of the bright abode to which they were hastening her, and of the heavenly fruits which grew there. Theophilus in derision begged that, when she reached the place she spoke of, she should send him some of that fruit, while Antoninus, in the anguish of his heart, implored that he might be permitted to die with her. While they were speaking, Angelo entered; no longer a boyish page, but in his true form, a bright and glorious angel. He was visible only to Harpax and Dorothea; to Harpax, who was no man, but an evil spirit, and who was smitten with the torments of hell at the sight, and rushed distractedly from his presence; and to Dorothea, who looked with amazement on the change in the appearance of her page.

"Thou glorious minister of the power I serve!"

She thus addressed him,

"(For thou art more than mortal,) is't for me,
Poor sinner, thou art pleased awhile to leave
Thy heavenly habitation, and vouchsafest,
Though glorified, to take my servant's habit?
For, put off thy divinity, so look'd
My lovely Angelo."

"Know," replied the angel, "I am the same;

And still the servant to your piety.
Your zealous prayers and pious deeds first won me
(But 'twas by His command to whom you sent them)
To guide your steps. I tried your charity,
When in a beggar's shape you took me up,
And clothed my naked limbs, and after fed,
As you believ'd, my famish'd mouth. Learn all,
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes! for in such habits, often
Angels come to mine. I never left you,
Nor will I now; for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent soul to joys eternal,
Your martyrdom once suffered."

He then told her that whatever she now asked would be granted. With many thanks, she preferred two requests. One, that the love of Antoninus for her, in which he languished to death, might be changed to the love of heaven; the other, that when she reached her heavenly home, she might be permitted to send to Theophilus some of that sacred fruit which he had jeeringly demanded. Angelo promised that both requests should be granted. Suddenly Antoninus feels himself restored to strength; his whole soul is filled with a glow

of sacred fire; and, walking to where Dorothea stood bound, he knelt down and kissed her hand—no longer with the feeling of earthly love, but with the reverence of a pilgrim to a shrine. By the governor's command he is pulled away from her. Dorothea's head is placed upon the block and struck off with the word. "O take my soul along to wait on thine," cried Antoninus—and with the words sunk dead by her side. * * *

Theophilus was sitting alone in his study, reflecting upon the success which had attended his efforts to put down Christianity, when suddenly a youth, in form and appearance resembling the page who had attended upon the martyred Dorothea, entered his room, and presented him with a basket full of fruit and flowers, telling him that Dorothea sent him these from the garden in which she now dwelt, and then vanished. Full of amazement, he called his attendants, and inquired how the boy had gained admittance; but none of them had seen him enter, and the doors had all been locked. The scent of the flowers was more exquisite than anything he had ever before felt; and, as he inhaled it, filled him with a peaceful serenity such as his soul had long been a stranger to. He then began to taste the fruit, when Harpax rushed into the room, not now in the humble guise of secretary, but in his true and fearful shape, a fiend, with fire all flashing around him, and commanded him to forbear; telling that he was now his slave, and must obey him. Theophilus, though sorely frightened, continued still to eat, and, as he ate, found his strength and courage increase. The fiend threatened to tear him in pieces unless he desisted, but, as Theophilus perceived, durst not approach to where the basket of flowers lay. While they were thus contending, Theophilus, thrusting his hand to the bottom of the basket, took out thence a bundle of flowers wreathed together in the form of a cross. At sight of this the fiend fell to the ground, howling with agony. Theophilus still held it up before him, until at last, unable to endure the sight any longer, he vanished away.

Theophilus now became as zealous a Christian as he had been a cruel persecutor. He sent and released from prison all who had been imprisoned by his orders, furnishing them with means to make their escape from Cæsarea. He did not himself long escape the fate which he had before inflicted on so many others. After suffering unheard-of torments, he received the glorious crown of martyrdom.

Artemia consoled herself for the loss of Antoninus by bestowing her hand upon her father's colleague, Maximinus; and Dioclesian, full of rage at the defection of his officer, issued orders for a simultaneous persecution of the Church throughout every corner of the empire.

I must repeat to you an opinion I have long held, that no man had ever more than one conception. Milton emptied his mind in the first part of *Paradise Lost*; all the rest is transcript of self. The *Odyssey* is a repetition of the *Iliad*. When you have seen one Claude, you have seen all. I can think of no exception but Shakespeare; he is always varied, never mannered.—*Archdeacon Fisher.*

N.B. The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; covers for binding, with Table of Contents, may be ordered of any Bookseller.

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A SCOTTISH SCENE.

A SCOTTISH SCENE.—(See Illustration.)

"As they neared the land, the hills appeared to recede from them, and a little valley, formed by the descent of a small river from the mountains, evolved itself, as it were, upon their approach. The style of the country on each side was simply pastoral, and resembled in appearance and character the description of a forgotten Scottish poet, which runs nearly thus:—

'The water gently down a level slid
With little din, but couthy what it made;
On ilka side the trees grew thick and lang,
And wi' the wild-birds' notes were a' in sang;
On either side, a full bow-shot and mair,
The green was even, gowany, and fair;
With easy slope on every hand the braes,
To the hill's feet, with scatter'd bushes raise;
With goats and sheep aboon, and kye below,
The bonny banks all in a swarm did go.'—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

IN how many shapes does atmospheric influence present itself! In the brightness of a summer's morning we feel refreshed and delighted by the invigorating buoyancy of the air, and listen to the pleasant sound of the merry breeze, as it stirs the forest leaves, or ripples the surface of the lake. The countless forms of life around us,—feathered and insect tribes making the air their home,—animals upon and in the earth, and the uncounted tenants of ocean,—all depend for existence on the agency of the atmosphere. The vegetable kingdoms, also, own their dependence on this mighty agent, which, covering all regions of the earth, is felt in every land, and by all orders of being. Let us then consider some of the most interesting circumstances connected with the atmosphere.

It is principally composed of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen; but, as two other elements, carbonic acid gas and vapour, enter into its composition, we shall consider it to consist of these four substances. The chief gas is nitrogen, as, in 100 parts of the atmosphere, nearly eighty consist of this element, which is sometimes called *azote*, a term indicating its life-destroying properties. Four-fifths of that air, without which we must all perish, is therefore a most pernicious element. Thus vital and deadly gases are so beautifully mingled as to produce that life-sustaining fluid which every where girdles the earth, and invests it with countless forms of loveliness. Carbonic acid gas is also destructive to life; but this and the nitrogen are so adjusted to and worked up with the oxygen, that we gladly breathe the pure compound, and require it more constantly than any other nourishing agent. Before proceeding further, we must give the proportions in which these four substances exist in atmospheric air.

If we take 100 cubic inches of air, and analyze the mass, we shall find it to consist of the following proportions:

Nitrogen gas	= 77.5 or 77½ inches.
Oxygen gas	= 21.0 "
Vapour	= 1.48 1½ "
Carbonic acid gas	= 0.03 ⅓ of an inch.

These are the proportions nearly, by measure or bulk; but if 100 grains of air be taken, the following table then exhibits the respective elements:

Nitrogen gas	= 75.55 or 75½ grains nearly.
Oxygen gas	= 23.32 23½ grains.
Carbonic acid	= 0.10 ⅓ of a grain.
Vapour	= 1.03 1⅓ grain.

Thus it will be seen, that both by *weight* and *bulk*, the principal elements of the atmosphere are nitrogen and oxygen gas, the vapour and carbonic acid gas forming only about one and seven-fifths of a cubic inch in 100 inches. It will be seen that the gases destructive to life are far more abundant than the vital gas; but the commingling of all produces a wholesome fluid. As we stated in the article on Water, oxygen gas is without taste, colour, or smell, and so is the atmosphere. Nitrogen possesses the same properties, though differing in other respects. Carbonic acid gas is found in mines, where it causes the choke-damp; vast quantities are also locked up in limestone, a cubic yard of which has been calculated to contain 16,000 cubic feet of this gas, which some suppose to have formerly existed in immense quantities in the ancient atmosphere of the earth. Were the air wholly composed of oxygen, animal life would be hastened in all its movements, and, probably, speedily exhausted; whilst an atmosphere of nitrogen, or carbonic acid, though favourable to some forms of vegetable and animal life, would have rendered the earth unfit for man and terrestrial beings.

The mingling of the different gases in the atmosphere is a matter calling for our attention and admiration. Were each permitted to arrange itself according to weight, we should have an atmosphere composed of three distinct strata, the lowest being carbonic acid gas, the next oxygen, and the third nitrogen gas. This is the arrangement we should have expected the fluids to take by the natural laws of gravity. In such a disposition, the earth would have been a silent expanse; vast forests might have covered its surface; but no sound of life would have arisen from vale or mountain. But this tendency to accumulate in strata, according to the weights, has been checked by another law, by which these various gases are so mingled together, that the carbonic acid, which would naturally have fallen to the surface of the earth, is diffused through the whole atmospheric mass, and does not compose more than the ⅓ part of the air. This tendency to diffusion is of vast importance in our towns and dwellings. Take a factory, with 500 men working there for eight hours; in that time 6,000,000 inches of carbonic acid is given off by respiration; were that product to accumulate, day after day, in our streets, depopulated cities would soon bear witness to its destructive qualities. The tendency of the gases to mingle prevents

these results. The gaseous proportions given above are nearly the same in every part of the globe,—a fact illustrated by the experiments of the most eminent scientific chemists, who have analyzed the atmosphere in different climates, with the same general result. Some, however, have supposed that oxygen is more permanently abundant in some places; an opinion which has not been confirmed by experiment. But it may be said, that, if the atmosphere is every where composed of the same proportion of its gases, it ought to be equally healthy in all places, and the air of Sierra Leone as bracing as that of Devonshire. It must be remembered, however, that many circumstances combine to prevent, in some regions, the natural diffusion of the gases, or *retard* their mixture, from which it follows that some disturbances must happen in the animal economy. Thus, in a hot and thickly-wooded country, the free circulation of the air currents will be prevented, the atmospheric tide will not, so to speak, ebb and flow with due regularity, and a deleterious gas, such as carbonic acid, will take a longer time to diffuse itself, and is in the mean time breathed by animals. But, in all such cases, the *natural tendency is to mingle* in the proportions given above; such, therefore, may be considered the proper elements of the atmosphere. Every one knows that the quantity of vapour entering into the air must vary at different times, being much greater in hot than in cold weather, the difference being as $\frac{5}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{16}$; but there is, nevertheless, an average quantity of such vapour mingled with the atmospheric gases, which is the proportion expressed in the tables. A similar remark applies to carbonic acid gas, the amount of which in the air is not always the same, being greater in dry seasons, but the moistened soil and saturated vegetation of a wet summer imbibes it largely from the air.

Was the atmosphere always supposed to be a *compound fluid*? No; men had breathed it for thousands of years without suspecting its compound character. Nor was it likely the viewless air should be deemed a complex fluid, when water, a more tangible and evident substance, was so long deemed simple.

Until the year 1774, men were ignorant of the constituents of the atmosphere; but Priestley then obtained a glimpse of the truth in perceiving that oxygen entered into its composition; whilst Scheele, Lavoisier, Berthollet, Cavendish, and a host of enthusiastic students of Nature, soon gave to the world a true interpretation of many beautiful laws relating to the atmosphere. Into the history of these discoveries we cannot enter, nor wander into the rich and wide regions which on every side present their pure beauty to the eye, but confine our observations to the facts presented to our view in the atmosphere itself.

The height of this world-belt cannot, of course, be ascertained by actual and close observation,—the loftiest summits of the Andes do but pierce through the first stratum of air; nor has any aéronaut ever penetrated to its remoter depths. We are, nevertheless, able to make a tolerable guess at the depth of this gaseous sea which surrounds us, and forty-five miles is usually regarded as the height to which our atmosphere extends. One means by which we arrive at this calculation is, the reflection of light. The process may thus be described: suppose we observe a certain portion of light from the sun arrested by vapours, and reflected to the earth, instead of passing in straight

lines through space,—and that the reflecting vapours are forty-five miles above the surface of the globe; we naturally infer the existence of a supporting fluid, where those vapours float, and therefore conclude that our atmosphere extends to such an elevation. Some give to the air an altitude of fifty miles; but nothing like exactitude can be expected in calculations respecting a fluid, the density of which is exceedingly rare at great heights. Meteors have been observed sixty or a hundred miles above the earth; but it does not follow that such bodies must always take fire in the atmosphere,—they may be exterior to it; no conclusion can therefore be formed respecting its extent from these phenomena. When, however, we represent the atmosphere as having an elevation of forty or fifty miles, it is not intended to assert that it maintains the same properties throughout the whole range; this is far from being the case. The density, for instance, must diminish with every mile of elevation, until at last a state of the greatest rarefaction is produced. Thus, at very slight heights, the air is too thin to admit of free respiration, and the discharge of a gun is scarcely heard, from the slight resistance offered to the exploded gas. If we ascend to the summits of the Andes or the Alps, and discharge a gun on the top of Chimborazo or Mont Blanc, the report is scarcely equal to that of a child's pop-gun,—so small is the resistance of the air at such heights. At an elevation of three and a half miles, the density of the air is one-half that upon the surface, a fact which can easily be tested, as aeronauts have attained to such heights; at fourteen miles it is reckoned at one-sixteenth.

Were the density preserved the same through the whole height of the atmosphere, the pressure would far exceed that which now weighs down with a force of fifteen pounds every square inch of the globe. This would occasion a corresponding change in our bodies, the temperature of our climates, the growth of vegetables, and in the whole organized world. We should be bowed down by an ever-crushing weight; no flower would raise its delicate head above the ground, whilst every gale must become a furious and destructive tempest. On the other hand, were the atmosphere at the same density from top to bottom as at the height of seven miles, we should not be able to exist; the blood must become corrupted; no refreshing breezes ever felt; and, in all probability, a perpetual winter would rule over the earth. All these consequences are prevented by the present adjustment of the atmosphere, by which the parts nearest the earth are of the density requisite for the support of animal and vegetable life, and the portions above so gradually attenuated as to keep the whole atmospheric machine in perfect order. This attenuation of the air has no assignable limits, but continues to increase the higher we go. It has been calculated that a cubic inch of our air, taken from any part of the earth's surface, would become so expanded at the height of five hundred miles, as to fill a space equal to the whole bulk of the planet Saturn. Thus the atmosphere may be described as a series of numerous air-strata, diminishing in density as they ascend.

It is, perhaps, needless to remark, that the higher we rise the less is the pressure of the atmosphere upon us, as may be proved by the gradual fall of the barometer while ascending a

mountain. Let us suppose ourselves at the foot of some lofty hill; we observe the barometer, and perhaps find the column of mercury standing at thirty inches high; we begin the ascent, and, having gained an elevation of some hundred yards, again observe the instrument; the quicksilver has fallen. We again proceed; the fluid still continues to fall the higher we rise. • This results from the diminishing pressure of each more elevated stratum of air upon the mercury in the bowl of the barometer; the metal therefore falls in the tube and rises in the bowl. If we descend, the increasing aërial pressure forces the fluid from the receptacle into the tube again. The uses of this atmospheric pressure are various: it prevents the water of seas and rivers from being too rapidly evaporated by heat, which would cause an undue saturation of the air, and the production of a perpetual rain.

It also enables us to heat water to a much higher degree than we otherwise could, as it now preserves the fluid form until heated to 212° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Were the pressure of the atmosphere much less, water could not be raised to such a temperature, but must be turned into steam before fitted for many of its present purposes, in the preparation of food, and manufacturing operations.

The common pump depends upon this atmospheric pressure. When a child sees water issuing from the spout of a pump, he imagines that the water is *raised by the action of the handle*, drawing up the contents of the well: and such may be the notion of many very old men too. In fact the water is not drawn up at all: the air is pumped out of the pipe, and the water rushes in to take the place of this fluid. Why does the water rush up the empty pipe? It is forced upwards by the pressure of the air in the well on its surface, and rises to the height of about thirty-four feet, above which the common pump will not raise water. Thus the construction of this domestic machine depends upon the universal and unchanging laws which rule the atmosphere.

This effect of aërial pressure was long ascribed to a peculiar property supposed to belong to all matter, and which was called nature's *dread of a vacuum*. When, it was said, air is withdrawn from the pump-tube, the surrounding water rushes in to fill the vacancy, *because nature abhors emptiness*. We should say, because it is forced up by the pressure of the superincumbent atmosphere; and we are right. Let us not, however, fall into the silly habit of ridiculing the men of olden times for their ignorance in these matters; they gave the best explanations in their power of the phenomena around them, and we can do no more; but our opportunities for observing Nature working in her secret places, and dealing with her strange mysteries, are superior to theirs; let us rejoice for ourselves, but forbear from insulting those who gazed from a valley at the objects which we calmly survey from high mountain summits. The atmosphere may be reduced by means of the air-pump to any degree of rarefaction, even to three hundred times less than its usual density. This is not surprising, since if a cubic foot of air be in a vessel, and the air pump applied, 299 parts may be pumped out; when the 1-300th part will still attempt to fill the vessel. However small the quantity left in the receiver, it will attempt

to occupy the whole space, but its effects are then so trifling as to be inappreciable.

Air is not only capable of such extreme rarefaction, that no instruments can detect its presence, but will take a liquid form. To accomplish this result it must be subjected to *vast* artificial pressure, amounting to 30,000 lbs. on every square inch. This state of condensation is, however, wholly artificial, and never exhibited in any natural operation, the greatest pressure being that which we feel on the surface of the earth. Liquefaction of the atmosphere cannot therefore be a natural result.

The peculiar conformation of the atmosphere has a strong influence upon the laws of vision, and the phenomena of light. When we walk abroad in the early beauty of a summer's morning, we see a thousand objects from the hill top, which we have climbed for the sake of the prospect, and a softly-diffused light invites the eye to scan plains, hills, forests, rivers, and the distant sea, with its playfully agitated waters. The atmosphere is *fitted* to receive light; there is, therefore, a peculiar relation, a species of brotherhood, between the air and light, by which they act in concert, one adapting itself to the other. Suppose the atmosphere were so constituted as to resist light, to prevent its reflection, or refraction, or to separate it into its different colours, how altered would be the aspect of all things! A bright overpowering glare, a dazzling kaleidoscopic earth, with a sharp and painful light, would be our lot, instead of the beauties which now gladden the eye and exalt the taste.

What a powerful agent is the atmosphere in the production of *sounds*! without it the globe might abound with living myriads; but silence, the sign of death, would be the law of all existence in earth and air. Those numberless sounds from the world of rejoicing insects, the fine and touching harmonies of birds, the solemn echoes of woodland voices, and the deep tones of the water-fall, would be unknown. What a singular change in our mode of life, the matter of our thoughts, and the nature of language, does this suggest! Thus we see how closely our present mode of being is linked to certain particular arrangements of two or three invisible gases, and how fluid matter is made the medium of intercourse with our fellow-creatures, and with the most impressive forms of natural beauty. How various are the results thus produced from one agent! life supported, vegetation upheld, rivers and seas kept in their channels, light and sound made vehicles of delight and interest; all by the duly-adjusted workings of a fluid which attracts not the notice of one-tenth of those living in the very sight of its wondrous agency, and beneath the most direct manifestations of its sublime power.

This atmosphere is not a quiescent mass of stratified air, but active as the ocean, and perpetually excited by numberless currents blowing in every direction, and at all elevations. Every peasant, though bookless and unlearned—every school-boy, though regarding the rule of three as the limit of science, has a knowledge of those movements, which, in breeze, storm, or hurricane, roll their aërial waves through the lower regions of the air. But vast tidal streams—the Mississippi of the atmosphere—are perpetually flowing in the higher regions; some sweeping from the equator towards the poles, others heaving their invisible billows towards earth's central line. Besides these

movements, there are multitudes of minor ebbs and flowings, by which the salubrity of the globe is preserved, and numerous meteorological phenomena produced. When we gaze into the clear blue deeps of the sky, all seems still in that expanse; a thousand wonderful movements are, nevertheless, continually operating in these seemingly passive regions. Common observers may often notice these diverse agencies, and especially the different currents of air setting in opposite directions. Frequently, when we feel a breeze blowing towards one point of the compass, the clouds are seen to move in the opposite direction, intimating the existence of a contrary current at that elevation; whilst, higher still, other atmospheric rivers are distinguished, bearing along their light cloudy films. That all such movements are necessary to the accurate working of the great machine—that each is under the control of well-devised and harmoniously-acting laws, we cannot doubt, though such agencies are yet hidden from the scrutiny of our philosophy. When these hidden mysteries of the atmosphere become known in their full significance, we shall see the wisdom and love of the Deity as beautifully developed in the movements of the air as in the courses of the stars.

Let us now consider the atmosphere as supplying to the human frame those gases which feed the ever-active flame of life within us, by furnishing, from the first to the last moment of our earthly existence, a constant supply of air to the lungs. The vital energies in each human body may be likened to a furnace, which requires an incessant supply of fuel; part of this fuel is supplied by the oxygen extracted from the air by the beautiful agency of the lungs. This singular machine consists of two soft divisions, called the right and left lobes, and is composed of countless air-cells and blood-vessels, the latter of which penetrate every part of the former, in order to expose the blood within them to the action of the air. Were the blood injected into the lungs in *one* mass, much of it must remain beyond the influence of the air; the surface alone would experience its agency. To secure the exposure of every portion of the blood to the aerial influence, it was necessary that it should be subdivided into minute tubes, around which the freshly-inhaled atmosphere may readily press. Few are aware of the vast extent of lung-surface thus exposed to the air in consequence of its division into these passages and channels, an area which some reckon at 150 square feet. To cool such a surface requires an immense quantity of air, and the lungs are accordingly fitted to hold above 300 cubic inches, which are drawn in through the nostrils incessantly. What quantity of air is required daily for one man? Let us suppose that twenty inspirations are made every minute; that forty cubic inches are received into the lungs by each of these efforts; this will give 800 cubic inches of the atmosphere to support breathing for one minute only. Thus a man requires each day of his life 1,152,000 cubic inches of wholesome air. From this constant inrush of a cold fluid to the lungs it happens that they are the coolest part of the body. But how is this vast quantity used up? through what process does it pass? This air is but the raw material, so to speak, which is to be worked up by an elaborate system of machinery.

The air is useless to the vital system in the shape in which it exists around us, and in which it

is drawn into the lungs: it must undergo a peculiar process before it becomes fit for use. This process consists in separating the oxygen from the rest of the atmosphere, and this gas, when so extracted, is instantly mingled with the blood in the numberless vessels of the lungs, and by it carried away to all parts of the body, where it is quickly consumed by the mysterious furnace within us. The weakened blood again seeks a fresh supply of oxygen from the store-house of the lungs, and thus the circle of life moves. When the exhausted blood returns to the lungs for fresh food, it has a deep purplish hue, but, having received the oxygen, it rushes off on its errand, exhibiting a brilliant scarlet tint. How does the oxygen reach the blood? Through the thin membranes of the vessels, which are, in some cases, not more than a thousandth part of an inch in thickness. These delicate tubes are spread, like a system of the finest net-work, about the air-cells of the lungs, and by such exquisite agencies the great business of life is carried on.

The nitrogen of the air is not used by the lungs, and is therefore returned, by respiration, to the atmosphere around us; thus, with a nice discrimination, the vital gas is separated from the noxious; the former being instantly absorbed, the latter rejected. Carbonic acid gas, a fluid most destructive to animal life, is formed by breathing. For the oxygen which has been separated from the atmosphere, and united with the blood, does not return to the air, but carbonic acid gas is formed by its combustion, which is given out in large quantities by respiration, and vitiates the air around. When it is considered that 40,000 cubic inches of this deleterious gas are respired by one man every day, it will be seen how pernicious a long confinement in close rooms and crowded factories must be to the human constitution. In such places the air soon becomes noxious by the carbonic acid poured into it, and, unless a good system of ventilation exist, the lungs will be gradually poisoned, the blood deprived of its vital energies, strange diseases commence their attack on the constitution, and consumption slowly urge its victim to the grave. A man may exist in health on the simplest food, and on surprisingly small quantities; but diminish his proper supply of oxygen, and death begins to work.

All classes of the animal kingdom depend for existence upon the atmospherical influences; some requiring more air than man, as birds, others less, as reptiles. Fish procure oxygen from the water by the gills, which are complicated machines adapted for this purpose.

Some have imagined that certain reptiles are able to exist without a supply of air; and strange stories are recorded of toads, shut up for ages in the solid rock. But many of these reports rest upon suspicious authorities, and are weakened by certain experiments recently made to test this presumed vital capacity of the toad. In the year 1825, Dr. Buckland enclosed twelve toads in holes, cut in hard sandstone, but all died within a year. Dr. Macartney also found that a week's separation from air sufficed to destroy life in a toad. Thus it seems unlikely that these animals can exist for long periods without air, in the manner described by some marvel-mongers.

Our conclusion is, that the atmosphere contains an element essential to the support of life, and wherever living creatures are found, deep in the ocean-waters, or beneath the earth's surface, there

in some shape this fluid must be. Thus, let us look upon the viewless air around us in all its beautiful adaptations to human wants,—as a mighty girdle bending down by its pressure the surface of the globe—as the diffuser, by refraction and reflection, of the light from sun, moon, and the bright starry host—as the storehouse and fountain of the winds, breathing beauty in their passage over the earth—and as the great supporter of vegetable and animal life. Such is that air which the child feels stealing amid his wavy locks as he gambols over the meads, which the philosopher sees working in a thousand mysterious ways, and which is one principal cause of the sublimity and beauty visible on the face of creation.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE COUNTRY.

CHAP. I.

"SNOW, SNOW, SNOW! I can tell you, Miss Sophy, there will be nothing but snow to-day, you may depend upon it," said Charles Loraine to his eldest sister, as he looked out of the window of the saloon at Kirkfield, "so there will be no drive to R—, and Justine will be sadly disappointed. You will have to amuse her as well as you can, for Fred and I shall go down to the low-close to look after the snipes, in spite of the snow." "I am afraid you are right," replied Sophia, "the snow certainly looks set in for the day; but I have no fear of being unable to amuse my cousin at home, for we ladies always find plenty to do." "And plenty to talk about also," said Charles, laughing; "only, Justine talks so much about persons whom I do not know, and so little about things which I do know, that, pretty as she is, I should be sorry to be shut up the whole day with her."

"Why, my dear Charles, you forget that Justine has passed all her life in London and Paris, and everything in this quiet corner of the world is new to her. She has even our language to learn as well as our customs, so you should not be too hard upon her, for I doubt not, by the time she can understand our northern dialect, she will find an interest in all our pursuits. I do wish, however, that she would contrive to rise a little earlier. Every body else seems to be assembling for prayers, and the bell has been rung some time." "Yes; and there goes my father with his little 'tinkle, tinkle,' at the bottom of the stairs. Well done, 'little impatience,' as Agnes calls it, you will not rouse Justine."

Whilst the party are joining in their morning duty, let me ask my readers if they were ever at Kirkfield. I suspect not, for it is some miles distant from any of the great roads, and, though I have before intimated that it is in one of the northern counties, I do not intend to point out the exact locality. The village of Kirkfield is extremely rural, consisting of a number of cottages surrounding an extensive green, in the middle of which are two or three magnificent spreading elms. The title of cottage may properly be applied to every house there. None is so wretched as to preclude the idea of comfort. Some few of the better class are really pretty; yet even the parsonage, which is conspicuously placed at one end of the village, is still a cottage, though a cottage ornée. Peering above the profusion of lilacs and laburnums which grace the parsonage garden, rise the aristocratic gates which lead to the Hall, with a pretty low-roofed lodge, covered with climbing roses, and inhabited by old Emma, whose business it is to open the gates, and tend the chickens which are reared within the green wire fences. Old Emma! Young Emma, blooming Emma, sweet Emma, we have often heard of—but, old Emma! There seems something incongruous in those oddly joined words. Who can hear them, and see the pale, withered, time-worn face which they

indicate, without a reflection that she, too, may have been sweet Emma, must have been young Emma; and that years, which slip away so noiselessly, will at last bring to them, young though they now be, the falling step, the wrinkled skin, and the dimmed eye of age? Happy will it be for them if, like old Emma, they can look back upon a well-spent life, find their present comfort in the spectacled perusal of the word of God, and their future hope in the promises which are there held out. Few are the visitors to Kirkfield Hall who do not exchange a kindly greeting with old Emma before they proceed along the green pathway of the terrace, which leads, for nearly a mile, from the gates to the house. This terrace is beautifully planted with a variety of well-grown trees, amongst which, here and there, an opening is cut away, which allows the eye sometimes to wander over the pretty little park, dotted by fine cattle—sometimes to catch a glimpse of the bright silvery stream which runs below, and at length to rest upon the house itself, and the ancient ivy-covered tower of the church, which, placed absolutely in the grounds and close to the mansion, seems to look down upon it with a calm air of holy protection. From the north side of the house there is no view but the immediate one of the well-wooded and grassy slope of the terrace, but to the south the scene is more extended. The windows of the saloon, which, with the dining-room at one end, and the drawing-room at the other, occupies the whole of the south front, look out upon a flower-garden, with three gently declining terraces sinking to the edge of a bright sheet of water, where, as on St. Mary's lake, the swans

"Float double, swan and shadow."

A light Chinese bridge crosses this water, and leads into the park, just where the tiny lake dwindles into a stream; and along the west side of the park the great terrace extends its shelter. Far away to the south stretches a fine champagne country, whilst to the east arises a lovely range of hills, of various shapes and sizes, some low and grassy, others woody, and some few covered with purple heath, and almost claiming the loftier name of mountains.

Such is a summer description of Kirkfield; but we must not forget that it is now winter, and that we have left a large Christmas party assembled in the breakfast-room. Seldom, indeed, was Kirkfield without a large party. The Loraines were themselves a numerous family, and Mr. and Mrs. Loraine loved to assemble around them a happy group of friends, to share in the amusements of the young people.

Justine made her appearance soon after breakfast had commenced, and blushed a little when her uncle complimented her upon her early rising. Though she certainly was disappointed on finding the drive to R— must be entirely given up, she not the less cheerfully took her place with the working party round the fire at one end of the saloon, whilst another group were practising music or reading at the other end, and the younger ones ran from one fireplace to the other, keeping themselves warm by the exercise, and doing little offices of kindness for the elders. Mrs. Loraine and Sophia went to arrange the household affairs, Mr. Loraine to his cabinet and turning apparatus, and some of the gentlemen to the library. Charles and his cousin Frederic took up their guns, determined to brush through the snow, and wage war upon the snipes, accompanied by two youngsters who begged to act as pioneers. At noon came the post, that pleasant excitement in a country house, when Mr. Loraine's entrance with the letters and newspapers brought all around him full of hope—some to be gratified, some to be disappointed.

"One, two, three letters for mamma!" exclaimed Agnes, "what can they all be about? One for Rosaline, which I do believe is from Maria! One for Mrs. Barlow! There, Laura, run with it to your mother! Two for you, Justine! Only look at this

lacework border, and the direction—*a Madlle.—Madlle. L'Estrange!* that must be a French letter—” And so the merry chatterer ran on till arrested by an epistle addressed to Miss Agnes Lorraine, “from dear, dear Edmund!” when the happy sister was soon absorbed in all the details of a midshipman’s journal.

How delightful to children is the first letter they receive! How delightful, when young, is it to receive any letter at all! Who does not recollect some treasured epistle arriving on his birth-day from a kind aunt or godmother; some letter which dear papa had written during a short absence, which was handed about to all in the parlour, pressed upon the notice of every morning visitor, and read over and over again by nurse, until the proud receiver could repeat every word, and cheated himself into the belief that he was reading all that met his unpractised eye. How different his youthful feeling from that which, in after life, too often attends the receipt of a letter; when we linger with it in our hands, afraid to open it lest it should bring tidings of grief; when the postman’s horn sounds heavily to the heart of an anxious parent, and he dreads to see the handwriting of his estranged and ungrateful, though still loved child, sure that it only solicits supplies for extravagance, or speaks of the penitence which he dares not believe sincere!

The post came in good time to relieve something rather like ennui, which had been creeping over some of the party; and inquiries after absent friends, and discussions upon public events, gave a flow to the conversation until the dinner-bell brought back the shooters, wet and weary, with little booty but large appetites. Alceyn and Neville were loud in asserting the use they had been of to Charles and Fred; and both boys longed for the time when they might prove their own superior skill by handling the guns themselves, though they allowed it was hardly possible to take fair aim with a thick snow falling around.

“Only think, Frederick,” said Justine, after dinner, “I have had a letter this morning from Natalie, and she tells me there have been the most lovely things come out for *Le jour de l’an*, and they have been so busy choosing them. I do wish I had been there.”

“A very pretty compliment to the present company,” said Charles; “you would leave us all for a new-year’s gift of sugar plums.”

“A new-year’s gift of sugar plums! Justine, do grown-up people like you have sugar plums in Paris?”

“Yes, Agnes; they are so pretty you would be delighted with them if you could only walk along *Rue de la Paix*, and peep into all the confectioner’s shops. There are all sorts of things in sugar: roses with dew-drops; grapes and plums with the bloom on; and a thousand strange fantastic shapes, which none but a French *artiste* would think of making in confectionary. Quite poetical, I can assure you, when compared to the huge twelfth-night cakes, which you see stuck all over with little kings and queens in blue and red in the shops in Regent Street. Do you not remember, Fred, the splendid bouquet Madame de Bignon had last year, all presented to her by different friends on *Le jour de l’an*? M. de C— brought a crown imperial, Louis a splendid ixia, and M. de V— the most wonderful stapelia, so true to nature that it absolutely seemed to smell abominably.”

“Pugh!” said Charles, “that was not poetical, however.”

“*Mais pourquoi?*”

“*Pourquoi!* Why, because a poetical idea always seems to me to include the most beautiful view of nature; a poetical mind, to be that which will rest with most pleasure on the lovely in sights, and sounds, and smells; or if the objects it chooses to represent are not absolutely lovely in themselves, at least they recal, by their associations, those feelings which refine or ennoble our nature. But the smell of a stapelia! I dare say Don is just rejoicing over a similar treat at this moment.

Come with me, and try if the dog-kennel will remind you of Parisian joys.”

“Nay, nay, Charles,” said Mrs. Lorraine, “you are rude to your cousin. I do think a prettier device than flowers could hardly be found. What is the fashion this year, Justine?”

“I fear Charles will find still greater fault in it, for Natalie says it is insects, and tells me of some superb cockroaches and spiders.”

“Horror upon horrors!”

“Surely,” said Rosaline, “insects may fitly follow the flower. How pretty a bee would look placed upon them!”

“Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip’s bell I lie.”

“Come along, Rose,” said Cyril, “I have not heard that dear old song since my return to old England, and I have been studying so hard all the morning that I feel I deserve a little treat. What has Lucy been doing? Lucy, have you copied my superb sketch of the entrance to the Hooghly, and put all the streamers flowing the same way?”

“Sophia,” said Charles, “I have had no time to ask after the Flora Kirkfieldensis which you were so busy about during the long vacation. How many more flowers have you painted? Where is your portfolio? Pray let me look at them. And how is the hortus siccus?”

“Oh, Justine!” said Agnes, “if you are fond of flowers I am sure we may look over the hortus siccus to-night, and perhaps you will assist Sophia and Lucy to arrange it, will you?”

“I am very fond of flowers, and will do my best to help them, but I am no botanist. I learned botany at school, to be sure, but the terms were so very hard I soon forgot them, and flowers are so very dear in London I never thought of it there.”

“Oh, that is a pity!” said her little cousin, “but you will stay with us until summer comes, and we have thousands and thousands of flowers here.”

“I dare say you have many, for the garden seems large, and the green-house full of plants.”

“Oh, we don’t botanize with garden flowers. Look! all Sophia’s drawings are from field-flowers, and they are very, very beautiful.”

“Indeed, some of them are very pretty,” said Justine, turning over the portfolio; “but are all these field flowers? I had no idea there were so many.”

“I have only painted about a hundred yet,” said Sophia.

“Only a hundred! I should not have believed you could have found so many. Where do they grow?”

“Everywhere,” said Lucy, laughing; “on every bank, and under every hedge-row. Only remain with us, my dear cousin, until spring brings back our pets, and you will be surprised how they spring up around us. The very first which appears in the beginning of February, just on the warm bank of the terrace, is the little celandine, opening out its pale golden petals. See, here is the drawing, and here the dried plant! The very sight of them makes me feel that first sigh of warmth which tempts the leaves of the lilacs and honeysuckles to unfurl, and fills the swelling buds of our darling horse-chestnut tree. Then, if we stroll beyond the park, we come upon the tussilage, tarfara, or coltsfoot; and, at the foot of the rocks which overhang the river below the mill, peep out the snowdrops, so tall, so elegant, so superior to those which come up in the garden, welcome though they be.”

“Lucy, you forget the beautiful tufts of snowdrops on the terrace; but I suppose those are only half wild, and have been planted there long, long ago.”

“Aunt Martha, were those snowdrops there when you were a girl?”

“I fear, my love, I must lower them in your estimation, when I confess to having planted many of them myself, though I think I love them all the better for seeing in them memorials of that happy time.”

"There," said Charles, "Aunt Martha is poetical, you see!"

"So she is," said Justine; "and I can willingly allow there is something very poetical in a snowdrop elegantly hanging its pensive head, and deserving its name by its snowy whiteness."

"Yes," said Sophia, "and how pretty its botanical name, *Galanthus*, derived from two Greek words, signifying, milk-flower."

"What do you call it in French, Justine?" asked Agnes.

"La Galatine is the proper name, but we also call it *Perce-neige*."

"How pretty! As pretty as snowdrop, for I have often watched it piercing through the melting snow, with its pale green sheath sheltering the shrinking bud."

"Well, we all agree in allowing the snowdrop to be poetical; but what can you make of coltsfoot or tussilage?" asked Frederic.

"Coltsfoot! coltsfoot! Why, what can be more poetical than a wild colt scampering about a pasture?"

"Nay, nay, Charles," laughed Sophia, "I will give up coltsfoot, for I really do not know its meaning, as applied to this plant; but I must plead a little for tussilage. Tussis signifies a cough, and the flowers boiled in milk are a very popular remedy for that complaint amongst the poor people here. I am sure you would think it poetical enough if you could see old Emma, on some fine sunny March morning, gathering its little sunlike flowers, which come up without any leaves, and stand erect, in full vigour, until their beauty fades, when they hang their heads, as if mourning for its departure. But, like a tender mother, who seems to renew her own youth in that of her children, when the seeds are matured, and ready to be dispersed, the stem rises again, exposing them to the breeze which is to waft them to a suitable soil. This is a most interesting example of the action of plants, which cannot be explained on mere mechanical principles."

"Well, with old Emma's aid, and a slight allusive glance at aunt Lorraine, Sophia has certainly made out a case for the poor plant; yet, I must confess, all these dried and shrivelled flowers have little interest in my eyes. There cannot be anything very interesting in a *hortus siccus*."

"Rosaline, when you and Cyril have lived long enough 'merrily, merrily under the bough,' pray come and hold forth on the poetical merits of a *hortus siccus*!" cried Alleyn Lorraine.

"What is that you want with Rose?" asked Cyril.

"Only some verses poor Rose wrote last year, on recovering from that very severe illness, which makes her yet look so delicate, and so unfit to sing with you much longer," said his mother. "Neither you nor Charles have heard them, I believe, so Alleyn shall read them to us, and then I have another poetical production which will be very appropriate."

"Is it Wordsworth's charming lines on my pet pilewort, the lesser celandine, as he calls it, mamma?" asked Lucy.

"No, no, Wordsworth's lines are to be found by searching his works; and I am sure Justine will allow they amply repay the trouble of the search, if she do not know them already."

"But what are the claims of Lucy's favourite to such a distinction?" inquired Frederic. "I am afraid I shall be in great disgrace; but I must say, did I not see the outlandish title of *Ranunculus ficaria* affixed to the drawing, and hear her call it celandine, which is a sweet-sounding word, I should have called it a buttercup."

"I quite agree with Frederic," said aunt Martha, "in disliking those outlandish names, and would like a buttercup to be a buttercup still."

"And so it shall, my dear aunt," said Lucy; "but this is not a buttercup, though I allow it to be of the

same species; and so is the splendid *ranunculus* of the florists, though the latter is a native of Asia. The botanical name, *ranunculus*, comes from *rana*, a frog, because many of the species grow in moist places, where those reptiles resort. One of the English names of the flower under discussion, is *pilewort*; and I believe that of lesser celandine is not generally recognised. There is another celandine, *Chelidonium majus*, which derives its name from a Greek word, signifying a swallow, as the flower is supposed to make its appearance at the return of that bird, and to continue in bloom only during its stay. But here are Rosaline's verses!"

"Alleyn shall have them to read," said Rosaline, "when I have reminded you of the many pretty names given to the common *ranunculus*—crowfoot, buttercup, kingcup, goldcup, and Shakspeare's 'cuckoo buds of yellow hue.' Nor must you forget the white water-crowfoot, with its most delicate flowers and round green leaves, floating on the pond, whilst those leaves which are below the surface adapt themselves so wonderfully to their situation, being, by the action of the water, branched out into various lobes or fibres, so as to resemble the leaves of *Hottonia*, or similar water plants."

"Come, come," cried the impatient Charles, "you are prosing, that you may not produce your poetry. Give it to Alleyn; and if he do not read it with proper emphasis, he must never presume to think of the pulpit."

Alleyn accordingly began:—

"Come from the fields and woods, sweet sisters, come!
The hours are lonely whilst your footsteps stray;
I hear your laughing voices nearing home,
I see you o'er the terrace bend your way.
Now you descend beneath the chestnut tree,
Waving the treasures you have brought for me!
What is the flower which marks your love to-day?"

"Whilst you are absent, do not think I mourn,
I have a solace 'mid my herbal's leaves,
In the flower-tokens which at each return
From your blithe rambles still my hand receives;
Yet do I watch along the park's green track,
Hailing the moment which shall bring you back
From the gay fields to which my heart yet cleaves!"

"These flowers, though dead, still speak of hope to me;
This snowdrop tells of that cold-smiling morn,
When by Sophia, in her sportive glee,
This earliest harbinger of spring was borne
To my sick chamber; a fair omen then,
That soon the vernal breeze should bring again
The glow of health to my frame, weak and worn."

"And soon I ventured in the sunny noon
To leave that chamber-prison, and descend,
Pacing with feeble foot the warm saloon,
Whilst my kind sisters on my steps attend;
And Lucy, from the verdant lap of May,
Brought the bright bird's-eye primrose, blooming gay,
Its beauty with the hawthorn bud to blend."

"Sisters, sweet sisters! I can meet you now
With firmer footsteps at the clear lake's side;
Already on my Agnes' sunny brow
The wreath of summer roses I have spied;
Her laughing eyes outrun her nimble feet;
Sisters, sweet sisters! here once more we meet,
And bless that Power who hath new strength supplied!"

"And when, to-morrow, from the ivied tower,
Which looks down blessings on our ancient hall,
Summoning the villagers at morning hour,
We hear the sabbath-bell repeat its call,
Once more I hope my voice with yours to raise,
In tones of humble prayer and heartfelt praise,
To Him who thus can re-unite us all!"

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

December.

DECEMBER still retains the original name assigned to it in the old Alban and first Roman Kalendar adopted by Romulus, in both which it was the tenth or last month of the year. Its appellation is composed of *Decem*, ten; and *imber*, a shower. It was consecrated by the ancients to Saturn, or, as some authors affirm, to Vesta, the daughter of Rhea; and in it the Romans held their Saturnalia. The Saxons termed it *winter-monat*, but after their conversion to Christianity, they then, "of devotion to the birth-time of CHRIST," named it *halig-monat*, or holy month, though this title, as we have before remarked, was originally bestowed by them upon September. They also called December *mid-winter-monat* and *giulerra*, i. e. the former or first *giul*. The Feast of Thor, which they celebrated at the winter solstice, was called *giul*, from *iol* or *ol*, which signified *ale*, and is now corrupted into *yule*.¹ This festival appears to have continued through part of January.

Brady remarks that the emblematical representation of December was that of an old man, with a grim countenance, covered with furs or a shagged rug, with several caps upon his head, and over them a Turkish turban, his nose red, and that and his beard "pendent with icicles;" at his back he carried a bundle of holly and ivy; and in one of his hands, which were in furred gloves, he led a *goat*, in token of the sun entering the tropic of *Capricorn*, or *wild goat*, on the 22d of this month. This was intended to mark the winter solstice, or "that period when the sun reaches its greatest decline, and is returning to its former altitude and influence," which the goat aptly typifies, that animal being not only much prone to climbing, which would denote the ascent of the sun, but his horns being, according to ancient hieroglyphics, emblematical of the heat naturally to be expected from such ascent. Spenser pictures December thus:—

"And after him came next the chill December;
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His SAVIOUR'S birth so much his mind did glad.
Upon a shaggy bearded goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,
They say, was nourished by the Idæan maid;
And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,
Of which he freely drinks a health to all his peers."

The alterations which occur in the face of nature during this month are little else than so many advances in the progress towards universal gloom and desolation. The day now rapidly decreases; the weather becomes foul and cold, and there are often violent storms of snow and wind, which latter sweep off the few remaining leaves from the trees. The vapourish and cloudy atmosphere warps us about with dimness and chilliness, and the fields are too damp and miry to pass, except in sudden frosts, which begin to take place at the end of the month. Amid all December's sombreness there are, however, some "lively spots and cheering aspects." "The furze," in the words of a pleasant writer, "flings out its bright yellow flowers upon the otherwise bare common, like little gleams of sunshine; and the moles ply their mischievous night-work in the dry meadows;

and the green plover 'whistles o'er the lea;' and the snipes haunt the marshy grounds; and the wagtails twinkle about near the spring-heads; and the larks get together in companies, and talk to each other, instead of singing to themselves; and the thrush occasionally puts forth a plaintive note, as if half afraid of the sound of his own voice; and the hedge-sparrow and tit-mouse try to sing; and the robin does sing still, even more delightfully than he has done during all the rest of the year, because it now seems as if he sang for us rather than for himself—or rather to us—for it is still for his supper that he sings, and therefore for himself."

The 21st of December is the shortest day of the year, when the sun is rather less than eight hours above the horizon. The grey plover leaves us on the first of this month. Such of the squirrels, water-rats, hedgehogs, and field-mice, as have not become torpid in November, now retire to their holes. The evergreen trees, such as firs and pines, with their beautiful cones, are now particularly observed and valued. Besides a few of the flowers of last month, there are the aconite and hellebore; and in addition to some of the flourishing shrubs, is the famous Glastonbury thorn, which puts forth its blossoms on the Festival of the Nativity. The scarlet berries of the holly, the branches of pyracantha, and the laurustinus, are now in great beauty. The mosses offer a most curious spectacle to the botanist. Lichens cover the ditch banks, and other neglected spots, with a leather-like substance, which in some countries serves as food both to men and quadrupods. Cattle and sheep require great attention in feeding and sheltering; sheep are usually left out in the fields, and, without care, might be smothered in the snow. The farmer is employed in thrashing, winnowing, sacking, and carrying the corn to market; and the gardener, in matting and protecting trees and plants from the cold, and preparing the ground for the toils of spring.

In the Alban Kalendar, December consisted of thirty-five days; Romulus reduced it to thirty, and Numa to twenty-nine; Julius Cæsar restored the day of which Numa had deprived it; and Augustus added to it another, which it has retained until now.

December 5.—St. Nicholas' Eve.

AN old writer relates that, in many places, it was usual for parents, on the vigil of St. Nicholas, to convey, secretly, presents of various kinds to their little sons and daughters, who were taught to believe that they owed them to the kindness of St. Nicholas and his train, who, going up and down among the towns and villages, came in at the windows, though they were shut, and distributed them. The author of the "Popish Kingdom" makes the following allusion to this usage:—

"Saint Nicholas money used to give maidens secretly,
Who, that he still may use his wonted liberality,
The mothers all their children on the Eve do cause to fast;
And when they every one at night in senseless sleep are cast,
Both apples, nuts, and pears they bring, and other things beside,
As caps, and shoes, and petticoats, which secretly they hide,
And in the morning found, they say, that this Saint Nicholas
brought:—
Thus tender minds to worship saints and wicked things are
taught!"

"St. Nicholas," remarks Brady, "was venerated as the protector of virgins;" and there are, or were until lately, numerous fantastical customs observed in Italy and various parts of France, in reference to that peculiar

(1) Brady remarks upon *yule*, that it is a word "of which there seems nothing certain but that it means Christmas."

tutelar patronage. "In several convents," he adds, "it was customary, on the Eve of St. Nicholas, for the *boarders* to place each a silk stocking at the door of the apartment of the abbess, with a piece of paper inclosed, recommending themselves to '*Great St. Nicholas of her chamber*;' and the next day they were called together to witness the Saint's attention, who never failed to fill the stockings with sweetmeats, and other trifles of that kind, with which these credulous virgins made a general feast."

A correspondent in Hone's *Every Day Book* gives the following account of the curious customs (of which he was an eye-witness) connected with St. Nicholas' Eve, in Holland. "Imagine," he says, "a group of happy youngsters sporting around the domestic hearth, in all the buoyancy of riotous health and spirits, brim-full of joyous expectation, but yet, in an occasional pause, casting frequent glances towards the door, with a comical expression of impatience, mixed up with something like dread of the impending event. At last, a loud knock is heard; in an instant the games are suspended, and the door slowly unfolding, reveals to sight the venerated Saint himself, arrayed in his pontificals, with pastoral staff and jewelled mitre. Methinks I see him now! yet he did '*his spiriting gently*,' and his tone of reproof '*was more in sorrow than in anger*!' In fine, the family *peccadillos* being tenderly passed over, and the more favourable reports made the subject of due encomiums, good Father Nicholas gave his parting benediction, together with the promise, (never known to fail,) of more substantial benefits to be realized on the next auspicious morning! So ends the first act of the farce, which it will be readily anticipated is got up with the special connivance of papa and mama, by the assistance of some family friend, who is quite *au fait* to the domestic politics of the establishment. The concluding scene, however, is one of unalloyed pleasure to the delighted children, and is thus arranged:—Before retiring to rest, each member of the family deposits a *shoe* on a table in a particular room, which is *carefully* locked, and the next morning is opened in the presence of the assembled household; when, lo! by the mysterious agency (doubtless) of the munificent Saint, the board is found covered with *bon bons*, toys, and trinkets. It may not be deemed irrelevant to add, that, on the anniversary, the confectioners' shops display their daintiest inventions, and are gaily lighted up and ornamented for public exhibition, much in the same way as at Paris on the first day of the new year." All the above customs appear to have originated in imitation of a practice of St. Nicholas, who, it is related, used in the night time to throw purses in at the windows of poor maidens, for their marriage portions.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE ROUND TABLE AT WINCHESTER.

CONSPICUOUSLY upon the interior eastern wall of the County Hall, at Winchester, hangs the celebrated Painted Table of King Arthur, the true history of which has long been a *quæstio vexata* with antiquaries. However, last year, when the Archaeological Institute met in the time-honoured city of Winchester, one of the leading members of that Association read a very interesting inquiry into this very popular object of antiquity. This paper, from the pen of Mr. Edward Smirke, has

been printed in the Proceedings of the Institute, lately published; and our purpose is to present to the reader Mr. Smirke's ingenious conjectures and conclusions, divested of certain minute and literal evidence, the omission of which will not affect a reply to the popular question—"What is King Arthur's Round Table?"

It appears that, in 1788, Dr. Milner published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* some papers on the antiquities of Winchester, containing a statement that the celebrated Round Table was shown to Charles V. at Winchester, in 1522, when it was for the last time newly painted; and that it had been reported to be the genuine table of Arthur as early as the twelfth century, having been seen by John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, in 1137.

Subsequently, Dr. Milner corrected this statement by altering the date of 1137 to 1539; also by adding, that the Table was for the first time painted on the occasion of the Emperor's visit, and that the present one was probably the work of King Stephen. Mr. Smirke correctively adds that the Bishop assigns no date to his visit, but merely informs us that he had seen the Table "not long before" he wrote his book, which is dated 1578. The passage shows that the names of Arthur's knights were then inscribed on the circumference of the Table.

Mr. Smirke is not aware of any distinct reference to this Table before the reign of Henry VI. or Edward IV., when the poetic historian, Hardyng, who lived in both reigns, alludes to the Table of Arthur as "hanging yet" at Winchester; but it is somewhat unfortunate for the history of the table that the verse which mentions it is not to be found in the earliest manuscript copy of Hardyng. Giovinio, usually called Paulus Jovius, in a passage referred to in Warton's Description of Winchester, informs us that the Table was shown to Charles V. on his then recent visit to Winchester; but that the marginal names, having been corroded by decay, had been restored unskillfully, and with so little respect for the venerable antiquity of the original work, as almost to impair its character of genuineness. Jovius is, for various reasons, not likely to have been himself at Winchester during the visit of the Emperor in 1522, yet his account is probably correct; for the Table had certainly been repaired not long before that year; as we learn from the entry in the foreign accounts of Henry VIII., of 66*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.* for the repair of the "*aula regis infra castrum de Wynchestre et le Round Tabyll ibidem.*"

A Spanish writer, who was present at the marriage of Philip and Mary, is the first Mr. Smirke knows of who describes, or intends to describe, with some minuteness, the painting on this Table; the author is Diego de Vero, and the passage, in a MS. in the Royal Library at Madrid, is as follows: "*Lors du mariage de Philip II. avec la reine Marie, on montrait encore à Hunscriit la table ronde fabriquée par Merlin: elle se composait de 25 compartemens teints en blanc, et en vert, lesquels se terminaient en pointe au milieu, et allaient s'élargissant, jusqu'à la circonférence, appelé place de Judas, ou siège périlleux, restait toujours vide.*" The description is certainly not quite accurate, unless the painting has been altered since; and the name of *Hunscriit* is a greater departure from the orthography of the word *Winchester* or *Hamshire*, than is usually permitted even to a foreign writer. Yet, when it is recollected that the occasion on which the writer saw it was an event which certainly took place in Winchester, can it be doubted that he spoke of this Hall and Table?

To what period the identical names now on it are to be referred, Mr. Smirke leaves those to decide whose critical acquaintance with the cycle of the Round Table Romances will enable them to state the source from which the names are borrowed. But there is no doubt that, whatever retouching it may have undergone, (especially in the royal figure, which Mr. Smirke believes to have been repainted within the time of living memory,) the form of the letters, and general decorations of the Table, even if we had no extrinsic evidence, would indicate a date not later, nor much

earlier, than, the reign of Henry VIII. It was then that the black letter, approaching the time of its disappearance from inscriptions and architectural legends, began to grow fanciful and extravagant in its forms.

We may here interpolate, that the Table consists of a circle, divided into twenty-five green and white compartments, radiating from the centre, which is a large double rose. In the middle of the upper half of the circle, resting upon the rose, and extending to the double edge, is a canopied niche, in which is painted a rogal figure, bearing the orb and sword, and wearing the royal crown: this is reputed to represent King Arthur; and the modern reparations in the rose and the crown have been attempts, with more or less success, to adhere to the original design. Around the centre rose is a circle inscribed with black letter, except where it is broken by the base of the niche and the sitting king. There are also names inscribed on six of the white compartments, as well as in the circle around the compartments, of which, however, this circle is rather a continuation, in colour and form corresponding to the several divisions, each bearing a name. Aubrey, by the way, reports that, in his time, the name of Sir Gawain was in the "limbe" of the Round Table in the "Castle Hall."

Ashmole, in his History of the Order of the Garter, published shortly after the Restoration, speaks of the Table as having "no show of antiquity," and as having been "broken to pieces (being before half ruined through age) by the Parliament's soldiers in the beginning of the late war."

If Ashmole's account be literally true, the identity of the Table is in danger, and we must assign a very late date both to the fabric and the superficial embellishment; but it would seem that he spoke carelessly, and from report only.

Still, whatever be the date of this identical Table and its paintings, there is reason to think that, if it be not substantially one transmitted to us from the first renovation of the Hall by Henry III. it is, at all events, a Table of ancient lineage, the surviving representative of a very venerable work of art which once occupied its place.

Mr. Smirke adds, that, having met with the entry in the Chancellor's roll, 20 Henry III. of the "*Rota Fortunæ*," which had then been painted in the gable of the Hall at Winchester, towards the east, he was strongly impressed with the opinion that this wheel of fortune was the predecessor of Arthur's Table; and when he found among the Liberati rolls of the same reign, in the Tower of London, a commission by the king to paint a "*mappa mundi*" in the same Hall, it occurred to Mr. Smirke that an order to delineate a chart of the world had been figuratively executed by painting an emblem of its vicissitudes.

The pagan goddess was, indeed, a favourite with our Christian ancestors, and familiar to them long before this Hall was built; and the form has been correctly described as "a large wheel, with a crowned female in the centre, some rising, others falling from it." There are also various examples of it in churches, both at home and abroad.

The conversion of such a wheel into the subject now painted on the Round Table, was obvious and easy: Fortune, by a revolution of her own wheel, might have been deposed, and Arthur made to reign in her stead.

Unfortunately for this theory, Mr. Smirke found, on examination, that the order to paint the map of the world was issued three years, at least, after the Wheel of Fortune had been painted. It is, therefore, clear that, though this wheel may have been the foundation of the present picture, it could not have been painted in pursuance of the order to execute a "*mappa mundi*."

In what form, then, was this second order complied with? and where is the "*mappa mundi*" to be found? A recent publication of the Camden Society appears, at first sight, to supply an answer to these questions.

In the Thornton romance of Sir Degrevant, we are told that, in consequence of his valour and merit, he was made by King Arthur a Knight of the Round Table; and the poet vouches the "*mappa mundi*" in proof of the fact:—

"For thy they name hear that stounde
A knight of tabulle round,
As maked is the mappe mound
In storye full ryght."

The Editor of the romance is inclined to consider the allusion here to the "*mappe mound*" as "altogether fanciful;" and it certainly is extremely obscure, unless the expression has a much wider import than that of a geographical chart or map, in the usual sense of the word. The Editor, however, has himself noticed an example of its use in the larger sense of a written description of the "*miracula mundi*." It is, indeed, impossible to suppose that a *tabula rotunda* is synonymous with a *mappa mundi*; yet, among the "*miracula*," or memorabilia "*mundi*," suitable to the embellishment of a princely hall of the thirteenth century, our ancestors would, doubtless, have given place to Arthur and his knights.

A great and undefined antiquity is now generally allowed to the romances of the Round Table. They were, at all events, current in the Norman-French of Chrestien de Troyes, Manessier, and others, at the close of the twelfth century; and from Warton we learn that Henry was conversant with the romantic fictions of the age. Is it, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that, in pursuance of the king's order, Elias of Burham selected from the memorable things, of which the stories were then current and popular, the subject of a fabulous institution intimately associated by tradition with the castle of Winchester? If such was the fact, it was no unwarrantable deception, but a pleasant conceit, to delineate his subject on a circular board, purporting to be the very Table at which the king and his paladins were wont to sit.

Mr. Smirke, however, in the purity of antiquarian conscience, questions the admissibility of this tempting hypothesis. The *mappa-mound* of the Thornton romance-writer he believes to have been an historical and descriptive work, or "*storye*," such as Sir John Maundeville mentions in his *Travels*. The *mappa mundi* at Winchester was, probably, a geographical chart of the world, according to the notions prevailing among the learned of those days. There is, indeed, reason to believe that it was a familiar domestic ornament. Waltham abbey is known to have possessed one; there still exists one belonging to Hereford Cathedral; and, what is more in point, there was a *mappa mundi* of some celebrity at the royal palace at Westminster in the fourteenth century. The map varied in its shape; but, when it represented the entire globe, it was circular.

It ought not, therefore, to surprise us to find a chart of this kind in the hall of Winchester castle; and it is a curious confirmation of this view, that a manuscript, formerly belonging to St. Alban's abbey, of a date not very different from that of the hall itself, contains, among other circular diagrams or "*schemes*," representing various cosmographical theories, one which purports to be after the design of the architect of this very hall—"*Secundum magistrum Elya de Derham*."

The *mappa* at Hereford, being intended for an altar-piece, represents the day of judgment on its margin. That of Winchester may, possibly, have contained some marginal illustration, of which the subject was Arthur and his knights. In place of this, Mr. Smirke suspects the Table to have been substituted upon the occasion of subsequent repairs. Thus, the "*pictures*" of the hall were repainted in 44 Henry III.; and, in 1285, Edward I. celebrated the creation of many Knights at Winchester, when we observe that extensive repairs were executed.

Still, Mr. Smirke leaves the determination of the precise date to those whose curiosity and leisure may induce them to search for decisive evidence among the records of the Exchequer.

In the mean time, Mr. Smirke concludes, we must be content to assign to this curious work of art a respectable, but moderate, antiquity. With some allowance for repainting and reparation, it is, at all events, impossible to deny it an age of about four centuries:—it is possible that it may be extended to as many as six;—but, the chances in the present state of the evidence are in favour of some early, intermediate date.

By way of note, we may observe, that there is an old practice which may have originated in Arthur's Round Table. This is the "Round Robin," a circle, divided from the centre, like the famed Round Table; and in each compartment is a signature, so that the entire circle, when filled, exhibits a list without priority being given to either name.

Reading for the Young.

LOUISE, OR THE FAIRY WELL.

LOUISE ADELBERG was the only daughter of Carl Friedrich, a wood-cutter, who, with Gertrude his wife, dwelt in a hut, on the borders of the Schwarzwald, or Black Forest. Several families, who pursued their daily labour in the forest, were collected together, and formed a little colony, upon a spot which, though naked and barren in appearance, wore an air of sublime grandeur, such as the eye loves to dwell upon, after having feasted for some time on tracts more cultivated and verdant. It seemed as though, in this region, nature had succeeded in resisting the encroachments of man, and held her undisputed sway in one bleak and barren spot, amid all the changes that had been wrought on the face of the surrounding country, by the gradual development of civilized life. The foreground exhibited a rough broken surface, planted with oats, which sprang up in patches here and there, owing to the sterility of the soil. Behind, in the distance, dark pine-trees and firs frowned; and so thickly did these grow, that the forest was, in many parts, impervious to everything but sun and wind, which moaned in repeated gusts through the branches. In the centre stood about a dozen huts, each containing but two rooms; one was built of better material, and fenced round with stakes. This was the dwelling of the Aufseher, or Inspector of the District, to whom was delegated the office of arbitrator in all the domestic feuds of the little settlement; his duty also it was to keep an exact account of the timber cut, and to forward it in rafts down the Rhine, to its destination. These poor wood-cutters lived together a life of peace and harmony, which promised to be of lasting duration, from the habits of intimacy, founded upon good feeling, which existed among all the children of the colony. One of the men was left from day to day to guard the settlement, while the others worked in the forest; and the various children were allowed to mingle together, and to enjoy their favourite sports, under the control of this daily guardian.

Louise was naturally of a thoughtful turn of mind, which had been fostered from her cradle by the legendary accounts of elves and fairy-spirits

with which the whole country abounded. There was not a chain of mountain, or a gloomy forest-shade, that was not associated in her memory with the spell of some superhuman power, its own peculiar inhabitant. She never entered into the frolics of her companions with the spirit that might have been expected from a blooming girl, who had not yet seen her tenth spring; and, if she joined in the sport, her mind was continually wandering from the game. "There! Louise has missed the ball again," was the constant cry of her young friends; "she is losing what little skill she once possessed." Such speeches Louise bore in good part, but still she never tried to conquer her feelings, so that the ball which fell at the beginning of the game, was rarely found in her hand once ere the sport was over. If she could steal away unperceived from the little band, she would choose out some spot from which she could gaze undisturbed upon the dark forest, and lose herself in wonder as to the spirits who made it their abode; for their absence from so congenial a home was to her incredible. She further believed that the agency of all spirits was exerted for the benefit of mankind, and that all instances, in which their operation had proved injurious to their visitants, were but the punishments inflicted upon man for some signal and heinous crime. With these sentiments, she never feared to enter the forest at nightfall, though her companions would often endeavour to dissuade her from her rambles. She would sometimes even quit the beaten track, and make her way through the briars till she met with another path, though the children were never allowed to wander far from the huts, for fear they should not discover the route back. During her forest rambles, Louise would occasionally allow her thoughts to flow forth in words of invocation. She would seat herself on a mossy bank, and, repeating from memory the spells which she had learned of old, summon the spirits from their forest-lair. The wind came whistling through the branches; deeper and deeper still it sounded; could it be the voice of the wald-genie—the forest-king, riding over the pine-tops? The wind fell, and a calm stillness succeeded; in the silence of the scene around her, she heard a faint whisper, and rose from her seat, and by her side stood her little brother, calling her by name.

"Louise," cried the child, twining his little arms round her neck, "you never stay to play with us now, but forget your brother, who loves none so dearly as you; why should you leave us, to sit in the dark forest? You are sad and silent, dear Louise; you must rest in the hut to-morrow, and I will stay and amuse you; and you will love me again, wont you, Louise?" said the child, raising his pretty blue eyes, till they met those of his sister. Louise kissed the little fellow tenderly, and they left the forest, hand in hand. A merry shout greeted them as they emerged from the wood into the open space, and Louise, yielding to the affectionate entreaties of her brother, accosted all the little ones warmly, and, for the first time, evinced a degree of spirit and animation in entering into the sport.

The evening meal of warm milk and oaten cake was prepared, and the family were seated round a log fire, which blazed cheerily, and lighted the hut—

"Louise, my child," said the wood-cutter, "you have been in the Schwarzwald to-day, but never

again leave the beaten track, or you will be lost in some of its dark recesses."

"She is going to stay in the hut with me, to-morrow," said her little brother; "I am going to amuse her."

The children then retired into the inner chamber for the night, and soon slept in each other's arms. Louise was speedily wrapped in pleasant dreams, the visionary creations of her wakeful hours. She seemed to have become suddenly dead to all the feelings of mortality, and to have entered into a new existence of exquisite bliss, clouded by no shade of misery, calm and serene as the state of the happy departed. She felt a degree of buoyancy of spirit which she had never known before; and the sense of the beautiful seemed to steal insensibly over her frame, and was heightened by the winning graces of the scene in which she moved and breathed. The dark forest was exchanged for a bright unbounded space of flower-garden; the dark pines were lost in the foliage of mighty cedar-trees, and delicate willows, overhanging a bubbling stream of crystal water. There were no huts to be seen, but in the centre stood a circular edifice of shell-work, presenting a green exterior, from the moss with which it was covered, relieved by the more lively tints of wild-flowers that clung to it. Bees, of an unusual size, whose downy bodies were tinged with all the rainbow hues, hovered over the flower-beds; birds, of the most delicate form, hopped from spray to spray, making sweet music from their quivering throats: and, as the breeze kissed the opening rose, and gracefully bent the lily bell, their perfumes, mingled with the treasures of a thousand odoriferous shrubs, steeped the senses of the little slumberer in new delight. Several airy forms flitted about the garden, concealed beneath light blue silk draperies, gathered in at the waist by a delicate circlet of white coral; a silver band was fastened round their brow, set in the centre of the forehead with a precious stone, either a diamond, ruby, emerald, or sapphire.

The sleeping child gazed silently around her, and heard a voice sweet and soft as a silver-tongued bell, saying—

"Come hither, child of mortality! here is balm for the wounded spirit; here is rest from the strife and turmoil of the world. Come hither, maiden! the plague-spot of sin hath not marred thy brow; come hither, pure and spotless as thou art, ere the chilling breeze, or the noxious blight, taint thee. Here is a well of water to revive the lustre of the sunken eye, and the bloom of the faded cheek; here is a stream to wash away the stain of earth, and to render thee a creature of undying beauty. Here the fierce passions that wage unceasing war in the mind of gross mortality dare not enter; here jealousy, hatred, and revenge are lost in one stream of boundless love, that binds the holy of earth with the sainted of heaven." "I come, beautiful spirits!" murmured Louise from her half-closed lips, and in a few moments the morning sun that darted through the window, roused her from her dream. She rose and dressed her little brother, and the two children entered their parents' chamber hand in hand, where the woodcutter was preparing for his morning labour. The children sat down to their repast of milk and cake, and Louise said to her father as he was leaving the hut, "Father dear, I shall bring your dinner into the forest at noon, for I know where to find you by the trees that were felled yesterday."

"No, rest thee to-day, my darling," said her father, kissing her forehead, "your mother will attend to me." "Yes, and I will attend to Louise," said her little brother, taking her hand, "and we shall be so happy here to-day, without going into that gloomy forest." "May that love of yours continue, my children," said the woodcutter, as he shouldered his axe and went forth to work. The children listened to the sound of his footsteps as he tracked the nearest forest-path; soon his morning song burst merrily forth—

"How happy is the woodman's lot!
In the wild and tangled wood,
Where the broad green boughs give a shady cot,
And a gleaming axe his food!
Then fall beneath his sturdy stroke
The plant ash and the mighty oak.

His axe rings well in the merry wood,
At the early prep of day,
In the spot where the monarch oak hath stood
For ages past away;
And when the shades of eve steal o'er,
The sound of his axe is heard no more.

When death shall fell the parent tree,
The younger shoot shall stand;
In the forest-depths his grave shall be,
When stiff the woodman's hand.
And the axe of the son shall be heard once more,
In the wood where his sires have worked before."

"Aye, that it shall," exclaimed the little fellow, as he caught the last few words of the song, "it shall work for Louise, and hard too."

When the bright sunshine called forth the children from the various huts to enjoy their usual sports, there was a general cry of "Where is Louise and little Carl;" and many of the young ones dispersed themselves, and went in search of the truants. They sought her in her usual haunts, but to no purpose; and they were just giving over the pursuit as useless, when Carl's little rosy face was seen peering out of the door of the hut. "Come, Carl, we wait for you and Louise, to make some new game for us, for we are all tired of our old sports," said a little neighbour.

"We cannot play with you to-day," said Carl, "for we shall not leave the hut, and I am going to nurse Louise."

The news of their intended absence soon spread among the children, and Carl returned to his sister, and endeavoured to amuse her by the recital of the last legend which their father had told him; but, though he ran on from the denizens of air to the spirits of flood and fire, and told how elves and genii had mingled with mankind in curious guises, and the good effects they had wrought by their mystic spells,—though he painted in vivid colours the appearance of the wald-genie himself, a theme of general interest to the mind of childhood, she paid but little attention to his innocent prattle. She was fully absorbed in a day-dream of beauty, the reflection as it were of the night's vision. The gems that decked the brows of her fairy visitors were still glittering before her eyes, and the echo of the words so lately addressed to her had not died away. The day seemed to her too lengthened, she longed eagerly for the approach of night; and, when the deepening shadows told of its approach, she wished for sunrise, that she might again enjoy a ramble in the forest. Day dawned upon her once more, and at noon she tripped out of the hut towards the forest, taking with her a basket containing her father's dinner. She threaded her accustomed path, occupied in mind with her fanciful vision, and observed, for the first time, some

large flowers growing on a mossy bank. Their shape was so delicate, and their colours so inviting, that she stayed her pace to admire them sufficiently. "Surely it would not delay me long to gather a few, they will make our little chamber quite charming." Such were her thoughts: but the little voice within her would be heard, and urged her to hasten to her father. "Only let me gather one," said she, "and then I will redouble my pace;" but it knew of no course but the direct path, and would suffer no deviation from it. "On, on," it seemed to say, and her heart throbbed wildly within her. She stood for a moment more in suspense, wavering between her desire and her duty, but the claims of the latter proved impotent, and she laid her basket down and began to pluck the flowers. When she had gathered a few, she saw at a little distance some of superior size and brilliancy. She darted off in the direction, and at the moment she was breaking the tiny stalk, a large bee issued from the flower, and hovered about her, telling by his buzzing voice of the spoil he had found. "Oh, what a lovely creature!" thought Louise, "exactly like those I saw in my dream; I must try and catch it, to show little Carl." With these words she let fall the flowers out of her apron, and ran after the bee, endeavouring every moment to envelope it in its folds. Onward flew the bee, no longer staying to sip the sweets in his path; behind ran the panting child, laughing at her vain attempts to get him into her power, till, from her eagerness and her fear of losing the prize, she forgot the cause of her visit to the forest, and the request of her parents not to advance too far into its depths. The bee alighted at length upon a wallflower, which sprang from the crevices of some old brick-work before her. "One effort more, and I shall have it," said Louise, as she hastened to throw her apron over the flower; but the bee had flown, and Louise found herself at the brink of what had apparently been an old well, though its ruinous condition seemed to indicate that a long period had elapsed since it had been visited for its water. The edge was covered with grasses and moss; part of the rope was still remaining: but the bucket to which it had been attached was missing. Louise knew not to what part of the forest she had wandered. The well was a novelty to her; and, to increase her dismay, her eye failed in discovering the path by which she had reached it. Then the still small voice of conscience began to blame her for gathering the flowers. She upbraided herself for her folly, and burst into a flood of tears. She was naturally an affectionate child, so that the idea of being parted from all who were dear to her was painful in the extreme; the despair of her father was presented to her eyes, the mute anguish of her mother, when she returned not from the forest, and the sorrowful tone in which little Carl asked, "Where is my sister? Where is dear Louise?" fell heavily upon her ear. Then she attempted to find a pathway, but brambles and briars stayed her progress on all sides; twilight came on—one star burst forth—soon a faint streak of light assured her of the presence of the moon; a chill air blew upon her; yes, night was indeed drawing on apace, and she in the forest, without light and without shelter! She threw herself down upon the brink of the well, and, as the moonbeams fell upon it, she descried, several feet below her, the clear glassy surface of the water. While gazing intently upon the clear crystal, her

imagination traced out for itself beautiful pinnacles and towers in the water; two bright beings, such as she had seen in her dream, seemed to stand as wardens upon the summit, and she heard the same silver tones she knew so well, singing

"When the chaste moon-beams
O'er the waters play,
Our guard we keep,
And watch and pray;

Watch that the foe may ne'er alarm thee;
That sin and sorrow ne'er may harm thee;
Pray that thy voice be rais'd to bless,
Thy bosom glow with holiness.
Strive, oh, strive, and thou shalt be
A child of spotless purity,
A beacon bright, 'mid sin and woe,
'Mid the last wreck of bliss below."

As the last words swelled louder forth, Louise sank into a gentle slumber. She lost in her repose all remembrance of her folly, and felt a more pleasant sensation of calm security than she had ever experienced in her former dreams. She seemed to have been lightened of her load of mortality, to be dead to all other feelings but those of unbounded bliss. Her sleep was unbroken during a long series of hours, but at times she murmured forth, "I come, beautiful spirits! I come." She was awakened by a sense of some most delicious odours, delicate as the perfumed treasures of the most choice flower-bells. She opened her eyes, and in a transport of bliss exclaimed, "My wishes are at last crowned, I have come to join you, beautiful spirits! and, oh, what a life of joy it must be, to roam free and fearlessly amid such scenes as this!" She found herself upon a couch of ebony, inlaid with silver, but of such light structure and tiny dimensions, that it seemed hardly strong enough to support her frame. The linen in which she was wrapped was of the finest texture, and the coverlet of dark purple velvet with a broad fringe of gold. The hangings were of a pale primrose tint, which contrasted well with the darker shades which the carpet wore, which consisted of the furs of various animals wrought into various patterns; it appeared almost too delicate for the foot, and Louise thought it a luxury to walk upon it. There was a mirror of burnished silver, encased in a framework of tortoise-shell, projecting from the wall, so as to allow her a sight of her whole form. In the centre of the chamber stood a vase of crystal, upon a pedestal of frosted silver, and the wreathed columns that issued from it were of a most delicious perfume. As Louise had been accustomed from her infancy to paint in her own mind the beautiful dwellings of the spirits, and to feast on her creations with all the ardour with which the young heart clings to its dearest treasure, she did not exhibit any feeling of awe, which might have been expected from her realizing for the first time her visions on earth. Still she wandered on from object to object, and explored the whole chamber with a gay spirit that only longed to know more of so charming a habitation. One circumstance, certainly, puzzled her for some moments—the loss of her clothes. Her blue woollen frock, with its snow-white boddice, was missing; her little straw hat had disappeared too. This made her uneasy for a short time, but she soon dismissed the subject altogether from her mind, with this reflection, "If there be so beautiful a chamber and so richly furnished as this, it will not be a hard matter to find a simple frock."

"Not for such as thee," replied a soft voice near her. Louise turned round instantly, but there was

no one in the chamber; but on the couch was laid a delicate white robe, ready for use, with a circlet of oak leaves twined with acorns for her hair. She immediately put on the robe, and, binding her hair off her forehead with the green chaplet, stood before the crystal mirror surveying her figure in her new and delicate costume. The sight charmed her amazingly, and the flush of health and beauty mantled in her cheek as she exclaimed, "Oh, that my father and mother could see me now! how little Carl would wonder at me, and love me too!" She then felt a strong desire to explore the fairy regions, and to see whether there were other fairer scenes than that around her. She passed out by a curious archway of stone-work, upon which the chisels of the sculptor had been employed so successfully, that the most minute flowers, with their tiny petals and fibred foliage, were executed with a degree of nicety almost incredible. Each flower bore its own natural colour, and the beautiful effect was considerably heightened by the judicious taste which had grouped them together. There were three scrolls over the archway, bearing in antique characters the following inscriptions:—

On the right:—

Life is but a trial at most.

On the left:—

Happy they who use it well.

And in the centre:—

Fear not, and thou shalt win.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ECCENTRIC NATURALIST.

"WHAT an odd-looking fellow!" said I to myself, as, while walking by the river, I observed a man landing from a boat, with what I thought a bundle of dried clover on his back. "How the boatmen stare at him! Sure he must be an original." He ascended with a rapid step, and, approaching me, asked if I could point out the house in which Mr. Audubon resided. "Why, I am the man," said I, "and will gladly lead you to my dwelling."

The traveller rubbed his hands together with delight, and, drawing a letter from his pocket, handed it to me without any remark. I broke the seal, and read as follows: "My dear Audubon, I send you an odd fish, which you may prove to be undescribed, and hope you will do so in your next letter. Believe me always your friend, B."

With all the simplicity of a back-woodsman I asked the bearer where the odd fish was, when M. de T. (for, kind reader, the individual in my presence was none else than that renowned naturalist) smiled, rubbed his hands, and, with the greatest good humour, said, "I am that odd fish, I presume, Mr. Audubon." I felt confounded, and blushed, but contrived to stammer out an apology.

We soon reached the house, when I presented my learned guest to my family, and was ordering a servant to go to the boat for M. de T.'s luggage, when he told me he had none but what he brought on his back. He then loosened the pack of weeds which had first drawn my attention. The ladies were a little surprised, but I checked their critical glances; for the moment the naturalist pulled off his shoes, and while engaged in drawing his stockings, not up, but down, in order to cover the holes about the heels, told us, in the gayest mood imaginable, that he had walked a great distance,

and had only taken a passage on board the *ark* to be put on this shore, and that he was sorry his apparel had suffered so much from his late journey. Clean clothes were offered, but he would not accept them; and it was with evident reluctance that he performed the lavations usual on such occasions, before he sat down to dinner.

At table, however, his agreeable conversation made us all forget his singular appearance; and, indeed, it was only as we strolled in the garden that his attire struck me as exceedingly remarkable: a long loose coat of yellow nankeen, much the worse of the many rubs it had got in its time, and stained all over with the juice of plants, hung loosely about him, like a sack; a waistcoat of the same, with enormous pockets, and buttoned up to the chin, reached below over a pair of tight pantaloons, the lower parts of which were buttoned down to the ankle; his beard was as long as I have known my own to be during some of my peregrinations, and his lank black hair hung loosely over his shoulders; his forehead was so broad and prominent, that any tyro in phrenology would instantly have pronounced it the residence of a mind of strong powers; his word impressed an assurance of rigid truth, and, as he directed the conversation to the study of the natural sciences, I listened to him with as much delight as Telemachus could have listened to Mentor. He had come to visit me, he said, expressly for the purpose of seeing my drawings, having been told that my representations of birds were accompanied with those of shrubs and plants, and he was desirous of knowing whether I might chance to have in my collection any with which he was unacquainted. I observed some degree of impatience in his request to be allowed to see what I had. We returned to the house, when I opened my portfolios, and laid them before him.

He chanced to turn over the drawing of a plant quite new to him. After inspecting it closely he shook his head, and told me no such plant existed in nature; for, kind reader, M. de T., although a highly scientific man, was suspicious to a fault, and believed such plants only to exist as he had himself seen, or such as, having been discovered of old, had, according to Father Malbranche's expression, acquired a "venerable beard." I told my guest that the plant was common in the immediate neighbourhood, and that I should show it him on the morrow. "And why to-morrow, Mr. Audubon? let us go now." We did so; and on reaching the bank of the river, I pointed to the plant. M. de T. I thought had gone mad: he plucked the plants one after another, danced, hugged me in his arms, and exultingly told me that he had got not merely a new species, but a new genus. When we returned home the naturalist opened the bundle which he had brought on his back, and took out a journal, rendered waterproof by a leather case, together with a small parcel of linen, examined the new plant, and wrote its description. The examination of my drawings then went on. You would be pleased, kind reader, with his criticisms, which were of the greatest advantage to me, for, being well acquainted with books, as well as with nature, he was well fitted to give me advice. It was summer, and the heat was so great that the windows were all open. The light of the candles attracted many insects, among which was observed a large species of scarabæus. I caught one, and, aware of his inclination to believe only what he should himself see, I showed him the insect, and assured him it was so strong, that it could crawl on the table with the candlestick on its back. "I should like to see the experiment made, Mr. Audubon," he replied. It was accordingly made, and the insect moved about, dragging its burden, so as to make the candlestick change its position, as if by magic, until coming to the edge of the table, it dropped upon the floor, to wit, to wing, and made its escape.

When it waxed late I showed him to the apartment intended for him during his stay, and endeavoured to render him comfortable, leaving him writing materials

(1) From Audubon's Ornithological Biography.

in abundance. I was indeed heartily glad to have a naturalist under my roof. We had all retired to rest: every person, I imagined, in deep slumber save myself, when, of a sudden, I heard a great uproar in the naturalist's room. I got up, reached the place in a few moments, and opened the door, when, to my astonishment, I saw my guest running about the room naked, holding the handle of my favourite violin, the body of which he had battered to pieces against the walls, in attempting to kill the bats which had entered by the open window, probably attracted by the insects flying around his candle. I stood amazed, but he continued jumping, and running round and round, until he was fairly exhausted, when he begged me to procure one of the animals for him, as he felt convinced they belonged to "a new species." Although I was convinced of the contrary, I took up the bow of my demolished cremona, and administering a smart tap to each of the bats, as it came up, soon got specimens enough. The war ended, I again bade him good night, but could not help observing the state of the room: it was strewn with plants, which it would seem he had arranged into groups, but which were now scattered about in confusion. "Never mind, Mr. Audubon," quoth the eccentric naturalist, "never mind, I'll soon arrange them again. I have the bats; and that's enough!"

Several days passed, during which we followed our several occupations: M. de T. searched the woods for plants, and I for birds. He also followed the margin of the Ohio, and picked up many shells, which he greatly extolled. With us, I told him, they were gathered into heaps, to be converted into lime. "Lime! Mr. Audubon, why they are worth a guinea a-piece in any part of Europe." M. de T. remained with us for three weeks, and collected multitudes of plants, shells, bats, and fishes. We were perfectly reconciled to his oddities; and finding him a most agreeable and intelligent companion, hoped that his sojourn might be of long duration. But, one evening when tea was prepared, and we expected him to join the family, he was nowhere to be found. His grasses, and other valuables, were all removed from his room. The night was spent in searching for him in the neighbourhood. No eccentric naturalist could be discovered. Whether he had perished in a swamp, or had been devoured by a bear or a garfish, or had taken to his heels, were matters of conjecture; nor was it until some weeks after, that a letter from him, thanking us for our attention, assured me of his safety.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title, in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE LITTLE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHÜD.

THE King is on his death-bed, he bids them call his son,
He grasps the stripling by the hand, and, pointing to the throne,
"My son," he feebly faltered forth, "yon royal seat is thine,
Yet, ere thou donn'st thy father's crown, think on these words
of mine:

Fancy perchance hath pictured fair this vain weak world of ours,
Alas for Fancy's dreams! too soon thou'lt find how few its
flowers!

Howard drops it yields its bliss, in swollen streams its woe;
How scant drops 'mid thousand streams have been thy sire's
know."

He died and slept for aye—the youth his words hath heeded
not;

Fair as the rose which blooms in May deems he his lovely lot.

He mounts the throne, whilst scornful smiles athwart his features played,

"Now will I prove how sickly dreams my doting sire betrayed!"
High o'er the loftiest pinnacle that crowns his hall of power,
Where wasail, rest, or reverie disputes the passing hour,
A bell, a little bell he hangs, its brazen chimbs to breathe,
Each time it listeth him to touch the cord that sways beneath.
That will he sound, that thro' his realm the news may spread
abroad

How cankering care forsakes his couch, how blissful is its lord.
Fondly he deems no day shall pass, but, that that little bell,
Touched by his willing hand, the tale of cloudless bliss shall tell.
And brightly dawneth day by day, yet ere that day is o'er,
The hopes that morning ushered in, at sunset smile no more:
Oft towards the cord the princely youth his eager glance hath
flung,

Yet something stirs within his breast—the bell remains unring.
Now deems he his a well-proved friend, what gift with that can
vie?

"Sound forth, thou brazen herald thou, for who so blest as I?"
But an envoy stands before him—tears with his tidings blend—
"Basest than basest foe is he, whom thou hast called thy friend!"
Again a fond, fond dream is his! he deems *her* heart his own!
"Now let my bliss, my matchless bliss, to all the world be
known!"

But lo, his minister draws near, with face foreboding wo:
"Alas, my liege, and is it thine, nor truth, nor trust to know!"
Sorely his soul is chafed, yet hath he not his land,
With many a princely treasure there, and many a gallant band?
Fairer, I ween, no realm than his o'er pranked beneath the sun,
For God and man, to do it grace, their goodliest had done.
He hies him to the lattice, and he looked far and wide,
And his royal eye is flashing, and his bosom swells with pride.
Now will he joyous to the cord, now will he sound—but lo,
Within the hall are hurried steps—a messenger louts low:
"Sir King, see there, see there, yon flames that riseth high and
clear,

Our dwellings burn, our maidens flee, before the foeman's spear!"
"Ah, traitor slaves!" bursts forth the King, and stead of silken
cord,

He snatches up his trusty mail, and buckles on his sword.
Already care hath thinned his locks and dimmed his eagle eye,
Yet ever silent rests the bell, the little bell on high.
And should a transient gleam of bliss illumine his withered brow,
Scarce thinks he to awake its tones—it aways unnoticed now—
He feels his sands are fleeting fast—he lays him down to die;
When from without unceasingly he hears a wailing cry.

"What mean those sounds of sorrow, what means that note of
woe?"

"Ah, Sir, our father leaveth us—his children weep below!"
"My children, bid them enter!—lov'd they their lord so well?"
"Oh, Sir, could life but ransom life, their ready blood would
tell!"

But many a stout and sturdy heart is eager thronging in,
Once more to bless his dying lord,—once more to see his King—
"Ye lov'd me then, my children?" and thousands faltered
"Aye!"

The dying monarch caught the word—he raised himself on high,
And seized the cord—to Heaven one prayer his upturned eyes
addressed,

Then bade the bell peal loud and long, and, smiling, sunk to
rest.

N.B.—The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; Covers for binding, with Table of Contents, may be ordered of any Book-seller.

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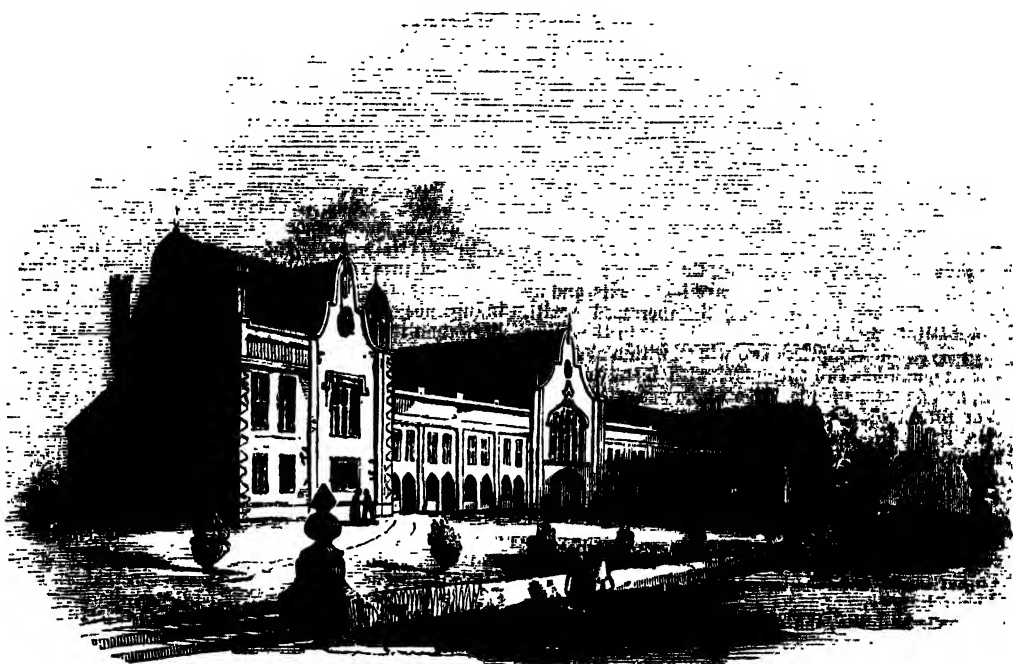
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Seckford's Almshouses, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

Among the numerous charitable foundations existing throughout this part of the kingdom, those are generally the most wealthy and flourishing which have some connexion with the metropolis. The immense increase in the value of property within the ever-widening bounds of London, causes a bequest of land in that city, (however small that bequest may have originally been) to become a fruitful source of wealth to the institution with which it is connected. Thus, in 1567, the bequest of a few acres of pasture land, called the Conduit Close, half-a-mile from the city of London, and then yielding a rent of only ten pounds a year, was the means of raising to wealth and importance that well-known establishment, Rugby School. This Conduit Close (now Lamb's Conduit-street, and the streets adjoining) yields at the present time an income of many thousands per annum a fact that would have appeared utterly incredible to the original founder of the charity. Similar instances are common; among which, we may here particularly notice that of an endowment made in 1587, of a moderate estate in Clerkenwell, yielding at that time a yearly

rent of about one hundred and twelve pounds. This estate was generously devoted by its owner, Thomas Seckford, Esq., to the support of certain alms-houses built by him in the town of Woodbridge, a few miles from Ipswich, Suffolk, where his own property lay. The original alms-houses comprised seven tenements, with land adjoining, for the residence of thirteen poor men; six of the houses being fitted each for the residence of two pensioners, and the seventh for the remaining pensioner, who was to be called the Principal. Each inmate had a yearly supply of fuel and clothing, and a stipend of five pounds, except the Principal, who had six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence yearly. The founder of this charity also gave another tenement, and two acres of land for the use of three poor widows, to be nurses to such of the poor men as should be sick and infirm, and to have each a yearly stipend of two pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence.

In the course of time, the Clerkenwell estate rose immensely in value, and the governors of the alms-houses improved the property in London, by taking

down many old buildings, and laying out new streets. The charity estate now comprises Seckford-street, Woodbridge-street, Suffolk-street, one side of St. John street, Aylesbury-street, St. James's-walk, Prison-walk, and Corporation-row, and the whole is said to yield a yearly rental of more than 4,000*l*. During the progress of all these improvements, the funds of the charity were expended in obtaining acts of Parliament for the contemplated changes, and in paying for their execution, so that in 1830, when the Commissioners of Charities inquired into the affairs of this institution, it appeared that no alterations had been made in the allowances to the alms-people, or other payments since 1768, when the rental of the estate was only 563*l*. per annum, but that it was the intention of the governors, as soon as the building ground was let, to apply for an act of parliament for the future regulation of the charity funds. The yearly sums paid out of the rents at that time, and for some years afterwards, were to the principal, 27*l*.; to each of the twelve almsmen, 20*l*.; to each of the three nurses, 12*l*.; to an extra nurse, 13*l*.; to the minister of Woodbridge, 10*l*.; to the churchwardens, 10*l*.; to the receiver of the rents, 12*l*.; to the poor of Woodbridge, in clothes and coals, about 152*l*.; to the parishes of Woodbridge and Clerkenwell, for distribution among the poor, each 10*l*.; with about 50*l*. for the repairs of the alms-houses, for medical attendance, &c.

In 1838, the governors of this charity were enabled to enlarge it altogether, by doubling the number of almsmen and women, who were to receive its benefits, and by building a new hospital befitting the increased wealth of the institution. This handsome edifice is in the Elizabethan style, and comprises two wings, with a chapel in the centre, and has two entrances, with massive bronze gates, and a porter's lodge. The whole was raised at the cost of fifteen thousand pounds, from a design by J. Noble, Esq. In this extensive hospital there is ample accommodation for the twenty-six almsmen and six nurses; each being provided with two rooms and a small garden. The almsmen have a yearly stipend of 25*l*., the Principal has 80*l*., and the nurses have each 20*l*. All are supplied with coals, clothing, and medical attendance. The Principal has the superintendence of the other inmates, under the direction of the minister and churchwardens of Woodbridge. Since the erection of this new building, the old alms-houses have been let at very low rents to poor widows.

The founder of this excellent charity lies interred in a private chapel adjoining the north side of the chancel of the parish church of St. Mary Woodbridge. He was one of the Masters of the Court of Requests, and Surveyor of the Court of Wards and Liveries in the reign of Elizabeth. His remains were deposited under a large altar-tomb in this chapel; but the brass inscriptions and ornaments, &c. were stripped from the tomb in 1643, by Dowsing, the parliamentary visitor. Seckford is said to have been distinguished in the polite accomplishments of the age in which he lived, as well as learned in the law. To his patronage of Christopher Saxton, the public was indebted for the first set of country maps, which were engraved at his expense. This benevolent individual died without issue in 1588, aged 72, having represented Ipswich in three parliaments, and earned to himself the character of a general benefactor to his own town of Woodbridge.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF SOCIETY.

It does not usually fall within our province to notice newspaper articles: politics are not our vocation. But attention has recently been directed to some remarks on a matter altogether removed from political controversy, in a newspaper whose influence over the public mind on every subject which it touches is de-

servedly very great; which remarks, partly for their intrinsic interest, and partly on account of the train of thought which they have suggested to our own minds, we venture here to lay before our readers, deeming the subject sufficiently catholic in its character to involve in its treatment no violation of our rule of abstinence from controversial topics. Our remarks will, perhaps, not be very closely connected with the text on which we found them, but sufficiently so, we trust, to excuse us for placing them together.

The newspaper we refer to is *The Times*, which, in a late number, devotes a leading article to some observations upon a meeting of the Bradford Mechanics' Institute, at which that amiable and accomplished statesman, Lord Morpeth, attended, and delivered a very interesting address. We extract the most striking passages in the article:—

"Without giving our adherence to the creed of those who believe that Mechanics' Institutes are to be the means of redeeming the human race from ignorance and barbarism to knowledge and refinement, we must admit that, under certain conditions and certain management, they may be productive of real good. But they require this certain management—they ought to be governed by these certain conditions—to prevent them from being perverted into ridiculous, if not pernicious, exhibitions. There is, perhaps, no temptation more alluring to the indulgence of froward self-conceit or impertinent garrulity, than that which is presented to a fluent but ill-informed speaker by the opportunity of addressing a worse-informed and illiterate audience. In such a case, vanity fans the flame of presumptuous sciolism, and the follies or prejudices of the many are fostered by the self-complacency of one. The flippant speaker and the heedless audience react upon one another to propagate and promote erroneous opinions, or inaccurate conjectures, which are more dangerous than utter ignorance. But the case is far different when the teacher is able, erudite, and impartial—the audience docile, confiding, and unprejudiced. And there are few more graceful kinds of intellectual condescension, than that which is manifested by a man of cultivated taste, who courts the opportunity of instructing the uneducated, refining the unpolished, and correcting the prejudices of the half-learned, amongst his less fortunate neighbours. Nor will such an effort, in itself generous and kind, be maimed of its strength or deprived of its reward, if he who makes it add to the natural gifts of talent and of taste the artificial advantages of birth and rank. Those who detest toadying, and despise 'flunkeyism,' will yet reserve a proper admiration for him who makes rank and birth instruments for raising noble aspirations, and encouraging exalted pursuits. And even those who profess a political detestation of all class distinctions will become reconciled to them in the person of one who not only does not disclaim, but proudly avows, his connexion with and devotion to the humanities of science, of literature, and of art.

"Associations of this kind have become among the facts of the day. They exist, and they will continue to exist. The tone which they take, the spirit by which they are guided, the maxims which they evolve, pass into other assemblies, and animate other associations. They are only one form of that federal propensity which is amongst the characteristics of our time. The advantage, then—nay, the necessity and the duty—of giving them certain tendencies, of infusing into them certain principles, must be too obvious to require any lengthy inculcation. When we recollect the facility with which men are now-a-days leagued together for purposes either social or political—either of good or evil—it is not unimportant that in the minds of the masses the idea of combination should be associated with the example of at least one society where good order is observed, sound

knowledge imparted, and party prejudices repudiated. As Lord Morpeth said, 'It is most salutary to have some common neutral ground, where all can equally at times meet together without any restraint, save that of mutual self-respect.' * * * * *

If they merely bring together persons of different stations and occupations—if they lead the man of rank, the student, and the philosopher, into the haunts of busy industry—they will have done much to consolidate the various elements of our system, and to destroy the too frequent, but not inevitable, causes of repugnance and antagonism. And when once the ice is broken, literature, or science, or music, or amusement, will, at least, have the opportunity of proving their legitimate influences. We can easily understand the Eton aspirations of Lord Morpeth, when he looks forward to the time that some scholar will introduce to the knowledge of the Bradford mechanics 'the blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle.' Without, however, anticipating that period—perhaps not a distant one—we may profess ourselves content with hearing the 'bard of all time,' and 'the minstrel of the North' well read and well criticised in an assembly of men who live by the labour of their hands. A multitude which can applaud Shakspeare, and appreciate Scott, must cherish feelings of kindness and humanity far higher and stronger than the passions of party, or the jealousies of caste. A peer or a doctor of laws expounding the philosophy of Hamlet and the pathos of 'Midlothian' to a congregation of mechanics, would present a study worthy of remark alike to the admirers and the assailants of our social system.

* * * * *

"We will not pass over Lord Morpeth's advice, that those amongst the busy folks of a busy town who have the opportunity should study the history and constitution of their native land. This advice applies to men higher in the social scale than the simple artisan. How many men are there, well to do and living at ease, who know literally nothing of their country's history! It was a remark of Coleridge, that the Reform Bill would give influence—not individual votes, but the command of votes—to the most ignorant portion of the community. Master builders, owners of small houses, public-house keepers, &c. used generally, a few years ago, to harangue their operatives and tenants with a violence which could only be exceeded by their ignorance. And this mischief passed from words to actions. Perhaps the inhabitants of no other country in the civilized world are so utterly ignorant of their own history and institutions as Englishmen. Foreigners generally remark this. It applies even to professional men and fellows of colleges, but more particularly to the lower part of the trading body. From men of this class come the gross and ridiculous misstatements, the perverse notions, and the shameless lies, which, in times of political excitement, sway the feelings of our mobs. And it is from such men as these—men of uncertain fortunes and unfixed principles—that that very noisy faction, the Anti-Anglican party in America, is continually recruited. It is by men who hate their country, because they are unworthy of it; who libel its institutions, because they know nothing of them; and misinterpret its history, because they never learned it—it is by these that England is dishonoured and calumniated to the world. And so long as our different ranks of society remain apart—so long as there is no common pursuit to bring them together; no common study to humanize their sympathies and harmonize their affections—so long will this be so;—so long must England continue to be a nation of castes, classes, and factions, instead of an empire bold in the confidence, and strong in the might, of undivided and invincible unity!"

"That strain I heard was of a higher mood,"

pitched to a higher key than we usually hear from such a quarter, though we know no good reason why it should

be so. The encountering of a passage like this, amid the stormy columns of a political journal, comes upon us with the same feeling of refreshing relief with which we step aside from a hard dusty road to a grassy path, from whose elastic turf our step springs more lightly, over whose green bosom the air breathes more freshly, and where every object meets the sense through a subduing and softening medium, relieving the glare, and stilling the noise, which had oppressed and wearied us. We wish it were oftener the case, that the conductors of our more influential journals of all parties, than whom there can be none better qualified by talent and education, and who occupy a position so secure that they incur little risk in leading, rather than following, the popular taste, indulged themselves in the relaxation of writings addressed more to men, in their widest and most enduring relations, and less to mere political partisans or opponents; that they sought to redeem from the service of party, and restore to their rightful employment, those talents and acquirements which were meant for mankind; that they threw themselves open to the ambition of being writers, not for a day or for an age, but for all time. There would be nothing in this inconsistent, so far as we can see, with the most zealous fulfilment of their duties as exponents and defenders of the views of the great parties in the state, as long at least as those duties continued to be worthy of having the energies of honourable and independent men employed upon them; while the good effect resulting from impregnating with the loftier elements of thought, a stream whose flow is so unintermitting, and which penetrates so deeply into every nook and corner of society, would be beyond our utmost power of estimating it.

We are not going to comment upon the article of *The Times* which we have quoted, but rather to follow out a train of thought of our own which it has suggested. We therefore do not here enter on the general question of the utility of Mechanics' Institutes and similar associations further than to express our agreement with the opinion of *The Times*, that everything in regard to them depends upon the conditions under which they subsist, and the management by which they are regulated. In themselves they are nothing more than a mere guarantee for a certain amount of mental activity, which may be valuable or mischievous according to the direction which is given to it. To deery them as necessarily and incurably mischievous, or to hold them up as the grand and unfailing instrument of social renovation, were equally unreasonable and untrue. Abstracted from their conditions and management, they can scarcely be said to have any moral quality at all; they have little or no spontaneous tendency either to good or to evil; they are but instruments—most powerful, it may be irresistible, instruments—but the effects of which are entirely dependent upon the manner in which they are employed. But this is not the subject upon which we wish at present to dwell.

There is no more indispensable qualification for the man who desires, in whatever sphere, to exercise a moral influence over society—whether as statesman, preacher, politician, or public writer—than the capacity to discern, and the disposition to recognise and acquiesce in, the inevitable facts of our condition, so that his efforts may be directed where they can be available for good, not wasted upon that which they are altogether powerless to affect. What Burke says of statesmanship, that it is the most eminent criterion of a wise government "well to know the best time and manner of yielding what it is impossible to keep," applies with equal truth to every mode of dealing with men in society. Natural forces may be directed and regulated—guided into channels in which their operation may be made subservient to the designs of the most enlightened philan-

thropy; they cannot with safety be compressed or imprisoned. It is in this view, we think, that they are most apt to err, whose opinions lead them to apprehend danger to society from the increasing strength and influence of those classes of the people among whom the greatest amount of ignorance prevails regarding the right uses to which strength and influence should be applied. They are not wrong in thinking that it were well for society if the wise and well-instructed only were strong; if none had influence over the current of events but those who understand aright in what direction the current ought to flow. They are quite right in desiring to separate power from ignorance; but, in their endeavour to do so, they often pull at the wrong end, because they do not sufficiently consider which of the two they can succeed in moving—that the one is the result of a natural progress, moving onward as steadily and irresistibly as the earth round its axis, while the other is a blot, a defect, not necessary or inevitable, but the simple consequence of neglect or evil training. A father who allows his son to grow up from infancy without putting himself to any trouble to cultivate his affections or moral principles—whose only instrument of parental discipline is a blow—who has instilled into him no motive to obedience but fear, finds it, no doubt, a very inconvenient and troublesome thing, that the young man at last becomes too strong to be struck with impunity, and that thus his only instrument of control has slipped from his grasp. He feels it to be an overturning of the moral arrangements of nature, that a violent and unprincipled youth should be able to set his father at defiance, and even to terrify him into submission—to command where he ought to obey; but he did not reflect, while the matter was in some degree under his control, that though he could not prevent the boy from growing up to be a man, nor his limbs from hardening into strength, he might have so trained him to habits of obedience and filial duty, and, by the exhibition of his own character as an object of esteem and veneration, have so laid up for himself in the young man's mind a store of love and reverential affection, that the strength, which now beats down and destroys all his comfort in life, might have been the stay and support of his advancing age.

There can of course have never been a period in the history of society in which there were not many such inevitable facts as we have referred to—circumstances in the condition of mankind, and affecting the mutual relation of the different orders of the people, which flowed from causes operating in entire independence of any individual or collective will; but we do not believe that any point in past time can be indicated in which these facts were so numerous—so widely diffused—and so uncontrollable in their development, as at the present day. The popular destinies are becoming, whether happily or unhappily it is to little purpose to inquire, every day more and more emancipated from the government of any modification of human will, and are being committed to a stream, the sources of which lie deep in the unchangeable laws of nature. Progress—a word expressive of a truth so plainly written up before us wherever we turn, and therefore so universally acknowledged, that it is in imminent danger of degenerating into the hackneyed valueless counter which cant passes upon us for the genuine coin of thought—is the great law of the present condition of society. At the remotest extremities of the body the moving principle is at work; the progressive energy is felt from the heart to the finger points; the whole system is pervaded by a living and germinating power, which at every point is shooting forth into blossoms fast ripening into fruit. We are every now and then startled by some opening in our field of view suddenly revealing to us the rapid strides with which the whole of society is moving onward to some unknown goal. Time, the greatest and most effectual of innovators, but who usually, according to the aphorism of Bacon, so slides in his innovations as to

elude the sense,¹ would appear almost to have changed his character, and to be now hurrying them on so rapidly that the hand can be seen distinctly moving over the dial.

We have said that it is vain to inquire whether it is happily or unhappily that the destinies of mankind are becoming every day more committed to the operation of the natural law of progress; not that we do not consider it a very interesting speculative inquiry, or that it is not one which is capable of being solved, but that it is out of place in any discussion whose objects are practical, because it cannot lead to any practical results. Whether it be desirable or not, it is a *fact* which we cannot control. We cannot cause it to be otherwise. We cannot bid the world stand still, or retrace its steps, whatever we may think of the road on which it is travelling. But something we may do, and that is what it is important for us to inquire into. We may do much to determine the direction of the progress, and to impart their character for good or evil to its results.

The true modes of giving to the intellectual activity, which is so distinguishing a characteristic of all classes of the people at the present day, a safe and beneficial direction, are perhaps many and various; but one most effectual mode does certainly appear to us to be indicated in the concluding sentence of the passage we have quoted from *The Times*. We feel assured that the writer of the article is not mistaken when he says that it is only by "our different ranks of society ceasing to remain so much apart,"—by "there being some common pursuit to bring them together,—some common study to humanize their sympathies and harmonize their affections,"—that we can feel any reasonable assurance that we shall continue to be "an empire bold in the confidence, and strong in the might, of undivided and invincible unity."

The truth of these statements is almost self-evident. So long as the bulk of the people remained a comparatively inert mass, exhibiting the development of no independent energies, but passively submitting to be borne along in obedience to the impulses of the smaller portion of the social body, in which mainly its whole vitality resided, so long it was of little consequence how far any real sympathy subsisted between the two. Where there is no effective will, it matters little how the affections tend. But, when the vital energy is diffused over every portion of the body—when everywhere, to the furthest extremity, there is separate independent action, the preservation of anything like unity or coherence in the whole can only be secured by an entire sympathy between all the parts,—by identity of desires, feelings, and objects,—by "the harmony of their affections." Whether noble or plebeian, rich or poor, illustrious or obscure, there is scarcely a man among us whose separate energy does not constitute a unit in the vast aggregate of power in obedience to which the wheels of society are moved; whose voice does not contribute to swell the grand chorus which, under the name of public opinion, promulgates the law, more powerful than any act of any legislature, to whose decisions every other authority, however high, must ultimately bow. It is therefore now more indispensable than ever, that, throughout all the necessary diversities of circumstance and position which must have place in a large society, and which of themselves tend to create corresponding diversities of feeling and aim, there should be caused to flow a stream of common sentiment and affection, binding all the parts together, by a tie all the more powerful that it is linked around the first and inmost springs of feeling and action.

Let it not be supposed that it is necessary, for this end, that any man should forget or disregard the duties or conventional proprieties of his position in society; that we should cease to select our intimates and asso-

(1) Novator maximus tempus: quidn igitur tempus imitemur, quod novationes ita insinuat, ut sensus fallat?

ciates from among those placed on the same social level with ourselves; or that we should attempt to cure the too great separation of the different classes of society, by mixing them all up together in one discordant and incongruous hash. It is not by abolishing social distinctions, or by attempting to override and crush down the natural feelings which they generate, that we can unite all classes in an harmonious whole. The value of the fusion of sentiment and feeling which we long for, depends entirely upon those distinctions being preserved, and the feelings which they generate respected. They constitute the grace and beauty, as well as an indispensable condition of the stability, of the social edifice. The relation which they establish is one which has its peculiar and appropriate virtues, for the exercise of which, without them, there would be no place, and the observance of which constitutes the strongest cement by which society is bound together. By them "we give to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood, bind up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties, adopt our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections, keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually-reflecting charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars."¹

For the very reason for which a closer harmony of feeling between the different classes of society is necessary to the general safety of all, is the creating it a work which cannot be got up when we please, or to meet an emergency. It is not a thing to be done by associations and subscriptions, or any such mechanical device. The agency to be employed is entirely moral in its character, and must act upon, and find a re-acting response in, the heart and the affections. But the higher classes—the more educated—those whose position surrounds them with circumstances which vividly impress the imagination, and give, consequently, a weight and influence to every thing connected with them, are those from whom the influence must first emanate. If they wish to infuse generally among those placed beneath them in the social scale a respect for their rights, an attachment to their persons, a faith in the excellence of those social arrangements which have given them their high place, an acquiescence in the justice of those inequalities of condition by which they are so greatly favoured, they must not imagine that they can accomplish this by any kind of agency except that which is fitted by its nature to produce respect, attachment, and submission, in the hearts of free and reflecting men. They must begin, not by professing or simulating,—that will never do,—but by cherishing in their own breasts, and by exhibiting in active operation, that sympathy which they wish to be reflected back upon themselves. *Si vis amari, ama*, is the great and only law of attraction between one man and another.

It will be a happy day for society when we come all thoroughly to understand that the true way to secure our rights from others is carefully to perform our duties to them; that the way to impress the character we want upon those who stand in any relation toward us, is to cultivate in ourselves the corresponding qualities of our relative position. The virtues which make a society happy are not to be produced in obedience to any word of command, or by any mode of persuasion, how eloquent and impressive soever; they will grow only under the genial warmth which is reflected from the growth of corresponding virtues in that quarter towards which their exercise must tend. It is kind masters who make good servants; liberal landlords who make industrious tenants; a paternal aristocracy which makes a contented and respectful people; and, on the other hand, the poorer classes can in no way so surely secure from the rich a generous consideration for their interests, an anxiety for their welfare, and a disposition to uphold their rights, as by excluding from their own minds

those weeds which choke the growth of the social virtues.

Thus, while it is the manifest duty of every one of us to use his utmost efforts to keep the stream of common sympathy and affection in a continuous flow through all the veins and arteries of the social body, the sphere of our exertions is just that precise place in the body which we ourselves occupy. We exercise the most powerful, as well as the most wholesome influence upon society, when we keep ourselves right. The most effective missionary we can send into the lanes and alleys, where the poor are crowded together in festering heaps, is the man who can make his counsels effective in the saloons of the rich. A word spoken there with effect will have a more beneficial influence upon the character of the outcasts of society than a hundred, though conveying the wisest counsels, urged however impressively upon their own ears. A few kind deeds, performed in an earnest spirit, with true sincerity of heart, will do more to make good members of society than a hundred exhortations. How much more sweetly, and we venture to say quite as effectually, would the evils of society be remedied, if, on all sides, when we found anything going wrong in another quarter, we were to look for its cause and its cure among ourselves.

NOTICES OF SOME ANCIENT CUSTOMS OF ENGLAND.¹

WE have already wandered far away from our subject, yet can we not forbear a few more remarks on the "words of power," and of the magical effect ascribed to these ancient forms amongst the Scandinavians, the progenitors of our Anglo-Saxons, amongst whom they were in a considerable degree retained, and even amongst the Anglo-Normans, with whom, we are told, the peculiar forms were so scrupulously observed that "the variance of a word, or the lapse of a syllable, annulled the entire proceeding."

In the learned and most interesting work to which we have been so much indebted, we read that amongst the Scandinavians the law embraced all living things; that, for instance, the beaver had "his house even as his bonde," and if a person accidentally killed the animal, he was bound to make compensation to the lord of the soil, not as indemnification for the loss of the fur, but in consideration of the beaver's "rights as an inhabitant." Ferocious wild beasts were out of the pale of the law, which decreed that "bears and wolves shall be outlaws in every place;" and yet even these animals seem on occasion to have been treated with chivalrous courtesy, and the learned editor of an ancient Saga says, that the opinion that "bears have a reasonable knowledge of Danish is yet prevalent in Norway." It is very certain that forms of law (the words of power) were recited against the animal creation with as much formality and solemnity as even against the human race; and it was supposed in the Middle Ages, that noxious vermin, rats, mice, and even insects, would obey the decree of a civil tribunal, by which they were frequently excommunicated according to law. Nay,

(1) Concluded from page 48.

(2) We might almost suppose that a similar opinion prevails in India regarding the animal which Thomson calls "wisest of brutes;" for Bishop Heber, in his journal, writes, when speaking of the elephant on which he rode with Lord Amherst, "I was amused with one peculiarity which I had never before heard of; while the elephant is going on, a man walks by his side, telling him where to tread, bidding him 'take care;' 'step out;' warning him that the road is rough, slippery, &c., all which the animal is supposed to understand, and take his measures accordingly."

(1) Burke.

even in the proceedings which the superstition of the Scandinavians impelled them to take against disembodied spirits, vampires, demons, &c., we are told that "le seul remède contre ces apparitions est de couper la tête et de bruler le corps de ceux qui reviennent. Toutefois on ne procède pas sans forme de justice; on cite et on entend les témoins; on examine les raisons," &c. &c.

For this vampire, continues our author, feared not holy water, fled not before the hallowed relics, defied bell, book, and candle; exhumation, and burning alone, could quiet him; yet was this proceeding not resorted to until, upon *legal evidence* of the vampire's crimes, the magistrate issued a formal decree to that effect. Even in bargains with the Tempter, concludes he, we always find a valid, if not a good consideration, and a bond, signed and sealed in *due form of law*.

It is probable that the difficulty of obtaining the requisite number of compurgators, even in cases where there could be little moral doubt of the innocence of the accused party, led originally to that "appeal to heaven," which, in the various ordeals into which it branched, forms so picturesque a feature in the legal proceedings of the Middle Ages.

And it was not merely a task of immense expense and labour to the reputed criminal, to obtain these oaths, where a great multitude of compurgators was required, but it was a wearisome task on the patience and penetration of the judges, to sift the conflicting testimonies, and to ascertain the worthiness of the compurgators. Therefore, they seldom opposed the "appeal to heaven," which a harassed defendant might propose; and the clergy, from obvious motives, supported ordeals, which were always under their peculiar inspection, and added much to their influence in judicial matters. Therefore, about the time of the Conquest, though the compurgation was by no means extinct, indeed was assuming more of that character which afterwards became the law of the land in the trial by jury; still, about this time, the various ordeals were universally appealed to.

They were very various; but those most used in England were the ordeal of cold water—of hot water—of hot iron—of the corsned—of the cross—and finally, of the judicial combat.

These ordeals, though appearing to us rude, barbarous, and cruel, were, nevertheless, imposingly solemn in their details; and we must not forget that they were a solemn appeal to heaven, and that the result was *fully believed* by the people, to be the especial judgment of the Almighty. Therefore was every due preparation made by fasting, by prayer, and by other religious ceremonies. Mass was performed, the Eucharist administered, and the most earnest appeal that could be framed, was made to the party *not* to undergo the ordeal, unless his conscience acquitted him of the crime.

In the cold water ordeal, the accused person being thrown into a well or pool, with his limbs bound, was, if he sank, pronounced innocent, and rescued before he could receive material injury. Did he float, which, in the natural order of things, and before cork jackets were invented, was scarcely possible, he was pronounced guilty, and treated accordingly.

In the ordeal of hot water, the accused person plunged his arm into boiling water, and drew out a

stone placed therein for the purpose. The arm was instantaneously enveloped in a wrapper by the attendant priests, and not opened for three days, when if no marks of scalding appeared he was acquitted.

In the hot iron ordeal, the criminal either carried a ball of hot iron in his hand for the distance of nine feet, or walked blindfolded and bare-footed, over nine burning plough-shares, placed at equal distances. The scorched limb was instantaneously enveloped, as in the former ordeal, and not opened for three days. There is no doubt that much collusion was practised with regard to these hot water and hot iron ordeals, and that they *might* be performed, were the officiating priests so disposed, with almost perfect safety.

The corsned was a piece of consecrated bread and cheese, swallowed at the altar; an appeal having previously been made to heaven to cause the attestator to be choked, should he really be guilty. It is this ordeal to which Earl Godwin appealed in testimony of his innocence of the lady Emma's death, when, as our story-books tell us, he was choked at the banquet.

There were various modes of applying the ordeal of the cross. In criminal trials, the ceremony was usually thus conducted. When the prisoner had declared his innocence upon oath, and appealed to the judgment of the cross, two sticks were prepared exactly like one another in all respects, save that on *one*, the figure of a cross was cut. They were severally folded in white wool, and laid on the altar, or on the relics of the saints; after which, a solemn prayer was put up to God, that he would be pleased to discover, by evident signs, whether the prisoner was innocent or guilty. These solemnities being finished, the priest approached the altar, and took up one of the sticks. If it proved to be the one marked with the cross, the accused person was pronounced innocent, if it were the other, he was declared guilty.

The appeal in civil cases was disgusting and absurd.

Being assembled in a Church, each party chose a priest, the youngest and stoutest that he could find, to be his representative in the trial. These representatives were then placed on each side of some marked or famous crucifix; and, at a signal given, they both at once stretched their arms at full length, so as to form a cross with their body. In this painful position they continued to stand while divine service was performing; and the party whose representative dropped his arms first, lost his cause.

The judicial combat, though one of the most ancient and universal ordeals, is not mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon laws, and seems to have been not much appealed to in England until after the Conquest. It is so familiar to all readers, that it is quite unnecessary to dwell on it; but it may not be so well known that the fair sex, who in our own country were ever permitted a champion, were accustomed elsewhere to "do battle" for themselves. There is a duel of this sort quoted in an ancient German Customal, quoted by Sir F. Palgrave, in which we find that, in order to equalize the strength of the combatants, the hero was placed in a circular pit, in which he stood as low as his girdle, armed with an oaken club or staff, of the length of a good cloth ell. The heroine was furnished with a sling or rope of equal measure, at the end of

which was tied a heavy stone. With this weapon she endeavoured to fell her antagonist, whilst he, on his part, sedulously tried to twist his club in the sling; for, if he did this, as the sling was tied fast to her arm, the fair one would be at his mercy. Sorry are we that our author omits to relate the event of this peculiar "joust à l'outrance."

However well suited to the exigencies of a rude and semi-barbarous people the judicial combat might be (and there appears to be little doubt that under the strict regulations to which it was subjected it was well adapted), still does it seem lamentable that, stript of all its most ennobling adjuncts—the fair trial of skill, the masterly exercise of noble weapons—for not then was it the death-giving stroke of the murderous pistol—it does seem sad that thus degraded, thus brutalized, the judicial combat should yet remain; should yet remain in that existing abuse by which every domestic charity is broken; every holy feeling of parent, or kindred, or friend, is despised; every ordinance of God is sacrificed; and every decree of heaven contemned—the DUEL.

A more unequivocal and decided advantage than the judicial combat is attributed to the Norman Conqueror, viz. the Trial by Jury. The Anglo-Saxon trial by compurgators offered, however, a strong resemblance to a jury; and though a rule more defined and arranged was introduced by the Conqueror, it was not established by statute, and came into common use by very slow degrees; not perhaps till the reign of Henry the Second, when a law was made allowing a defendant to prove his innocence either by battle, or "by a jury of twelve men." For to each department of government may be applied the definition given by Sir James Mackintosh to government itself:—"A bundle of usages, the object of respect and the guide of conduct long before it is embodied, defined, and enforced in written laws."

One of the most remarkable and most efficacious of William's acts was the compilation of the Domesday Book—a book invaluable as a reference even at this day, and characterised as "if not the most ancient, yet, without controversy, the most venerable, monument of Great Britain."

As such, a few brief remarks on it can hardly be deemed out of place here.

The volumes are preserved with the greatest care; no person is allowed to touch the writing. There are various copies extant.

It is a general survey of the country. Alfred had made such a one, which was extant so late as the reign of Edward the Fourth; but it is probable that his was by no means so minute and particular as the one which William made; and it is certain that the Saxon monarch's details of lands and property were nullified during the Conqueror's reign, when all the estates of the country passed into Norman hands, to the prejudice, and almost to the extinction, of the native owners of the soil.

"Therefore," says the Saxon Chronicle, "the king had a large meeting, and very deep consultation with his council about this land; how it was occupied, and by what sort of men. Then sent he his men over all England into each shire, commissioning them to find out 'how many hundreds of hides were in the shire, what land the king himself had, and what stock upon the land, or what dues he ought to have by the year from the shire.' Also

he commissioned them to record in writing 'how much land his archbishops had, and his diocesan bishops, and his abbots, and his earls; and though I may be prolix and tedious, what, or how much each man had, who was an occupier of land in England, either in land or in stock, and how much money it were worth.' So very narrowly, indeed, did he commission them to trace it out, that there was not one single hide, nor a yard of land; nay, moreover, (it is shameful to tell, though he thought it no shame to do it,) not even an ox, nor a cow, nor a swine was there left, that was not set down in his writ."

The excellent plan which was devised for the compilation of this survey, and the perfect consistency and regularity with which its details were executed throughout every township, hundred, and shire, afford satisfactory proof that the business of government at this period was conducted with much less rudeness than is usually supposed. It has been found that false returns were made in some particular instances, but its authority, nevertheless, was never permitted to be called in question. Its decree was irreversible; from it there could be no appeal. And this authority, definitive as that of the day of *dome*, or judgment, is said to have given title to the book. It gave deep offence to the people; for not only did it record so irrevocably the deposition of thousands of the sons of the soil from their native roof-trees, but it was looked upon with the deepest suspicion as predicative of some further, and as yet undreamt of, oppression. This, however, if he meditated it, the Conqueror's death prevented.

The Domesday Book consists of two volumes of very unequal size—one folio, the other quarto. They are written on vellum in small clear characters, much intermixed with red ink, and form "the first of the unrivalled series of territorial records which enable us to trace the history of landed property in England from the settlement of the Anglo-Norman monarchy."

A great deal of odium has been popularly attached to William on account of his institution (or rather of his adoption, for it was used elsewhere) of the Curfew Bell.¹ It is probable that the observance of the rule to extinguish fire and candle at a certain hour, was on many occasions too rigidly enforced, and entailed suffering and privation on many persons; but, as a general rule, it was a most highly beneficial one. Almost all the dwellings in the kingdom were at that time of wood; great numbers of them had no more scientific chimney than a hole in the roof, which was usually closed up when the inmates retired to rest; consequently, not merely individual fires, but wide-spreading conflagrations, were of constant occurrence. It was to prevent as far as possible these desolating fires, that strict rules were ordained for extinguishing lights and fires before the usual hour of repose. Another imperative motive, certainly, was the prevention of those secret meetings for "redress of grievances," ending usually in rebellion, which were of almost nightly occurrence in the early part of the Conqueror's reign.

(1) Wordsworth has adopted the common prejudice:—
"Hark! 'tis the tolling Curfew!—the stars shine; . . .
But of the lights that cherish household cares
And festive gladness, burns not one that dares
To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,
Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnares!"

It is well known that William's death was caused by an accident whilst he was engaged in the burning of Caen. The historians have put a dying confession into his lips, by which "he admonished all those that were present in sayings worthy to be remembered, mixed sometimes with tears;" but as this is in all likelihood entirely apocryphal, we will not introduce it here.

Scarcely had the king yielded his last breath ere all the nobles around him took horse and hastened away. The inferiors, with brutal rapacity, snatched away the armour, vessels, apparel, linen—everything, indeed, that could be removed—and absolutely left the royal corpse untended on the ground.

But the dishonour offered to his remains did not terminate here; for even at the moment of interment, Anselm Fitz-Arthur forbid the burial, because the land in which the grave was prepared had been forcibly and unjustly wrested from his father.

The clergy around the grave instantly offered a reasonable compensation, and the solemnity was concluded.

HELEN WALKER.

It is to be regretted that no fuller account has been preserved of the act of high-minded, persevering courage by which Helen Walker, a simple Scotch maiden, saved her sister from a shameful and unmerited death; voluntarily encountering untold difficulties and dangers rather than speak the one word of untruth, by which she might so easily have gained the same end.

An outline, all that could then be learnt of her adventures, came many years after to the knowledge of a lady, who had the penetration at once to perceive how well fitted was such a history for the powers of the greatest novelist of this or any age. She wrote to the author of *Waverley*, at first anonymously, recounting the story, and the circumstance through which she had learnt it. Subsequently her name was made known to him as Mrs. Goldie, of Craigmure, near Dumfries.¹ He entered as warmly as she expected into the beauty and the merits of her history; and, not long after, the world was at once benefited and delighted by perhaps the most interesting of his romances, "*The Heart of Mid Lothian*," of which this incident forms the groundwork. Helen Walker herself suggested the beautiful character of Jeanie Deans.

Subsequent inquiries have added little that can be depended on to the original account; but we have gratefully to acknowledge the kind and willing exertions of a lady, whose near connexion with Mrs. Goldie best qualifies her for the task, to furnish us with any fresh circumstances which time might have brought to light, correcting, at the same, the misstatements which others have fallen into from the wish to amplify and enlarge on insufficient data.

Helen Walker was the daughter of a small farmer of Dalwhairn, in the parish of Irongray, in the county of Dumfries, where, after the death of her father, she continued to reside, supporting her widowed mother by her own unremitting labour and privations. On the death of her remaining parent she was left with the charge of her sister Isabella, much younger than herself, and whom she educated and maintained by her own exertions. Attached to her by so many ties, it is not easy to conceive her feelings when she found this sister must be tried by the laws of her country for child-murder, and that she herself was called upon to give evidence against

her. In this moment of shame and anguish she was told by the counsel for the prisoner, that, if she could declare that her sister had made any preparations, however slight, or had given her any intimation on the subject, such a statement would save her sister's life, as she was the principal witness against her. Helen's answer was: "It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood, whatever may be the consequence; I will give my oath according to my conscience."

The trial came on, and Isabella Walker was found guilty and condemned. In removing her from the bar she was heard to say to her sister: "O Nelly, ye have been the cause of my death;" when Helen replied—"Ye ken I bute speak the truth." In Scotland six weeks must elapse between the sentence and the execution; and of this precious interval Helen knew how to avail herself. Whether her scheme had been long and carefully considered, or was the inspiration of a bold and vigorous mind in the moment of its greatest anguish at her sister's reproach, we cannot tell; but the very day of the condemnation she found strength for exertion and for thought. Her first step was to get a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of her sister's case; she then borrowed a sum of money necessary for her expenses; and that same night set out on her journey, barefooted and alone, and in due time reached London in safety, having performed the whole distance from Dumfries on foot. Arrived in London, she made her way at once to John, Duke of Argyll. Without introduction or recommendation of any kind, wrapped in her tartan plaid, and carrying her petition in her hand, she succeeded in gaining an audience, and presented herself before him. She was heard afterwards to say, that, by the Almighty's strength, she had been enabled to meet the duke at a most critical moment, which, if lost, would have taken away the only chance for her sister's life. There must have been a most convincing air of truth and sincerity about her, for the duke interested himself at once in her cause, and immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for, with which Helen returned to Dumfries on foot just in time to save her sister's life.

Isabella, or Tibby Walker, thus saved from the fate which impended over her, was eventually married by Waugh, the man who had wronged her, and lived happily for great part of a century, in or near Whitehaven, uniformly acknowledging the extraordinary affection to which she owed her preservation. It may have been previous to her marriage that the following incident happened:—A gentleman who chanced to be travelling in the north of England, on coming to a small inn, was shown into the parlour by a female servant, who, after cautiously shutting the door, said—"Sir, I am Nelly Walker's sister;" thus showing her hope that the fame of her sister's heroism had reached further than her own celebrity of a far different nature; or, perhaps, removed as she was from the home and the scenes of her youth, the sight of a face once familiar to her may have impelled her to seek the consolation of naming her sister to one probably acquainted with the circumstances of her history, and of that sister's share in them.

The manner in which Sir Walter Scott became acquainted with Helen Walker's history has been already alluded to. In the notes to the *Abbotsford* edition of his novels he acknowledges his obligation on this point to Mrs. Goldie, "an amiable and ingenious lady, whose wit and power of remarking and judging character still survive in the memory of her friends." Her communication to him was in these words:—

"I had taken for summer lodgings a cottage near the old abbey of Lincluden. It had formerly been inhabited by a lady who had pleasure in embellishing cottages, which she found, perhaps, homely and poor enough; mine possessed many marks of taste and elegance, unusual in this species of habitation in Scotland, where a cottage is literally what its name declares. From my cottage door I had a partial view of the old abbey before men-

(1) Wife of Thomas Goldie, Esq., Commissary of Dumfries.



Helen Walker.

tioned; some of the highest arches were seen over and some through the trees scattered along a lane which led down to the ruin, and the strange fantastic shapes of almost all those old ashes accorded wonderfully well with the building they at once shaded and ornamented. The abbey itself, from my door, was almost on a level with the cottage; but on coming to the end of the lane it was discovered to be situated on a high perpendicular bank, at the foot of which ran the clear waters of the Cluden, when they hasten to join the sweeping Nith,

'Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.'

As my kitchen and parlour were not very far distant, I one day went in to purchase some chickens from a person I heard offering them for sale. It was a little, rather stout-looking woman, who seemed to be between seventy and eighty years of age; she was almost covered with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women of that rank of life in Scotland; her eyes were dark, and remarkably lively and intelligent. I entered into conversation with her, and began by asking how she maintained herself, &c. She said that in winter she footed stockings; that is, knit feet to country people's stockings, which bears about the same relation to stocking-knitting that cobbling does to shoe-making, and is, of course, both less profitable and less dignified; she likewise taught a few children to read; and in summer she 'whiles reared a wheen chickens.'

"I said I could venture to guess from her face she had never married. She laughed heartily at this, and said: 'I maun hae the queerest face that ever was seen, that ye could guess that. Now do tell me, madam, how ye came to think me?' I told her it was from her cheerful, disengaged countenance. She said: 'Mem, have ye nae far mair reason to be happy than me, wi' a gude husband, and a fine family o' bairns, and plenty o' every-

thing? For me, I am the puirdest o' a' puir bodies, and can hardly contrive to keep myself alive in a' the wee bit o' ways I hae tell't ye.' After some more conversation, during which I was more and more pleased with the old woman's sensible conversation, and the *matvets* of her remarks, she rose to go away, when I asked her name. Her countenance suddenly clouded, and she said gravely, rather colouring, 'My name is Helen Walker; but your husband kens weel about me.'

"In the evening I related how much I had been pleased, and inquired what was extraordinary in the history of the poor woman. Mr. ——— said, 'There were perhaps few more remarkable people than Helen Walker; and he gave the history which has already been related here.'

The writer continues. "I was so strongly interested by this narrative, that I determined immediately to prosecute my acquaintance with Helen Walker; but, as I was to leave the country next day, I was obliged to defer it until my return in spring, when the first walk I took was to Helen Walker's cottage. She had died a short time before. My regret was extreme, and I endeavoured to obtain some account of Helen from an old woman who inhabited the other end of her cottage. I inquired if Helen ever spoke of her past history, her journey to London, &c. 'Na,' the old woman said, 'Helen was a wiley body, and whene'er any o' the neighbors asked anything about it, she aye turned the conversation.' In short, every answer I received only tended to increase my regret, and raise my opinion of Helen Walker, who could unite so much prudence with so much heroic virtue."

This account was enclosed in the following letter to the author of Waverley, without date or signature:—

"Sir,—The occurrence just related happened to me twenty-six years ago. Helen Walker lies buried in the churchyard of Irongray, about six miles from Dumfries. I once purposed that a small monument should have been erected to commemorate so remarkable a character;

but I now prefer leaving it to you to perpetuate her memory in a more durable manner."

Mrs. Goldie endeavoured to collect further particulars of Helen Walker, particularly concerning her journey to London; but this she found impossible, as the natural dignity of her character, and a high sense of family respectability, had made her so indissolubly connect her sister's disgrace with her own exertions, that none of her neighbours durst ever question her upon the subject. One old woman, a distant relation of Helen's, and who was living in 1820, says she worked in harvest with her, but that she never ventured to ask her about her sister's trial, or her journey to London. "Helen," she said, "was a lofty body, and used a high style o' language." The same old woman says, "that every year Helen received a cheese from her sister, who lived at Whitehaven, and that she always sent a liberal portion of it to herself or to her father's family." The old person here spoken of must have been a mere child to our heroine, who died in the year 1791, at the age of eighty-one or eighty-two; and this difference of age may well account for any reserve in speaking on such a subject, making it appear natural and proper, and not the result of any undue "loftiness" of character. All recollections of her are connected with her constant and devout reading of the Bible. A small table, with a large open Bible, invariably occupied one corner of her room; and she was constantly observed stealing a glance, reading a text or a chapter, as her avocations permitted her time; and it was her habit, when it thundered, to take her work and her Bible to the front of the cottage, alleging that the Almighty could smite in the city as well as the field.

An extract from a recent letter says, on the subject of our heroine:—"I think I neglected to specify to you that Helen Walker lived in one of those cottages at the Cedar Mills which you and your sisters so much admired; and the Mr. Walker who, as he said himself, 'laid her head in the grave,' lived in that larger two-storied house standing high on the opposite bank. He is since dead, or I might have got the particulars from him that we wanted: he was a respectable farmer."

The memorial which Mrs. Goldie wished to be raised over her grave has since been erected at the expense of Sir Walter Scott. The inscription is as follows:—

This stone was erected
by the Author of Waverley
to the memory of
HELEN WALKER,
who died in the year of God MDCXCII.
This humble individual
practised in real life
the virtues
with which fiction has invested
the imaginary character of
JEANIE DEANS:
refusing the slightest departure
from veracity,
even to save the life of her sister,
she nevertheless showed her
kindness and fortitude
in rescuing her
from the severity of the law,
at the expense of personal exertions
which the time rendered as difficult
as the motive was laudable.
Respect the grave of poverty,
when combined with the love of truth
and dear affection.

Jeanie Deans is recompensed by her biographer for the trials through which he leads her, with a full measure of earthly comfort; for few novelists dare venture to make virtue its own reward; yet the following reflection shows him to have felt how little the ordinary course of Providence is in accordance with man's natural wishes, and his expectations of a splendid temporal

reward of goodness:—"That a character so distinguished for her undaunted love of virtue lived and died in poverty, if not want, serves only to show us how insignificant in the sight of heaven are our principal objects of ambition upon earth."

A CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE COUNTRY.

No. II.

WHEN Alleyn had finished reading, all agreed that Rosaline had a right to love her herbal, and Cyril pronounced his sister "a very Sappho!"

"No, no," said Mrs. Martha Loraine, "Sappho was a heathen, and, thank God, Rose is a Christian. I am most pleased with the last verse, for I do indeed often rejoice at the vicinity of that church, and think it 'looks down blessings on our ancient hall.' I love to remember the time when I was led there by my own dear mother, the oldest of a family which soon became so numerous, and has now dwindled down to your father and myself. I can remember your mother, Justine, when first allowed the privilege of attending the service, clinging to my arm, and restraining her buoyant step to suitable serenity, her sweet blue eyes wandering to the curious monuments of our ancestors, until recalled to her book by my father's whisper, 'This is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven!' Yes, and I remember her standing before the venerable vicar to be examined amongst the candidates for confirmation, and all the holy aspirations she then poured into my anxious ear. I can remember her again, Justine, little older than you are—at this moment you remind me of her, yet those black eyes belong to l'Estrange—and your father stood beside her under that roof, and she went from it his wife, never to return again. She took a blessing with her, and from a foreign land wrote me that she was often with me in spirit, once more worshipping in our own time-honoured church. My dear, dear Justine, may the blessing which was your mother's rest upon you, and may you seek it where she sought it—in that church!"

The solemnity of aunt Martha's manner was felt by all the party, but by none more than by Frederic and Justine, who had been taught to revere the memory of the mother they had lost so early. The entrance of Mr. Loraine and Mr. Barlow broke the silence, and Lucy soon asked for the verses promised by her mother.

"Are they quite new, mamma?"

"Quite new, I only received them this morning."

"This morning! By the post?"

"Yes, by the post. Agnes was wondering about my three letters, and I expected her to inquire whom they were from; but Edmund's epistle put all other things out of her head, so I kept my own secret; and now hear what our Laureat has sent us."

"James Hamilton, mamma! can he not come? What keeps him away? Rose! Rose! did not mamma tell you James Hamilton had sent some verses for us?" exclaimed three or four voices at once.

"Gently, gently, my good people. James is kept away by his brother's illness, and will be here as soon as he can comfortably leave him. He says he has sent us a few floral charades, that we may not quite forget him during his absence, and begs we will only have one each evening, and then, perhaps, they will last until he makes his appearance."

"Oh, mamma, how many are there?—Aunt Martha, do not you know? Mrs. Barlow, has not mamma told you?"

Both ladies shook their heads, and acknowledged their ignorance on the subject; and at length Mrs. Loraine read the following charade, and the remainder

of the evening was spent in guessing its meaning, and criticising its structure.

"Silently, gently, and lightly descending
From heaven, my first may be seen;
A mantle as soft to the sleeping earth lending,
As you ermine the breast of fair beauty defending
From the winter's breath chilly and keen.

And look where my second is tremblingly stealing
Down the cheek of that beauty so fair;
It comes from the heart's tender fountain of feeling,
A treasure more dear to her lover revealing,
Than its types the chaste pearls in her hair.

And soon, when my first from the earth is retreating,
And my second beguems every spray,
To that beauty shall hope, her sweet whisper repeating,
Show my delicate whole, which the spring's smile is greeting,
And predict—"He returns, gloomy winter's away!"

The snow, which had fallen in great quantity during the night, still continued to descend, so that the whole landscape around Kirkfield was enveloped in its white mantle, the only relief to the eye being from the numerous hollies and other evergreens, on which it had indeed lodged in ponderous masses, but which still showed here and there the bright green leaves and red berries. The windows of the saloon, opening to the ground, were blocked up high as the first pane, and the innumerable tribe of robins, chaffinches, sparrows, &c., which Agnes Lorraine and her little friend Laura Barlow delighted to feed, could not receive the usual bounty until a space was cleared away for their accommodation. The cold wind and falling snow swept in at the opened window, which Mrs. Lorraine and Mrs. Barlow hastily begged might be closed; and the girls stood watching their feathered friends for some minutes, amused by the airs of a robin who seemed to consider himself lord of the feast, driving away the other birds when they interfered with his repast, shaking the snow off his wings, pecking at the window, and looking up with his merry eye as if conscious that he was an established favourite.

"Cousin Frederic," said the saucy Agnes, "have you any birds except sparrows in London? I always fancy not. Do come and look at our country sparrows. They are quite a different colour from yours, are they not? I suspect yours are almost black, and these are beautifully dressed in various shades of brown. I know you have sparrows in London, because I remember reading in the 'Peacock at Home,' that

"A London bred sparrow, a pert forward chit,
Danced a reel with Miss Wagtail, and little Tom Tit."

"Upon my word, Miss Agnes, pert forward chits are not confined to London," said her cousin, running his hand through her clustering curls, and then spinning the laughing girl round so suddenly that the whole flock of feathered pensioners took flight. They, however, soon ventured to return, and Justine l'Estrange was tempted to look at them, and compelled to declare she was unacquainted with several of the visitors.

"Agnes is a saucy girl, Justine, and not at all like her brother Charles," said Charles himself; "but, if it be a fair question, I should like to ask how many British birds you do know? Come now, a sparrow we will presume upon your knowing—what next?"

"I know a swallow, a bulfinch, a canary—"

"Oh, but a canary is not a British bird."

"Well, I know a swallow, and a bulfinch.—Lady Dorrington has a most beautiful bulfinch, which whistles all Strauss's waltzes; and is such a favourite with her, because her son, who had been absent many years, an *attaché* to the Embassy, a fine young man, brought it her from Vienna."

"Then that bulfinch, certainly, was not a British bird, Mademoiselle Justine. I shall not let you go

rambling after fine young men. I am a fine young man myself, and, as I am bringing up to the bar, I shall make you undergo a rigid cross-examination. How many British birds do you know? A turkey?—with oyster sauce. A goose?—with sage and onions. A partridge?—with crumbs and bread sauce. A pheasant?—ditto. A woodcock?—with a toast; and a snipe? because I shot one yesterday."

After a little more joking Justine was obliged to confess her ignorance of British birds, and Agnes and Laura were delighted to point out to her the different competitors for their crumbs; particularly the little blue-bird, or Nun, which soon joined the circle.

"I think your cousin should not begin her ornithological studies before she has made a little more progress in botany," said Mrs. Barlow, "or you will frighten her back to town as soon as the snow is cleared away."

"My dear madam! you must not think me so indolent as to take fright at the bare idea of information, though this is truly very different to any I have received before, because it comes in a practical and amusing shape, instead of being a mere vocabulary of names, which is all I seemed to gain from books in the town."

"You need not be afraid, Justine," said Mrs. Lorraine, "for we are not very learned here; though Agnes talks of botanizing, we are not botanists, but lovers of wild flowers."

"But, my dear mamma, my darling 'Meadow Queen,' is a real botanical book, and Lindley's 'Ladies' Botany,' and Mrs. Mariat's 'Vegetable Physiology,' are very favourite books with my sisters," cried Agnes.

"So they are, my love, and Justine shall read them when she chooses. Still, Justine, the knowledge we can impart is chiefly the result of observation on the things around us, things to which you have never been accustomed; but, as we hope your residence here will not be of very short duration, we shall be greatly pleased if you can feel an interest in them; and my girls must look to you for much information which is very desirable for them, and which they have had no opportunity of acquiring here."

"My dear Justine," said Sophia, "I have not forgotten that you promised to teach me that beautiful new kind of embroidery which is in your work-basket. I fear I have not all the proper materials, but, if I can find any which will put me in the way of acquiring the stitch, I should be glad to learn it this morning; and when we do go to R—, I can then get a proper supply."

"What are we poor fellows to do this morning?" asked Charles.

"Cyril has quietly stolen away to his Hindostanee in the library, where I should fancy you might also find something to study," said his mother.

"But what is to become of this idle fellow Fred?"

"Oh! I am going to copy out this little German song for Lucy."

"Then, as Alleyn is with his father, Neville must be reader to our circle to-day. What book shall we have? There is the last new parcel from the book-club on that table: so perhaps Mrs. Barlow or aunt Martha will make the selection."

Aunt Martha soon fixed upon a work of general interest, and the morning passed rapidly in spite of the increasing storm without. Long after the usual hour no post had appeared, and it was surmised that the cross-roads must be so completely blocked up that none could be expected. Agnes petitioned that James Hamilton's budget might be opened, and an additional charade allowed them, to make up for the loss of the letters and newspapers.

"They are all about flowers," said her mother, "and I fear your cousins will not be able to guess them until they have increased their acquaintance with the Flora Kirkfieldensis, yet I really think I will indulge you with one, which speaks so much of the delights of summer weather, that it will perhaps make us forget the cold around us."

"Mamma!

'Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or stay the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December's snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?"

"Fye, fye, Rosaline! surely you will not vote against
the charade. I shall make you read it for doing so."—
And Rosaline read,

Oh, who would linger when gay summer calls
From every flowery mead and bosky dell?
Oh! who would linger 'neath the city's walls
When waves upon the wind the heather bell?
When the green corn-fields' promise 'gins to swell
The filling ear? When silence at high noon
Doth of the songsters' callow younglings tell?
Who can resist the voice of merry June,
When Nature in reply doth every heart attune?

Now ventures forth my *first* with buoyant grace
And light step, wandering thro' the grassy lane;
Health spreads its mantling blushes o'er her face,
And shyness doth her spirits flow restrain;
Soon as the summit of the hill we gain
And the pure breeze hath fanned her open brow,
To check the gay infection were in vain,
And laughing, warbling, bounding she will go,
Racing to reach the brook which cheers the vale below.

Then bending o'er the streamlet's leaf-fringed side
To watch the sportive minnows glancing gay,
Start back to see my *second* all untied,
And blush to mark its lawless disarray
Reflected there. The wanton eziyls play
With each bright tress, whilst she, with pretty art,
The breeze will chide, and turn her head away,
And rest upon some jutting rock, apart,
To smooth her truant curls, and still her beating heart.

Sure 'tis a pleasant picture thus to see
That fair young creature cast her eyes around,
Half-closed, yet sparkling with a covert glee,
Scanning the summer treasures which abound
On the o'erarching rock—its summit crowned
By plume of waving fern, whilst hanging there
My *whole* in verdant clusters may be found,
Scattering all moisture to the thirsty air,
And flinging from its leaf each dew-drop glittering fair.

A good deal of discussion followed, and ere long the
solution was found to be Maiden-hair.

POPULAR YEAR-BOOK.

December 6.—*St. Nicholas' Day.*

ST. NICHOLAS, who is commemorated on this day by the Latin and English Churches, was born at Patura, a city of Lycia, of reputable parents, who early initiated him into the doctrines of Christianity, which he practised in so exemplary a manner as to receive the patronage of Constantine the Great, through whom he became Bishop of Myra. He was present in the Council of Nice, where, it is said, he gave Arius a box on the ear. According to legendary story, he was disposed so early in life to obey the directions of the Church, that, when an infant at the breast, he fasted on Wednesday and Friday, sucking but once on each of those days, and that towards night. This circumstance, and a miracle which we shall immediately relate, caused him to be regarded as the peculiar pattern of the "rising generation" under the endearing title of "Child Bishop." The miracle is as follows. An "Asiatic gentleman" sent his two sons to Athens for education, and ordered them to call on St. Nicholas for his benediction. On arriving at Myra with their baggage, they took up their lodging at an inn, intending, as it was late in the day, to defer their visits till the morrow; but, in the

mean time, the landlord, to secure their effects to himself, wickedly murdered the youths in their sleep, cut them up, salted them, and purposed to sell them for pickled pork. St. Nicholas was favoured with a sight of these proceedings in a vision, and in the morning went to the inn, and reproached the host for his horrid villany. The man, perceiving that he was discovered, owned his crime, and entreated the Saint to intercede for his pardon. The Bishop, being moved by his confession and contrition, besought forgiveness for him and supplicated restoration of life to the children: whereupon the mangled and detached pieces reunited, and the reanimated youths threw themselves at the feet of St. Nicholas, who raised them up, exhorted them to return thanks to God alone, gave them good advice for the future, and sent them with great joy to prosecute their studies at Athens. This tradition concerning St. Nicholas, were there no other, sufficiently accounts for the selection of his festival for the commencement of the puerile solemnities about to be described.

Anciently, on this day, the choir boys in cathedral churches chose one of their number to maintain the state and authority of a bishop, for which purpose he was habited in episcopal robes, wore a mitre on his head, and bore a pastoral staff in his hand; his fellows for the time being assuming the character and dress of priests, yielding him canonical obedience, taking possession of the church, and performing all the ceremonies and offices which might have been celebrated by real ecclesiastics. Though the election of the child bishop was on the 6th of December, yet his office and authority lasted till the 28th. On the Eve of the Holy Innocents this personage, and his youthful clergy in their copes, and with burning tapers in their hands, went in procession chanting versicles, made some prayers before the altar, and sang Complin. By the statute of Sarum no one was to interrupt or press upon the children during their procession or service in the cathedral, upon pain of anathema. It appears that the boy bishop, at Salisbury, held a kind of visitation, and maintained a corresponding state and prerogative; and he is supposed to have had the power to dispose of prebends that fell vacant during his episcopacy. If he died within the month he was buried like other bishops, in his episcopal ornaments; his obsequies were solemnized with great pomp, and a monument with his effigy¹ was erected to his memory.

The juvenile observances, above described, existed not only in collegiate churches, but in almost every parish in England; and, as Walton affirms, even in common grammar-schools. They were suppressed in 1542 by a proclamation of Henry VIII.; but were revived under Queen Mary, and seem to have been exhibited in country villages till the latter end of the reign of her successor. "We may observe," remarks Strutt, "that most of the churches in which these mock ceremonies were performed, had dresses and ornaments proper for the occasion, and suited to the size of the wearers, but in every other respect resembling those appropriated to the real dignitaries of the church." Brand is of opinion that the *montem* at Eton is only a corruption of the ceremony of the boy bishop and his companions, who, upon being prevented from mimicking any longer their ecclesiastical superiors, "gave a new face" to their festivity, and began their present play at soldiers and electing a captain. Within the memory of persons alive, when the above antiquary wrote, the *montem* was kept in the winter time a little before Christmas: a passage was cut through the snow from Eton to Salt-hill, upon which, after the procession had arrived there, the chaplain and his clerk (Etonians thus disguised) used to read prayers; and then, at the conclusion, the chaplain kicked the clerk down the hill. The present *Montem* is generally celebrated on Whit-Tuesday, and honoured

(1) Such an one is preserved in Salisbury Cathedral.

by the presence of royalty. It is triennial, and consists at present of a procession of the boys to Salt-hill, where money is collected for the "captain" as a kind of provision against his going to the University. The youths begin to assemble at about nine o'clock in the morning, and at half-past there is what is termed, in the Etonian phraseology, an "absence;" that is,—the boys, in order, march three times round the playing or school-yard, and are each successive time called over by the head master, who stands at his "chamber door." Behind each "fifth-form boy" marches a "lower boy," carrying a white pole, and hence this portion of the school receive the name of "pole-bearers." After this part of the ceremony, sundry stout fellows are placed at all places of exit, armed with staves. At ten, the boys begin to set out for Salt-hill, and "dire is the rout, and dreadful is the squeeze," since the only permitted way is through the cloisters, and thence into the playing fields; and the latter passage is narrow in the extreme. When the crowd is fairly out, the "pole-bearers" present their poles to be cut in two by the swords of the "fifth form," girded on for that sole purpose. The following personages figure in the procession: a "marshal," who wears the uniform of his assumed rank, and is attended by several pages in dresses of different nations; a "captain," (who is a king's scholar, the head boy of the school, and for whose benefit the montem is held,) attired in the usual regimental costume; a "lieutenant," in the usual dress; an "ensign," to whom is entrusted the college flag; "serjeants" and "corporals," in their proper uniforms; and the "salt-bearers" and their servitors, scouts or runners, who wear every kind of fancy apparel, and carry large embroidered bags for "salt," i. e. "voluntary contributions." The proper number of the salt-bearers is only two, but they are aided by several of their schoolfellows.

On the morning of Montem day they frequently rise as early as six o'clock, and forthwith scour the country, soliciting or demanding money from every one whom they encounter. Having collected the "salt" from the company, the salt-bearers, &c. levy a contribution from the boys of at least one shilling each, which, in the whole school, amounts to upwards of thirty pounds. When the procession arrives at Salt-hill, the college flag, inscribed with the motto *Pro More et Monte*, is waved three times by the ensign, who stands on the summit of the mound. The fifth form then dine by themselves, and the lower boys, by themselves: and the procession returns to Eton about five. The day after the Montem the captain gives an elegant *dejeuner a la fourchette*, to the first two hundred boys, in the College Hall.

December 9.—The illustrious poet JOHN MILTON was born on this day, 1608, in Bread-street, London. He received the rudiments of a learned education at St. Paul's School, and afterwards studied at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was admitted, Feb. 12, 1624. Dr. Johnson is "ashamed to relate what he fears is true, that Milton was one of the last students in either University that suffered the public indignity of corporal correction." He was well skilled in Latin, and wrote verses in that language with classical elegance. He began his travels on the death of his mother in 1637, and passed fifteen months in visiting Paris, Florence, Rome, Lucca, Venice, and Genoa. On his return home he took a house in Aldersgate-street, London, for the reception of scholars. In 1641 he began to engage in the controversies of the times, and wrote several polemical treatises. Two years later, he married his first wife, the daughter of a country gentleman in Oxfordshire, whom he soon repudiated. After the martyrdom of King Charles I, he was appointed Latin Secretary to Oliver Cromwell. In 1654, or perhaps earlier, he became totally blind, a misfortune which his enemies considered as a judgment from heaven. At the Restoration he retired into obscurity, and by the exertion of his friends was included in the general amnesty. His immortal poem, entitled *PARADISE LOST*, the copyright of which he sold for only 10*l.*, was pub-

lished in 1667. He died in 1674, and was interred near his father in the chancel of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

December 13.—St. Lucy's name occurs in the Kalendar of the Church of England on this day. She was a young lady of Syracuse, who preferring a religious single life to marriage, gave away all her wealth to the poor. Having been accused by the nobleman who sought her hand, to the Pagan Proconsul Paschasius, for professing Christianity, she obtained the crown of martyrdom, A. D. 304. Her remains long reposed at Syracuse. They are now preserved in the Church of St. Vincent, at Metz.

LOUISE, OR THE FAIRY WELL.*

AFTER pausing for a moment to admire the delicate tracery and the foliage of the sculptor, and dwelling for some moments on the maxims over her head, she tripped forth lightly into a conservatory filled with rare plants and curious shrubs, the splash of water falling continually into hollowed basins of pure white marble filled her with delight; here several large bees, such as she had previously seen, were flitting about, and many birds of bright plumage had built their nests in the taller shrubs. On her approach, the birds nestled down in their nests, and covered their little heads with their wings; and the bees alighted on the different flowers, and found a shelter in their wide spreading cups. "Oh, how charming!" said Louise, "I will catch one of these little birds, to see the bright colours of his plumage." She raised herself up to the lowest shrub, and as soon as she put her hand into the nest, the little terrified creature uttered a shrill cry, which was taken up by all the others, so that the conservatory resounded with their piteous notes. Fear for the moment proved superior to her other feelings, and as soon as she felt more confident, she stretched out her hand a second time, but the nest was gone! Louise, in astonishment, ran from shrub to shrub, peering cautiously into the branches, but the birds had all flown, and she could not even discover their nests. This was a great source of wonder, as she could not imagine how they had made their escape, as the windows that reached from the ribbed ceiling to the marble floor were all closed, and she could see no other means of escape. The bees too had flown away, and she was alone. This circumstance gave her no uneasiness, on the contrary, the hours glided pleasantly away, as she found new attraction in every succeeding flower. Here was the rose in all its variety of tint, here was the graceful lily, the striped carnation, the star-like primrose, and the delicate snow-drop. Here orange and lemon trees bloomed, amid myrtles and acacias; here the most choice treasures of the Eastern gardens grew in all their luxuriance. When she had feasted herself sufficiently on the sweets around her, she turned her eyes to the fountains, in whose waters swarmed myriads of the most tiny fish, frolicking about in the clear glassy element. Soon, however, by degrees, a feeling of languor crept over her frame, and she lost her former vivacity; the charm of the scene died away, and she longed to see and hold intercourse with the bright spirits who dwell in the fairy palace. "What are all the charms" cried she, "of so beautiful a spot to me, if there be none else to enjoy it? what concert so sweet as that of human voices? Oh, for my little companions in the forest glade!"

(1) Concluded from page 95.

As these last words were issuing from her mouth, a merry laugh rang through the conservatory. Louise, guided by its ringing echo, hastened in the direction from which it proceeded, but there was no sign of living being. She discovered, however a doorway, which yielded to a push from her hand, and then closed again behind her so exactly, as to appear but a part of the solid wall. Immediately on her emerging from the conservatory, an indescribable feeling of awe crept over her; the spot on which she stood seemed to inspire holy and devotional thoughts; the mellow light that fell upon the dark marble pavement from the coloured windows, was in unison with the sombre air which pervaded the entire edifice. She was standing in the nave of a venerable structure, with an open ceiling of cedar wood, supported on slender pillars of porphyry, whose capitals were decorated with elegant tracery: beyond fell a deep curtain, separating the nave from the inner building. Louise crept silently to it, and on her approach a deep sound of music burst forth. Simple and plain was the melody, but anon its tones rose and swelled upon the ear, riveting the attention by its beautiful simplicity. All was silence for a moment, and then the melody was heard flowing softly forth again, blended with voices rich and powerful.

"Mortal foot is lurking nigh,
Mortal voice and mortal eye!
None our fairy home may see,
Save those of spotless purity.
Hearts as pure as virgin snow,
Such alone our haunts may know.
Anger, hence, and bitter strife,
And all the foes of earthly life.
Come, if thou be firm of mind!
Go, if fickle as the wind!
Come, if thou wouldst happy be!
Come, if thou wouldst fain be free!
Here is life, and here is pleasure,
There is peace in this bright home,
Peace, the weary mortal's treasure;
Come, oh, come—"

Louise, urged by some impulse, caught up the melody ere it died away, and sang the last few lines in a spirit of reverential awe. She felt no longer the thoughtless child of the forest, roaming only from thicket to glade in search of new delight, careless of aught beyond the present moment; a new light seemed to be dawning upon her, and the thought that life was not without its duties, that all its concerns were not to be centred on self, occurred to her mind, and she began to wonder how it had happened that she had been so long dead to this important truth. This thought gave birth to a thousand kindred reflections, and her imagination presented before her eyes the inscriptions on the archway of the chamber where she had slept. "Ah," said she "full well I know

Life is but a trial at most,

but then follows

Happy they who use it well,

oh, may I be enabled to know that happiness." Pursuing the train of reflections which sprang from the consideration of the maxim, her feelings became o'ermastered by a sense of her former blindness and ignorance, and she fell on her knees in the spirit of prayer; and, though her lips appeared sealed, and her fervour was not manifested in devotional accents, nevertheless her soul was poured forth in prayer, and she was heard. For a long time she continued upon her knees upon the marble floor, with raised eyes and uplifted hands, and when she arose, with a feeling of calm serenity,

the curtain was suddenly withdrawn from before her, at the same moment a film fell from her eyes, and she was in the presence of those beautiful spirits who had visited her in her dreams.

"Thou hast striven," exclaimed the fairy spirits, "and now shalt thou be a child of spotless purity."

They then embraced her, and led her out into a spacious garden, in which stood a circular edifice of shell work, encrusted with moss and curious grasses. Her dream was indeed realised, and Louise recognized the beautiful spot, peopled by the fairies, in their blue silk draperies, fastened by zones of white coral; the gems that glittered upon their brows were of intense brilliancy; the bees were hovering about on their downy wings, and the same birds hopped from spray to spray. They then led her into this circular edifice, singing, and showering roses and sprigs of myrtle along the path, and entered a chamber, on which a throne of crystal was raised upon a dais; on it sat a lady, bright as the morning star, at whose presence all fell with their faces to the ground. The beautiful lady advanced to Louise, and encircling her waist with a coral band, and clasping a diamond on her forehead, greeted her thus:—

"Forget not, my child, what thou hast resolved on this day. The gift of life is no useless boon; we sleep but in the night; the sun rises each succeeding morn to light our path for the day, and however confined and narrow that path may be, we must walk in it, and doubt not we shall find duties to perform ere we reach its utmost limits. They who walk blindly on, forget that life is but a trial, and miss its great object. Thou art young, child, and untainted; and preserve thyself spotless as hitherto, and on thy return to the Schwarzwald, for thou must return for a time, strive for the great reward, and thou shalt visit us again with all now dear to thee."

With these words she returned to her throne, and Louise and her fairy companions left the chamber, and roamed in the gardens. Some gathered the most delicious fruits and presented to her; others plucked the most choice flowers and twined them in her hair. They devised all kinds of sports to amuse her; ran races, and danced in merry groups on the green-sward, exhibiting in their graceful movements the delicate symmetry of their limbs.

When they became fatigued with their games they led her to a clear crystal stream, and invited her to plunge in to cool her glowing limbs. In a moment they were all sporting in the water,—now floating on the glassy surface, now dipping beneath the wave, and then appearing again with their bright locks unbound, streaming over their shoulders, and dripping with spray. After the refreshment of the bath, they led her into a more beautiful apartment than any she had hitherto seen, though its magnificence was somewhat diminished in her eyes, by the appearance of several hideous faces, bearing upon them the stamp of passion, hatred, jealousy, and other feelings that debase mortality. Louise, somewhat terrified by the fiendish glare of their eyes, and their savage mien, inquired of one of the fairies the cause of their dwelling in a spot tenanted by happy spirits.

"See you not," replied the fairy, "they are separated from us by an iron grating; part of their miserable punishment it is, to be spectators of the undying bliss that reigns for ever here; they suffer

unceasing torments in a cold and cheerless spot; here is eternal spring and beauty, ever fresh and blooming; they were blind to the uses of life in the external world, they reaped not the harvest, because they smothered the good seed, and their doom is eternal."

During this conversation, the tables throughout the chamber were loaded with delicacies for a feast; and as soon as Louise and her companions were seated, and the sound of mirth and enjoyment arose, the unhappy beings at the grating uttered loud yells of despair, mingled with execrations at their miserable lot. Meanwhile, the time glided pleasantly away, till the tinkling of a little silver bell gave the hour for returning.

The fairies then signified to Louise, that it would be her duty to keep watch during the night at the mouth of the well; and for this purpose they led her by a winding staircase to the summit of a tower, and bade her look up. Above her was an opening, through which a faint ray of light was streaming, sufficient to assure her that it was the mouth of the old well, and that she was in the neighbourhood of the Schwarzwald. The fairy spirits all embraced her most tenderly, kissing her repeatedly. "I will stay with you for ever," cried Louise, passionately; but they kissed her again, and said, "Thou shalt one day be one of us, but not yet;" and then they bade her be of good heart, and left her. As soon as she was alone, her thoughts reverted to her father's hut, and she longed to know what had transpired during her absence. "Doubtless my father is sorrowing," thought she, "bemoaning his lost child; my mother, too, is weeping, perhaps; and oh, how sad must be poor little Carl, deprived of his dear Louise!" The desire of seeing them again became gradually stronger, till she burst into tears, and sobbed violently, till sleep came to her relief.

She was roused by the sound of an axe, and on opening her eyes she discovered herself on a mossy bank at the mouth of the well. The poor child rubbed her eyes, to convince herself that it was reality, and then exclaimed, "Ah, it must have been a dream,—but what a beautiful one!" but, on putting her hand to her forehead, the diamond circlet was still there, though she was dressed in her blue woollen frock, and wore her straw hat. She concealed the diamond in her pocket, and bent her steps towards the spot where the click of the axe sounded, and in another moment Louise was folded in her father's arms.

How the tears chased one another down the cheeks of the old woodcutter, as he pressed his child to his heart! "Come," said he, "my darling treasure, let us return together to the hut, and rejoice with your mother and little Carl, and you shall tell us where you have been; and we will tell you how we sought you in the forest, day after day, and could discover nothing but the basket."

They drew near the hut, and Gertrude was weeping within. "For a week my child has been torn from me; oh, let me die!"

"Live, live, and happily, too!" shouted the woodcutter, as he entered the hut with Louise in his hand. Gertrude clasped the child to her bosom in a transport of delight, and little Carl kissed her, and then wept, and kissed her again.

The joy at her recovery was not confined to the woodcutter's hearth; the news spread rapidly through the little colony, and all flocked to the

hut, anxious to see Louise, and to congratulate her parents. When the happy family seated themselves round the blazing fire in the evening, the woodcutter pressed his daughter to say how she had missed her path, and in what manner she had subsisted during the week she had been missing; but the child begged him to forbear questioning her, as she could not reveal it. "One day," said she, "father, dear, you shall know all."

Years passed on in their course, and prosperity had smiled upon the simple woodcutter: he was now become the aufseher of the district. He had marked the wisdom that dictated the opinions of his child; nor were her deeds at variance with them, as she preserved one strict line of duty herself, and invited all others to follow her example. She was the friend and counsellor of all: were any unhappy, Louise could restore their peace of mind; were any in doubt or perplexity, Louise was ever ready to aid them; were there any quarrels in the little settlement, Louise was the arbitrator, and always the peace-maker. Loved and respected by all, she continued in one straightforward course, never turning aside to the right or to the left.

The forest leaves were thickly falling, every breeze added numbers to those already crisped and curled on the ground, and the woodcutter felt sensible that he should never see again their green bloom. He was lying upon a couch facing a window that looked upon a forest path: his faithful wife, Gertrude, was supporting his head; his son Carl, now a fine-grown youth, was kneeling by his side, and Louise had just completed the narrative of her visit to the fairy spirits in the happy realms. The old man's eye lighted up with sudden brilliancy. "What see you, father, dear?" cried Louise. His lips quivered, but no sound escaped them. "What see you, father, dear?" repeated the child, and as she stooped to kiss his pale cheek, she heard him whisper faintly, "I come, beautiful spirits, I come." One struggle,—all was over.

They buried him on the margin of the well; and when spring came round, flowers sprang up upon his grave, arching gracefully over it, and Louise knew that her father was happy. The woodcutters immediately elected Carl into his father's office. "Tread thou," said they, "in his footsteps, and thou canst not err." Louise continued with her brother; and the two, knowing that their father's trial at most, endeavoured to "use time well" and won undying bliss with their mother, who had gone before them, and the old woodcutter, in the dwelling of the beautiful spirits of the Fairy Well.

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Painters.

JOSEPH VERNET.

It was at a period when the French school of painting was declining, that Joseph Vernet, an artist distinguished by originality of genius and energy of character, made his appearance. He was born at Avignon, in France, in 1714; and at the age of eighteen he went to Rome, where his works were highly esteemed by the Italians themselves, who seemed to reckon him among the number of their artists.

His choice of the particular style of painting to which he chiefly devoted himself, was decided by the sight of a storm at sea. His sea-pieces gained

him great renown throughout Europe, and his landscapes, chiefly composed of scenes in Italy, were much admired for the excellence of the colouring, and that animation in his figures and groups which may be said to be a distinguishing feature of his works.

Vernet excelled in depicting the motion of water and the velocity of clouds, and if his landscapes do not display a delicacy of touch equal to those of Claude de la Lorraine, he is more animated than that great master in his sea-pieces.

After spending twenty years in Italy, he was summoned to France by Louis XV, to paint views of the ports of that country. Such works fetter the genius of artists, and are not generally interesting in their appearance; but Vernet contrived to produce a striking and picturesque effect in those pictures, at the same time that he represented every object with the utmost exactitude.

He was received into the Academy immediately on his arrival in Paris. Few artists have left a greater number of works. There is scarcely a cabinet in Europe which does not possess some of his pictures. His Italian landscapes are beautiful, and are much prized.

Vernet's personal qualities were of the highest order. Although he was admitted into the presence of royalty, and was courted by the great, he constantly preserved a modest and an unassuming demeanour. If he indulged in luxury, it was not from ostentation, but in order to gratify his feelings of hospitality; and his principal recreation was the society of persons of intelligence.

An interesting anecdote is related of him, connected with our own celebrated landscape painter, Richard Wilson.

It happened that Vernet and Wilson were at Rome at the same time; the former being in the zenith of his fame. One day Vernet visited Wilson's studio, and being struck by the merit of one of his landscapes, he begged to be permitted to give the artist one of his own in exchange for it. Wilson readily agreed to so flattering a proposal, and sent his picture to the distinguished French painter, who generously exhibited it to his visitors, and recommended Wilson to their favour.

Vernet passed through life deservedly respected by all who knew him, even by those who were envious of his talents. He continued to work until within a very short period of his death, without either his body, his mental powers, his genius, or his cheerfulness appearing to be affected or diminished; and he died at Paris, after a short illness, in 1789, at the age of seventy-five, or, as some say, seventy-seven.

Portry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; and Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

BURIAL OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

On sunny slope and beechen swell
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory that the wood receives
At sunset, in its decayed leaves.

Far upward, in the mellow light,
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard,
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers;
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak, of the roe-buck's skin,
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death-dirge of the slain;
Behind, the long procession came,
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed,
And swift an arrow cleared its way
To his stern heart!—one piercing neigh
Arose, and o'er the dead man's plain
The rider grasps his steed again.

Longfellow.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

I NEVER yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. . . . Of all trees, I observe God hath chosen the vine, a low plant, that creeps upon the helpful wall: of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb: of all fowls, the mild and galled dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the sturdy oak, nor the spreading plane; but in a bush, a humble, slender, abject bush. As if He would by these elections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing procureth love, like humility: nothing hate, like pride.—*Feltham's Resolves*.

N.B. The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; Covers for binding, with Table of Contents, may be ordered of any Book-sellers.

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The Death=Bed.

————— CAN it be
That there are blessed memories joined with death
Of those who parted peacefully, and words
That cling about our hearts, uttered between
The day and darkness,—in life's twilight time?
Oh, I could tell of one whose image comes
Before my inner sight,—I knew her not—
That ancient dame I told thee of, whose eyes
Sought for heaven's glories in the light of earth,
She would speak of her till her heart was full.
And I would weep for childish waywardness,
And long to be as she was. 'Twas her own
And only child; and never from her side



summer's evening, we pursued the path which skirts the summit of the bastions, and so reached the corner of the fortification. The view from this point is enchanting. Behind you, rise the heights of the Königsstuhl, the king's seat, covered with trees of the richest foliage, and, as you stand on the verge of the precipice, which forms the chief defence of the castle on this side, beside you lies the old Rent Tower, mighty in its ruins, like the corpse of a hoary Titan; whilst beyond it, from amidst the trees, the towers and battlements of the palace stretch to the sky in sublime and silent majesty. At your feet lies a blooming orchard, and below it the irregular, quaint looking roofs of the town, dotted with shingled steeples of old fashioned churches. From the black fir woods of the Odenwald, on the far right hand, the river runs swiftly by, whirling in a thousand little eddies; and on the opposite bank lies the lovely Neckar valley, with its fragrant gardens, and vineyards, and orchards; whilst beyond them the hill of All Saints, with the ruined convent on its summit, shuts in the view, and seems to touch the heaven with its lofty peak. At this end the valley is narrow, and the hills draw so close to each other, that there seems to be no egress, and one can scarce imagine that the river extends beyond the stream visible beside the town; but lower down, the glen widens out, the hills recede, and the valley is lost in the vast swelling plain of the Rhine, extending for many a league.

In one of the numerous beautiful little glens which run down from the hills opposite Heidelberg, towards the water side, stands a small plain-looking white house, half hidden by trees, which is pointed out to strangers as the spot where the students' duels take place. It is a convenient theatre for these intellectual entertainments, being so far from the town, that they are not in the general case liable to interruption. The college authorities do, however, sometimes get notice beforehand of a duel, and take measures for interfering between the combatants, though not always with the happiest results, as occurred in the case of an acquaintance of mine, who, by-the-bye, was an Englishman, and ought to have known better. In this instance, the university beadle, armed with all the terrors of his dreaded office, had just reached the door as my friend received a slash across the cheek, and the wounded man, to escape condign punishment, was obliged to leap out of the window and hurry up the valley, with his blood streaming from the gash, so that the wound, of course, not being subjected, as it should have been, to immediate medical treatment, healed but badly, and remains a very pretty scar to this day.

The view of the Neckar valley is to me the most lovely in Germany; and yet this very land, which, in the golden radiance of the setting sun, looks like the garden of the Hesperides, has suffered more desolating ravage from the ruthless hand of war than almost any other in Europe. Tilly devastated it with his murderous hordes of pious savages; the Swedes followed in his steps, both literally and figuratively; but the palm of atrocity was reserved for the French, under Turenne; they burst upon it with merciless fury: but one sack was not enough, and the Palatinate was a second time subjected to such fiendish cruelties that all Europe rung with the horrors committed by them. The destruction of the Palatinate forms a glorious episode in the life of Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, and there was a quaint cold-bloodedness about the proceeding which makes it interesting. Louis was going to a grand court-ball, when Louvois came and said, "Sire, your army must receive orders to lay waste the Palatinate, and devastate it from end to end." "Indeed," replied Louis, "I am sorry for that, but, if it is proper, of course it must be done;" and so saying he went off to the ball. The orders were immediately despatched, and admirably obeyed. Every house was burned down; the cattle were killed; the vineyards and orchards were cut down and destroyed, and the inhabitants turned out in the

depth of winter to shift for themselves. The garden of Germany was turned into a howling wilderness, where nought was to be seen but the smoking ruins of once happy homesteads, or heard, but the cries of the wretched fugitives perishing with cold and want.

At the upper end of the pleasure-ground is a fine large coffee-house, where were numbers of all ages and sexes seated at tables in the open air, engaged, after the German fashion, with coffee, beer, and tobacco, whilst they listened to the strains of a very fair band, which played almost without intermission. Conspicuous amongst the company were a large party of students, with their little caps of various colours, according to the part of Germany which claimed the honour of their birth, their long hair, and their fantastic dresses. One, in particular, was a delicious specimen of a true Bursch; he was a decidedly handsome young man, with long fair hair curling on his shoulders, and pointed curling beard, dressed in a doublet of black velvet, with a short cloak of the same material falling off one shoulder; he was smoking a pipe of portentous length, and was evidently the hero of the day. On the whole, however, from the little I have seen of these students, I do not think they deserve all the ill that is spoken of them; in fact, the very points most reprehensible in their manners seem to me exactly those which have been most be-praised, such as their renowning, their beer-drinking, and so forth; as to the latter, I really cannot offer any excuse, though it seems to me that the folly must carry its own punishment along with it; for it is impossible to conceive that any one can calmly wait down to drink two or three gallons of small beer without feeling himself degraded in the scale of being; how they ever get it down is to me inconceivable! I should think the torture by water was nothing to it. As to the want of cleanliness and of gentlemanly feeling, of which they are accused, I do not think that, as regards the former, they are more to blame than foreigners in general; and the few I have ever met with intimately, always appeared to me, barring their Burschen eccentricities, quiet gentlemanly fellows. Then, as to their dress, and their attempts to look picturesque, all this is no doubt laughable enough, but I do not know that it is more absurd, and it certainly is as agreeable to others, to see a man dress like a picture of Raphael, than to find a gentleman, by rank and fortune, rigged out like a groom, and attempting to look knowing. In mental and literary acquirements the generality of the students at German universities are, I suspect, quite equal, if not superior to the pupils of our most boasted academies. Not that I at all agree with those, who are such indiscriminate admirers of the German system of tuition, as to wish to exchange our own for it. On the contrary, I conceive, that as, according to the old Scottish proverb, "ilka land has its ain lauch," so the academical institutions of every country will, in the general case, be found best suited to the habits and modes of mind of the youth of that country; and that the indiscriminate adoption of foreign systems of education will, unless great care be taken, introduce principles so much at variance with the national characteristics, as to be liable to produce more harm than good. All that I would wish to say is, that the German scholastic system, whether as regards their colleges or their schools, is an admirable one for Germany. The professors undoubtedly rank amongst the most deeply learned men of the age, and their scholars are as thoroughly instructed as any, and I believe more extensively so than any, in Europe. Indeed, the fault which I have generally heard alleged against the German academies, and to which, from my own experience, I should think them most liable, is, that of making their pupils too learned; so that those, whom we should call their "crack men," are usually mere pedants, with heads stuffed full of all kinds of knowledge, but with minds utterly uneducated. This is a fault, however, which I suspect is to be attributed as much to the peculiar character of the German mind as to the nature of the

German schools; and, after all, is it a fault from which our own university education is entirely free? Do not our own Universities turn out men as learnedly ignorant as Heidelberg and Berlin?—men who can scan the most difficult choruses in the tragedians, and think no more of the most difficult questions in mathematics than I do of the recondite problem of the snail, and yet who do not know a hawk from a barnshaw. There is, however, one practice common to all the German schools, which might, I think, be introduced amongst us with advantage; I mean, the habit of *speaking* Latin. In the upper classes of the Gymnasias, or public schools, it is usual to enforce the speaking of Latin amongst the scholars, as is frequently the case in our academies with regard to French. This practice imparts a greater readiness and command over the language than can be gained by any of our systems of laborious written exercises. And thus you shall frequently find students in Germany who can converse with each other in Latin for hours together on colloquial subjects with the most perfect ease. Indeed, the thing is sometimes carried a little too far. I remember a case of a man at Bonn, who had the most perfect command of the Latin tongue, and could chatter college slang in it as easily as in German, but the accomplishment was attended by one disadvantage, which made it not a little inconvenient; for whenever the Latinist got drunk, which, unfortunately, was not seldom, he invariably retreated to bed, and remained there until he was perfectly sober again; but though this, of course, took a long time, and he was extremely troublesome on such occasions, continually summoning and ordering about the servants, he never would use any other language but Latin, and was excessively angry when his commands were misunderstood, or that his unfortunate landlady, in sheer self-defence, was constrained at such times to send for some fellow-student to act as interpreter.

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE COUNTRY.

CHAP. III.

AFTER dinner, the *Hortus siccus* was produced, and the *Adiantum capella Veneris* shown to Justine, who was anxious to know the derivation of the name, since she traced no resemblance to hair in the leaves.

"I believe," said Sophia, "that it is to be traced in the leaf-stalks rather than in the leaves themselves, and these you will find to be fine and hair-like. Indeed, a resemblance there must be, for it is in German and Dutch called *Venus-haar*, which answers to the Latin *Capella Veneris*, and to the English Maiden-hair. *Adiantum*, the other botanical name, is derived from a Greek word signifying 'dry'; and it is said, that if you plunge the plant into water, it will, on coming out, reject all the moisture, and quickly be as dry as before. It is the very prettiest of all our British ferns, and yet they are all pretty."

"What sort of flowers have they?"

"They have not any flowers; their beauty consists in the elegance and variety of their foliage, which adorns the wild heaths and woods; and one might almost fancy some of them to form fairy forests, and picture the tiny elves frisking beneath their shade."

"Why, Sophia," cried Charles, "you must gather fern-seed; and then, indeed, you may have a chance of seeing the 'good people,' who would not otherwise allow your presence at their revels."

"Perhaps the fairies do gather it," said Lucy; "and that may be the reason that we never see them."

"What do you mean by gathering fern-seed?" asked Justine.

"Oh! it is an old superstition in the north, that if you can obtain possession of fern-seed, you may render yourself invisible."

"I do not suppose," said Mrs. Loraine, "that this superstition has arisen from the fact that ferns do not flower, and consequently have not what in strictness can be called a seed; for they do propagate themselves by what is somewhat analogous to seeds, and our unscientific ancestors would hardly quibble at a word. They must have intended to insinuate the fact, that these *sori*, as they are now called, are so minute and so hidden as to be extremely difficult to be found. They are usually placed under the leaf; frequently along the rib; or, as in the Maiden-hair, at the very edge; whilst, as a further concealment, some of them actually turn down the edges of the leaves, and cover the *sori* completely."

"Sophia," said Cyril, "I have been thinking of your fancy of the fairies disporting under the shade of waving ferns, and enlarging the said ferns in my mind's eye, until I found myself under the towering foliage I left behind me in India. I suppose you will not tell me that our splendid palm trees are of the same family as your elegant ferns."

"They certainly have much resemblance in form, but cannot be of the same family, since the palms have both flower and fruit, which the ferns have not; but you have also in the tropics tree-ferns of a gigantic size. Travellers, you know, tell strange stories; and, if I remember rightly, some have described the stems of these tree-ferns as rising to the height of forty or fifty feet without a leaf. In short, they are said to be most superb objects, emulating the palm in size as well as in elegance."

"Those tropical ferns," said Mr. Barlow, "are a great support to the theory of geologists, that our globe must formerly have been a great deal hotter than at the present day, since, amongst the fossil remains in this latitude, numberless ferns are discovered, greatly resembling the present species of that plant, but of so enormous a size, that some of them could not have been less than thirty feet in height, whilst the ferns in the same latitude now seldom reach to the height of more than three feet."

"I know nothing," said Mr. Loraine, "more interesting to the mind than the opening of the study of geology. We seem to be gazing into the long receding vista of time, where gigantic masses arise on every side, hidden by thick clouds, through which we can only occasionally discern with certainty the sublime objects concealed by their drapery."

"I can quite enter into your ideas," said Mr. Barlow, "and can only compare the feeling to what we may suppose Belzoni to have experienced as he penetrated into the wonderful temples of the Nile, and saw beauty, order, and magnificence unfolded before him. Yet we have in geology a more noble pursuit than this, since our object is not to explore the works of man, but of God, in whose works we are sure to find order, the most wonderful, even where there is a seeming chaos; for 'He hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span: and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.'"

"How much it is to be regretted," said Mrs. Loraine, "that in some minds there is raised a prejudice against the study of geology, from a supposition that it leads to theories subversive of the truth of the Mosaic account of the creation!"

"It is indeed a cause of regret," replied her husband; "but the greater regret should be, that men, reasoning from parts alone, should have allowed themselves to build theories, which, I feel convinced, the farther progress of geological knowledge will disprove; but there are, fortunately, many learned and scientific men, who are ready to submit their great talents to the superior light of revelation, and we know that 'truth is mighty and will prevail.' Firmly believing the truth as re-

vealed in the Bible, I am so far from wishing to repress the study of geology, that I would encourage it to elicit fact after fact, convinced that, in the end, every seeming difficulty will be overcome, and science and revelation speak the same language. Already there is one striking coincidence to be found between them."

"What is that, my dear father?"

"Why, Lucy, your lectures on geology at R—— last summer have been thrown away upon you, if you do not recollect that, for the convenience of arrangement, geologists have divided the strata of the globe into three series."

"Oh," interrupted Agnes, "even I remember primary, secondary, and tertiary! for I always think of old John Brown, who had the tertian ague, which came on every three days."

"Your memory contrives to jumble matters strangely, Agnes," said her father; "but your names of the three classes are certainly correct. In the earliest strata no fossil remains are found; as we advance upwards in the secondary series, plants appear, but no organized beings; still rising, fishes and reptiles are found mingled with the plants; whilst in the upper, or tertiary series, the bones of quadrupeds are discovered in abundance, and frequently in a fine state of preservation. Now, turn to the first chapter of Genesis, and you will find that Moses tells us, that on the third day of the creation God caused the earth to bring forth grass, and herbs, and trees; on the fifth day, He commanded the waters to bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that have life; and not until the sixth day did He create the beasts of the earth after their kind."

"It is indeed striking," said Lucy, "and may surely account for the much greater number of fossil plants than of fossil animals; as well as the chemical supposition, that their preponderance is caused by their more enduring nature, though that is of great account."

"I remember," said Rosaline, "being much struck by the fact that my favourite flowers, those frail and fleeting beauties, should outlast the more noble and animated parts of creation, and retain their elegance of form throughout unnumbered ages. A fossil flower!—what a strange association of duration and fragility!"

"And I dare say, Rose, you do not quite forget that, when you made the remark, James Hamilton said it added one more trait to the resemblance between women and flowers, since there is a preserving power in woman's affection, which renders her graceful even when the bloom of beauty is departed."

"There is no preservative of beauty like affection," said aunt Martha; "when it looks out from the countenance, it leaves its own image impressed there, and when its eye rests on the features of those it loves, it possesses a transmuting power more valuable than the fabled touch of Midas. We have often laughed at little Mennie Markham calling her very plain uncle, 'pitty uncle Guy;' yet the old man was gifted with the poetry of affection."

"You speak of the fossil remains of plants being very numerous; pray, have geologists been able to distinguish them botanically?" asked Frederic.

"Yes," said Mr. Barlow, "they have already classed about 640 distinct varieties, and most of them are analogous to the fern tribes."

"Five hundred and forty!" exclaimed Justine; "they must almost be as numerous as the living flowers of the earth."

"Not quite," said Sophia, "since botanists have described upwards of 50,000 of the latter, and the number is daily increasing by the discovery of new plants in recently explored regions."

"I certainly had no conception of this enormous number of plants, and could almost ask where room is to be found for them all."

"My dear girl," said Mrs. Loraine; "your ideas have been formed in trim gardens, where every plant is separately placed, and you have not considered that intri-

cate carpet-work which God has spread under our feet, or that exquisitely-varied drapery of every hue with which He has clothed the fair scenes of nature. We must take you to spend a summer's day in Clevedon-Dean or on Halston Moor, before we can display to you half our treasures."

"Oh! Justine," cried Agnes, "how I do wish you had been with us last summer, when we went on to Halston Moor! Sophia, and Lucy, and Alice Forster, and I, rode by turns on the old pony; and Charles, and Alwyn, and dear Edmund, walked by us. Charlotte Forster and mamma drove to Halston Farm to make tea for us. They came by the road, but we went by the moor the whole way—oh, it was delightful!"

"We certainly had a day of great enjoyment," said Sophia. "The sky above us was perfectly clear; and though the sun shone a little fiercely, he is generally so capricious a guest during our summers that we would not complain, whilst the little difficulties of the road only stimulated us to increased merriment."

"I can hardly fancy a moor very pretty or picturesque," said Justine, "but perhaps Halston Moor is an exception."

"I do not suppose it is," replied Sophia. "It is just such a common as may be found in many other parts of England; of no great extent, and of no peculiarity, if we except, perhaps, a few large oaks which are scattered here and there, and are fine objects for a sketcher. The enjoyment was in the pure air and active exercise, and in the search after rare wild flowers, in which we all busily engaged."

"And does a bare moor yield many?"

"You must not call a moor bare; for, as mamma says, it is spread with an intricate carpet-work of flowers. Even the most common flower there, the whin-bush, is so beautiful, that the German botanist, Dillenius, when he first beheld this glory of an English common spreading its golden blossoms to the winds, and loading them with its most rich perfume, actually went down on his knees in admiration of the wonderful plant."

"Is it then so very splendid?"

"Surely you know a whin-bush, Justine," exclaimed Agnes.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Loraine, "you may know it by the name of gorse."

"Oh," said Frederic, "I have certainly heard of and seen gorse covers in Leicestershire, though I never was properly introduced to one. Come, Lucy, you have all the crabbéd names by heart—tell us by what hard name to call this splendid plant!"

"I shall begin to suspect, Frederic, that you are rather more knowing than you profess to be, and wish to puzzle me, since, though I can tell you that the botanical name of the whin is *Ulex Europæus*, I must add that I am quite ignorant of the derivation of this word, as also of that of the English names. The only guess I can remember is that of some learned antiquary, who thought it might by possibility have come from a Celtic word, *uc*, which signifies a point; and surely it has prickly points enough about it."

"Dash knows that, I should think," said Agnes. "Do you not remember, when he was so eagerly pursuing a rabbit, he ran his nose quite amongst the bushes, and came back making such a foolish appearance that we all laughed at him? and then he had disturbed a lark, who sprang up into the air, and warbled a song so loud, we heard it above our laughter, and all became suddenly silent, raising our heads as quickly as Dash had done, and gazing up after her until the song became fainter and fainter, and she was only like a little wee tiny speck in the clear blue sky. I was so busy lark-gazing that I put my foot quite into a boggy place, and when I screamed out I frightened poor old Nora, and Alice, who was riding her, had nearly been thrown by her starting. Then, soon after, we came to the gipsy camp under the large oak, which we call the Druid's oak."

"I have just been fetching Lucy's charming sketch,"

interposed Rosaline, "that I may show it to Mrs. Barlow and my cousins, and prove that I had my share of the day's enjoyments; though I was too ill to join the party. Is it not clever? Do look at that little black-eyed urchin, sitting up in bed under that tent, and peeping out upon the strangers, whilst the rough little terrier round which he has thrown his arm, seems equally curious to commence an acquaintance with Dash. They are as well contrasted as Burns's 'Twa Dogs.'"

"And then, Mrs. Barlow," asked Agnes, "is not that like Edmund? Oh, how he tried to puzzle the old grandmother with his sea phrases!—and those crossed sticks over the fire, from which the pot was hanging to boil!—and all those blue, red, and yellow rags which the women were washing in the ditch, and hanging on the gorse to dry!—oh, it is all so like!"

"I fear the prickly whins would tear the rags still more."

"Oh, no! those lean black sheep crop them so closely, as far as they can reach, that they are in some places quite like smooth green hillocks on the outside. As we remarked this, Alice Forster said she had seen fences of whins near Melrose, which were not gay with flowers; they were cut too closely for that, but they made a very showy hedge. The old woman heard this, and told her she came from that part of the country, and had a house at Kirk Yetholm. Only think,—at Kirk Yetholm, where Walter Scott's Meg Merrilies was born! I call that old woman our Meg Merrilies."

"I prize my sketch very much," said Rose; "it always reminds me of Cowper's description:

'I see a column of slow rising smoke
O'er top the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse
Receives the morsel:—

and a little before this description, he says:

'The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, blunt, shapeless and deform'd,
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
Smells fresh, and, rich in odorous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets."

"I cannot quite forgive Cowper," said Sophia, "for calling the gorse 'shapeless and deformed,' or for omitting to notice its most delicious fragrance, which we may perceive stealing over us on the soft still air of a hot summer's day, even before we come upon the glowing masses which, at such a time, seem alive with the multitude of bees hovering over them, and adding the charm of their low musical sound to those of sight and smell. Certainly, the whin bush deserves more respect. In Petersburg they actually cherish it as a valuable hot-house plant."

"Well, to judge from your description," said Justine, "a day on Halston Moor must be as delightful as a fête at the Chiswick gardens, and certainly produced at much less expense in every way,—less time, less money, and less temper."

"Scarcely less time, since our expedition occupies the whole day."

"But then, your enjoyment begins with the day, whilst we lose hours in driving, or rather crawling in a carriage through crowded streets and dusty roads, before we reach the entrance of the gardens, where more time is wasted in cranking through the assembled multitude. Then, besides the expense of the ticket, there is the expense of the toilet; and then the temper! O, how provoking it is to have a lovely new dress torn to pieces, or a bonnet spoiled by a shower! and it always rains on a Chiswick fine day. Last year, I had a most beautiful organdie dress, direct from Paris, and—was it not provoking!—Mr. Mostyn was just about to offer me his

arm, when Fanny Harwood tied upon it. The crowd pushed me on—I lost my escort, and had my dress torn across, so that I never could wear it again. I half fancied Fanny did it on purpose, and I was very, very angry."

"So was I, Justine, when Edmund caught my pink gingham frock with the end of the whip, for I had it to mend the next morning. It was better than your dress, for it could be mended; yet you had the advantage of seeing all the superb flowers," said Agnes.

"But, Justine, in enumerating the delights of Chiswick, you forget the refreshments; all the ice-cream which fell upon old Mrs. Orton's blue velvet. You do not find champagne and ices in festooned marquees on Halston Moor, I suppose," said Frederic.

"No, no, but we had a very nice basket of prog, and a charming place for eating our cold pie, and drinking cider. Not under a single tree, but under a cluster of oaks, which Alleyn was so classical as to name the Grove of Dodona."

"And a very pretty name too, Miss Sophia, and there was, at least, a stock-dove in the branches, to give its oracles, and a stream to add to the resemblance; not very pleasant water, I must own, from flowing through the moss, and certainly, not always full at midnight and dry at noon."

"I quite approve of Alleyn's classical reminiscences," said his father, "and do not always agree with Shakspeare's much quoted, 'What's in a name' (for there is often much in a name to recal what is beautiful. Perhaps Sophia will remember those lines of a German poet, who deserves to be named in the same sentence with his loved Shakspeare, in which he beautifully describes the influence which the Grecian fables still have on educated minds, although 'they live no longer in the faith of reason.'"

"You mean those lines from Schiller's Wallenstein:

'For fable is love's home, his birthplace:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
And spirits, and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished,
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names."

"In honour of those beautiful lines," said Mrs. Lorraine, "pray let the name be adopted; but let me remind you that there is a religious solemnity in the overshadowing of fine trees, which may bring holier recollections. Trees are frequently mentioned in the Bible as memorable in the history of the patriarchs and prophets, during the earliest ages of the world; though I do not at this moment remember any such recollection attached to the oak, except in that awful account of the Man of God, who was disobedient unto the word of the Lord, and whom the old prophet found seated under an oak. Tempted by its shade to linger on his way homeward, by yielding to that temptation he prepared himself to fall by another, and to return by the way that he came, in direct opposition to God's commandment!"

"There is," said aunt Martha, "a passage in Isaiah, in which God, after pronouncing judgment upon Judea, and predicting the desolation of the land, says, 'But yet in it shall be a tenth, and it shall return and shall be eaten: as a tall-tree and as an oak, whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves, so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof.' In this passage, how noble is the figure of the oak, which has lost indeed its summer ornaments, but still standing firm in the vigour of its vitality! I sometimes contemplate this same image as a fit emblem of our holy Church, should its enemies ever succeed in their endeavours against it."

Then, indeed, it may be stripped of the trappings of its prosperity, which have their use as well as their beauty; but still, its substance will be in it, for the Holy Spirit is the substance thereof; and in the wintry storms of adversity, like the oak, it will become the more firmly rooted, for its foundations are upon the holy hills, and its top reaches to the heavens; aye, and we may confidently rejoice in its strength, and look that it shall flourish again, and that the nations shall return to shelter beneath its boughs!"

"The oak is a noble tree, and that cluster of oaks was certainly very fine," said Charles, "and I must allow it fit to inspire poetical recollections. Even Agnes took to quoting there, for she nestled down under a clump of bracken, and tried to sing

'The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head.'

"What is bracken?"

"Oh! the bracken is the common fern, Justine, and if you had been there, in that very spot, you might well have wondered at the multitude of flowers. I counted twenty within reach of my hand, where I was seated, and I took out a pencil, and made a list of them, that I might not forget any. There was the bracken, the heath, or erica tetralix; the lalluna, or ling; the lovely little anagallis tenella, or bog pimpernel; the polygala, or milk wort, both blue and white; the euphrasia, or eyebright; the pinguicula, or butterwort; the little linum catharticum, or purging flax; the drosera, or sundew; three or four kinds of mosses; two hypericums, or St. John's worts; the veronica, or speedwell; the parnassia—"

"Agnes! Agnes!" interrupted Frederic, "you will break all your teeth by repeating so many hard names, and yet I suppose Sophia will make them all out to be poetical."

"Very nearly all, I dare say," replied Sophia. "The heath has undoubted claims, as all Scottish bards will testify; and the little anagallis tenella is one of the most lovely and delicate of the British Flora, as its name, you Latinists will know, implies. Anagallis, too, signifies laughter, and alludes to the medicinal properties of some of the species, which were formerly supposed to cheer the spirits, by removing obstructions of the liver. Anagallis arvensis is a merry looking little flower, which may be seen at the skirts of a corn-field, opening its bright red petals to the sun, but closing them again whenever a cloud interposes between it and the ray it loves: and thus giving warning of the approach of rain, it has acquired the rustic title of the Shepherd's Weatherglass. Surely, that is poetical?"

"It is pretty," said Rosaline, "but must yield the palm of poetical merit to the Parnassia, or Grass of Parnassus, said to have derived its name from its grace and beauty, which well entitle it to claim Parnassus as its birth-place. Sophia has scarcely been able to do it justice in her drawing, for it is every way worthy of a place in the Grove of Dodona."

"Pray, Rose, do not insinuate that the Grove of Dodona was near Mount Parnassus, since the one was in Epirus and the other in Phocis."

"Alley, you are too learned by half. I fear Justine may be already tired of our derivations from the Greek, though we only give them botanically."

"Indeed, I begin to take a great interest in these names," said Justine, "since I find they have so much meaning. Pray what is the derivation of Pinguicula, or Butterwort?"

"You have not made a happy hit, Justine," laughed Charles, "if you intend Sophia to make anything poetical out of Butterwort. Wort is an old Saxon word for plant, and Butter has a very greasy sound, whilst Pinguicula unfortunately also means fat. Butterwort is a fat, greasy plant; is it not, Sophia?"

"Its leaves have a very unctuous appearance, certainly, and from this it has derived its name, which is

not very inviting; but the flower is extremely pretty, looking at a little distance like a violet robbed of its modest covering, and exposed to the rude gaze of every passer by. But after all, butter is very rural, and the plant has in Norway a rustic celebrity, being there used for the purpose of thickening milk, and forming a very grateful sort of curd. I wish I could say more for it, but my father will not let me quote 'What's in a name?' so I will leave it, and defy you to find fault with that of Sundew, whose rose-coloured leaves each secrete a single globule of clear, pellucid liquor, resembling dew, which glistens in the rays of the noonday sun, when real dew is all absorbed by the heat. It is a complete contrast to the Maiden-hair, the one rejecting all moisture, and the other always retaining it."

"Well, but what does Drosera mean?"

"That word is also derived from a Greek word, signifying dew, and it seems to have a similar appellation wherever it is known; being the Sonnentau of the Germans, and the Rugiada del Sole and Rociade of the Italians and Spaniards; besides which, it gives a name to the elegant Italian liqueur Rosolio, as it enters into its composition, and is said to possess many stimulating qualities."

"It is a very curious as well as a very beautiful plant," added Lucy; "for the hairs which support the globules of dew are so irritable, that should an unhappy insect settle upon them, they immediately close over it and crush the poor victim to death."

"What an hypocritical monster," cried Cyril, "weeping its dewy tears over those sacrificed by its own cruelty!"

"Not one word against so great a favourite, if you please. It has no rival in Agnes's list, but the Euphrasia."

"And what have you to say in favour of the Euphrasia?"

"More than I shall have time to advance to-night; for mamma has been turning over our Laureat's budget, and I see has selected an appropriate charade."

"If I guess rightly, it will prove very appropriate," said Mrs. Lorraine, and handed to Sophia the following:

Hail to my first, as he marches forth
With his saffron banners gay;
Spreading his conquest o'er south and north,
He takes his wondrous way.
Brightly my second her tearful eyes
Uplifts, her lord to greet;
If he smile, to his loved embrace she flies,
And dies 'neath his kisses sweet.
Whilst my lowly whole finds her humble rest
On some lone moorland hill,
And the plover's couch is her velvet breast,
Where he nestles close and still.

SIR F. HEAD'S EMIGRANT.¹

We venture to say that few who have taken up this volume to read, after having drawn on their gloves lest a spot should stain the purity of its milk-white covers, and admired the woodcuts on each board, suggestive of the toils and hardships of emigrant life, have not felt that they have been in some slight degree taken in by its title and appearance. We are far from saying that it is a worse book than one would have a right from these to expect; but it is certainly not the kind of book we should have anticipated from such outward characteristics. It says but little on the subject of emigrants or emigration, and has no other right to its title than that it is a book written about a country to which many men do emigrate. And it has far other stuff in it than we should expect to find where its delicate clothing will

(1) The Emigrant, by Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. London: Murray, 1846.

naturally place it—in a lady's boudoir, or on a drawing-room table. The book is, in fact, a smart political pamphlet, full of hard hits, directed with laudable impartiality against all, of whatever party, who have taken a different view of the policy to be adopted towards our North American colonies from the author, and written with the off-hand dashing vivacity of style and manner characteristic of all his sayings and doings.

Had there been nothing in the book but politics, with whatever interest we might have read it, we should not have felt it right to make it the subject of remark in this Magazine. But a portion—we will venture to say not the least interesting portion—of the book is taken up with observations and sketches of a more general character, which will be read with much pleasure by persons of all opinions, not even excepting the two *ames damnées* of Sir F. Head's political creed, Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel. The author himself compares his book to a crow (if it be, it is a white one), which is made up of a small lump of carrion, and two or three handfuls of feathers; so, he says, is this volume composed of political history, buoyed up by a few light sketches solely written to make a dull subject fly. We should rather have compared it to an arrow pointed with steel and winged with peacock's feathers.

Most of our readers will recollect that Sir Francis Head, or as he tells us the Americans love to call him, with an enormous quantity of superabundant emphasis on the additional word, Sir Francis *Bond* Head, was governor of Upper Canada during the insurrection in 1838, which forms the subject of a considerable portion of his book. But, before coming to it, we have some sketches of a more general kind, some of which we shall extract. The following is an attempt to account for the difference of temperature in Europe and America at corresponding degrees of latitude, with an account of the causes which are operating to effect a change in that of the latter.

"It is well known that, so far as temperature is concerned, cold is increased by altitude, as it is by latitude; accordingly, that by ascending a steep mountain—the Himalayas for instance—one may obtain, with scarcely any alteration of latitude, and in a few hours, the same change of temperature which would require a long journey over the surface of the earth to reach; and thus it appears that in the hottest regions of the globe there exist impending stratifications of cold proportionate in intensity to their respective altitudes.

"Now, as soon as moisture or vapour enters these regions, in southern countries it is condensed into rain, and in the winter of northern ones it is frozen into snow, which, from its specific gravity, continues its feathery descent until it is deposited upon the surface of the ground, an emblem of the cold region from which it has proceeded.

"But from the mere showing of the case, it is evident that this snow is as much a stranger in the land on which it is reposing, as a Laplander is who lands at Lisbon, or as, in England, a pauper is who enters a parish in which he is not entitled to settlement; and, therefore, just as the parish officers, under the authority of the law, vigorously proceed to eject the pauper, so does nature proceed to eject the cold that has taken temporary possession of land to which it does not owe its birth; and the process of ejection is as follows:—

"The superincumbent atmosphere, warmed by the sun, melts the surface of the snow; and as soon as the former has taken to itself a portion of the cold, the wind, bringing with it a new atmosphere, repeats the operation; and thus on, until the mass of snow is either effectually ejected, or materially diminished.

"But while the combined action of sun and wind are producing this simple effect in the old world, there exists in the northern regions of the new world a physical obstruction to the operation. I allude to the interminable forest, through the boughs and branches of which the descending snow falls, until reaching the ground it remains hidden from the sun and protected from the wind; and thus every day's snow adds to the accumulation, until the whole region is converted into an almost boundless ice-house, from which there slowly but continually arises, like a mist from the ground, a stratum of cold air, which the north-west prevailing wind wafts over the south, and which freezes everything in its way.

"The effect of air passing over ice is curiously exemplified on the Atlantic, where, at certain periods of the year, all of a sudden, and often during the night, there suddenly comes over every passenger a cold mysterious chill, like the hand of death itself, caused by the vicinity of a floating iceberg. Now, it is curious to reflect that while every backwoodsman in America is occupying himself, as he thinks, solely for his own interest, in clearing his location, every tree which, falling under his axe, admits a patch of sunshine to the earth, in an infinitesimal degree softens and ameliorates the climate of the vast continent around him; and yet, as the portion of cleared land in North America, compared with that which remains uncleared, has been said scarcely to exceed that which the seams of a coat bear to the whole garment, it is evident, that although the assiduity of the Anglo-Saxon race has no doubt affected the climate of North America, the axe is too weak an instrument to produce any important change.

"But one of the most wonderful characteristics of Nature is the manner in which she, often unobservedly, produces great effects from causes so minute as to be almost invisible; and, accordingly, while the human race—so far as an alteration of climate is concerned—are labouring almost in vain in the regions in question, swarms of little flies, strange as it may sound, are, and for many years have been, most materially altering the climate of the great continent of North America.

"The manner in which they unconsciously perform this important duty is as follows:—They sting, bite, and torment the wild animals to such a degree, that, especially in summer, the poor creatures, like those in Abyssinia, described by Bruce, become almost in a state of distraction, and, to get rid of their assailants, wherever the forest happened to be on fire, they rushed to the smoke, instinctively knowing quite well that the flies would be unable to follow them *there*. The wily Indians, observing these movements, shrewdly perceived that by setting fire to the forest the flies would drive to him his game, instead of his being obliged to trail in search of it; and the experiment having proved eminently successful, the Indians for many years have been, and still are, in the habit of burning tracts of wood so immense, that, from very high and scientific authority, I have been informed that the amount of land thus burned under the influence of the flies has exceeded many millions of acres, and that it has been, and still is, materially changing the climate of North America."

There is a very interesting chapter on the various causes which have led to emigration to Canada, and on the manner in which the natural characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race, combined with the peculiar circumstances in which emigrants to Canada are placed, have operated in producing those distinguishing features of character by which the people of that country are now marked.

"It is wonderful to observe how admirably Nature has parcelled out to the different nations of mankind the cultivation of those territories which are best suited to their respective characters and physical strength. For instance, the indolent inhabitants of old Spain and Portugal were led apparently by blind chance to

discover in the new world plains of vast extent situated in a genial climate, which, without any culture, were fitted for the breeding of almost every animal which forms the food of man. On the other hand, by the same mariner's compass, the Anglo-Saxon race were conducted to a region visited by intense cold, and covered with trees of such enormous size, that emigration to this country has justly been termed '*War with the wilderness*;' and certainly any man who has experienced in it the amount of fatigue to be endured in cutting down a single tree, in ploughing among its roots, and in sowing and reaping around its stump, must feel that it required a strong, healthy, hardy race of men to clear a country in which the settler has, as it were, to engage himself in a duel with each and every individual tree of the interminable forest that surrounds him.

"But on the discovery of America, Nature not only led the British to the battle-ground I have described, but by instinctive feeling she has since conducted, and continues to conduct to it, the individuals of our country best suited to the task. It would be incorrect to state that the many thousands of emigrants that have annually sailed for our North American provinces have been particularly athletic; but, as the French army truly say, '*C'est le cœur qui fait le grenadier*,' so it may accurately be stated that, with a few exceptions, they must have been persons of rather more enterprising disposition than their comrades whom they left at home; indeed, when I have reflected on the expense, anxiety, and uncertainty attendant upon emigrating to a new world, I have often felt astonished that labourers, tethered to their parish by so many ties and prejudices, should ever have summoned courage enough to make up their minds to sail with their families in a ship for countries in which, to say the least, they must land ignorant, friendless, and unknown. Propelled by these motley reasons, feelings, grievances, and doctrines, many thousands of families and individuals of various grades (in 1842 their number exceeded 42,000), have annually taken leave of the shores of Great Britain, to seek refuge in the splendid wilderness of Canada—or in other words, sick of vain pomp and glory, have left the old world for what they hoped would be a better.

"Now, just as seafaring men declare, that after Thames soup has undergone fermentation, during which process it emits from the bung-hole of the casks which contain it a gas highly offensive, and even inflammable, it becomes the clearest, the sweetest, and most wholesome water that can be taken to sea; so does the same sort of clarification, and the same results, take place in the moral feelings of the crowds of emigrants I have described.

"For a short time, on their arrival at their various locations, they fancy, or rather really and truly feel, more or less strongly, that there is something very fine in the theory of having apparently got rid of all the musty materials of '*Church and State*;' and travelling in this sentiment, they for a short time enjoy the novel luxury of being able to dress as they like, do as they like, go where they like. They appreciate the happiness of living in a land in which the old country's servile custom of touching the hat does not exist—in which every carter and waggoner rides instead of walks, and in which there are no purse-proud millionaires—no dukes, duchesses, lords, ladies, parsons, parish officers, beadles, poor-law commissioners, or paupers—no tithes, and no taxes.

"But after the mind, like the Thames water, has continued for a sufficient time in this state of pleasing fermentation, the feelings I have just described begin gradually to subside. Some fly away, and some crawl away; some evaporate, and some sink; until the judgment, his best friend, clearly points out to the emigrant that, after all, '*liberty and equality*,' like many other resplendent substances, contain in their compositions a considerable quantity of alloy.

"One of the first wants, like a flower in the wilderness, that springs up the mind of a backwoodman, is to

attend, occasionally, a place of worship. Solitude has first slightly introduced, and has then welcomed to his mind more serious reflections than any it had previously entertained. The thunder and the lightning of heaven, the sudden storms, the intense folds, the magnificent colouring of the sky, the buoyant air, the gorgeous sunsets, one after another, have sometimes sternly, and sometimes smilingly, imparted to him truths which have gradually explained to him that there is something very fearful, as well as fallacious, in the idea of any human being boasting to himself of being independent of that Power so eminently conspicuous in the wilderness of America.

"As soon as this want has taken firm root in the heart, it soon produces its natural fruit. The emigrants meet, consult, arrange with each other, subscribe, according to their means, a few dollars, a few pounds, or a few hundred pounds, (one of the most powerful axemen in Upper Canada expended on this object upwards of a thousand pounds;) the simple edifice rapidly grows up, is roofed in, is furnished with benches, until at last, on some bright Sabbath-day, a small bell, fixed within a little turret on its summit, is heard slowly tolling in the forest. From various directions sleighs and waggons, each laden with at least one man, a woman or two, and some little children, are seen converging towards it; and it would be impossible to describe the overwhelming feelings of the various members of the congregation of both sexes, of all ages, when their selected and respected minister, clad in a decent white surplice, for the first time opens his lips to pronounce to them the well-known words, which declare that when the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.

"The thunder and the hurricane have now lost all their terrors; the sunshine has suddenly become a source of legitimate enjoyment; the rude log hut an abode of happiness and contentment; and thus the emigrant every day more and more appreciates the blessing which is rewarding him for having erected in the wilderness his own established church.

"Among the various good feelings that subsequently vegetate in his mind is that of filial attachment to Old England. The banished heart first yearns for the crooked lanes, the green fields, and rosy cheeks which adorn the surface of the old country; and then, not satisfied with loving the land, it soon learns to love all who live in it. But while these British sentiments are growing, local politics first assail, and soon apparently entirely engross, the emigrant's attention. He has, perhaps, applied to be made a magistrate, and has seen his neighbour appointed instead; he has written to the governor for a patent for the land he is clearing, and has received no answer. His nearest neighbour and intimate friend is a reformer, who has told him that reform would very likely give him a road; would perhaps get him some appointment; would indemnify him, in some way, for the cow that died; in short, he understands, and firmly believes, that any change would do him good; and that even if it did not, at all events it would be a change; and so he is ready to vote for the man that is already promising to effect a change.

"Now, it is almost inconceivable how eagerly the backwoodman engages in local politics of this nature. Every angry word he utters inflames his own angry feelings. He disputes with one neighbour, and allies himself with another; and, as neither the one nor the other, nor any of them, have any knowledge of what is really going on at the seat of government, except what they read in provincial newspapers, which are often of the vilest description, a murmur is created, which, by people of England, who do not understand emigrants' language, is supposed very clearly to threaten separation from the mother country! Whereas, the moment that question is undiagnosedly proposed, the whole fabric of local politics falls to the ground, party feelings are

forgotten, and from all directions the Irishman, and Scotchman, and Englishman, are seen worming their way through the trees, to join together, hand in hand, to maintain connexion with Old England, whom, it may truly be said, they love infinitely more dearly and more devotedly than do her own children at home."

The following little sketch, we are sure, will please our readers. It is a good story; all the better for the way in which it is told:—

THE EMIGRANT'S LARK.

"Henry Patterson and his wife Elizabeth sailed from the Tower in the year 1834, as emigrants on board a vessel heavily laden with passengers, and bound to Quebec. Patterson was an intimate friend of a noted bird-catcher in London called Charley Nash. Now, Nash had determined to make his friend a present of a good sky-lark, to take to Canada with him; but not having what he called 'a real good un' among his collection, he went into the country on purpose to trap one. In this effort he succeeded; but, when he returned to London, he found that his friend Patterson had embarked, and that the vessel had sailed a few hours before he reached the Tower stairs. He therefore jumped on board a steamer that was just starting, and overtook the ship just as she reached Gravesend, where he hired a small boat, and then sculling alongside, he was soon recognised by Patterson and his wife, who, with a crowd of other male and female emigrants of all ages were taking a last farewell of the various objects which the vessel was slowly passing.

"'Here's a bird for you, Harry,' said Nash to Patterson, as, standing up in the skiff, he took the frightened captive out of his hat, 'and if it sings as well in a cage as it did just now in the air, it will be the best you have ever heard.'

"Patterson, descending a few steps from the gangway, stretched out his hand and received the bird, which he immediately called Charley, in remembrance of his faithful friend Nash.

"In the Gulf of St. Lawrence the vessel was wrecked; almost everything was lost except the lives of the crew and passengers; and accordingly, when Patterson, with his wife hanging heavily on his arm, landed in Canada, he was destitute of everything he had owned on board, excepting Charley, whom he had preserved, and afterwards kept for three days in the foot of an old stocking.

"After some few sorrows, and after some little time, Patterson settled himself at Toronto, in the lower part of a small house in King Street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, where he worked as a shoemaker. His shop had a southern aspect; he drove a nail into the outside of his window; and regularly every morning, just before he sat upon his stool to commence his daily work, he carefully hung upon this nail a common sky-lark's cage, which had a solid back of dark wood, with a bow or small wire orchestra in front, upon the bottom of which there was to be seen, whenever it could be procured, a fresh sod of green turf.

"As Charley's wings were of no use to him in this prison, the only wholesome exercise he could take was by hopping on and off his little stage; and this sometimes he would continue to do most cheerfully for hours, stopping only occasionally to dip his bill into a small square tin box of water, suspended on one side, and then to raise it for a second or two towards the sky. As soon, however, as, and only when, his spirit moved him, this feathered captive again hopped upon his stage, and there, standing on a bit of British soil, with his little neck extended, his small head slightly turned, his drooping wings gently fluttering, his bright black eyes intently fixed upon the distant, deep, dark blue Canada sky, he commenced his unpremeditated morning song, his extempore matin prayer.

"The effect of his thrilling notes, of his shrill joyous song, of his pure unadulterated English voice, upon the

people of Canada, cannot be described, and probably can only be imagined by those who, either by adversity have been prematurely weaned from their mother-country, or who, from long-continued absence from it, and from hope deferred, have learned in a foreign land to appreciate the inestimable blessings of their fatherland, of their parent home. All sorts of men—riding, driving, walking, propelled by urgent business, or sauntering for appetite or amusement—as if by word of command, stopped, spell-bound, to listen, for more or less time, to the inspired warbling, to the joyful hallelujahs, of a common, homely-dressed, English lark! The loyal listened to him with the veneration with which they would have listened to the voice of their sovereign: reformers, as they leaned towards him, heard nothing in his enchanting melody which even they could desire to improve. I believe that in the hearts of the most obdurate radicals he reanimated feelings of youthful attachment to their mother-country; and that even the trading Yankee, in whose country birds of the most gorgeous plumage snuffe rather than sing, must have acknowledged that the heaven-born talent of this little bird unaccountably warmed the Anglo-Saxon blood that flowed in his veins. Nevertheless, whatever others may have felt, I must own that, although I always refrained from joining Charley's motley audience, yet, while he was singing, I never rode by him without acknowledging, as he stood with his outstretched neck looking to heaven, that he was (at all events, for his size) the most powerful advocate of Church and State in Her Majesty's dominions; and that his eloquence was as strongly appreciated by others, Patterson received many convincing proofs.

"Three times, as he sat beneath the cage, proud as Lucifer, yet hammering away at a shoe-sole lying in purgatory on his lapstone, and then, with a waxed thread in each hand, suddenly extending his elbows, like a scaramouch,—three times was he interrupted in his work by people who each separately offered him one hundred dollars for his lark; an old farmer repeatedly offered him a hundred acres of land for him; and a poor Sussex carter, who had imprudently stopped to hear him sing, was so completely overwhelmed with affection and *maladie du pays*, that, walking into the shop, he offered for him all he possessed in the world—his horse and cart; but Patterson would sell him to no one.

"On the evening of the —th of October, 1837, the shutters of Patterson's shop windows were half closed, on account of his having that morning been accidentally shot dead on the island opposite the city. The widow's prospects were thus suddenly ruined, her hopes blasted, her goods sold, and I need hardly say that I made myself the owner, the lord and the master, of poor Patterson's lark.

"It was my earnest desire, if possible, to better his condition, and I certainly felt very proud to possess him; but somehow or other this 'Charley is my darling' sort of feeling evidently was not reciprocal. Whether it was that, in the conservatory of Government House at Toronto, Charley missed the sky—whether it was that he disliked the movement, or rather want of movement, in my elbows—or whether, from some mysterious feeling, some strange fancy or misgiving, the chamber of his little mind was hung with black, I can only say, that during the three months he remained in my service I could never induce him to open his mouth, and that up to the last hour of my departure he would nevering to me.

"On leaving Canada, I gave him to Daniel Orris, an honest, faithful, loyal friend, who had accompanied me to the province. His station in life was about equal to that of poor Patterson; and accordingly, so soon as the bird was hung by him on the outside of his humble dwelling, he began to sing again as exquisitely as ever. He continued to do so all through Sir George Arthur's administration. He sang all the time Lord Durham was at work; he sang after the Legislative Council, the

Executive Council, the House of Assembly of the province, had ceased for ever to exist; he sang all the while the Imperial Parliament were framing and agreeing to an Act by which even the name of Upper Canada was to cease to exist; and then, feeling that the voice of an English lark could no longer be of any service to that noble portion of her Majesty's dominions—he died!

"Orris sent me his skin, his skull, and his legs. I took them to the very best artist in London—the gentleman who stuffs for the British Museum—who told me, to my great joy, that these remains were perfectly uninjured. After listening with great professional interest to the case, he promised me that he would exert his utmost talent; and in about a month Charley returned to me with unruined plumage, standing again on the little orchestra of his cage, with his mouth open, looking upwards—in short, in the attitude of singing, just as I have described him.

"I have had the whole covered with a large glass case, and upon the dark wooden back of the cage there is pasted a piece of white paper, upon which I have written the following words:

THIS LARK,
TAKEN TO CANADA BY A POOR EMIGRANT,
WAS SHIPWRECKED IN THE ST. LAWRENCE,
AND AFTER SINGING AT TORONTO FOR NINE YEARS,
DIED THERE ON THE 14TH OF MARCH, 1843,
UNIVERSALLY REGRETTED.
Home! Home! Sweet Home!"

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

December 15.—ISAAC WALTON, a name dear to Englishmen, deceased on this day, 1683. He was born at Stafford, on the 8th of August, 1593. Nothing is known of his early life, but it is presumed that he was apprenticed to a relation of the same name who dwelt in Whitechapel, and is described as a hosier. Soon after the age of twenty he engaged in business on his own account, and dwelt on the north side of Fleet-street, in a house two doors west of Chancery-lane. Here he obtained the friendship of his vicar, Dr. Donne, (afterwards Dean of St. Paul's,) and several other eminent persons. In 1653 appeared his "Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation," a work which has long been ranked among the most popular compositions in our language. At different intervals, he published his celebrated "Lives" of Donne, Hooker, Walton, and Sanderson, which are justly considered models of ecclesiastical biography.

December 16, is called "O Sapientia" in the English Ecclesiastical Kalendar. It is so named from the beginning of an anthem in the service of the western Church, which used to be sung in honour of CHRIST'S Advent from this day until Christmas Eve.

December 17.—We are told by Du Cange that it was anciently customary at this time for the "petty clerks" to assemble and choose an Abbat of Fools; upon whose election a *Te Deum* was sung, and then he was chaired upon the shoulders of his fellows, taken to the house where the rest were collected, and put in a place "especially ordered and prepared for this purpose." At his entrance all rose, (even the Lord Bishop if he were present,) and due reverence being paid him by his companions, fruit, spices, and wine were given him. The Abbat then began to sing in a ludicrous manner, while his associates endeavoured to drown his vocal efforts by bawling, hissing, howling, and clapping their hands. A short dialogue afterwards was followed by a sermon by the porter. The Abbat and others, followed by the younger canons, choristers, and Bishop's esquires, ran about the streets saluting every one whom they met. Sir S. R. Meyrick possesses a girdle reported to have been worn by an Abbat of Fools upon his entrance into office. It consists of thirty-five square pieces of wood, let into

each other, upon which are carved ludicrous and grotesque figures of fools, tumblers, huntmen, &c.

December 21.—Feast of St. Thomas.

This festival was instituted, A. D. 1180. It has been placed by the Church, says Brady, in the second course of holidays, beginning at Advent: our SAVIOUR having vouchsafed to afford St. Thomas the most indisputable evidence of His resurrection. Going a *gooding* (as it is called) on this day formerly prevailed in England. This seems to have been done by women only, who, in return for the alms they received, presented the donors with sprigs of evergreens, probably with a view to the decoration of their houses against Christmas. About 1799 this custom was practised by the women no farther off than Pinner, thirteen miles from London. Mr. Ellis says this practice "is still kept up in Kent, in the neighbourhood of Maidstone." One of Mr. Hone's correspondents remarks, that in the above town and its vicinity, St. Thomas's is called Doleing-day, from a usage which has existed there from time immemorial of soliciting and receiving charity on that festival. Brand records, "My servant B. Jelkes, who is from Warwickshire, informs me that there is a custom in that country for the poor on St. Thomas's day to go with a bag to beg corn of the farmers, which they call going a *corning*." Fosbroke states that a like practice prevails in Herefordshire on this anniversary, which is there called Mumping-day. In London, on this holiday, ward-motes are held for the election of the inquest and common councilmen, and other officers, who are annually chosen for the service and representation of the respective wards.

December 24.—Christmas Eve.

This is the vigil of the Feast of the Nativity, and was regarded with peculiar affection and reverence in the Middle Ages. Numerous and beautiful were the opinions which popular superstition formerly entertained respecting it: opinions of which several yet linger here and there, among our rural population. Perhaps the finest of them is that alluded to by Shakespeare in the following lines:

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our SAVIOUR'S birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

"Here," says a pleasing writer, "a sort of mental metonymy has taken place; and the crowing of the cock,—which in the early stage of the belief was imagined to be the signal for the departure of evil spirits, only because it announced the morning,—is, in the further stage which we are examining, held to be a sound *in itself* intolerable to these shadowy beings. Accordingly, it is supposed that on the eve of Christmas, 'the bird of dawning singeth all night long,' to scare away all evil things from infesting the hallowed hours." The peasantry in the south-western counties of England, and perhaps in other districts, still believe that the cattle are to be found kneeling at midnight of this vigil, as if in reverence of the miraculous birth. In some parts of our island, the bees are popularly said to sing at the same hour in their hives. "These," remarks an excellent author, "are superstitions, but superstitions based on the principle of adoration, and as purely poetry as the *Iliad*." Brand is of opinion that the former of these notions originated in certain representations of the Nativity by the early Christian painters; we would suggest that the ancient *hymners* themselves were indebted for the idea to remote ecclesiastical tradition. The same antiquary relates that a Cornish peasant told him, in 1790, of his having, with some others, watched several oxen in their stalls, on the eve of old Christmas day, and that "at twelve o'clock they observed the two

oldest oxen fall upon their knees, and (as he expressed it in the idiom of the country) make a cruel moan like Christian creatures." To those (says a writer before cited) who regard the analogies of the human mind—who mark the progress of tradition—who study the diffusion of certain fancies, and their influence upon mankind—an anecdote related by Mr. Howison, in his "Sketches of Upper Canada," is full of comparative interest. He mentions meeting an Indian, at midnight, creeping cautiously along, in the stillness of a beautiful moonlight Christmas-Eve. The Indian made signals to him to be silent; and, when questioned as to his reason, replied—"Me watch to see the deer kneel; this is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees, to the Great Spirit, and look up."

In some places, particularly in Derbyshire, it is asserted that the watchers on this mysterious eve may hear the ringing of subterranean bells, and in the mining districts the workmen declare that high mass is solemnly celebrated in that cavern which contains the richest lode of ore,—that it is brilliantly lighted up,—and that the divine office is chanted by unseen choristers. In Ireland, Germany, and probably in some parts of England also, the night of Christmas-Eve is regarded as a season of omens, and usages exist for "gathering its auguries" having a resemblance to those practised in Scotland at Halloween, which we have elsewhere described.

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

"Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night;
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the baron's hall,
To vassals, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside;
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, undergating share
The vulgar game of 'post and pair.'
All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And general voice the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

It was thus that the vigil of the REDEMERER'S birthday was formerly celebrated in "Merrie England." Towards evening the church bells rang out joyously; sportive parties assembled round the fire; candles of an unusual size were ignited in token of the advent of the "Light of light;" and the *Yule Clog*, or Christmas block, brought in with much ceremony and kindled on the hearth. In reference to this last practice Herrick blithesomely sings:

"Come bring, with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.
"With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psaltres play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a teending." 1

As the servants, remarks a chronicler of old customs, were entitled to ale at their meals while the block lasted, they usually endeavoured to get as large a one as the fire-place would admit of; and hence it is scarcely surprising to learn, that, in the time of the Civil War, a good house in England (that of Hagmond Abbey, near Sarum) was burnt down in consequence of the kindling of a too large Yule clog. It was either a

general or local custom to have the block bandaged round in nine places, and as each bandage, in succession, was burnt off, to hand round a service of ale, mingled with spirits, to the party assembled. Brand states the usage of burning the Christmas Block in Devonshire and the north of England. "At Ripon, in Yorkshire," says a writer in 1780, "on Christmas Eve, the chandlers sent large mold candles, and the coopers logs of wood, generally called *Yule Clogs*, which are always used on Christmas Eve; but should it be so large as not to burn all that night, which is frequently the case, the remains are kept till Old Christmas Eve."

In former times, it was customary on the 24th of December, to roast apples on a string, till they dropped into a large bowl of spiced ale. Furnitry, we are told, always formed part of the supper on this Even; and "there was a prevalent superstition that bread baked then never would turn mouldy." In addition to the above "old and popular customs," others, of a local nature, are, or were formerly, observed at this season, which deserve to be recorded in these pages.

In Devonshire, they still bless the orchards at this time, according to the old verses:—

"Wassail the trees, that they may hear
You many a plum, and many a pear:
For more or less fruits they will bring
As you do give them wassailing."

In some places (we are told) they walk in procession to the principal orchards in the parish. In each orchard, one tree is selected as the representative of the rest, and is saluted with a certain form of words. They then either sprinkle the tree with cyder, or dash a bowl of cyder against it. In other places, only the farmer and his servants assemble on the occasion, and, after immersing cakes in cyder, hang them on the apple-tree. They then sprinkle the tree with cyder, pronounce their incantation, dance round the tree, and then go home to feast. A contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1795, thus describes an amusement practised on Christmas Eve at the mansion of a worthy baronet, at Ashton, near Birmingham, down to the end of the last century. He writes:—"As soon as supper is over, a table is set in the hall. On it is placed a brown loaf, with twenty silver threepences stuck on the top of it, a tankard of ale, with pipes and tobacco; and the two oldest servants have chairs behind it, to sit as judges, if they please. The steward brings the servants, both men and women, by one at a time, covered with a winnow-sheet, and lays their right hand on the loaf, exposing no other part of the body. The oldest of the two judges guesses at the person, by naming a name, then the younger judge, and lastly the oldest again. If they hit upon the right name, the steward leads the person back again; but, if they do not, he takes off the winnow-sheet, and the person receives a threepence, makes a low obeisance to the judges, but speaks not a word. When the second servant was brought, the younger judge guessed first and third; and thus they did alternately, till all the money was given away. Whatever servant had not slept in the house the preceding night forfeited his right to the money. No account is given of the origin of this strange custom, but it has been practised ever since the family lived there. When the money is gone, the servants have full liberty to drink, dance, sing, and go to bed when they please." "At York," says Stukeley, only a century ago, "on the eve of Christmas-Day, they carry mistletoe to the high altar of the cathedral, and proclaim a public and universal liberty, pardon, and freedom to all persons inferior, and even wicked people, at the gates of the city, towards the four quarters of Heaven." "In the Isle of Man," relates Waldron, "on the 24th of December, towards evening, all the servants have a holiday; they go not to bed all night, but ramble about till the bells ring in all the churches, which is at twelve o'clock:

prayers being over, they go to hunt the wren; and, after having found one of these poor birds, they kill her, and lay her on a bier; bring her to the parish church, and bury her 'with a whimsical kind of solemnity, singing dirges over her in the Manks language, which they call *hey knell*; after which Christmas begins." At Dewsbury, Yorkshire, one of the church bells is tolled as at a funeral on Christmas Eve; and any one asking whose bell it was, would be told that it was the devil's knell. "The moral of it is, that the devil died when CHRIST was born." This custom was discontinued for many years, but revived by the vicar in 1828. Little troops of boys and girls go about at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and other places in the north of England, some nights before, and on the night of, Christmas Eve, knocking at the doors, singing their Christmas carols, and wishing a happy New Year. They get in return, at the houses they stop at, pears, apples, nuts, and money. At Folkestone, Kent, the fishermen formerly chose eight of the largest and best whittings out of every boat when they came home from their fishery, sold them apart from the rest, and out of the money arising from them they made a feast every 24th of December, which they called a *Rumbald*. The master of each boat provided this feast for his own company. This usage has been long discontinued.

Our space will not allow of our descanting upon such Continental customs as appertain to the vigil of the Nativity: one, however, peculiar to Germany, is of too interesting a nature to be passed over without mention. The children make little presents to their parents, and to each other, and the parents to their children. For three or four months before Christmas the girls are all busy; and the boys save their pocket-money to make or purchase these presents. Then, on the evening before Christmas-Day, one of the parlours, into which the parents must not go, is lighted up by the children. A great bough of yew or birch is fastened on the table, at a little distance from the wall; a multitude of little tapers are fixed on the bough, but not so as to burn it till they are nearly consumed; and coloured paper, &c. hangs and flutters from the twigs. Under this bough the children lay out, in great order, the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift; they then bring out the remainder, one by one, from their pockets, and present them, with kisses and embraces. On the next day, in the great parlour, the parents lay on the table the gifts for the children. A scene of sober joy succeeds; as, on this day, after an old custom, the mother tells privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which he has observed most praiseworthy, and that which was most faulty, in their conduct. "Formerly, and still in all the smaller towns and villages throughout North Germany," says Coleridge, "these presents are sent by all the parents to some one fellow, who, in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig, personates Knecht Rupert, i.e. the servant Rupert. On Christmas night, he goes round to every house, and says that JESUS CHRIST, his Master, sent him thither. The parents and elder children receive him with great pomp and reverence, while the little ones are most terribly frightened. He then inquires for the children, and according to the character which he hears from the parents, he gives them the intended present, as if they came out of heaven from JESUS CHRIST. Or, if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and, in the name of his Master, recommends them to use it frequently. About seven or eight years old, the children are let into the secret, and it is curious how faithfully they keep it.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

"On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stolen priest the chalice rear."

In Roman Catholic countries mass is never said at night, except on the above vigil. Such, in mediæval times, was the practice throughout Christendom; and "well indeed," exclaims Mr. Digby, "might the church appear a delightful place on that blessed night, when the altar, illuminated by a sudden splendour, proclaimed in symbol the happy day which had risen upon the world. Nothing was even wanting that could add majesty to the solemn scene in the estimation of men of secular minds. Emperors and kings claimed as a privilege the honour of reading the Seventh Lesson, which records the decree of Cæsar Augustus." Anciently, on Christmas Eve, every one kept watch, like the shepherds, while minstrels chanted carols in celebration of the Nativity. This observance is still retained in the Isle of Man. The people assemble in vast numbers at church, where the divine office is solemnized, and followed by a sermon; after which, the congregation remain in the sacred edifice, singing carols, until midnight. "In Rome, on this Even," relates the author of *Rural Life in England*, "the pipes of the Calabrian minstrels are heard in the streets. The decorators are busy in draping the churches, clothing altars, and festooning façades. Nuns and ladies are preparing dresses, crowns, necklaces, and cradles, for the Madonna and Child of their respective churches. The cannons of St. Angelo announce the festival; shops are shut, and saloons deserted. The midnight supper and the midnight bands begin the 'holy revel'; and the splendid pomp in which the august ceremonies are performed at the churches of the Quirinal, St. Louis, and the Ara Cœli, is succeeded by a banquet, of which even the poorest child of indigence contrives to partake. The people from the mountains of the Campagna flock in to witness and to enjoy the fête, and present a strange sight of wild figures amid the inhabitants of the city. The churches are lit up with thousands of wax tapers; the cradle of CHRIST is removed from the shrine at the chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore, and carried in procession to the chapel of the Santa Croce; and the pope himself performs divine service in the Sixtine Chapel."

WOMAN'S COURAGE.

THE annals of 1780 record a remarkable case where a long course of robbery was brought to light, and a frightful murder prevented in the very act, by a woman's courage. Abraham Danford, the chief criminal in the transaction, himself detailed with minute accuracy his course from the first act of dishonesty to the ferocious outrage which cost him his life. The skill and tact requisite for carrying out his first plans hardly prepare us for the more ruffianly atrocity which concludes his career.

At that period, money was chiefly sent by parcel, and an ingenious plan occurred to him by which he could, with little risk, put himself in possession of any parcel which struck him as likely to be of particular value, while it yet lay in the carrier's office previous to delivery. "The method (says his confession) which I chiefly put in practice, was forging the post-marks of the different towns, which I put on a piece of paper, made up as a letter, and then went to the inns where the coaches came, and heard the parcels called over; then went to a public-house near, and wrote the direction of the letter the same as was on the parcel I had fixed on. The book-keeper seeing the direction the same, and the post mark on it, they usually gave me what I asked for, on paying their demand."

The addresses on the parcels would give him some idea of their value, and of six of these thefts that he records, five contained considerable sums of money. Among his first experiments, was one on Messrs. Smith, Wright, and Grey, bankers, by which he got a parcel with £500. enclosed. Having gone on a considerable time, with impunity, and become an adept at forging, he now

practised upon the same house in another way, by forging an accepted bill, which he lodged in the bank till it became due. This pretended bill he directed to an empty house in Water-lane, Blackfriars, and some days before it was due, he hired this house, and with an impudent show of haste and anxiety, requested for the key, under pretence of getting it aired before he entered upon it. The owner of the house being made acquainted with the haste of his new tenant, and not much liking his appearance, now went to one Mrs. Bouchier, the landlady of a public-house opposite, of whose good sense he had had reason to form a high opinion, and requested her to keep watch upon the man's proceedings, which she promised to do.

For some time, nothing remarkable happened, but on the day on which the bill became due, Messrs. Smith, Wright, and Grey, despatched one of their clerks, William Waits, a quaker, to pay the money to the person indicated in the bill. It is not quite certain whether Dandford meditated violence beforehand; it may be that the man's subdued and defenceless appearance suggested the attack at the moment; but the presence of an accomplice, prepared for any atrocity, leads rather to the supposition that the crime was premeditated; and that taking for granted that a clerk calling to discount a bill might have other errands of the same kind before him, and, therefore, much money on his person, they had planned, in cold blood, to rob and murder him.

Mrs. Bouchier, who, after the instructions she had received, was on the watch, observed on that day two men enter the house, and open the parlour window. Some time after, a third person, a quaker, came up, knocked at the door, was admitted, and the door closed and fastened behind him. Something in the circumstances and the appearance of the first men excited her suspicion, and she kept her eye and her attention fixed upon the house. Presently she thought she heard a strange noise proceed from it, not loud, but which she could not account for. She crossed over the street, and listening attentively, soon heard the word "murder" pronounced in a hoarse, faint voice, succeeded by a kind of groaning, which very much alarmed her: and looking through the key-hole of the house door, she saw two men dragging the unfortunate quaker down the cellar stairs. On this, she screamed out to the passers-by, that they were murdering a man within the house, and while she knocked violently at the door, called upon the people in the street to break it open; but with that apathy which is sometimes met with in such a crisis, no one would stir, or regard her exclamations. Enraged at their stupidity, she broke open the parlour window herself, and as she was forcing her way through, one of the villains who had been interrupted and alarmed by the knocking, opened the door, and was running off at full speed. At the sight of him, however, the lookers-on roused themselves, set up a cry of stop thief, and presently made him their prisoner. The other ruffian Mrs. Bouchier herself seized by the throat, and dragged him across the street to her own house. It appeared that the villains had first robbed the poor man of his pocket-book, and then, to stop his cries, had nearly throttled him, while they were hurrying him down the back-cellar stairs, there to complete their crime by his murder. A design which would certainly have been carried out, but for this woman's fortitude and presence of mind, thus providentially interfering for his protection.

When the two prisoners were brought before the Lord Mayor for examination, William Waits, as a quaker, refused to give evidence upon oath of the assault that had been made upon him. Arguments were used in vain, and it was much feared that the villains would escape for want of sufficient evidence against them. In the end, however, Mrs. Bouchier's testimony, and that of her assistants, was deemed conclusive. The prisoners were condemned and executed, with several others, at Tyburn, having previously made great professions of penitence and contrition.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TOMBSTONE.

We find the following interesting particulars, regarding the monument to be placed over Sir Walter Scott's grave at Dryburgh Abbey, in the *Leeds Mercury* :—

"The Aberdeen papers state that a monumental stone for the grave of Sir Walter Scott has been constructed there :—

"At the works of Messrs. Macdonald and Leslie of Aberdeen, there has just been executed a massive tombstone, which is to be placed on the contiguous graves of the late Sir Walter Scott, and of Lady Scott, at Dryburgh Abbey. It consists of a large block of the beautiful red granite, cut from Messrs. Macdonald and Leslie's quarries at Stirling Hill, near Peterhead, on the property of the Earl of Aberdeen. The block is seven feet long, by six and a half feet broad, and weighs nearly five tons. The upper surface is cut in the form of the top of a double sarcophagus. On the one compartment is the following inscription :—

'Sir Walter Scott, Baronet,
Died September 21, A.D. 1832.'

On the other :—

'Dame Charlotte Margaret Carpenter,
Wife of
Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Baronet,
Died at Abbotsford, May 15, A.D. 1826.'

'The letters are very deeply cut in the imperishable material of which the tombstone is composed, and will prove faithful to the record of departed genius and worth with which they are charged, in defiance of the elemental action of many a future age.'

"We happen to know some of the incidents connected with this Monument, which, as they relate to the "mighty dead," and explain the cause of the long delay in its erection, are worthy of recital. Many years since, the late Sir Francis Chantrey promised to furnish a design for the Dryburgh monument. His numerous engagements, however, and his declining health, interfered with this intention, and it seemed to be utterly forgotten. At length, on the suggestion of Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Cadell, the publisher, called on the eminent sculptor and reminded him of his offer. "You shall have it," said Chantrey: "Dryburgh, you know, is a ruin, and the structure above Sir Walter's grave will come down some stormy morning. Now, my purpose is to put over the grave a huge granite block that will defy all such assaults, and baffle time itself." He hastily sketched an outline of what he proposed; but the design went no farther, and death soon carried off the artist. His friend and assistant, Mr. Allan Cunningham, was then applied to; he recollected the conversation, found Chantrey's rough sketch, and extended it in the form of a more regular drawing. He was next authorised to arrange with the Aberdeen granite workers, and on the very evening that he died—only a few hours before his decease—Allan wrote to Mr. Cadell closing the transaction. This was the last line traced by his busy hand, and, as such, his family asked and obtained possession of it. And thus, after the sudden deaths of two remarkable men, who sought to honour the memory of one still greater, the simple massive structure which they designed has been completed.

"Such burial the illustrious Hector found!"

Chantrey had a partiality for huge granite sepulchres, independently of the fitness of such an erection for the grave of Scott. He ordered that his own tomb at Norton, in Derbyshire, should be composed of wrought granite, covered by an enormous square of the same material; and that even this lasting memorial might be carefully preserved, he left by his will yearly sums to the Vicar and Schoolmaster of Norton, payable only "so long as his tomb shall last," and ten poor boys of the parish shall be instructed to remove the moss and nettles from around the edifice. This seems to agree a

"fond desire and longing after immortality;" yet it might be intended to ripen into useful fruit. Some among the successive generations of poor boys who pluck the nettles from the grave of the sculptor may be led to think of his high art and his fame, and to emulate his genius—for he, too, was once a poor boy. The busts of Chantrey are, however, his best monument,—the living, intellectual marble will outlast the ponderous masses of dead granite."

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE CONTEST.

Two shepherds had a friendly strife,
Who would sing the sweetest lay;
A third came by when words were rife,
To give the prize away.
They sat them down beneath the shade
Of a wide chesnut tree,
While flocks were busy at the blade,
And murmur'd low the sea.
One took his pipe and gaz'd around,
On bright fields smiling by;
He caught th' exulting wild bird's sound,
He gazed upon the sky.
The lazy breeze all soothing blew,
And joyful he began,
And o'er the wave the glad notes flew,
And through the woods they ran.
And joy was in the shepherd's eyes,
The birds e'en listened long;
The umpire felt he'd gained the prize,
Who had sung such happy song.
The song had ceas'd; the smile had fled,
As ripple on the sea,
And downcast was the other's head,
And sad he seem'd to be.
Upon the earth he fix'd his eye,
His thoughts how far were they;
Like troubled waters is the sigh,
As they forsake the sea.
Through his own spirit had he gone,
Through many hopes and fears,
He took his pipe, and sadly on
He sung with swelling tears.
Upon the bosom of the two,
The low note struck its tone,
And true it was, ah! it was true,
As each one stood alone.
The echoes fell, no voice arose,
To tell how little he had done;
The silence and the still repose,
Proclaimed that he had won.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a speegee of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

ANCIENT CORONATION CEREMONIES.

Most of the ancient ceremonies observed at the coronation banquets of the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet services were revived by James the Second at his coronation. The lords who claimed the office of sewers that day, went to the dresser of the kitchen to receive the dishes. The master of the horse officiated as serjeant of the silver scullery, and went in person to the kitchen bar to take assay of the

king's meat, which was thus performed: having called for a dish of meat, he wiped the bottom of the dish, and also the cover, within and without; tasted it, covered it, and caused it to be conveyed to the royal table; and, attended by a procession of all the great officers of the household, including the earl-marshal, with his rod; the great high steward, with his white staff; the lord high constable, with his constable's staff; rode up the hall on horseback, preceding the first course. Thirty-two dishes of hot meat were brought up by the knights of the bath, bareheaded, followed by a supply of other dishes by private gentlemen. Then the lord of the manor of Addington had the satisfaction of placing the mess of dillegrount before their majesties, and was afterwards knighted for his pains.—*Strickland's Queens of England*, vol. IX.

A GUEST TOO MANY.

THE colonel who commanded on the frontier discovered that there were "crimps" on the other side. They were well-dressed and disguised, and came over to tamper with the men. The day after Lord Durham's review, a number of visitors came over from the opposite shore, among them one of these crimps, who, unfortunately for himself, pitched on the colonel's orderly, a peninsular veteran, who allowed him to go on, and afterwards pointed him out to his colonel, as he was turning into the great *table-d'hôte* at which we all dined, together with the visitors who daily came to see the lions. After dinner the colonel got up. He was a magnificent fellow—a noble figure—the hero of a hundred fights. He began with a little soft sawder; the Yankees were all attention:—"He regretted that there should be a set of persons on the other side who tried to induce his men to desert their colours, and forfeit their honour and allegiance to the queen of England. There is such a man here present"—here he beckoned to his orderly to step forward, on which a man, covered with rings and chains, was observed to turn deadly pale—"who, by his appearance ought to be above such rascally actions." Upon a "Yes, sir, that's he," from the orderly, the colonel, with Herculean strength, took hold of the fellow by the collar, and, lifting him completely off his seat, gave him a kick in that part where the smallest particle of honour, be there any, is supposed to be seated, and handed him over to a file of the guard, to see him safe to the other side of the water.—*Echoes from the Backwoods*. Vol. ii. p. 142.

LEARNING is like a river, whose head, being far in the land, is, at first rising, little and easily viewed: but still, as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank: not without pleasure, and delightful winding; while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers; but still, the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader it is; till, at last, it enwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean. There you see more water; but no shore, no end of that liquid, fluid vastness.—*Feltham's Resolves*.

N.B. The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; Covers for binding, with Table of Contents, may be ordered of any Bookseller.

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The Legend of the Christmas Tree.

'Tis Christmas Eve, and through the ancient town
Rest and rejoicing meet—
A little child comes wand'ring sadly down
The silent street.
Alone and very sorrowful is he,
Fatherless and motherless;
He has no friend on earth a Christmas-tree
For him to dress.

With tearful gaze he turns his steps aside
Where gleams the light
From a tall house, and youthful figures glide
Before his sight,
As each, with festal dress and happy brow,
Surrounds a gorgeous tree;
And there he asks, "Amid these is there now
No place for me?"

"They look so happy, surely they are kind."
With trembling hand
He gently knocks, and craves a place to find
Where he may stand,
Contented but to gaze upon the show,
With grateful prayer,
That they the sad reverse may never know
Which brings him there.

Alas! alas! no place for him is there,—
With scornful jest
They drive him forth into the cold night air,
To seek for rest
'Neath some more modest roof, where warmer hearts
A nook may spare,
And gladly own that sharing joy imparts
More to their share!

Hark ! 'tis a burst of hearty merriment—
The child draws nigh,—
'Tis from a burgher's simple tenement.
With longing sigh
He watches the glad group of faces bright,
And so for him
He thinks the fir-tree once was decked with lights;
His eyes grow dim.

And timidly he knocks, again to tell
His piteous tale.
Alas ! for him—on stony ears it fell
Without avail !
The door is closed against him, and in vain
With grief indeed,
He gazes through the latticed window pane—
No one takes heed !

Weeping he turns away, and passes by
Both light and sound
From many a humble roof and mansion high
Scattered around :
Then pauses meekly by the lowliest door,
Where a faint ray
Breaks through, and shows how fast the little store
Of tapers wears away.

Alas ! alas ! his latest hope is vain—
By word and blow
Of harsh unkindness driven forth again,
Where shall he go ?
The night is dark—but the poor orphan child,
Amid his woe,
Bethinks him of the infant Saviour mild,
And kneeleth low.

In prayer to Him who is not slow to hear
He kneeleth there,
And soon he sees a little child draw near,
Exceeding fair ;
With whitest raiment shining like the day
And crown of light,
And as he moves along the darken'd way
All becomes bright !

So to that patient wanderer came he
And bade him rise
His wonder'ing eyes where springs a glorious tree,
And offer praise
To God who heareth the sad orphan's cry,
And sendeth aid
When earthly hope is none—and misery
Naketh afraid.

No longer sad and fearful is that child—
He turns to see,
Where stands at bidding of the infant mild
His Christmas tree !
A wondrous tree, radiant in heavenly light—
With one glad bound
He leaves the gloom of sorrow's bitter night --
His home is found !

CHRISTMAS AS IT IS.

AMIDST all the Feasts and Fasts which shine in the Calendar of man's devotion, there is none so radiant with holy joy and gladness as the Festival of Christmas. Hence its celebration in various ages has called forth the liveliest sympathies of man, in festal *chansons*,—not such as are current at this day, as carols, since these are comparatively recent substitutions for the joyous carol of earlier times. It is important to note, that Christmas has been from very remote times a season of rejoicing; for, as Fuller quaintly says, "Though Christ was humbled to a manger, the contempt of the place was took off by the glory of the attendance and ministration of angels." Indeed, the celebration has been for centuries ordained as a time of joy: it was forbidden to be kept as a fast by the Council of Braga, A. D. 563; which anathematized such as did not duly honour the birth-day of Christ, according to the flesh, but pretended to honour it by fasting on that day; a custom attributable to the same conception which led to the practice of fasting on the Lord's Day, namely, the belief that Christ was not truly born in the nature of man. Since this Canon, we do not find any positive regulation specially affecting the observance of Christmas. (See *Neale's Feasts and Fasts*.)

A contemporary has pleasantly versified this joyful spirit:

"O why was England 'merrie' call'd,
I pray you tell me why?—
Because Old England merry was,
In merry times gone by !
She knew no dearth of honest mirth
To cheer both son and sire,
But kept it up o'er wassail cup
Around the Christmas fire."

But one of the finest pictures of the joys of olden Christmas is by a poet whose heart o'erflowed with kindly feeling towards his race:

"The glowing censers and their rich perfume,
The splendid vestments, and the sounding choir;
The gentle sigh of soul-subduing piety;
The alms which open-hearted charity
Bestows with kindly glance, and those
Which e'en stern avarice,
Though with unwilling hand,
Seems fore'd to tender; an offering sweet
To the bright throne of mercy; mark
This day a festival.

Thus sung WALTER SCOTT, who carried out his creed into the hall of Abbotsford, as well as in his own sweet verse.

Elsewhere in this sheet will be found detailed the olden celebrations of Christmas, in customs which belong, perhaps, to a more picturesque age than our own; though we are not inclined to regard the discontinuance of many of these customs at the present day as a falling off in the feelings of the people. The joy of the people we take to be as great, though it is less boisterous in its displays: the holy joy must remain for ever, though the popular participation may change. It has been sensibly observed, that, although much of the custom of profuse hospitality has passed away, Christmas is yet universally recognised as a season when every Christian should show his gratitude to the Almighty for the inestimable benefits procured to us by the nativity of our blessed Saviour, by an ample display of goodwill towards our fellow-men. And here, a hint from old Fuller may not be out of place: "Hospitality is three-fold: for one's family; this is of necessity: for strangers; this is of courtesy: for the poor; this is charity."

At no period of the year is the exercise of this kindly virtue so directly prompted by association and right feeling, as at Christmas. By the season itself, the wants and necessities of the poor are increased, not unfrequently, to distressing extremity. From the palace to the prison, from the hall to the humble home, there are countless opportunities for the practice of Fuller's third hospitality. Hence, one of the best indications of the approach of Christmas is the distribution of fuel, food, and clothing, by those, who, blessed with this world's wealth, really "enjoy the luxury of doing good." The yule-logs may not blaze upon the hall hearth so numerously as of old; the apportioning of "firing" to our poorer neighbours will gladden their hearths, and light up even the gloom of poverty. Meat is another acceptable boon; the ox is not roasted whole, as heretofore; as the maxim-monger says, it proclaims plenty of labour and invention, but affords less of what is delicate, savoury, and well concocted, than smaller pieces, at home. And the provision of additional clothing at this season, will not only increase the comfort of home, but personal neatness, one of the best indications of good order.

All these gifts will be well bestowed upon those who are

"Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat."

Yet there is another class who should not be forgotten. The inmate of the prison, he who may have forfeited his claim to the bounty of his fellow-men, if not left uncheery at this festive season, but regaled with some of its goods, may have recalled to his mind the holiness of the day, and thus be led to reformation. Such would, indeed, be one of the brightest hospitalities of Christmas! For, as the old divine says: "If these little impulses set the great wheel of devotion on work, the largeness and height of that shall not be at all prejudiced by the smallness of its occasion. If the fire burns bright and vigorously, it's no matter by what means it was

first kindled; there is the same form and the same reflecting virtue in it, kindled by a spark from a flint, as if it were kindled by a beam from the sun."

The axiom, "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," is, perhaps, exemplified in estimating the joys of Christmas in centuries long past, higher than those of Christmas at present. That we may arrive at a true estimate, let us glance at such of those ancient celebrations as time has left us, and such novelties as the inventive ingenuity of our own day has suggested.

The approach of Christmas is still denoted by festive preparations—not, as in olden time, principally by "the great barons and knights, who generally kept open house at this season"—but among all classes of the people. Clubs are established among the working classes, for securing the Christmas luxury by small savings; the geese and grocery thus insured is prodigious, and any grocer's shop window, in the lowness of its prices, compared with those of forty years since, will give you a better idea of the blessings of peace, than a folio of history. The Smithfield Club Cattle Show,—though somewhat "overgrown," reminds us of the improved methods of feeding and fattening, and throws into the shade the lean kine of other days, when the killing of an ox was an event. Again, the prize beef may be an excess, but it is the means of improving the quality of meat generally.

Some outward signs are preserved to us; the waits perambulate our streets, not playing the humdrum of the last century, but the Italian Opera airs of the last season; holly, mistletoe, and evergreens, are brought in cartloads to deck our churches and houses, as the natural gratitude of the season. Among the old Romans these were the emblems of peace, joy, and victory; in the Christian sense they may be applied to the victory gained over the powers of darkness by the coming of Christ.

Our artist has illustrated most picturesquely, the going out to gather the mistletoe of the oak, grounded, as Colleen thinks, "on the Druidical custom:" he has given us, too, the rustic mirth of the occasion by way of episode.

The holiday sights and amusements for young folks have, in our time, greatly improved. Our public exhibitions are worth a century of the shows of old; that is, if rational delight be superior to boisterous mirth and "misrule." The noisy snap-dragon has, to some extent, gone out; but is more than compensated by "the Christmas Tree," an importation, originally from Germany. This tree has now become a fashionable toy of the season: it is entirely artificial, and intermixed with the leaves and branches are confectionary-fruit—as cherries filled with liqueurs, and *bon-bons* of extraordinary sagacity; and sometimes, the branches are hung with tiny lamps, which when lighted have a charming effect. These trees are costly, however: last year we saw one, price several guineas, about to be sent to Windsor Castle, for the amusement of her majesty's children.

The church bells ring merrily in Christmas as heretofore: we have often passed the eve close to St. Bride's church, when the midnight peal of its famed bells has somewhat saddened our excited senses: it was scarcely possible to hear this "mosaic of the air," without being carried on to the sacredness of the day.

At length, the morning breaks, and those

"windpipes of hospitality," countless chimneys, smoke with the preparatory cheer: the pudding, (upon which the grave Johnson meditated profoundly,) requires long boiling, and the fires must be lighted early. The church bells proclaim the hour of service, though not until the distribution of gifts has taken place at the church: where may be seen the minister of our holy religion, dispensing gifts and goods placed at his disposal, recorded in letters of gold upon the church walls; or from a fund raised for the season, and headed by his own benevolence; such being old Fuller's third hospitality—"for the poore; this is charity." How many thousands of pounds are thus annually distributed through the length and breadth of the land, at each returning Christmas, it were vain to attempt to tell; and long may the amount thus baffle calculation!

Abroad there is a healthy stir: faces are brighter than usual, and those of the very poor beam with gladness; the church, too, is dight with festivity; "the psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," toll of the day; the sermon discourses of its duties and its pleasures; the blessing succeeds, then the Holy Communion; and all depart to carry the precepts, the good seed, to homes and bosoms. The dinner follows; perchance the landscape is clothed with snow, or the "eager" air reminds those about to partake of the feast, of the privations of others; the blessing is asked, the repast proceeds; the frosted pudding is brought in with a sort of triumph, as the saucy boar's head was in days of old, with sound of trumpet. The children long to shout, the grown guests rejoice in their way; and thus the day is passed. Will any one say this is not "Merrie England?"

Our artist, too, has commemorated the olden ceremony of bringing in the sused boar's head. At the Temple dinners, Dugdale tells us, "at the first course is served in a fair and large bore's head upon a silver platter, with minstrelsy." The custom is retained to this day, at Queen's College, Oxford, where a boar's head, fairly decorated, is on every Christmas Day carried in procession into the Hall, accompanied by the singing of a carol, "with many innovations," from Wynkyn de Worde's celebrated collection.

"With bore's hende in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosmery;
I pray you all synge merely,
Qui estis in convivio."

Reading for the Young.

THE CHRISTMAS-BOX.

ROSE MARTIN'S father lived in the service of Mr. Stanley, as gardener; he had the use of a very comfortable roomy cottage, which stood near the gardens of his master, and a more pleasant situation could not well be found. On either side were meadows and plantations; in front a good bit of ground for a garden, and at the back a small orchard. The garden was filled with all sorts of things: there were vegetables in plenty; raspberry, currant, and gooseberry bushes; early in the year it was gay with spring flowers, and later in the season with china asters and dahlias. Besides all these, there was a goodly row of bee-hives; and hutches, filled with rabbits, were piled one upon another. Between this garden and the pleasure-ground of Mr. Stanley, a smooth gravel road led up to the stables, and other outbuildings.

Rose had never had much schooling; but her grandmother, who lived in the same house, taught her to read and spell; her mother to hem and sew, and also, as soon as she was old enough, to assist her in laundry work; for Mrs. Martin took in washing from the Great House, as it was called. At odd times Rose worked under her father, weeding the shrubberies, sweeping up dead leaves, or gathering peas and beans. Upon the whole, she led a very easy life, for her work was never hard, and she had plenty of good wholesome food to eat.

Mr. Stanley had several children, but they were all grown up, and most of them settled in the world; one little girl there was, however, belonging to the Great House, of the same age as Rose, that is to say, about ten or eleven years old. This was Miss Grace Stanley, who, having lost both her parents, was brought up by her grandfather. Most part of her time was spent at school; but at Christmas and Midsummer Miss Grace always came home for the holidays, and on such occasions, so soon as she had looked about her, run up and down stairs, and talked to everybody in the house, she usually made her way to the gardener's cottage, to talk to Rose's mother, and old Mrs. Martin, who had been her papa's nurse,—play with the kittens, if there chanced to be any, and feed the rabbits. Now I may as well tell you at once that Miss Grace was rather too fond of talking, and indeed, of listening also; for she liked to hear every thing, and what she heard she commonly repeated to the first person that came in her way.

"Oh dear! Mrs. Martin," said Miss Grace, on one of these holiday visits, "do you know that I got into such a scrape this last half! at least I was very near being in a bad scrape."

"Dear! dear!" said old Mrs. Martin, in reply, "I am sorry to hear you say that, Miss Grace."

"And it was all through Miss Cox, one of our teachers—cross toad!"

"Oh! Miss Grace, my dear, what a word was that to come out of a young lady's mouth!"

"Why, dear me! what signifies? we are not so particular at school; besides, it was nothing so very bad after all—and I have brought home another prize book, Mrs. Martin—Miss More's Sacred Dramas, with a picture at the beginning of Moses in the bull-rushes; I will bring it next time I come, to show you, Mrs. Martin,—but I was going to say something, what was it? Oh, I know, it was about Miss Cox."

But before Miss Grace Stanley could proceed, young Mrs. Martin bade Rose take her elbows off the table, and run into the orchard to fetch some more clothes to be folded, instead of sitting there, staring in that rude way.

Rose, to be sure, had opened her eyes pretty wide as she listened to the discourse of Miss Grace, and she would much rather have stayed where she was to hear what would come next, but she knew she must do her mother's bidding; so she went, and, almost at the same moment, the young lady, getting a sight from the window of some person on horseback riding towards the stable-yard, forgot again what she was going to say; she wondered who it could possibly be; whether grandpapa had been out riding; but she rather thought not; or perhaps it was Mr. Newton, the doctor, who generally rode up the back way to the house, and she knew that the under housemaid was ill; but then, this gentleman was taller than Mr. Newton; she thought she would run home, and inquire about it. So, with a hasty "good bye," she skipped out of the house, down the garden path, and was soon out of sight.

When Miss Grace reached home, she was told that her uncle Henry, of whom she was extremely fond, had arrived, and was then in the library, with her grandpapa; so giving her shoes a hasty rub on the door mat, she rushed across the hall, and into the library, just as her uncle finished what he was saying, with these words, "I shall give them to her to-morrow by way of a Christmas-box." Miss Grace heard this quite distinctly, and

made sure that the words related to some present intended for herself.

Mr. Henry Stanley was always very kind to his little niece, and, after he had kissed and talked to her for some time in a very amusing way, he took from his pocket a small paper parcel, and, placing it in her hand, said, he hoped she was not grown too much of a woman to eat sugar-plums. Charming sugar-plums they were, both to the look and taste; the box too, which contained them, was ornamented with cut paper, and had a very pretty coloured print on the top of the lid, with a piece of looking-glass inside. But, though Miss Grace thanked her uncle, and admired the box, she did neither so heartily as she would have done, had she not been thinking of the present intended to be given her the following day, and which she took for granted would be something of more value than a box of sugar-plums; something, in short, worthy to be called a Christmas-box. So impatient was she to have her curiosity satisfied on this point, that, unable to contain herself, she ventured to ask her uncle if he had brought her anything else.

"What! in my pocket!" he exclaimed. "A likely story. It is not every uncle would have cumbered himself with a box of sugar-plums, I can tell you, Miss Grace."

The young lady did not dare say another word, but she still thought, that, as her uncle had not positively denied it, something might be forthcoming on the morrow.

When the morning came, and she met her grandpapa and uncle at breakfast, she still thought the same, though to her disappointment the latter, soon after that meal, left the house, and she saw him no more for some hours.

It was winter; the ground was frozen hard, and a little snow had fallen in the night: about noon, however, the sun shone out brightly, and Miss Grace, wrapping herself up in her warmest shawl, and taking in her hand a piece of plain cake for her luncheon, tripped down the shrubbery, and took the path leading to the kitchen garden.

Whisking round the corner of the tool-house, she nearly ran against Rose Martin, who had been sent to tell her father that his dinner was ready, and mother desired he would come and eat it whilst it was hot. Martin, though rather apt to try his wife's patience in this particular, by stopping to finish something or other, had this time set off at once, and Rose was following, when met by Miss Grace, who presently resolved on going with her to the little gate which opened from the shrubbery just opposite the gardener's house. Glad to have found a listener, she chatted away to Rose, telling her all about her uncle Henry's coming the day before, his giving her a box of sugar-plums, and her expectation of a handsome Christmas-box, which she had not yet seen. Rose at first was rather shy of talking to the young lady, for she had been brought up to be humble and respectful, or, in the words of the Church Catechism, to "order herself lowly and reverently to all her betters," but, encouraged by the free and easy manner of Miss Grace, she began to talk in her turn, feeling at the same time that all this familiarity was not quite proper. Mr. Henry Stanley had called at their house, she said, that very morning; grandmother was poorly, and mother had persuaded her not to get up at her usual time. Rose, by her mother's orders, had taken old Mrs. Martin a cup of tea and a morsel of toast, so she was up stairs when Mr. Henry walked in, and, just as she came back, he was going out at the door; she heard him say, however, "I shall like to give it her myself."

"Dear me, Rose, you don't say so!" exclaimed Miss Grace.

"Yes, miss, it's all quite true as I tell you, and I noticed that Mr. Henry had in his hand a parcel done up in whitish paper, and sealed with red wax."

"How large was it?" asked the young lady.

"Why, I can't justly say, miss; it wasn't very big; about the length, may be, of father's pruning knife, and may be as broad as three of my fingers."

"Did you see which way uncle Henry went, Rose, when he left your house?"

"Yes, miss; I see him get over the stile into Bush mead, and he took the path as goes down to the Vicarage. May be, miss, the parcel was for one of Mr. Thompson's children."

"Why, that may be, Rose, for little Selina Thompson is grandpapa's godchild. Very likely he got uncle Henry to buy something for her in London—a necklace, perhaps, or a silver-gilt knife and fork, like that he gave my little cousin Charles Anstey—" but Rose could stay no longer, for they had reached the gate, and she saw her mother looking out for her.

Miss Grace walked slowly back, pondering upon what she had just heard, and feeling rather vexed at the idea of the present being intended, after all, for Mr. Thompson's little girl, instead of herself. She had got some way towards the house, when she met Mr. Stanley: he was going down to the village on business, and told Miss Grace she might, if she pleased, walk with him. This she was ready enough to do, and so they proceeded together. All the trees and shrubs were covered with hoar frost, and glistened brightly whenever the sun glanced upon them; every spray was crusted over with some fantastic shape; every blade of grass stood up stiff as a frozen spear, while the tall bents drooped their heads, and looked like feathers powdered with snow. Mr. Stanley noticed some of these beautiful objects to his little granddaughter; and then he talked to her about the dinner the school-children were to have the following day; of the new warm cloaks to be given afterwards to the girls, and which he proposed she should assist the housekeeper to distribute. When they left the plantations, and got into the lane leading to the village, they met many of their poor neighbours; the women going to the Great House, for portions of beef for themselves and families; boys and girls carrying bundles of holly and mistletoe, to be set up in the servants' hall, where they were to dine on Christmas day. Mr. Stanley stopped to speak to some amongst them, and, as he walked on, repeated to Miss Grace some verses about Christmas, which he thought she would understand and like. The following were some of the lines:—

"Heap on more wood! the wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
And well our Christian sires of old
Lov'd when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite,
Gave honour to the holy night,
That, to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

And no doubt Miss Grace would have thought them very pretty, had she listened as attentively as she ought to have done; but her mind was so full of her own little prying and selfish thoughts, that she heard not much of what her grandpapa said during the whole of their walk, and was only longing for some good opportunity of bringing forward the subject which at that time was most interesting to herself.

Yet Miss Grace was not, on the whole, and in her general behaviour, what might justly be called a naughty child; she had no perverseness of temper, was neither passionate nor sulky, and seldom disobedient; but she had been, from her infancy, too much indulged, and, although taught to believe and know many things that were right, she had never been told it was a duty to deny herself. Self-indulgent she went to school, and, as it was too much the plan there for everybody to take care of number one, self-indulgent, to the best of her power, she continued. Quick at learning, she was seldom



Mia Christmas

HEAP on more wood ; the wind is chill ;
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

* * * * *

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved, when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night :
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung.
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel down'd her kirtle sheen ;
The hall was dress'd with holly green ;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd his pride ;
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village-partner choose ;

The lord, undergating, share
 The vulgar game of "post and pair."
 All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight
 And general voice, the happy night,
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.
 The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
 Went roaring up the chimney wide;
 The huge hall-table's oaken face,
 Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
 Bore then upon its massive board
 No mark to part the squire and lord.
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
 By old blue-coated serving man;
 Then the grim boar's-head frown'd on
 high,
 Crested with bays and rosemary.

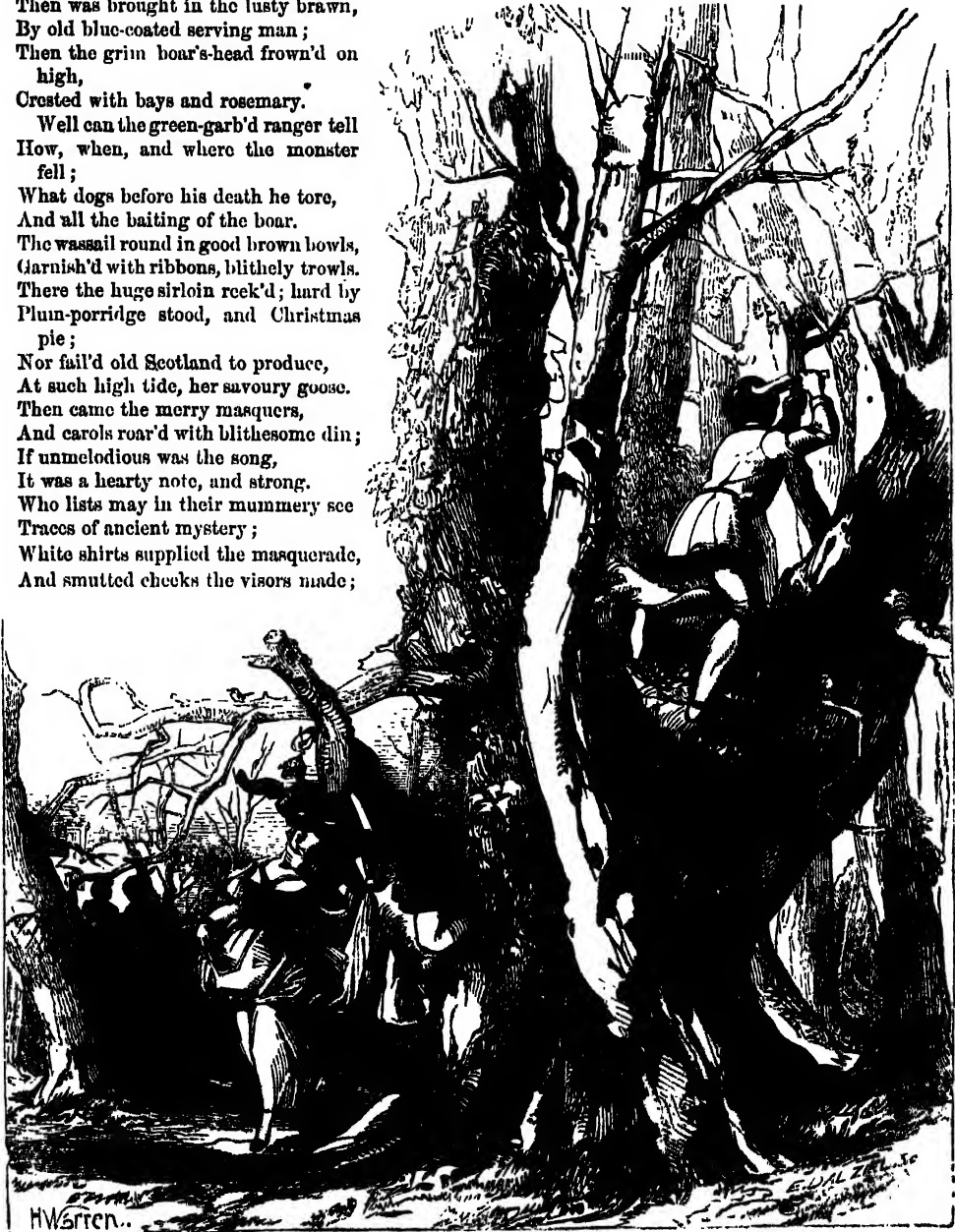
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell
 How, when, and where the monster
 fell;

What dogs before his death he tore,
 And all the baiting of the boar.
 The wassail round in good brown bowls,
 Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
 There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas
 pie;

Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
 At such high tide, her savoury goose.
 Then came the merry masquers,
 And carols roar'd with blithesome din;
 If unmelodious was the song,
 It was a hearty note, and strong.
 Who lists may in their mummery see
 Traces of ancient mystery;
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutt'd cheeks the visors made;

But, oh, what masquers richly dight -
 Can boast of besoms half so light!
 England was merry England, when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

Sir W. Scott.



POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

December 25.—Christmas Day.

THE celebration of this most ancient and joyful festival of the Church is most probably of apostolic origin. St. Clement, whose name occurs in the New Testament, exhorts the primitive Christians to "keep diligently feast days, and truly, in the first place, the day of CHRIST'S birth." A prelate in the second century recognises the 25th of December as the anniversary of the Nativity; and, so early as the fourth age, its festive observance had become so excessive, that another saintly bishop saw reason to exhort the faithful to celebrate it less immoderately. "It is a popular article of belief," says Sir Walter Scott, "that those who are born on Christmas and Good Friday, have the power of seeing spirits, and even of commanding them. The Spaniards imputed the haggard and downcast looks of their Philip II. to the disagreeable visions to which this privilege subjected him."

OLD AND POPULAR CUSTOMS.

"Christmas comes but once a year,
Therefore let's be jolly!"

was the jovial motto of our ancestors, and well did they carry out in practice the spirit of its exhortation. The holy Christmas morn was melodiously ushered in by bands of carollers, whose sacred ditties deserve an article to themselves. Immediately after Matin service, the "fine old English gentleman" stood at his own gate, and superintended the distribution of alms to the aged and destitute. At dawn, all his tenants were welcomed to his holly-decorated hall; the strong beer was broached, and the black jacks went plentifully about with "toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese." "The servants," writes an old author, "were then running here and there, with merry hearts and jolly countenances; every one was busy in welcoming of guests, and looked as snug as new-licked puppies. . . . Peg would scuttle about to make a toast for John, while Tom ran *harryn-scurum* to draw a jug of ale for Margery." At dinner the first dish was generally a soused boar's head,

"Crested with bays and rosemary,"

which was carried up the principal table with great state and solemnity. For this ceremony there was an appropriate carol. Dugdale, speaking of the Christmas-day observances in the Middle Temple, says, "At the first course is served in a fair and large boar's head upon a silver platter, with minstrelsy." Of the date when this practice was introduced into England, we have no certain information, but we learn from Holinshed that it was an old-established custom here, as early as the reign of Henry II. The other viands peculiar to Christmas, were the hackin, (a large sausage which the cook was required to boil before day-break under the penalty of being taken by the arms by two young men, and so hurried round the market-place till she was ashamed of her laziness), brawn, turkey, goose, capon, sirloin of beef, plum-porridge, and minced or *shred* pie. The two last, being compounded of spices, fruit, &c. were in token of the offerings of the Eastern Magi. The minced pie was shaped in imitation of the *cratch* or manger of our infant Lord. Misson, in his *Travels in England*, observes, "Every family against Christmas makes a famous pie, which they call Christmas pie. It is a great nostrum; the composition of this pastry is a most learned mixture of hens' tongues, chicken, eggs, sugar, raisins, &c." The Puritans were bitterly averse to minced pies and plum-porridge in connexion with the season. Needham, in his *History of the Rebellion*, sings:—

"All plums the prophet's sons deny,
And spice broths are too hot;
Treason's in a December pie,
And death within the pot."

We have never been witness, says Dr. Johnson in his *Life of Butler*, of animosities excited by the use of minced pies and plum-porridge, nor seen with what abhorrence those who could eat them at all other times of the year, would shrink from them in December.

We must not omit to mention here the yule dough, or dow, which the bakers used to present to their customers, in the same way that the chandlers gave Christmas candles. It was a kind of baby, or little image, in paste, probably intended for a figure of the infant Jesus; and the word is still used in the north for a little cake, though it properly means, "a mass of flour tempered with water, salt, and yeast, and kneaded fit for baking."

In the middle ages (to cite a recent journalist) the kings and leading lords, together with the colleges and inns of court, "hold their Christmas," as the phrase went, on a scale which might be called stupendous, as far as meat and drink were concerned, and attended with revels, plays, and diversions, not ceasing, in many instances, till Twelfth Night. These revels, &c. were placed under the direction of a personage who took the lead in every kind of extravagant sport and merriment which the wit of man could devise, and his election and functions were perhaps the most singular part of the festival.

"The cake was cut at hallow e'en;
And he whose lot contained the bean
Was hailed the sovereign of misrule,
And leader of the sports of Yule."

"In the feast of Christmas," says Stowe, "there was in the king's house, or wheresoever he lodged, a *lord of misrule*, or master of merry disports, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honour or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal. The mayor of London and either of the sheriffs had their several lords of misrule, over contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastime to delight the beholders. These lords beginning their rule at All-hallows Eve, continued the same till the morrow after the feast of the Purification; in which space there were fine and subtle disguisings, masks, and mummeries." A very interesting account of the lord of misrule, as he flourished in 1585, is given by the sour precisian, Philip Stubbs. It is, however, too long for insertion here. In some great families, and also sometimes at court, this officer was called the abbot of misrule. In Scotland he was termed the abbot of unreason, and prohibited there in 1565 by the parliament. Many of the characters of whom we have elsewhere spoken as figuring in the May games, took their share in the after-dinner gambols of Christmas Day:

"Hobby-horse midst loud applause,
Came prancing on his hinder paw."

Then, too, came the "merry maskers in,"

"A strange and motley cavalcade,
St. George in arms, a prancing nag on,
Attacks a flaming scaly dragon;
Fair Sabra is preserved from death,
And the grim monster yields his breath."

* * * * *
The mumming o'er, the dancing ceased,
They share the pleasures of the feast;
And joyously the night prolong
With mirthful glee, and jest, and song."

Such is a faint outline of the manner of the festive celebration of the great holiday of the Nativity in the olden time. Some of the customs above described yet remain. Minced pies, for example, notwithstanding puritanical opposition, "still maintain a savoury remembrance in our mouths." Plum-porridge has become "solidified," under the name of pudding; and in Yorkshire, at least, it was the custom as recently as 1790 for the grocers to send to each of those who dealt with them, a pound or half-pound of currants and raisins for the concoction of this delicacy. The boar's head has long ceased to crown the Christmas board, but a relic of it is still observable

at the tables of the yeomanry, particularly of the northern parts of the kingdom; and at Queen's College, Oxford, it is retained in all its pristine dignity.¹ In Yorkshire, Staffordshire, Cornwall, and Devon, "the old spirit of Christmas," says a popular author, "seems to be kept up more earnestly than in most other counties. In Cornwall they still exhibit the old dance of St. George and the dragon. A young friend of ours happening to be at Calden-low, in the Staffordshire hills, at Christmas, in came the band of bedizened actors, and performed the whole ancient drama, personating St. George, the King of Egypt, the fair Saba, the king's daughter, the doctor, and other characters, with great energy and in rude verse. In reference to the modern secular observance of Christmas Day, the same writer observes: "In large houses are large parties, music and feasting, dancing and cards. Beautiful faces and noble forms, the most fair and accomplished of England's sons and daughters, beautify the ample firesides of aristocratic halls. Senators and judges, lawyers and clergymen, poets and philosophers, there meet in cheerful, and even sportive ease, amid the elegancies of polished life. In more old-fashioned, but substantial country abodes, old-fashioned hilarity prevails. In the farmhouse hearty spirits are met. Here are dancing and feasting too; and often blind-man's bluff, turn-trencher, and some of the simple games of the last age, remain. In all families, except the families of the poor, who seem too much forgotten at this as at other times in this refined age, there are visits paid and received; parties going out or coming in; and everywhere abound, as indispensable to the season, mince-pies, and wishes for 'a merry Christmas and a happy new year.'"

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

Albeit the religious observances of the high festival of Christmas receive but a small share of attention from old writers, they were solemnized by our "Christian sires" with great pomp and devotion. It appears from the following extract from the *Popish Kingdom*, that, as at the present time in foreign countries, they partook of a dramatic character.

"Three masses every priest doth sing upon that solemn day,
With offerings unto every one, that so the more may play.
This done, a wooden child in cloths is on the altar set,
About the which both boys and girls do dance and trimly jet,
And carols sing in praise of CHRIST; and for to help them here,
The organs answer every verse with sweet and solemn cheer;
The priests do roar aloud; and round about the parents stand,
To see the sport, and with their voice do help them and their hand."

Fosbroke states, that after the TE DEUM a stable was prepared behind the altar, and the image of the Blessed Virgin placed upon it. A boy, from above, before the choir, in the likeness of an angel, announced the Nativity to certain canons or vicars, who entered, as shepherds, through the great door of the choir, clothed in tunics and "amesses." Many boys in the vaults of the church, like angels, then began the *Gloria in Excelsis*. The shepherds, hearing this, advanced to the stable, singing, *Peace, goodwill, &c.* As soon as they entered it, two priests in dalmatics, who were stationed at the stable, said, "Whom seek ye?" The shepherds answered, "Our SAVIOUR CHRIST." The two priests then opening the curtain, exhibited the boy, saying, "The little one is here, as the prophet Isaiah said." Then they showed the mother, saying, "Behold the Virgin," &c. Upon these exhibitions they bowed and worshipped the boy, and saluted his mother. The office ended by their returning to the choir and singing Alleluia.

(1) Tradition, however, represents this usage of Queen's as a commemoration of an act of valour performed by a student of the college, who, while walking in the neighbouring forest of Shotover, and reading Aristotle, was suddenly attacked by a wild boar. The furious beast came open-mouthed upon the youth, who, however, very courageously, and with a happy presence of mind, is said to have "rammed in the volume, and cried, *Græcum est*," fairly choking the savage with the sage.

The churches, as now, were decked with laurels, holly, yew, and other evergreens. The mistletoe, however, as a heathen and profane plant, appertaining to the rites of Druidism, was never admitted into the sacred edifices, but was hung up in kitchens, subjecting every female who passed under it to a salute from any young man who was present. Christmas Day continues to be religiously celebrated in the Church of England. The streets of cities, and the thousand pathways of the country, are crowded, on its morn, by rich and poor, young and old, coming in on all sides, gathering from all quarters, to hear the "glad tidings of great joy to all people;" and each stately minster and lowly village church sends up a voice to join the mighty chorus, whose glad burthen is, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

ON NATIONAL HOLIDAYS.

THE English are unquestionably a grave nation; there is no denying it; it is ridiculous to expect them to frisk and frolic like the Italian or the Portuguese, neither is it at all to be desired. But, if this national distinction be urged against a plea for national holidays, we venture to ask, is it usually considered good educational philosophy, to exaggerate accidental peculiarities of character by systematic training? If a child or a nation is somewhat grave, or gravish, or inclined to gravity, is it therefore to have its tendencies designedly encouraged, and to be grown into a monster of gravity, like a monstrously fat ox, or an enormously large turnip? We might as well say that spirits naturally too buoyant and excitable, are therefore not to be sobered. Surely it is the province of education rather to counteract excessive tendencies, than to be always adding fire to fire, and water to water. The Frenchman is scandalized at our severity and dulness; and we, in return, despise his vivacity. Providence intends that each should learn from the other, and give and take of their redundancies. The English are capable of lighter employments than weaving and ploughing, and, as it is sufficiently clear from the example of the wealthier classes, can occasionally be relieved from drudgery, without rushing into licentiousness.

"Your holidays will be spent at the public-house." This cannot be the true and only answer. The labouring portion of the community are not so irremediably and hopelessly bad, so incomparably worse than their "betters," as to be utterly incapable of spending a few days of leisure like Christians and reasonable beings. True, they are helpless and aimless enough. It is, we grant, the most lamentable and the most self-condemnatory feature of servitude, that it renders men, to some extent, incapable of liberty. Freedom becomes only another name for rebellion or riot. People, who never have to choose for themselves what they are next to do, will be at a loss when the choice is offered to them. They will be like the animal released from the yoke or the shafts, and which proceeds to wander, it knows not whither. But if the poor know not how to spend their time, whose fault is it? Who claim to be the directors of public morals and taste? those very persons who make this complaint of the poor. Every man who says the operative has no resource but the public-house, in the first place, says not true; and, in the second place, is bound to do all that in him lies, to the best of his light and power, to implant higher tastes, and provide material for their exercise and satisfaction. Men should act as well as talk; and every man who talks, professes thereby his power of action; but the worst and most unprofitable of all talks, is that which spends itself in mere general censures and indefinite complaints.

There are many foundations for the distribution of small sums at Christmas and other seasons. Some time since, a member got up in the House of Commons, and

suggested that, as these doles were usually spent in drinking, it would be advisable to confiscate the foundations, and apply the money to educational purposes. It would, of course, be quite as just and reasonable to confiscate the honourable gentleman's own property with the like view. We are sorry to see so prevalent a disposition to seize everything for teaching and preaching. Nothing is more untrue than these general calumnies. There are a few men in every village, and, of course, a good many more men in every town (for what is Manchester but an aggregate of five hundred Dorsetshire villages?) who are more or less likely to abuse the means of enjoyment; and but one or two in a village—much more a few hundred in a large town—will be enough to bring an ill name on popular festivities. But it is wholly contrary to our experience, that such benefactions are so perverted. Indeed, one of the most blessed and most effective foundations, we know, is a small rent charge, "Devoted to God," as it is expressed on the church tablet, and distributed, three-fourths to the maintenance of the village school, and the remainder to a Christmas dinner for every poor family in the parish. Never was so small a sum so welcome; and we may add, never so little abused as the last.

"But," say these long-headed gentlemen, "a feast is only a feast, on the most favourable supposition; and even if wife and children come in for their share, if the day is spent in nothing worse than idleness, and the stimulant portion of the banquet does not preponderate unduly over the solid food, yet it is soon over, and no one is the better for it. The time and the money are thrown away. Why not rather give what you have to give towards the permanent improvement of the poor man's condition? Instead of a few days of surfeit and senseless merriment, try to diffuse an even cheerfulness over the whole surface of the dreary year!" Nothing can be more contrary to the true philosophy of human nature. A few holidays, be they ever so far between, stand in far more stead than a monotonous tenor of well doing, though the latter may involve a greater sum total of rest from toil, and the other ingredients of temporal bliss. The mind loves a few bright spots better than a uniform flickering. Who would not rather see a mere patch of blue sky, though all else were beset with the thickest gloom, than one unbroken hemisphere of cloud refracted light? A few bright days gild the year, as the sun gilds the mountainous horizon; as the human eye lightens the whole countenance; as the skilful painter, with a few glowing tints, imparts a living and a heavenly reality to the long laboured, yet hitherto lifeless canvas. The mind requires something to look forward to, something to look back upon, something to feed the fancy as well as the present sense. It is soon palled with what it enjoys. Its greatest present happiness is to grasp nothing, but to feel itself on the way for all things. It loves what is rare and transcendent, because that seems a step to heaven. An hour or two of universal cheer; smiling faces on all sides; numberless recognitions; long looked-for meetings; bright colours; age disporting itself like youth; the momentary oblivion of all this world's hardness—these have a meaning beyond themselves; they are a foretaste of heaven. This has ever been the secret charm in what else were only dust and ashes. Weak man aspires to heaven, and humbly, yet perchance not altogether entirely, decks out a fancied semblance with a few earthly toys. This gave meaning and dignity to the games of the ancient heathen, so that even an apostle, and one who had had a glimpse of heaven, could draw from them the similitudes of a heavenly race, and a heavenly conflict, and a heavenly prize. When Virgil would portray his Elysium, he described an ordinary human festivity. His actual materials are no more than those of a village wake; so he thinks it necessary to surround them with a larger air, and a purple light, and to assign them a sun and constellations of their own. What is this but a holiday sun?

The sacred festivities of heathen antiquity were connected with all that was deep and beautiful in their philosophy and their poetry. There is a holiday hue over the whole of the Greek and most of the Roman literature. The awful tragedy, that never-ending drama of Divine Providence, in its earliest and its latest stage, was the amusement of a holiday population. The sublimest of lyric poets offended no taste or feeling of his age, when he exalted to more than human honours the triumphant pugilist or charioteer, and made their song of victory, in fact, a song of heaven. We find the best and the wisest diligently frequenting the games, and giving it as their deliberate opinion, that these celebrities were the most splendid things of earth, the brightest boons from heaven to man. Herodotus' "Nine Muses," the first and most interesting of histories, were only a series of holiday tales. Cities reckoned in rank according to the number and beauty of their festivals, which were supposed to have connexion with the national character and fortunes. Philosophers, after witnessing, with the gravest interest, spectacles that could have had in themselves but very little elegance or curiosity, sat down in their holiday attire, and with a certain holiday exuberance of genius, to discuss the highest themes of virtue, justice, and purity, and to build the most heavenly visions of human polity. The Greek citizen, indeed, seems almost to have lived a life of holiday; poor and wretched as he often was, portionless, friendless, and absolutely harmless, with scarce as much shelter to retire to, when night closed in, as the wild animals of the desert, he was still great and happy. The temples, the porticoes, the theatres, were his home. There he was, greater than king or conqueror; there he felt all the world besides to be rude and slavish. His city could not boast its vast lines of private mansions, replete with every preparation for domestic elegance and comfort; but it was one grand establishment, chiefly provided on the most economic, that is, the social principle, for the gratification of the higher tastes of the many. Of bright things, a very little will go far. They address the higher faculties, and leave lasting impressions. The thing is transient, but the idea is imperishable. An hour's, perhaps a minute's, vision of the glories of heaven, made the prophet or the apostle another man; while the bare account of it arrests the gaze of ages. The whole Christian world, with one consent, dwells and feeds upon the image. It is so with earthly things. Bareness and transience are no hindrance to the effect. Any splendid idea; an awful conflagration; a beautiful landscape; a battle; a display of fireworks; a brilliant sunset, or a great national solemnity, once seen, nay, once described, is never forgotten. It becomes ever present.¹

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Painters.

POUSSIN.

FRANCE is justly proud of Nicholas Poussin, who, though he ranks as one of the first artists of the Italian school, was born at Audelys, in Normandy, in 1594. He was descended from a noble family, but his ancestors had been ruined during the civil wars which prevailed in the reigns of Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV. His parents possessed but little property; nevertheless they gave him a good education.

The study of literature strengthened the talent for painting, which Poussin displayed from his boyhood; and almost every blank space in his school-books was filled with sketches suggested by his fertile imagination.

(1) From an "Essay on National Holidays," in a recent Periodical.

His first instructor was Quintin Varin, a painter of some merit; and at the age of eighteen he quitted the paternal roof, and, without assistance or friends, found his way to Paris, with the intention of following a profession which he felt to be replete with difficulties, but which he loved with enthusiasm.

On his arrival in the French capital, he was so fortunate as to form the acquaintance of a young nobleman, who, becoming much attached to him, received him into his house, and provided him with the means of obtaining further instruction.

He studied for a short time under Ferdinand Elle, who had some reputation as a portrait painter; and afterwards, for a month only, under L'Allemand; but Poussin soon discovered that neither of his instructors possessed those elevated ideas which he had conceived of the art. Some persons of science and taste now assisted him with their counsel, and lent him some engravings from the works of Raphael and Julio Romano, which he copied with great taste and correctness.

His patron, being summoned to Poitou, where his family resided, persuaded Poussin to accompany him thither, with the intention of employing him in painting at his chateau. Finding, however, that he was looked upon by his friend's relatives as a useless guest and an intruder, he determined to return to the metropolis, and abruptly quitted the house.

Having no money, he laboured hard at his art in the provinces, in order to defray the expenses of this long journey; but his exertions brought on illness, so that he was obliged to turn his steps homewards, and he remained with his friends until his health was restored. He then again repaired to Paris, where he renewed his studies with increased ardour.

His great ambition was to see Rome; accordingly he hastened to finish some pictures in which he was engaged, and commenced his journey; but he had not proceeded farther than Florence, when some circumstance—probably the want of money—compelled him to retrace his steps. Some time afterwards he made a second attempt to arrive at the goal of his anxious wishes, but again he met with obstacles which he could not overcome. He continued, therefore, to work with undiminished energy at Paris, and at length attracted the notice of connoisseurs by the execution of six pictures in fresco, which he completed in eight days.

The Cavaliere Marino, an Italian poet, was then in Paris, and he invited Poussin to accompany him to Rome. Whether he acceded to this proposal appears to be uncertain; but we find that in 1622, or, according to some writers, in 1624, Poussin was at Rome, and was introduced to Cardinal Barberini by his friend the poet, of whom, however, he was shortly afterwards bereaved by the unexpected stroke of death; and the Cardinal was, at about the same time, obliged to leave Rome, on being appointed to an ecclesiastical legation.

These two events were great drawbacks to Poussin, who, being reduced to deep distress, was compelled to sell his best works at very low prices. For a fine painting of a prophet he only obtained eight francs; and, strange to say, a young artist was paid four *écus*, or fourteen francs, for painting a copy of the same picture. Poussin, however, did not despond; he was calm in the midst of adversity, and derived consolation from the progress he was making in his art.

He does not appear to have coveted riches at any time, and throughout his life he preserved that simplicity of appearance and mode of living which he had originally adopted from necessity. Like Michael Angelo Buonarroti, Poussin worked in silence and solitude. François du Queanoy, called François le Flamand, and Alexander Algarde, both excellent sculptors, were his only intimates, and in their conversations they dwelt chiefly on the beauty of the antique.

Poussin was much indebted to the judicious observations of those able artists; he also modelled some figures in *relievo*; and the three friends reaped great benefit from their united studies of the ancient statues.

Poussin deemed it more useful to contemplate the works of the great masters than to copy them; yet, during the first years of his residence at Rome, he painted several groups of children from Titian, whose colouring he admired. He also attentively studied the best of Raphael's and Domenichino's paintings, but he devoted most of his attention to the antique statues and bas-reliefs, which he thought more worthy of critical observation than the finest efforts of modern genius in the art of painting.

The colouring of Poussin was not equal to his other artistical powers; for although, at one period, he imitated Titian in that respect, yet, when he became an enthusiastic admirer of Raphael and of the antique, he entirely altered his tone of colour, and even his management of light and shade. His historical compositions are very correct, and the air and attitudes of his figures beautiful. His landscapes are particularly pleasing, on account of the novelty and variety of the objects he has introduced in them. He possessed in an eminent degree the qualifications of invention, design, and expression, and his perspective, and the architectural accessories in his pictures, are perfect.

Several of his works painted at Rome were sent to France, some of them for Cardinal de Richelieu, minister of Louis XIII. The subjects were treated in so masterly a manner, bearing the stamp of study of the poetry and artistical superiority of the ancients, that the King of France desired M. Desnoyers, Secretary of State, to write to Poussin, making suitable offers to induce him to return to France, as one of those great artists whom the King was desirous to engage to contribute towards the perfection of the arts in his kingdom. But Poussin was reluctant to quit Rome, and it was not until Louis XIII. wrote him an autograph letter, appointing him one of his Majesty's painters in ordinary, with emoluments and advantages corresponding to that rank, that he made up his mind to leave Rome, which he promised to do in the autumn of 1639; but about the middle of December in that year he wrote to the French minister, stating that his health would not admit of his undertaking the journey at that moment: he even intimated his wish to be absolved from his engagement to go to France. But his journey was only delayed, for he took his departure from Rome after the lapse of a twelvemonth; that is to say, at the end of the year 1640; having first stipulated that he should not be bound to hold the appointment which the King of France had conferred on him beyond the period of five years.

On Poussin's arrival at Paris he was presented to Cardinal de Richelieu, who received him in the

warmest manner; and three days afterwards he was summoned to St. Germain by the King, who gave him a gracious reception, and conversed for a long time with him.

A delightful residence in the garden of the Tuileries was provided beforehand for him by the King's order; and Poussin, in a letter to his friend Carlo Antonio del Pozzo, Archbishop of Pisa, describes it as follows:—

"It is a little palace, for thus it deserves to be called, and is situated in the middle of the garden of the Tuileries. It is three storeys high, and there are nine rooms, besides the offices, which are separate from the house, and consist of a kitchen, the porter's lodge, a stable, a conservatory, &c. There is, besides, a fine large garden, well-stocked with fruit-trees, beautiful flowers, herbs and vegetables. There are also three small fountains, a well, and a handsome court-yard, in which there are also some fruit-trees. I enjoy fine views on all sides, and in summer I think it must be quite a Paradise.

"On entering I found the first-floor arranged and furnished nobly, and supplied with all kinds of provisions; there was even a large stock of firewood, and a cask of good old wine."

Poussin had already commenced his works for the gallery of the Louvre, when he found that a longer residence in Paris would be intolerable, owing to the continual cabals of his numerous rivals. He languished to return to Rome, where he had enjoyed tranquillity and freedom, and his final decision to do so was brought about by the following circumstance:—

Le Mercier, architect to the King, had commenced the compartments in the ceiling of the gallery of the Louvre, when Poussin, finding them too massive and heavy for the paintings with which he intended to embellish them, ordered that those compartments should be altered. This gave great offence to Le Mercier, and the rival painters joined him in exclaiming against whatever Poussin did. In this painful state of affairs Poussin solicited and obtained the King's permission to go to Rome, in order to settle his affairs in that city, and bring his wife to France. He left Paris about the end of September, 1642, having resided there nearly two years.

Soon after his return to Rome news arrived of the death of Cardinal de Richelieu; and Louis XIII. did not long survive his minister. Under these circumstances Poussin resolved to remain at Rome, and he firmly resisted the entreaties that were made, and the inducements which were urgently held out to him, to return to France.

He had now resided, altogether, nearly twenty years in Rome, and he lived there twenty years more in the uninterrupted exercise of his favourite art, admired by men of learning and taste, and beloved and esteemed by those whose intimacy with him enabled them to appreciate the candour and liberality of his mind.

He died on the 19th of November, 1665, in his seventy-second year, and was buried in the church of San Lorenzo, in which parish he resided. All the painters of the Academy of St. Luke, and great numbers of high personages and admirers of the arts, were present at his funeral, and a monument, with an appropriate Latin inscription, was erected to his memory by his friend, the Abbé Nicaise, a canon of the cathedral of Dijon, in France, who happened to be at Rome at the time of his death.

Poussin left his property, which did not amount to more than about fifty thousand francs, or two thousand pounds sterling, to be divided amongst his own and his deceased wife's relatives. He might have amassed riches by the product of the number and excellence of his works, but he was so disinterested, that having once fixed a reasonable price for painting his pictures, he invariably declined to accept the additional sums which were pressed upon him after their completion, as marks of the high satisfaction of those who had engaged him to paint them.

It may therefore be truly said of Poussin, that he loved painting for itself, more than for the renown and the profit which he derived from it. His wife had no fortune; he married her from affection, and gratitude for her kindness towards him during a severe illness, by which he was attacked whilst lodging in her father's house, in France. They had no children, and they always lived happily together, without any display. Poussin had a decided objection to keeping a number of servants, and the following anecdote is related by his biographers.

Cardinal Massini having called upon him one day, the time passed so rapidly in conversation, that the visitor remained until after dark. On taking his leave there was no one to conduct him to the door but Poussin himself, who carried a light. The cardinal said that he pitied him, because he had no man-servant.

"And I," replied Poussin, "pity you, my Lord, much more, because you have so many domestics."

Although Poussin's paintings may be estimated at more than three hundred in number, he was not assisted in the execution of any of them. Amongst his most celebrated pictures, we may mention Germanicus, The taking of Jerusalem, Rebecca at the Well, Moses striking the Rock, The Adoration of the Golden Calf, The Conversion of St. Paul, The Will of Endamidas, numerous landscapes, which he enriched with historical subjects, and four pictures representing the Seasons, each containing a scriptural subject. Spring represents Adam and Eve in Paradise; Summer, Ruth in the fields of Boaz; Autumn, the two Israelites who went by order of Moses to "spy out the land of Canaan," returning with a vine branch laden with an enormous cluster of grapes, which they carry on a staff resting on their shoulders; and Winter is designated by the Deluge. The latter was the last picture painted by Poussin, and, although his powerful genius is manifested in the grandeur of the general effect, some marks of the feebleness of his hand are also visible.

His brother-in-law, Gaspar Poussin, was his only pupil. The real name of the latter was Gaspar Dughet, and he was born in France in 1600. He was induced to travel to Rome, partly from a strong desire to see his sister, who was married to Poussin, and partly from a love for the art of painting, for which he had a great genius. Whilst at Rome he changed his name for that of his kind instructor, and he is known by no other name than that of Gaspar Poussin. His landscapes are beautiful, but his figures are but indifferently designed; of this he was so conscious, that he frequently prevailed upon his brother-in-law to paint his figures for him.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.¹

"Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE word "carol" is said to be derived from the Latin *cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, an interjection of joy. By some writers, however, it is supposed to be of Italian, and by others of French, extraction; its meaning is, generally, a song of mirth and exultation, especially of religious joy. The "Christmas Carol," in particular, is a song in celebration of our blessed Lord's nativity. This kind of pious ballad is undoubtedly of very remote origin. Bishop Jeremy Taylor, in his *Great Exemplar*, fancifully remarks that the first Christmas carol was the Hymn of the Angels to the Shepherds in the plains of Bethlehem:—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men." Milton also, in *Paradise Lost*, thus mentions the same anthem:

"His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd angels hear His carol sung."

This hymn was introduced at an early period into the services of the Church, being sung either at Morning Prayer, or in the Communion Office, or before the Lessons on Christmas Day. In process of time, other hymns of the same kind appear to have been formed after its example; and it is stated by the celebrated ritualist Durandus, that anciently bishops were accustomed, on the above festival, to "sing carols among their clergy" in the cathedrals.

In a Latin poem, written about the middle of the fifteenth century, and soon after translated into English, the following allusion to the practice of carolling in church at Christmas occurs:—

"A wooden child is on the altar set,
About the which both boys and girls do dance and trimly jet;
And carols sing in praise of CHRIST, and for to help them here
The organs answer every verse with sweet and solemn cheer."

The "Christmas carol," however, was not confined to the Church offices in mediæval times. "It has been the custom," says a modern writer, "for the common people of England for many centuries to go about in bands, at an early hour on Christmas morn, serenading their neighbours with what are called 'carols.'" Such also was the usage in other parts of Christendom. "During the season of Advent," remarks Mr. Digby, "the waits, while other men took their rest, wandered, singing hymns in the streets; and on the blessed night, every one kept watch like the shepherds, while minstrels chanted Christmas carols." In these ancient poems the inhabitants of each town and village used to be represented making the offering of whatever best object they possessed to the infant Saviour and the blessed Mother. These ditties even gladdened the festivals of royalty. Henry VII., in the third year of his reign, kept his Christmas at Greenwich: on the twelfth night, after high mass, the king went to the hall, and kept his estate at the table; in the middle sat the dean and those of the king's chapel, who, immediately after his majesty's first course, "sang a caroll." The earliest collection of Christmas carols supposed to have been published, is only known from the last leaf of a volume, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521. "These," says Brand, "were festal chansons for enlivening the merriments of the Christmas celebrity; and not such religious songs as are current at this day with the common people, under the same title, and which were substituted by

those enemies of innocent and useful mirth, the Puritans." We differ from the above antiquary in reference to the puritanical origin of the "religious" Christmas carols "current at this day." Many of them appear to be even of earlier date than the Reformation; and, since the Puritans, as is well known, hated Christmas Day as Popish and anti-Christian, and abolished its observance wherever their influence extended, it is most improbable that they should have composed songs for its celebration. Be this as it may, the majority of the mediæval Christmas carols were "religious." Some of these, in a more or less interpolated and modernized state, have been handed down to us, and though, perhaps, wanting in interest to a refined mind, are sometimes admirable for their simplicity and tenderness. Take for example the ensuing stanzas from that quaint old ditty, beginning,

"Joseph was an old man, an old man was he,
And he married Mary, Queen of Galilee,"

which was sung by companies of little children at Christmas, and which "brings fairly before us the paintings of the old masters, where Joseph is always represented as so old a man, and Mary sits in the oxen's stall with her crown on her head."

"As Joseph was a'walking, he heard an angel sing—
'This night shall be born our heavenly king;
He neither shall be born in houses nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's stall;
He neither shall be clothed in purple nor in pall,
But all in fine linen, as were babies all;
He neither shall be rock'd in silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle that rocks on the mould;
He neither shall be christen'd in white wine or in red,
But with the spring water with which we were christen'd."

How sweet, again, are the following lines, which enrich another antique carol:

"O fair, O fair Jerusalem! when shall I come to thee,
When shall our griefs be at an end? Thy joys when shall we see?
The fields were green as green might be, when, from His glorious seat,
The Lord our God He watered us with His heavenly dew so sweet."

These words could only have been written by one fully conversant with the ritual of the Western Church. They are adapted from her Advent service. Very melodious to our ears is the rhythm of the carol beginning with—"I saw three ships come sailing on," and containing the verses which follow:

"And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas-day in the morning."

Our space will not admit of our giving to our readers any more specimens of the simple Christmas carols which animated the devotion of our pious ancestors. We will now offer a few remarks on those early "feste-chansons" which were merely intended to be incitements to Christmas revelry. Perhaps the most interesting of those extant is an Anglo-Norman carol of the thirteenth century. It is too long for insertion here, but it gives a very interesting picture of the gaiety and kindly feeling which the festival of the Nativity appears to have excited among all classes, and dwells with much

(1) This paper is intended to form part of a volume on Christmas and Christmas Carols, with Engravings, just publishing by Mr. Sharpe, the publisher of this Magazine.

satisfaction on the long list of Christmas dainties, and the profusion of rich wines. Another of these secular carols was discovered in a MS. of the time of Henry VI. The song itself, however, from the style and spelling, may be assigned to a century earlier. "It seems," says Miss Lawrence, "to be sung in the week before Christmas, when the household maidens all busied themselves with dressing up the halls and chambers with evergreens. The great hostility expressed towards ivy may be accounted for by the circumstance of its being used at funerals." A few lines of this carol in modern orthography may not be uninteresting here:—

"Nay, Ivy! nay, it shall not be, I wis;
Let Holly have the mastery, as the manner is;
Let Holly stand within the hall, fair to behold;
Let Ivy stand without the door; she is full sore a-cold.
Nay, Ivy! &c.

Holly and his merry men deftly dance and sing;
Ivy and her maidens are alway sorrowing.
Nay, Ivy! &c.

Holly hath berries, is red as any rose,
Gay-looking to the hunter, as through the wood he goes;
Ivy, too, hath berries, but black as any sloe;
Thither come the owls, and eat them as they go.
Nay, Ivy! &c.

The Reformation did not impair the popularity of the Christmas carol in England. A writer in 1631, in his description of a good and hospitable housekeeper, has left the following picture of Christmas festivities: "Suppose," he says, "Christmas now approaching; the evergreen ivy trimming and adorning the portals and particloases of so frequented a building; the usual carols, to observe antiquity, cheerfully sounding; and that which is the complement of his inferior comforts, his neighbours, whom he tenders as members of his own family, join with him in this consort of mirth and melody." At the end of a "Miscellany of Epigrams, &c." published about the same period, is a "Christmas carol," which contains a recital of the pastimes in vogue at that season. This, and similar compositions of the seventeenth century, make, however, no pretension to any religious character; but, in the mean time, others also, of a devotional strain, were in general use. Wharton mentions a license, granted to one Tysdale in 1562, for printing "certain goodly carols to be sung to the glory of God;" and again, "Christmas carols authorized by my lord of London." Bishop Andrewes, in one of his sermons on the Nativity, preached on the twenty-fifth of December, 1619, celebrates the day as "glorious in all places, as well at home with carols as in the church with anthems." From the time of the famous prelate just mentioned to our own, the practice of singing Christmas carols in this kingdom has been preserved; "varying probably in circumstances and degree, but dispersed, more or less, over the different parts of the country." In Heath's *Account of the Scilly Islands*, he says that it is usual there to sing carols on Christmas Day at church. Dr. Goldsmith, in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, writing about 1763, and "laying the scene of his narrative at a small cure in the north of England," relates that, among other customs which they retained, the inhabitants "kept up the Christmas carol." Brand, in 1795, remarks, that little troops of boys and girls, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and other places in the north of England, "go from house to house, knocking at the doors, singing their Christmas carols, and wishing a happy new-year." A writer in 1811, describing the manner in which the inhabitants of the North Riding of Yorkshire celebrate Christmas, observes, "About six o'clock on Christmas day I was awakened by a sweet singing under my window; surprised at a visit so early and unexpected, I arose; and looking out of the window, I beheld six young women and four men, welcoming with sweet music the blessed morn."
"Carols," writes Mr. Hone, in 1825, "begin to be spoken

of as not belonging to this century, and few perhaps are aware of the number of these now printed." He adds that he possesses "upwards of ninety, all at this time published annually." Mr. Howitt, in 1838, remarks, that the Christmas carols which were sung about from door to door, for a week at least, not twenty years ago, are rarely heard now in the midland counties. More northward, from the hills of Derbyshire, and the bordering ones of Staffordshire, up through Lancashire, Yorkshire, Northumberland, and Durham, you may frequently meet with them. The custom of Christmas carolling prevails in Ireland to the present time. In Scotland it is unknown. In Wales it is still preserved, to a greater extent, perhaps, than in England. After the turn of midnight on Christmas-eve, Divine service is celebrated, followed by the singing of carols to the harp; and they are similarly sung in the houses during the continuance of the Christmas holidays.

J. F. R.

SYMPATHY FOR THE POOR.

THE delicacies of food and clothing are enjoyed with little concern for those to whom the necessities of life are scarcely attainable; and it has thus passed into a proverb, that one half of the world knows not what becomes of the other. One of our first moral writers has been pleased to speak in a manner somewhat disrespectful of those moralists and poets, like Thomson, who have noticed and lamented this disposition in the human mind to enjoy its own blessings rather than disquiet itself with the calamities of others. I allude to Adam Smith. But was he well employed on this occasion? It is the province of sympathy to render us alive to the evils of those around us. This he would admit. So is it equally the province of reason and good sense to save the mind from too deep an interest in afflictions which we can neither prevent nor remedy. This we concede on our part. No doubt, therefore, it is the perfection of the human character to be at once equal to its own happiness, and yet sensible to those miseries of our fellow-creatures which its exertions can alleviate. But surely it remains to be remarked, that it is not in any deficiency to ourselves that human nature offends. This is not the weakness of mankind, or the aspect under which they need be regarded by a moralist with any pain. If there be sometimes found those who are formed of a finer clay, so as really to have the comforts of their own existence diminished and interrupted by sympathizing too long and too quickly with the calamities of those around them, such may surely be considered as exceptions, to be set apart from their fellow-mortals, as those more amiable beings, who are not likely by their example to injure the general cause of reasonable enjoyment in the world; and whom the more natural prevalence of careless selfishness renders it not easy often to find, and surely not very possible long to censure.—*Smith's Lectures on History.*

N.B.—The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; Covers for binding, with Table of Contents, may be ordered of any Book-seller.

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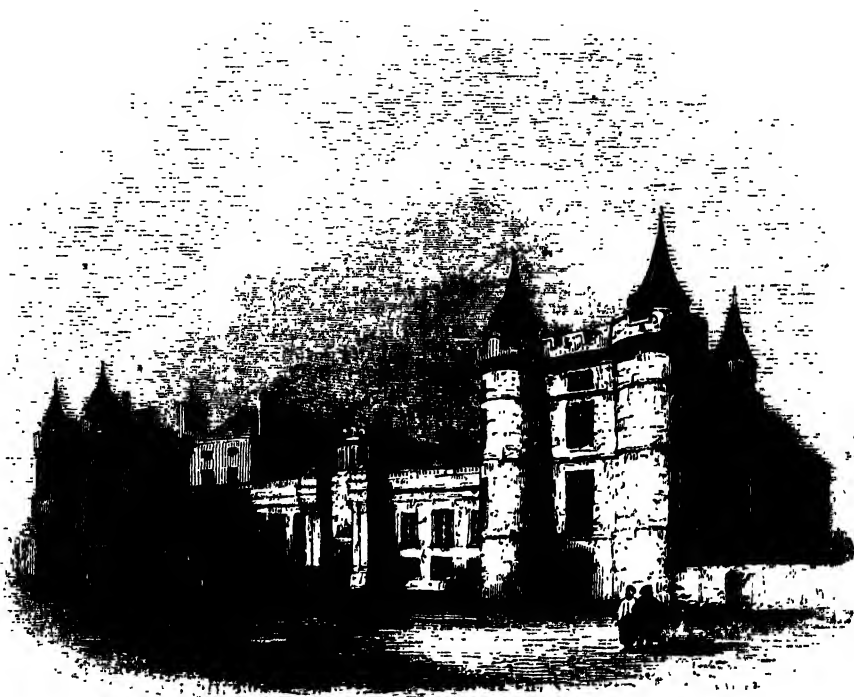
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Holyrood Palace.

HOLYROOD.

"THE moonlight fell like pity o'er the walls
And broken arches, which the conqueror, Time,
Had rode unto destruction; the grey moss,
A silver cloak, hung lightly o'er the ruins;
And nothing came upon the soul but soft
Sad images. And this was once a palace,
Where the rich viol answered to the lute,
And maidens flung the flowers from their hair
Till the halls swam with perfume: here the dance
Kept time with light harps, and yet lighter feet;
And here the beautiful Mary kept her court,
Where sighs and smiles made her regality,
And dreamed not of the long and many years
When the heart was to waste itself away
In hope, whose anxiousness was as a curse:
Here, royal in her beauty and her power,
The prison and the scaffold, could they be
But things whose very name was not for her?
And this now fallen sanctuary, how oft
Have hymns and incense made it holiness!
How oft, perhaps, at the low midnight hour,
Its once fair mistress may have stolen to pour
At its pure altar, thoughts which have no vent

But deep and silent prayer; when the heart finds
That it may not suffice unto itself,
But seeks communion with that other state,
Whose mystery to it is as a shroud
In which it may conceal its strife of thought,
And find repose.
* * * * * But it is utterly changed:
No incense rises, save some chance wild flower
Breathes grateful to the air; no hymn is heard.
No sound, but the bat's melancholy wings;
And all is desolate and solitude.
And thus it is with links of destiny
Clay fastens on with gold, and none may tell
What the chain's next unravelling will be.
Alas! the mockeries in which Fate delights!
Alas! for time!—still more, alas for change!"

L. B. L.; in the *Literary Gazette*.

HOLYROOD, or the Abbey of Holyrood House, is the patriarchal antiquarian pile of Edinburgh. It was, however, founded some three centuries subsequent to the fair city. Simon of Durham mentions the town of Edwinesburgh as existing in the middle of the eighth century; and, in the charter of the foundation of the

Abbey of Holyrood, in the year 1128, King David I., called it his burgh of Edwinesburg, whence we may infer it was then a royal burgh.

The founding of the Abbey is due to the piety and prodigality of David, whose liberality to the clergy drew from one of his successors the pithy observation, that he was "a sair sanct for the crown." The legendary origin of the building is thus related: "David, while hunting in the forest of Drumsheuch, was placed in the utmost peril by the attack of a stag. When defending himself from his assailant, a cross miraculously descended from heaven into his hand, upon seeing which the stag fled in dismay." The sequel is more credible. In a dream which visited the slumbers of the monarch, he was commanded to erect an abbey on the spot of his remarkable preservation; and, in obedience to the mandate, he founded the Abbey of Holyrood House, for a class of religious men, called the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, on whom, at the same time, many privileges and much land were bestowed. Among other benefits they were allowed to erect a borough between the town of Edinburgh and the Church of Holyrood House; and the long street, called the Canongate, at Edinburgh, is the remainder of this borough. Succeeding monarchs bestowed many additional gifts upon this order, and it soon became one of the richest establishments in Scotland. Among David's provisions were some strongly tinged with the superstition of the times: they included a right to the trial by combat, and to the water and fire ordeals; and, besides these privileges, the canons had the right of finding out "noted witches and warlocks," and of determining controversies of every kind; and their Abbey furnished an asylum to the guilty, whom it was accounted sacrilege to follow, except in the case of murder. Part of the locality is privileged to this day, the precincts of the Abbey being a sanctuary for insolvent debtors.

Holy Rood, we may mention, is synonymous with Holy Cross: it was usually placed over the screen which divided the nave from the chancel of our churches. To our ancestors, we are told, it conveyed a fall type of the Christian Church: the nave representing the Church militant, and the chancel the Church triumphant; denoting that all who would go from the one to the other, must pass under the Rood; that is, carry the Cross, and suffer affliction. Most of the Roods were taken down in 1547; but several remained till late in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

In the year 1177, a National Council was held in the Abbey, at Holyrood, in consequence of a dispute between the English and Scottish clergy, as to the submission of the latter to the Church of England; a legate having been sent by the Pope to take cognizance of it. In 1332, the building was stripped and spoiled in Baliol's conquest of Scotland, under Edward III.; and in 1385, it suffered similarly, under Richard II. In 1457, Archibald Crawford, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, was appointed Abbot of Holyrood; and he rebuilt the Abbey in the architectural style of his period, thus substituting the Pointed for the Norman employed by the royal founder, David I.

For about four centuries, the establishment flourished as an abbey; and, during the latter part of that period, it was the residence of the sovereign. In the year 1528, James V. added a palace to the conventual buildings: a portion of this palace remains to the present day, and consists of the towers of the north-west angle of the quadrangular court.

Returning to the monastic history of the place, we find that, when the Earl of Hertford entered Scotland, in 1544, the Abbey was almost entirely burnt by his soldiers; the choir and transept of the church being destroyed, and nothing preserved but the nave. It was then that Sir Richard Lea, Captain of the English Pioneers, carried off the brazen font, in which the children of the royal family had been usually baptized: he presented it to the church of St. Alban's, in Hertford-

shire, and commemorated the event in the following inscription:—

"When Leith, a town of good account in Scotland, And Edinburgh, the principal city of that nation, was on fire, Sir Richard Lea, Kt., saved me out of the flames, and brought me into England.

In gratitude to him for his kindness
I, who, heretofore, served only at the baptism of the children
of kings,

Do now most willingly offer the same service
Even to the meanest of the English nation.

Lea! the conqueror, hath so commanded.

Adieu! A.D. 1543, in the 36th year of King Henry VIII."

But this record of the pride of conquest did not remain any time in its new location; for, during the Civil Wars, it fell into the hands of the regicides, and was sold by them as old metal, and melted down.

In 1547, after the sanguinary battle of Pinkie, the monks made their escape from Holyrood; and the victorious English under the Earl of Hertford stripped the church and palace of the lead roofing, and carried off the bells.

At the Reformation, the monastery was dissolved; its revenues then amounting, in money, to 250 l. sterling, annually, and in kind to 442 bolls of wheat, 640 bolls of bear, 560 bolls of oats, 500 capons, 20 dozen of hens, 2 dozen of salmon, 12 loads of salt, and of swine a number not precisely ascertained.

In the great spoliation, the fine church was stripped of its valuables: from a mistaken principle of religious zeal and devotion, the earl of Glencairn laid waste the sacred building, and broke into pieces its sculptures and costly furniture. The chapel was, however, entirely refitted by James the Seventh, of Scotland; by whose order the floor was paved with marble, sculptured and painted with shields and armorial devices; the king also erected a magnificent throne, and twelve stalls for the knights companions of the order of St. Andrew. There was likewise constructed a large and finely toned organ; and workmen were sent from London, with orders to set up the figures of the twelve apostles in as many niches on one side of the interior, and a corresponding number of prophets on the other. This design was violently opposed by the populace, who alleged that the king intended to establish popish rites and ceremonies, and that these statues were intended as objects of adoration: consequently, the whole of the workmanship was defaced, and the artisans were compelled to desist from their undertaking.

At the restoration, Charles the Second completely repaired the church, and ordained that it should be in future set apart as a chapel royal to the palace, and be no longer the parochial church of the Canongate. It was, therefore, refitted with great splendour; a throne was erected for the king, and twelve stalls for the knights of the Order of the Thistle. Unfortunately, the organ which James had placed there was not removed, and this, coupled with the belief that mass had been celebrated in the chapel, rendered it so obnoxious to the Presbyterians, that, at the Revolution, a lawless mob broke in and stripped the church of all its internal decorations. Fanatical zeal and political apostasy went further. They violated the sacred habitations of the dead; they profaned the sepulchre of their kings; they outraged its sanctity by tearing open the coffins that contained the mouldering ashes of James the Fifth; of Magdalen of France, his first Queen; of the Earl of Darnley, once their monarch; and others who had held the Scottish sceptre. They sold the lead of which the coffins were made, and left the bodies exposed, an unseemly spectacle, and the degrading memorial of popular frenzy.

The walls of the church, which thus withstood the fury of the mob, have since been brought to the ground by the unskilfulness of an architect in replacing the old roof by a heavier one of flag-stones. This was done in 1758: the walls were already upwards of six hundred

years old, but they bore their new weight until 1768, when the whole came to the ground. Arnot, in his *History of Edinburgh*, published in 1788, thus describes the effect of the catastrophe: "When we lately visited the spot, we saw, in the middle of the chapel, the broken shafts of the columns, which had been borne down by the weight of the roof. Upon looking into the vaults, the doors of which were open, we found, that what had escaped the fury of the mob at the revolution, became a prey to the rapacity of those who ransacked the church after it fell. In 1776, we had seen the body of James the Fifth and some others in the leaden coffins; the coffins were now stolen, the head of Queen Magdalene, which was then entire, and even beautiful, and the skull of Darnley, were also stolen; his thigh-bones, however, still remain, and are proofs of the vastness of his stature."

The chapel at Holyrood was, in its pristine state, a magnificent structure, in the pointed style of architecture; its west front has been compared with Melrose Abbey, Ely and York cathedrals. The highly-enriched windows which lighted the rood-loft are much admired; the columns, mouldings, and sculptures of the west door are executed in a very bold style. Immediately above the door is a small square stone bearing this inscription:

HE SHALL BUILD ANE HOUSE
FOR MY NAME, AND I WILL
ESTABLISH HIS THRONE
FOR EVER.
BASILLICAM HANO RMI
RECTAM CAROLUS REX,
OPTIM ET RESTAURAVIT
ANNO DOM
CIO.DCCXXXIII.

The north side of the ruinous pile still has its ornamental buttresses, enriched with canopied niches and pinnacles: this was the work of Abbot Crawford, in the reign of James the Third. The south side is likewise adorned with buttresses, but differing from those on the north. At the east end is the great window, shown in one of our illustrations: its mullions were greatly damaged by a storm in 1795, but they were restored in 1816, with the materials found about the chapel. In this illustration, too, are shown some of the finely sculptured capitals, clustered columns and arches, the smaller decorated arches of the triforium, the pinnacle of one of the buttresses, and the broken shafts, in massive ruin, set off by the light streaming through the open stories and mullions of the great window. We should not omit to mention, that at the north-west corner of the chapel is the belfry, a small tower, which contains a marble monument and statue of Robert Lord Belhaven, who died in 1639.

Almost immediately adjoining the chapel ruins is the palace of Holyrood, a handsome quadrangular building, with a central court, ninety-four feet square; its front is flanked with double castellated towers, "imparting to the edifice that military character which the events of Scottish history have so often proved to have been requisite in her royal residences." A great part of this palace was burnt by the English in 1544, but it was soon rebuilt on a more extensive scale; a large portion of this structure was, however, burnt to the ground by Cromwell's soldiers; it lay in ruins until 1670, when, by direction of Charles II., the present palace was commenced, after a design by Sir William Bruce.

Around the interior of the quadrangle extends an arcade. The largest apartment is the picture gallery, 150 feet long by twenty-seven broad; upon the walls of which are suspended the portraits of 106 Scottish kings, as Humphrey Clinker says, "mostly by the same hand, painted either from the imagination, or porters hired to sit for the purpose." In the olden time many a scene of courtly gaiety has enlivened this gloomy hall; among the last were the balls given by Prince Charles Edward,

in 1745. The election of the representative peers of Scotland is now the only ceremony performed within its walls. In the south side of the quadrangle is the hall of state, fitted up for the levées of George IV. in 1822; and in the eastern side is the suite of apartments occupied by Charles X. (of France) and his family in 1830-3. The palace is shown to strangers by the domestics of the Duke of Hamilton, hereditary keeper.

The north-west portion is all that remains of the palace of James V. The most interesting relic is the bed of Queen Mary, which remains in the same state as when last occupied by that unhappy princess. The closet where the murderers of Rizzio surprised their victim, is also shown; as also the trap-door by which they ascended, and dark stains on the floor, stated to be the marks of Rizzio's blood.

Holyrood is, of course, one of the most attractive curiosities of the city of Edinburgh, and is visited by thousands of persons annually. Mrs. Sigourney thus apostrophises it.

"Old Holyrood! Edina's pride,
Where erst, in regal state array'd,
The mitred abbots told their beads,
And chaunted 'neath their hallow'd shade.
And nobles in thy palace courts
Revel, and dance, and pageant led,
And trump to tilt and tourney call'd,
And royal hands the banquet spread.
A lingering beauty still is thine,
Though age on age have o'er thee roll'd
Since good King David reared thy walls,
With turrets proud and tracery bold.
And still the Norman's pointed arch,
Its interlacing blends sublime
With Gothic column's clustered strength,
Where foliage starts, and roses climb."

Mrs. Sigourney's visit is pleasantly detailed. "The first view of Holyrood," says the poetess, "is in strong contrast with the splendid buildings and classic columns of the Calton Hill. After admiring the monuments of Dugald Stewart, and Nelson, and the fine edifice of the High-school, you look down at the extremity of the Canongate upon the old palace, that, seated at the foot of Salisbury Craig, nurses, in comparative desolation, the memories of the past. Its chapel, floored with tombstones, and open to the winds of heaven, admonishes human power and pride of their alliance with vanity."

"Through an iron gate we saw, in a damp miserable vault, the bones of some of the kings of Scotland; among them those of Henry Darnley, without even the covering of that 'little charity of earth' which the homeless beggar finds. In another part of the royal chapel, unmarked by any inscription, are the remains of the lovely young queen, Magdalene, daughter of Francis I. of France, who survived but a short time her marriage with James V. In the same vicinity sleep two infant princes named Arthur; one the son of him who fell at Flodden Field, the other a brother of Mary of Scotland. Scarcely a single monument, deserving notice as a work of art, is to be found at Holyrood, except that of Viscount Belhaven, a privy councillor of Charles I. who died in 1639. He is commemorated by a statue of Parian marble, which is in singular contrast with the rough black walls of the ruinous tower where it is placed. It has a diffuse and elaborate inscription, setting forth that 'Nature supplied his mind by wisdom, for what was wanting in his education; that he would easily get angry, and as easily, while speaking, grow calm; and that he enjoyed the sweetest society in his only wife, N. Murray, daughter of the Baron of Abercromby, who died in eighteen months after her marriage.'"

(1) It is contended by Miss Strickland, in the last published volume of her "Lives of the Queens of England," that the common belief regarding this bed is a mistake; that it was the bed, not of Mary Queen of Scots, but of Mary Beatrix, queen of James II. of England.—*Editor.*

"The grave of Rizzio is pointed out under one of the passages to a piazza, covered with a flat stone. Over the mantel-piece of the narrow closet, where, from his last fatal supper, he was torn forth by the conspirators, is a portrait, said to be of him. Its authenticity is exceedingly doubtful; yet it has been honoured by one of the beautiful effusions of Mrs. Hemans, written during her visit to Holyrood in 1829:—

'They haunt me still—those calm, pure, holy eyes!
Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams;
The soul of music that within them lies
Comes o'er my soul in soft and sudden gleams.
Life, spirit—life immortal and divine—
Is there; and yet, how dark a death was thine!'

"We found ourselves attracted to make repeated visits to Holyrood; and never, on these occasions, omitting its roofless chapel, so rich in recollections. It required, however, a strong effort of imagination to array it in the royal splendour with which the nuptials of Queen Mary were there solemnized, and, seventy years after, the coronation of her grandson, Charles the First. The procession, the ringing of bells, the gay tapestry streaming from the windows of the city; the rich costumes of the barons, bishops, and other nobility; the king, in his robes of crimson velvet, attending devoutly to the sacred services of the day, receiving the oaths of allegiance, or scattering, through his almoner, broad pieces of gold among the people, are detailed with minuteness and delight by the Scottish chronicles of

that period. 'Because this was the most glorious and manifique coronation that ever was seen in this kingdom,' says Sir James Balfour, 'and the first king of Great Britain that ever was crowned in Scotland, to behold these triumphs and ceremonies, many strangers of greater quality resorted hither from divers countries.'

"Who can muse at Holyrood without retracing the disastrous fortunes of the House of Stuart, whose images seem to glide from among the ruined arches where they once held dominion? James the First was a prisoner through the whole of his early life, and died under the assassin's steel. James the Second was destroyed by the bursting of one of his own cannons at Roxburgh. James the Third was defeated in battle by rebels headed by his own son, and afterwards assassinated. James the Fourth fell with the flower of his army at Flodden Field, and failed even of the rites of sepulchre. James the Fifth died of grief, in the prime of life, at the moment of the birth of his daughter, who after twenty years of imprisonment in England, was condemned to the scaffold. James the First of England, though apparently more fortunate than his ancestors, was menaced by conspiracy, suffered the loss of his eldest son, and saw his daughter a crownless queen. Charles the First had his head struck off in front of his own palace. Charles the Second was compelled to fly from his country, and, after twelve years banishment, returned to an inglorious reign. James the Second abdicated his throne, lost three kingdoms, died in exile, and was the last of his race who inhabited the palace of Holyrood."



A CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE COUNTRY.

CHAP. IV.

A WINTER'S WALK AND EVENING TALK.

Who has not felt the invigorating influence of a clear frosty morning, after many days of incessant snow, when the sun once more shines forth, and its beams are welcomed by a thousand smiles sparkling from innumerable crystals? The scene then presented has been again and again likened to fairy-land, and still, when it recurs, it ever brings the same idea. The trees all clothed in one robe of white, yet presenting a variety of fantastic shapes; the sycamore, shooting out its slight

ramifications; the oak, stretching forth its gnarled arms; the elm, presenting its ponderous branches; the ash, still retaining its bunches of keys or seed vessels, on which the snow lodges in clumps; and the slender birch, with its pensive twigs falling around like the most delicate filagree; all look the work of enchantment; whilst even those natural productions least attractive to the eye in a simple state, glitter in borrowed beauty; every straw looks like a tiny sceptre studded with jewels; and

a row of winter greens transports us to Aladdin's garden, where each plant appears an enormous emerald, covered by a profusion of small but precious brilliants. Nor is the change wrought by the frost less perceptible in the animated part of creation; the shepherd crosses the track with a brisker step, and his dog gambols beside him with a more lively bound, every now and then starting forward and rolling in the snow; the cattle hasten less heavily to the farm-yard, and low forth their expectations of fresh fodder; the pigeons assemble on the sunny side of the dovecote, plume their wings, and close their gentle eyes with an air of enjoyment, occasionally expressed by a low half-suppressed cooing; the old horse winneys cheerfully from the stable, as it hears the labourer's tread; the maids have a laugh as well as a frown when they find the pump-handle resist all their efforts to move it; but a remedy is at hand where the heavy log is piled upon the kitchen fire, and the hissing kettle joins its merry chorus to the renewed vivacity around. The bright sunshine penetrates through the house, and in breakfast-room as well as hall its influence is felt. So it was at Kirkfield, as each member of the party entered the saloon, uttering in various tone,—"O, what a cold morning!" rubbing their hands, and crowding round the blazing fire.

"We shall get out again, at last," said Charles Loraine; "though I fear the depth of snow is against another trial of the low-closes, so we must devise some other scheme. What think you of a ramble, Justine? have you plenty of furs and strong shoes to guard you against an adventure?"

"I doubt my cousin's chausure is not altogether suited to the country," remarked Sophia; "but we can supply her with snow-boots, and then I hope she may be induced to venture."

"Suppose we form a party of pioneers," proposed Cyril, "and clear the path along the terrace?"

"Quite right; no task could be better suited to warm us; so come along this very moment. Run, Neville, to muster all the spades and brooms you can find, and before noon we shall have cleared a way to the vicarage, and then we can help to dig out the Forsters, if they are buried in this snow-storm. We shall find Charlotte manufacturing flannel petticoats, and Alice chirping like a cricket in the chimney-corner.—Fred, I shall have to teach you how to handle a spade, I suppose.—I hope you will not be very stupid; your character will depend greatly upon your exertions, for I heard Lucy quoting the other day somebody's sage observation, that 'vigour of mind in a healthy frame is always accompanied by vigour of body.' I believe it was intended as a compliment to myself, for I was chasing little Laura round the room at the time."

"And therefore your self-love has retained the remark, Master Charles!"

The implements were soon procured, and the young men plied them so diligently, that at luncheon-time they returned with the news that the vicarage was unburied, and invited the girls to accompany them thither. Cloaks, shawls, boas, and snow-boots, were quickly sought for; and all, except Rosaline, who was thought too delicate to encounter the blast, were soon mounting the slope of the terrace, and enjoying the exhilarating effects of the keen air. Laura Barlow and Agnes had little more self-command than Dash, and exhibited their exuberant spirits pretty much in the same manner, bounding out of the path, now to catch a view of the snow-covered hills, now to mark an effect of light and shade, and now to see if a favourite harbour or summer-temple had resisted the storm uninjured. At length Charles caught the infection of their mirth, and challenged them to a race, by which they reached the lodge before the rest of the party, and poured out to old Emma a torrent of inquiry after the villagers.

So large a party nearly filled the pretty little parlour of the vicarage; and, if the Forsters were glad to see them, the Loraines were no less pleased to recognise an

unexpected guest there. At a table, loaded with books and papers, sat the good vicar, pen in hand, his eldest daughter, by his side, patiently turning over his references for him; and, when not required at this literary labour, if not exactly working, as Charles had predicted, at flannel-petticoats, certainly making some article of useful clothing for the poor. Her sister Alice was busily rolling up parcels of similar articles, assisted by a tall lovely girl in deep mourning, who was carolling forth a Scotch ballad, and whom Sophia and Lucy delightedly welcomed as Margaret Campbell.

"You really and truly are a Maid of the Mist, Miss Campbell!" exclaimed Charles; "a real Scottish witch,—for you could only have alighted here from off a broomstick,—the roads being impassable for every other vehicle. Pray show me your steed, for our English broomsticks are not so accommodating; and I can assure you we have had to wield them with no little toil in order to win our way hither."

"Charles is determined not to have his labours overlooked, though the credit of the plan is Cyril's," whispered Lucy to Charlotte Forster; "but tell me, when did Margaret arrive?"

"The very night before the storm set in. Her uncle having business, which called him unexpectedly to London, she wisely took advantage of his escort to pay her promised visit to us now, instead of in the spring; sure to find us at home, and, I trust, likely to be benefited by the change of scene."

"Poor girl; I heard her voice—sweet as ever—when we entered the room; but there is a shadow over her bright eyes, a change in her light step, to tell us of the trials she has undergone since we last saw her!—Father, mother, and an only brother!—Death has indeed made fearful inroads in her family!"

"Deeply has poor Margaret felt these strokes, yet she bears up under them with the same cheerful spirit which ever marked her under lighter trials. In prosperity she acknowledged this spirit as a gift from God, and now she finds that the possessor of this, as of every gift from above, will be called upon to exercise it in submission to His will."

In the meantime Miss Campbell received the welcome of her friends, and was introduced to the rest of the party, Justine and Frederic l'Estrange being strangers in all but name, and Cyril Loraine little less strange, although he claimed to be recognised as the boyish companion of days long passed.

"Mamma and aunt Martha will be delighted to hear of your arrival, and so will Rosaline," said Sophia.

"Dear kind aunt Martha! I am glad to hear she is with you, though grieved that Rosaline is not strong enough to be allowed to venture on a walk. Is Mr. Hamilton staying within to amuse her?"

"Oh, no!—Poor James has not yet been able to leave his brother, who was taken ill at college from the exhaustion of too close study; but we do hope he will be here soon."

"His brother ill? That must be a trial. I trust he will be spared to him after all the self-denial he has undergone in order to give him a good education.—I trust he will be spared to him! Where is he, for Kirkfield at Christmas will not look like itself without him?"

"He has taken William from Oxford to his aunt in Shropshire, where he will be well nursed; and James still hopes to get to us for a short time, though he cannot be spared from his curacy much longer."

"I hope he will come very, very soon," said Agnes.

"Has he any prospect of a living, and does he still intend to have a Rose in his parsonage garden?"

"I think there is no immediate prospect of preferment," answered Sophia; "but I do think Rose is becoming more and more sedate, and better fitted for the station to which he has half-jestingly destined her from her childhood."

"But mamma says we are all getting too old to jest

on such a subject, and that such jokes are not only unbecoming in young women, but really injure the tone of their minds, and make them think lightly of what deserves most serious consideration; so we never call her James Hamilton's Christmas-Rose now, Margaret."

Though fully appreciating the propriety and good sense of Mrs. Loraine's sentiments, Miss Campbell could not help smiling at the demure air with which they were repeated by Agnes, and at the implied information that she too was to be considered a young woman, though she was still in all the engaging loveliness of early girlhood.

After chatting some time, the party arose to go away, having first asked and obtained a promise from Mr. Forster, that he and his Three Graces, as he called his daughters and their guest, would spend an evening at the Hall as soon as the moon was old enough to light them home again. On leaving the parsonage, some returned home, others proceeded to visit the cottagers; but all re-assembled at dinner, and the news of Margaret Campbell's arrival was gladly received by those who had not before heard of it, for she was a general favourite with old and young.

"I am pleased but not surprised at your report of Miss Campbell's cheerfulness," said Mrs. Martha Loraine, "for, though it is a common remark that persons with what are called high spirits are easily depressed, those who suffer such depression are usually those whose mirth is excited by outward circumstances, and requires 'all appliances and means to boot,' whilst a cheerful disposition is in itself a homefelt blessing; and when, like Margaret's, it has been encouraged by a religious education to look for its support at the hand of God, it is as superior to the former as the blessed sunshine is to the most brilliant illumination; as superior as the light of heaven is to the lights of earth."

"The first," added Rosaline, "may be compared to the varnish which can make this wood so bright, the last to the polish of yon marble slab—tears would stain the one, but roll off harmless from the other."

"You must not compare your friend to marble either, Rosaline; she may be as pure, but she is far from being as hard or as cold. Charlotte and Alice have told us how deeply she has suffered, and how tenderly she exerted herself amidst her sufferings; and I have often seen her mirthful smiles checked for a while by the sorrows of others, and then called forth again only to cheer and to assist them. I quite long to see her again."

"Aunt Martha, how is it that you are so very fond of lively young people? You always seem to enjoy their society; and I have observed too that you like books or poems of a lively description better than the sentimental works which we young ones select. You prefer *L'Allegro* to *Il Penseroso*."

"I can yet read both those lovely poems with delight, Sophia; but I confess the former now charms me most, and sets before me images of what I most dearly love; and pray recollect, Milton calls them 'unreproved pleasures.' Justine, amidst your foreign education, I trust you have been allowed a sufficient draught from 'the pure well of English undefiled,' to be acquainted with those poems?"

"Indeed, my dear aunt, I was very early made to learn them both by heart, because my father remembered they were favourites with you and with my poor mother; but I suppose I can scarcely enter into their beauties until I am a little further initiated into the mysteries of English rural life."

"Now," cried Charles, "'now comes the tug of war.' The girls will be striving to make you in love with *Il Penseroso*, and my aunt strenuously advocating *L'Allegro*. Which will you exclaim?"

"Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!"

or—

"Hence, loathed Melancholy!"

You have already seen the 'civil-suited morn, kerchiefed in a comely cloud;' I fear it will be some months before we shall introduce you to the 'dappled dawn,' pranked out with 'sweet briar, or the vine, or the twisted eglantine.'"

"But Justine will, I hope, one day feel how true is that lovely picture—"

'Where the great sun began his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide,'

Surely we have all felt its truth many, many times."

"And I dare say Justine has already felt the reality of my favourite description," said Sophia, "which is to me the more striking, because only once or twice in my life have I had the opportunity of realizing it by visiting some of our magnificent cathedrals."

'But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars' massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light;
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before my eyes."

"And then," added Rosaline, "how soothing is that wish—"

'And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage.'"

"There, Rosaline, I believe you have found the key to our different tastes. In the beginning of life we have a mysterious pleasure in looking forward to the scenes which shall mark its close—" 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view; and so we, who have travelled furthest on life's journey, love to look back upon the scenes of youth, and, as in a distant landscape the brightest points strike the eye the most prominently, so do we gaze on the joys of those early years, and love to have them recalled to our memory. I can remember, when I visited your dear mother, Justine, in Paris many years ago, I was delighted with Poussin's awful picture of the Deluge; now, I should perhaps dwell with more pleasure on the infant cherubs of Albano; formerly I was charmed with Sir Thomas Lawrence's wonderful portrait of the serene old age of Mrs. Locke, now I love to look upon the merry imp of Sir Joshua Reynolds, parading about in mamma's saque and muff. All nature is lovely, but our impression of this loveliness is much modified by the point from which we view it; so, my dear girls, whilst you prepare yourselves for old age by contemplating it in its most soothing aspects, let me cheer its actual presence by the reflected remembrance of earlier enjoyments—"Come, thou goddess fair and free, in heaven yeleft Euphrosyne!"

"Why, aunt, you used to call Margaret Campbell, Euphrosyne; and when I was a little girl I used to try to find a flower of the Eyebright for her whenever she walked out with us."

"Why Eyebright, Agnes?" asked Frederic. "I never saw such people; everything with you is apropos to

flowers. Eyebright is the flower Sophia was praising last night."

"Yes, cousin," replied Agnes, "and I can tell you that its botanical name *Euphrasia* is supposed to be a corruption of the Greek word *Euphrosyne*, which is the name of one of the Graces, who presided over cheerfulness, and so it was a proper offering to Miss Campbell."

"Looking at this drawing of the plant, I cannot guess why it should have either this name, or that of Eyebright, for it seems a very quiet looking, insignificant little flower. This pretty blue flower has a much better claim to the name, for it looks as merry and as blue as some eyes I know."

"Oh, that is *Veronica*," replied Sophia, "but the *Euphrasia* grounds its claim on hidden virtues, which our ancestors supposed to reside in it according to the then received doctrine of signatures."

"The doctrine of signatures! what is that? Now, Sophia, your learning is about to peep out; so explain your doctrine with all gravity, and let us find your hose as blue as the *Veronica*, or as Agnes's saucy eyes."

"My sponsors gave me a right to be very grave and very wise, when they bestowed upon me my Greek name of Sophia, or wisdom; so I shall not spare you my lecture, Mr. Frederic, for all your laughter."

"Pray do not, and in time you may make me a philosopher—a lover of wisdom—or a lover of Sophia."

"Well then, the doctrine of signatures taught that all natural productions in which could be traced a fancied resemblance to any part of the human frame, would yield the best remedy for the complaints to which those parts are liable. Now, if you look at the *Euphrasia* you will perceive upon its corolla a curious dark purple mark, which greatly resembles the pupil of the human eye; and hence this plant was supposed to possess great efficacy in removing any complaints of the eye, and in clearing any obstruction of vision. Milton alludes to this supposed virtue, where he represents the Archangel Michael as clearing Adam's sight by its application, when he was about to foreshow him the fate of his descendants. Ho

'then purged, with euphrasy and rue,
The visual nerve, for he had much to see.'

"You say the supposed virtue; is it not really of use to the sight?"

"Medical botanists of the present day declare it to be not only useless but injurious to the eyesight; yet the old faith still lingers in our sequestered dales, and the cottars still believe in its efficacy, and use an infusion of the plant in milk, which they apply with a feather to the eye."

"What a curious fancy! Pray, are there many plants thought to possess virtues for a similar reason?"

"Many, I believe; but my acquaintance with them is only limited. There is the *Pulmonaria*, or Lungwort, which, from some resemblance in the scaly leaf to the tubercles of diseased lungs, is held to be useful in cases of consumption. The *Hepatica* is a plant deriving its name from the resemblance of its three-cleft leaves to the three lobes of the liver, but I never heard of its popularity as a cure for hepatic diseases; indeed, it is not indigenous, so not likely to be much known to the rustic herbwoman."

"There is the *Saxifrage*," said Lucy.

"Oh, yes. The roots of some of the *saxifrages* resemble small stones or gravel, hence it derives its name *saxifrage*, signifying breaker of stones, and is supposed to be very efficacious in those painful disorders, the stone and gravel. The *Saxifraga granulata* is extremely lovely, showing its snowy flowers occasionally in moist meadows; but, in this neighbourhood at least, it is a rare plant. In it the resemblance of the roots to small stones or grains is very decidedly marked. The *Saxifraga Heltaria*, or Harry Saxifrage, is also very pretty, and so is that species which is known by the name of London Pride."

"Why London Pride?" asked Frederic.

"Because, though its native habitation is far from the haunts of men, in the clefts of the rock and under the shades of the wood, it will thrive remarkably well in the smoke of a town, where the inhabitants may take a pride in its ornamental appearance."

"I do not remember ever to have seen the plant in London," remarked Justine.

"Probably not, my love," said Mrs. Barlow, "for fashion has pushed the simple flower aside, whilst the progress of luxury and the great improvements in gardening now supply the wealthy inhabitants of the metropolis with a succession of lovely plants forced in the conservatories of Hammersmith or Chelsea, to which they are returned when they cease to bloom, and from whence their place is supplied by others. To my memory the name of this pretty little plant brings back my days of early childhood, when I was some time domesticated with my grandfather, a merchant in the city, in whose narrow slip of yard, which my good grandmother loved to call a garden, it flourished in luxuriance, unchecked by the thick gloomy atmosphere around. Even now I can picture to myself the heavy black loam, half covered with damp green moss, in which it was planted, and fancy again the smell of the earth, which was given forth when I was allowed to play at gardening, my sole implement being one of the oyster-shells which were placed as an ornamental edging to the border. How I used to watch the delicate flowers unfolding! and how delighted I was with permission to gather the first spike, and see it placed in a glass of water with a group of hen-and-chicken daisies! These were my favourite flowers, and had no rivals in a few sprigs of bergamot which shared the border with them, or in the dull grey flowers and straggling branches of a tea-tree which was trained against the wall, and which my grandfather particularly delighted in, because he had mercantile dealings with China. It was one of my treats when a good child to be seated at the table beside him, raised up in a great arm-chair by the help of two or three huge old folio ledgers, and to watch him turning over a collection of Chinese paintings on rice paper, which showed the whole process of the manufacture of the tea we use, from the gathering of the leaves to the shipping of the well-packed chests. Then, when I compared the plant with the drawing, I fancied it very strange and rare; but still preferred my London Pride, or None-so-pretty, as my grandmother called it, to the pale dusky blossoms of the poor foreigner."

"I do not remember to have heard the name of None-so-pretty before," said Lucy, "but the plant is really deserving of the simple term of endearment."

"I had no playfellows," continued Mrs. Barlow, "and the manners of the day did not allow me to talk much to my elders, so I had plenty of time for childish reveries, one of which used to be on this very name. I could not clearly make up my mind why the plant was called London Pride, because it looked so very humble and unpretending; and I remembered the much handsomer roses of Hampshire, and had heard my father call the rose the queen of flowers. After much consideration I thought it must have grown proud because people sometimes called it None-so-pretty; for grandmamma used to say very mysteriously to the visitors who praised my bright eyes and rosy cheeks, 'We must not make little girls proud and vain; Ellen is a good girl, and goodness is better than beauty'; and then contrive to send me out of the way of my injudicious admirers. Having thus settled the derivation of the name in childhood, I do not remember to have recalled the subject, or to have heard the real derivation until this evening."

HEIDELBERG AND THE BLACK FOREST.¹

ONE of the most agreeable evenings which I remember to have ever spent, was this evening of the first day which we passed in Heidelberg. The host of the coffee-house was a fine jolly fellow, who accosted us in very tolerable English, saying that he saw we were strangers, as he had observed us looking at the "casquettes and the hairs of the students," pronouncing the word hairs with an almost imperceptible aspirate, so that at first we scarcely knew whether it was intended for hair, or airs; as the word, however, was equally applicable in either signification, we committed no *contre-temps* in our reply, and were soon engaged in a spirited conversation. Our host had been in England, and, though his principal observation on its customs was, that he did not like the taste of porter, and thought the London ale too strong, he had a great deal more to say of his own country. He expatiated with great delight on Heidelberg, its students, its castle, and his own coffee-house, and, above all, his band; concluding by calling in the musicians to strike up the "Valhalla Lied," which he said was the "God save the King" of Germany. It was responded to with great enthusiasm, all the company joining, and clattering their glasses in time, with tremendous fervour. This "Valhalla Lied," though a very fine musical composition, is not exactly the German "God save the King," as our worthy host styled it, not being as yet a national song of any standing or very great popularity. It is, in fact, a hymn intended for the inauguration of the King of Bavaria's Valhalla for the reception of statues and memorials of all the German heroes, and is one of the many poetical effusions which have appeared of late, appealing to the general brotherhood of Germany, but none of which have attained any really universal position as national songs.

The sage Knickerbocker, in his erudite History of New York, gives divers incontrovertible reasons why an alderman should be fat, but I do not, for my own part, see any reason why the landlord of an inn or tavern should be so; nor what can be the object of Nature in gifting these personages with a comfortable obesity, unless, indeed, it be to disprove the arguments of the Tee-totalers, by a display of the admirable condition vouchsafed even to the very high-priests of the forbidden worship. At any rate, whatever be the reason, the fact is pretty generally admitted; in England, perhaps, the rule is not quite universal, but in Germany my own observation would lead me to believe that it holds in almost every case. Our landlord of the little inn at the post-station was an admirable specimen,—with a moist eye, a red cheek, and a voice that seemed as if it had got a twist by the continual rolling of liquor down his throat; he always looked as if bursting with fat and jollity, and he had a jest and a laugh for every one that approached him. He was a great Liberal withal, and would lecture you for hours on the necessity of enlightened principles in politics, and the advantages which would accrue to the world in general, if Prince Metternich were hanged, or shot, or drowned, or all three; the King of Prussia, too, met with his special disapprobation, for the way in which he had treated one of the Deputies to the Representative Chamber of Baden, who, being of liberal opinions, had paid a visit to Berlin. Baden, it must be remembered, is a free country, and enjoys a constitutional representative government. By-the-bye, now that I am talking of our landlord, I may give a piece of advice to all travellers who, on arriving at any moderate sized town, such as Heidelberg, are at a loss what inn to select. If they are only to remain for a night or two, they will generally find it a good plan to put up for that short time at an inn belonging to the post-station: these inns are small and unpretending, but I have usually found them comfortable, well served, and economical; and you will be far more likely

to be well attended to than in the more pretending house to which you may go on chance.

Except its castle, which will afford days of unwearying enjoyment, and the beautiful scenery around, Heidelberg does not possess many objects of attraction. The college, though large, is a very common-place building; the library, attached to it, was once renowned throughout Europe; but though that portion of it which was sent to Rome by Tilly has been restored, it has never regained the fame which it enjoyed before the time when that ruthless old ravager used its finest and most valued treasures as litter for his cavalry. The university has degenerated also in another point of quite as much moment to itself; namely, in the number of its students, which has greatly diminished since the despotic governments of Germany have become alarmed by the spread of liberalism at this college, and have prohibited their subjects from attending, lest their pure minds should be infected by the poison, and the little innocents should suck in Liberalism with their Latin. The streets of the town are narrow and dingy; and the number of students, and of those establishments which minister to their wants, show what is the principal support of the inhabitants. There are numerous booksellers' shops, with the windows full of students' song-books and translations from the Classics; and still more numerous pipe-manufactories, the windows of which display china bowls of every shape and size, adorned with paintings suited to every turn of mind,—soft-looking young ladies, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, for the sentimentally-amorous; fierce heroes, in moustache and beard, for the warlike; and heads of Ronge and his brethren, for the votaries of the religious movement.

The scenery of the Neckar from Heidelberg upwards is of surpassing beauty. During part of the year a steamer runs up the river as far as Wurzburg, but the deck of a steamboat is the worst possible point from which to appreciate river scenery, and that for one principal reason amongst many others, that you lose the advantage of the view of the water; the true plan is to walk or ride up the banks, as close to the water as possible. By this means you combine all the beauties, both those at hand and those in the distance. It was on a delightful afternoon that we passed up the Neckar valley; showers of rain fell every now and then, clearing and softening the air, and rendering the sunshine more brilliant, and the green of the trees more verdant. The river ran rapidly and musically at our feet, clear and joyous; the hedges by the road-side were covered with rain-begemmed flowers; and the huge round-backed hills clad with fir-trees of every hue, now closed in around us, as if to bar the way, and now opened up again, disclosing a long stretch of valley in front, and affording glimpses of sunny cornfields and luxuriant meadows smiling in the distance. We were, however, bound for Wurzburg; and as the road, to avoid the windings of the stream, leaves its course, we too crossed the water by means of a flying bridge, plunged deep into the woods, and here we were at length travelling through the Black Forest. The Black Forest! what a train of associations that name calls up. What visions, dwelt upon in early days with terror-stricken delight, of blood-thirsty banditti, housing in impenetrable caves or ruined castles; horrible magicians, who required the blood of innocent victims to consummate their hellish sacrifices; inns, in which the unlucky wayfarer was always murdered immediately after supper; and dilapidated monasteries, in which several of the passages, and invariably the chapel, were haunted. The forest itself ascribed to the mind's eye, thick, gloomy, and impenetrable; enormous fir-trees and gnarled oaks flung a wizard gloom around; and the tangled brushwood was impervious to all, save the robbers and spectres who inhabited these dreary wilds. Such were the recollections which arose within me as we entered the Odenwald, as this part of the Black Forest is called; and, as if to keep up the character of the scene, the weather, before so cheerful,

(1) Concluded from page 117.

became dark and lowering, and finally set in for an afternoon of rain. But it was in vain that I attempted to attune my mind to the scene, by recalling all the terrific tales which had in former times invested these localities with such horror, from the laboured productions of the Monk Lewis and Radcliffe school, down to those less pretending romances which, recited in bed to a juvenile audience, had caused so many a bosom to thrill with fear; romances, the incidents and characters of which always bore a touching similarity to each other, there being invariably a heroine of unspeakable beauty and guileless simplicity of heart, who is beloved by two heroes—the one, according to circumstances, a wizard who has sold himself to the powers of darkness, or a ruthless bandit in disguise—the other, a more favoured, but unhappy youth, who is eventually discovered to be at least a powerful baron; a cruel uncle, a conscientious domestic, or pious father-confessor, and an ancient nurse—with such *dramatis personæ* the incidents of the tale may be as easily imagined as described. It was in vain, I say, that I recalled these youthful visions; not that I was so daring as to hope for anything like an adventure such as I had once supposed occurred every day, or at least every night, in this charmed region; but I had hoped that something of the character, whether real or supposed, of former times, might still be left, and that, whilst passing through this district, and gazing on the scene around, one might still fancy that such things were possible. But, alas! the march of improvement has reached even here; and it must be apparent, even to the wildest imagination, that no more danger is now to be dreaded in the Black Forest than on Blackheath. Fine roads now run where formerly were mere bridle-paths, obscured by the dark shade of the gloomy firs; coaches travel up and down, full of merry passengers, where once benighted wayfarers were wont to hurry, one and two together, terrified and trembling; and, instead of meeting ghastly spectres and villainous hand-ditti, a harmless peasant is in general the only individual to be seen. The forest, indeed, yet remains, though woefully shorn of its grandeur. You pass through many a mile of arching fir-trees hanging on the sides, and crowning the summits of the swelling hills; the wild flowers and the thick underwood spring luxuriantly from the black, leafy soil, telling of years of undisturbed dominion; and it is only here and there that the forest opens, and displays cornfields and green pastures, dotted with farm houses and peasants' cottages. Occasionally, too, you pass a forest-ranger with his horn and his rifle, and catch a glimpse of his little rustic lodge, half hidden in the wood, or, perhaps, a woodcutter, and his picturesque establishment—I do not mean one of the grand modern woodcutting stations belonging to government, of which there are many, but the regular authentic woodcutter of the fairy tales. By the bye, it has always struck me, that one gets quite a new light as to the real character of these important personages in fairy literature, by travelling on the Continent. In England their occupation is gone; and one who has never been out of this country can scarcely form an idea of what a woodcutter is; but a few days travelling in France or Germany presents the honest peasant as he was of old with us, making up his faggots, and carrying them home, and quite as well suited as ever to shelter houseless heroines, and rear up foundling princes.

The Black Forest, then, disarmed as it is of its grisly terrors, is even now not without its attractions; to say nothing of the Hartz mountains, much of its scenery is extremely beautiful; there yet remain many ruined castles, and traditionally haunted valleys. The people are in general a simple, kindly race, not much tainted by intercourse with strangers; and a fortnight might at any time be very pleasantly passed in exploring the most interesting scenery of the old forest. Any one who might attempt such an excursion will find it, I am sure, a good plan to buy a pony, and make his tour on horseback. The ground is not very well adapted for

pedestrianism, and the habit of riding whilst on a journey, once universal in England, is still common in Germany, so that no surprise will be excited by the adoption of such a mode of conveyance. The expense, too, will be a mere trifle, as a sufficiently good horse may be bought for a few pounds, and sold again at the end of the journey, at any rate, for not much less than its original price.

Jogging quietly along over tolerably good roads, we, about eight in the evening, reached the station where the mail (for it was by it that we travelled) was to stop all night. Imagine, gentle reader, her Britannic Majesty's mail resting for the night. It was a small town, called, if I mistake not, Mittenberg. A genuine German country town, consisting of a square of small dirty houses with a church and a post station. We drove up to the only inn in the place, and, passing under a low browed archway, entered a door to the left hand, which opened into the common stove or sitting-room. It was a large low apartment, the ceiling of which was formed by the beams and flooring of the chambers above; the room was divided down the middle by three or four pillars of rough fir; one end of the division nearest the door was partitioned off by rough boards into a small den or bar, the sanctum of the host; whilst a long table of deal planks ran down the whole length of the other division. Some twenty or thirty persons were seated at the table, eating, drinking, and smoking. It was the most perfect specimen of an old-fashioned German inn we had seen; the atmosphere was thick with smoke, the candles burned dimly, and so great was the obscurity caused by the fragrant vapour, that, when we took our seats at the upper end of the table, it really was almost impossible to discern the countenances of those furthest from us. The whole scene was something like what the interior of a Black Forest hostelry should be, and we made a capital supper of stewed venison and very fair beer, quite delighted with all around us. The accommodations of our sleeping apartment were quite as primitive as those of the sitting-room, consisting of two beds about five feet by two, without any blankets or other coverlet than a huge feather-stuffed cushion, and pillow cases not of linen, but Chamois leather—two wooden chairs, and a small table on which stood a couple of white pie-dishes of coarse earthenware and very small size—beside which were two long-necked green wine bottles.

"These pie-dishes," said I, "are instead of basins for our ablutions; but they do not seem to have given us any water—at least I can't see the ewers."

"Nor I," said Glance, "and it is very disagreeable that these bottles should have been left here. I suppose some of the inmates have been drinking in this room, and have forgotten to clear away the things."

"Perhaps," said I, "they may keep up the good old fashion of a sleeping cup here, and the bottles are intended to be discussed by ourselves. Are they empty? No, they are full."

"What is it," cried Glance, with a look of eager expectation, as I began pouring out the contents. It was water.

We stared at each other for a minute in blank amazement, and then burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter at the disappointment.

"Why," said I, "the bottles are the water jugs, and a very fit accompaniment they are too in that character to the basins."

"Well," returned Glance, shaking his head gravely, "that I should ever live to wash my face in a pie-dish, and fill it from a wine bottle instead of a water ewer! This is keeping things in apple-pie order with a vengeance."

There was no time for further discussion as we were to be up at three the next morning, and we accordingly turned in as rapidly as possible.

Can there be a greater misery than that of going to bed, tired and sleepy, with the knowledge that you are

to be roused at some such unearthly hour as this? It is in vain that you turn from side to side, and try to banish the fearful thought by sleep. It will not leave you—your slumbers are oppressed by it—the coming misery weighs upon you like a nightmare, and the only advantage of the experience is that you can realize perfectly the feelings of a man during the night before his execution. Then the dread reality of the waking—the getting out of bed in a cold shiver—the dressing by a dismal candle—and the hopelessness of collecting the various items of your property. Such wretchedness as this is almost enough to make one forswear travelling. We were treated however as well as the circumstances would admit, and got a capital cup of coffee from an uncommonly pretty servant maid, whose appearance did great credit to her forest breeding.

Whilst waiting in the cold drizzly air of a raw morning, we were joined by a gentleman with whom we had made acquaintance the preceding evening, and who now announced himself as a fellow traveller. He was a general in the Bavarian service, a very old man, with a white beard and huge moustache, and wrapped up in a black Caucasian felt. He was a complete character, and had travelled over all Europe and Asia as far as Persia—a perfect gentleman, but opinionative and eccentric as an Englishman. Indeed, he had resided long in England, and knew the whole of the British isles, from the Land's End to the Orkneys. His admiration for the British was unbounded. They were, he said, the greatest people of the world, whilst he invariably spoke of his own countrymen with the greatest contempt. They had not spirit, had not sense for anything. What was the use of the painting and singing, and so forth, with which they were always taken up? a picture could not talk or move, or do any good; and their confounded music which they were always dinning into one's ears, was nothing but *Be-aw*; in short, Germany was a country ruined by music. These were rather curious sentiments for a German and a Bavarian, and not perhaps altogether correct; but I could not help thinking, that there was a great deal of sense in them, so far as Germany is concerned. On the other hand, much as our friend liked the English, so much the more did he detest the French; they were, he said, all robbers and plunderers; and his opinion of Napoleon was summed up in one pithy though not very charitable sentence—"I wish he were alive, and I could hang him." We had another fellow traveller, a gentleman with a pleasing scent of garlic, who got out about half way, and performed his toilet in the yard of the inn at which we were changing horses, he being in fact the landlord. The process was a curious one, and the sight of it made us thankful that we had been esteemed worthy even of our despised pie-dishes. The operator having procured a small tumbler about half full of water, took a large mouthful and rinsed his mouth, then ejecting the water into his hands, he rubbed them rapidly over his face—this operation was repeated, his hands were dried in his hair, and the toilet was at an end. The Bavarian general seeing our astonishment, took a long whiff of his pipe and said—"Ah, you see we are not so nice here as in England." And so we trundled on, and about eleven o'clock reached the gates of the ancient city of Wurzburg in Bavaria.

LE VERRIER'S PLANET.

[THE following account of what may be considered, perhaps, the most remarkable scientific discovery of the age, is taken, with some slight alterations, from the *Guardian* newspaper. It is written with so much clearness as to make the steps by which the discovery was reached sufficiently intelligible, we should think, even to unscientific readers.]

THIS year has witnessed one of the most remarkable triumphs of modern science. The discovery of a new planet, and that one of the largest of our system, is in itself

a memorable event; but the discovery assumes a new interest when it proves to be, as in this case, not the result of accident, or of a lucky guess, or even of mechanical skill and increased power in our glasses, but of abstract mathematical reasoning, employed on the result of patient and exact observation. The existence of the planet was established as a matter of necessity—the laws of its orbit, and its very place in the heavens pointed out, not vaguely and on conjecture, but on rigorous mathematical grounds, and in degrees and minutes, three weeks before the planet was descried: the mathematical analyst made his calculations on paper, and told the observer where to look, and, true to the prediction, the planet appeared.

The last and farthest of the planets, till lately, was supposed to be Uranus. But outside that which seemed to be the extreme verge of our system, it now appears that a mighty stranger, far exceeding Uranus in size, has been rolling in orbits of 217 years, unknown in its outer darkness, a Titan more vast and powerful than the oldest of the gods, and whose blind but strong influence on the motions of Uranus, have at last betrayed his presence.

The credit of this brilliant discovery belongs to a French astronomer, M. Le Verrier, and we earnestly hope that no attempt will be made to diminish his well-won honour.

The history of the discovery is shortly this:—The irregularities of the orbit of Uranus having been for some time past a difficulty to astronomers, M. Le Verrier was led to a more close examination of that planet's motions; he found that of the whole amount of irregularity in its path, or of its perturbations, only a comparatively small part could be accounted for by the attraction of any known forces. And hence he was led not merely to guess at the existence of some other unknown body or force, but to grope his way by help of previous observations, and the wonderful powers of modern mathematical analysis, to a distinct conclusion as to the very place where a new planet, outside of Uranus, might be looked for in the heavens. Accordingly, it has been found within one degree of the place he assigned it, and very nearly at the calculated distance from the sun.¹

His calculations were first laid before the French Académie des Sciences, June 1, 1846, and an abstract of his paper is given in *Les Comptes Rendus des Séances de l'Académie*, No. 22, p. 907, seq., of which we subjoin an outline:—

In 1820, M. Bouvard attempted to construct exact Tables of the orbit of Uranus. His data were:—1. A few old observations by Flamsteed, Mayer, and others, before it was known to be a planet. 2. The meridian observations of 40 years (1781 to 1820), since Herschel's discovery. And 3. The analysis in the *Mécanique Céleste* of the influence upon Uranus of the attraction of Jupiter and Saturn. But he found it impossible to make the latter observation agree with the older ones of Flamsteed, &c., or to make use of both sets, in representing the path of the planet, and he cut the knot, by throwing over the old observations, and charging them with gross, and, as M. Le Verrier says, inconceivable errors.

M. Bouvard's tables represented with tolerable exactness the observed places of the planet during the 40 years from 1781 to 1820. But it was found that 25 years after their construction (1845), they agreed with the latest observations as little as they did with the earliest ones.

These remarkable discrepancies excited M. Le Verrier's attention; they might be the result of want of precision in theory, or want of exactness in observations; or Uranus might be subject to other attractions than those of the Sun, and of Jupiter and Saturn, and in this case there came in the question, as to the possibility of determining the cause of these perturbations, and fixing the place of the stranger, the source of so much difficulty, where it might be looked for by observers.

On examining M. Bouvard's Tables, M. Le Verrier found so much inexactness in the data and calculations on which they were founded, that, in order to start on a secure basis, it was necessary to investigate and calculate everything afresh with the utmost rigour. This task he undertook.² He reduced for himself the older, and the more modern observations,³ taking in also the unpublished ones of M. Arago made between 1835—1845; and he investigated with very great nicety the amount of perturbation in the orbit of Uranus, due to the attraction of Jupiter and Saturn. With these corrected data before him, he proceeded to compare the calculated path of the planet with its

(1) Encke's Letter to Schumacher, Sept. 26.

(2) Nov. 1844.

(3) More than 300.

actually observed positions; and he came to the conclusion, not merely that there was difficulty and discrepancy in the comparison, but that, on grounds of the strictest geometrical reasoning, none of those known forces were adequate, to produce the observed irregularities of the planet's course. On this point, viz. the proved incompatibility of the observed positions of the planet, with the supposition of its being under the influence only of known forces, he insists strongly as a new and distinct step gained.

Several ways had already been suggested of getting rid of the difficulty—the resistance of the æther—a vast satellite of Uranus—some variations in the laws of gravity at that enormous distance from the Sun—the shock of a comet—or, lastly, an unknown planet. But these were mere vague and unsupported suppositions, which any one might hazard in the uncertainty which surrounded the subject. The theory of Uranus had never been treated rigorously, and the irregularities in its orbit were themselves problematical; they were now undoubted, and it was time for mathematics to take the place of guess-work.

He then shows that all these suppositions, except the last, are inadmissible; and that, if the disturbing force proceed from an unknown planet, the stranger must be,—not within the orbit of Uranus, because, if a large body it would disturb Saturn's orbit, if a small one it would not be adequate to produce the actual amount of disturbance in that of Uranus: nor, for the same reasons, near on the outside of the orbit of Uranus;—but, far enough without the orbit of Uranus to act upon it, without acting upon that of Saturn, and large enough to act upon Uranus for long and continuous periods of time. According to the law of planetary distances—that the planets double on one another in their distances from the Sun, as they are more remote in the system—this new planet ought to be twice as far from the Sun as Uranus: and thus probability becomes almost a certainty; for, as its distance cannot be much less, so it cannot be greater, *e. g.*, treble the distance of Uranus; because, as in that case it must be of enormous mass, it must act upon Saturn as well as Uranus, and its great distance from both planets would make its influence on each comparable; whereas there is no trace of any such influence on the orbit of Saturn. Further, such a body acting on the orbit of Uranus, must be, without doubt, in much the same plane as Uranus; *i. e.*, must be looked for nearly in the *Ecliptic*.

He then states this as the question which he undertakes to solve:—"Is it possible that the inequalities of Uranus are due to the influence of a planet, situated in the *Ecliptic*, at a mean distance double that of Uranus? and if so, what is the actual place of the planet? What is its mass? What are the elements of the orbit which it describes? The problems thus enounced, I proceed to resolve rigorously."

Assuming, then, that the supposed planet is to be looked for nearly in the *Ecliptic*, he proceeds to attempt to ascertain its longitude. And this he professes to do. He offers strict geometrical proof, for which we must refer to his paper itself, that there cannot be two regions of the sky where it is to be looked for; and fixes its place within the limits of ten degrees. And he proposes to go on further, and using the ground which he has thus made good, to narrow still more the limits of the longitude, and to "correct the duration of its periodic revolution."

He thus sums up the substance of his paper of June 1:—"It may be seen, that to obtain all the aid that I required, by combining theory with actual observations, I have had successively—

"1st. To go over afresh the calculation of the perturbations which Jupiter causes on Uranus—to determine those which are produced by Saturn, by pushing the approximations to the squares and products of the masses—a procedure which has introduced remarkable changes in received theories.

"2d. To reduce nearly 800 meridian observations of Uranus.

"3d. To calculate the corresponding heliocentric positions of this planet, on the supposition that it only obeys the united influence of the Sun, of Jupiter, and of Saturn; to deduce thence the geocentric co-ordinates, by the help of Tables of the Sun, and thus to prove decisively that there is an irreconcilable difference (incompatibility) between the places thus calculated, and the places observed.

"The distance of a hitherto unknown planet being thus placed beyond doubt, I have reversed the problem, which has been hitherto proposed in calculating perturbations.

Instead of having to measure the action of a determinate planet, I have had to begin from irregularities recognised in Uranus, to deduce from thence the elements of the orbit of the disturbing planet, to give the position of this planet in the heavens, and to show that its influence perfectly accounted for the apparent irregularities of Uranus."

In a second paper (*Comptes Rendus*, August 31, 1846), he proceeded to fix yet more exactly the place, size, and distance of the yet unseen planet.

Such was M. Le Verrier's idea of a planet hitherto undiscovered from the Earth, a body many times the size of the Earth, and not much less than Saturn, and taking more than two centuries to revolve about the Sun, at a distance 33 times greater than the Earth; *i. e.* 33 times 85,000,000 miles. That is to say, a person travelling from the Earth at the rate of 30 miles an hour, would reach it at the end of something over 11,500 years.

Within one month after M. Le Verrier had thus minutely fixed beforehand the place of this mysterious body, it was actually seen. On the 23d of September, Dr. Galle, of the observatory at Berlin, received a letter from M. Le Verrier, urging him to look out sharply for the new star, which possibly might be recognised by its disk. That very evening Dr. Galle, on comparing Bremiker's excellent map with the heavens, observed near the place fixed by Le Verrier a star not marked by Bremiker. It was compared three times that night with a known fixed star, and a planetary motion was suspected; the following night it was again observed, and its motion was confirmed, and agreed quite with Le Verrier's announcement; and on the third night, September 25, Galle observed it five times, and Encke ten, and the place of the planet had again changed. Its positions are given by Encke, which show that the place agrees within one degree, and the retrograde motion shows also that the distance is very nearly correct. With such marvellous verifications, it is not more wonderful to learn further, that Le Verrier's announcement of its size nearly agrees with Encke's measurements.

The planet has since been observed repeatedly, both in England and abroad. "It is," as the German observers say, "the noblest triumph that theory ever achieved." Our obligations are due to M. Le Verrier, it has been seen, not for merely an ingenious conception of a possible disturbing cause, but for having demonstrated its nature and position before it had been detected by human eye. In this respect we believe his discovery is unprecedented. Disturbances which affected the return of Halley's comet in 1759 led Clairaut to suppose that there was a planet beyond those at that time known, and Uranus was eventually discovered. Bode's laws of the relative distances of the planets from the Sun induced a search for a planet between Mars and Jupiter, which led to the discovery of those wonderful little bodies, Juno, Vesta, Pallas, Ceres, and lastly Astræa. In all these cases the observer probably deserved more credit than the mathematician; but it was reserved for M. Le Verrier to venture to make an unknown planet the subject of a rigorous mathematical problem, and on mathematical grounds alone, and with mathematical exactness, to anticipate and guide the observer. Calculations of the same nature may have been engaging the simultaneous attention of other mathematicians, but M. Le Verrier's claim to the honour of this achievement must always be paramount, because he first had such confidence in his theory as to announce it publicly, without qualification, and in the minutest expression, and to stake his credit on its verification.

As an amusing pendant to the above, we subjoin the following ingenious squib upon the subject, taken from the *Athenæum*.

ASTRONOMICAL POLICE REPORT.

AN ill-looking kind of body, who declined to give any name, was brought before the Academy of Sciences, charged with having assaulted a gentleman of the name of Uranus in the public highway. The prosecutor was a youngish looking person, wrapped up in two or three great coats; and looked chillier than anything imaginable, except the prisoner,—whose teeth actually shook all the time.

Policeman Le Verrier stated that he saw the prosecutor walking along the pavement,—and sometimes turning

sideways and sometimes running up to the railings and jerking about in a strange way. Calculated that somebody must be pulling his coat, or otherwise assaulting him. It was so dark he could not see; but thought, if he watched the direction in which the next odd move was made, he might find out something. When the time came, he set Brünnow, a constable in another division of the same force, to watch where he told him; and Brünnow caught the prisoner lurking about in the very spot,—trying to look as if he was minding his own business. Had suspected for a long time that somebody was lurking about in the neighbourhood. Brünnow was then called, and deposed to his catching the prisoner as described.

M. Arago.—Was the prosecutor sober?

Le Verrier.—Lord, yes, your worship; no man who had a drop in him ever looked so cold as he did.

M. Arago.—Did you see the assault?

Le Verrier.—I can't say I did; but I told Brünnow exactly how he'd be crouched down,—just as he was.

M. Arago (to Brünnow).—Did you see the assault?

Brünnow.—No, your worship; but I caught the prisoner.

M. Arago.—How do you know there was any assault at all?

Le Verrier.—I reckoned it couldn't be otherwise, when I saw the prosecutor making those odd turns on the pavement.

M. Arago.—You reckon and you calculate! Why, you'll tell me, next, that you policemen may sit at home and find out all that's going on in the streets by arithmetic. Did you ever bring a case of this kind before me till now?

Le Verrier.—Why, you see, your worship, the police are growing cleverer and cleverer every day. We can't help it:—it grows upon us.

M. Arago.—You're getting too clever for me. What does the prosecutor know about the matter?

The prosecutor said, all he knew was that he was pulled behind by somebody several times. On being further examined, he said that he had seen the prisoner often, but did not know his name, nor how he got his living; but had understood he was called Neptune. He himself had paid rates and taxes a good many years now. Had a family of six,—two of whom got their own living.

The prisoner, being called on for his defence, said that it was a quarrel. He had pushed the prosecutor, and the prosecutor had pushed him. They had known each other a long time, and were always quarrelling; he did not know why. It was their nature he supposed. He further said, that the prosecutor had given a false account of himself; that he went about under different names. Sometimes he was called Uranus, sometimes Herschel, and sometimes Georgium Sidus, and he had no character for regularity in the neighbourhood. Indeed, he was sometimes not to be seen for a long time at once.

The prosecutor, on being asked, admitted, after a little hesitation, that he had pushed and pulled the prisoner too. In the altercation which followed, it was found very difficult to make out which began; and the worthy magistrate seemed to think they must have begun together.

M. Arago.—Prisoner, have you any family?

The prisoner declined answering that question at present. He said he thought the police might as well reckon it out whether he had or not.

M. Arago said he didn't much differ from that opinion. He then addressed both prosecutor and prisoner; and told them that if they couldn't settle their differences without quarrelling in the streets, he should certainly commit them both next time. In the mean time, he called upon both to enter into their own recognizances; and directed the police to have an eye upon both, observing that the prisoner would be likely to want it a long time, and the prosecutor would be not a hair the worse for it."

POPULAR YEAR BOOK.

December 26.—*Feast of St. Stephen.*

"It is owing," writes Brady, "to St. Stephen having been the first who suffered for his steady adherence to the Faith of CHRIST, that his anniversary has been fixed immediately following the day held by the Church in commemoration of the Nativity of our Saviour." The

author of the *Popish Kingdom* makes the following allusion to this festival:—

"Then followeth St. Stephen's day, whereon doth every man His horses jaunt and course abroad, as swiftly as he can, Until they do extremely sweat, and then they let them blood; For this being done upon this day they say doth do them good, And keeps them from all maladies and sickness through the year,
As if that Stephen any time took charge of horses here."

Mr. Douce is of opinion that the custom of bleeding horses on this day is extremely ancient, and that it was brought into this country by the Danes. The Finns, upon this feast, throw a piece of money, or a bit of silver, into the trough out of which the horses drink, under the idea that it "prosperes those who do it." Within the memory of an aged and respectable native of Middleton, in Cork, living in 1827, it was a custom upon this anniversary for the young men of the vicinity, in their holiday attire, decorated with gay and variously-coloured ribands in their sleeves and hats, and one of them carrying a furze-bush, in which a wren was secured, to parade the town and contiguous villages. Stopping opposite the mansions of the gentry, one of the party repeated these lines:—

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
Was caught St. Stephen's day in the furze;
Although he's little his family's great;
Then pray, kind gentlefolks, give him a treat."

Instantly, in the true spirit of Irish hospitality, open flew the gates, and the little "king of all birds" entering with his attendants, found the "trate" prepared for him. This usage, it appears, was grounded on the tradition that follows:—During one of those periods when Ireland "writhed in the agonies of rebellion," a party of royalists, having been harassed by their enemy and exposed to imminent danger, inasmuch that they were worn out with hardships and incessant watchfulness, bivouacked in a secluded valley, which they considered a place of safety. They lay stretched upon the turfs in deep sleep, and even the sentinel yielded to its influence. While they lay thus, the enemy, aware of their exhausted state, and suspecting the place of their retreat, were silently bearing down upon them. The rebels were within musket-shot of their intended victims, when a wren tapped with its bill three times upon the drum. The sound startled the sentinel; he sprang up, and saw the retiring bird and the advancing multitude, and alarmed his sleeping comrades to arms. Rendered desperate by the peril of their situation and the suddenness of their surprise, they encountered their confused and disappointed foes, and conquered. The custom above described has been long discontinued, but one very like it still exists at Rathlee, in the sister island. On Christmas Day, and on the Sunday previous to it, numbers of men and boys turn out with sticks, and, hunting all the fences of the fields, and the over-hanging river banks, drive out and kill the wrens amidst great shouting. On the next morning the immolators of these pretty winter birds parade, in parties, about the streets. In each group is one man with a large holly-bush (decorated with ribands), to which hang, perhaps, six or eight dead wrens; and his companions beg at the houses, and petition all persons whom they meet, for "money for the wren," in a curious species of chorus. The origin of this usage is involved in obscurity. A writer in 1811 relates that "on the feast of St. Stephen large goose pies are made, all of which they distribute among their needy neighbours, except one, which is carefully laid up, and not tasted till the Purification of the Virgin, called Candle-mas."

St. Stephen's is popularly known as BOXING-DAY, because on this festival tradesmen are visited by persons in the employment of their customers for a "Christmas-box," and every man and boy who thinks he is qualified to ask, solicits from those on whom he calculates as

likely to bestow. The Christmas-box was originally a box containing the money gathered against this season, that prayers and masses might be offered by the clergy to obtain forgiveness for the debaucheries committed by the people. Servants had the liberty to collect box-money, that they, too, might be enabled to pay the priest for his masses. Hence our modern "Christmas-boxes." The practice of making presents at Christmas appears to have been founded on the pagan custom of sending New Year's Gifts, with which it is now blended.

December 27.—Feast of St. John the Evangelist.

The festival of this saint is said to be celebrated the second from that of the Nativity, on account of the pre-eminent love of our Saviour towards him. We are told by Naogeorgus that it was formerly customary for the clergy to give hallowed wine on this day to their parishioners. He adds:—

"And after with the self-same wine are little manchets made,
Against the boisterous winter storms, and sundry such-like
trades;
The men upon this solemn day do take this holy wine
To make them strong; so do the maids to make them fair and
fine."

December 28.—Feast of the Holy Innocents.

This anniversary, which is also called CHILDERMAS-DAY, has been celebrated from the primitive times of Christianity in commemoration of the slaughter of the infants of Bethlehem. In the middle ages it was usual to "whip up" the children upon the morning of the holiday, "that the memory of Herod's murder of the Innocents might stick the closer, and in a moderate proportion to act over the cruelty again in kind." Childermas-day was also deemed of especial bad omen; no one married upon it; and our forefathers considered it unlucky to put on a new suit of clothes, pare their nails, or begin anything of importance on this festival.

December 31.—New Year's Eve.

The last day of the year was spent among our "labouring ancestors" in festivity and frolic among the men; and the young women carried from door to door a wassail-bowl of spiced ale, "which," says Hone, "they offered to the inhabitants of every house they stopped at, singing rude congratulatory verses, and hoping for small presents." Young men and women also exchanged clothes, which was termed mummung, or disguising; and when thus dressed in each other's garments, they went from one neighbour's cottage to another, singing, dancing, and packing of good cheer.

Hutchinson, in his *History of Cumberland*, speaking of the parish of Muncaster, remarks: "On the eve of the new year the children go from house to house singing a ditty which craves the bounty 'they were wont to have in old King Edward's days.' There is no tradition whence this custom rose; the donation is twopence, or a pie at every house."

The great moralist, Dr. Johnson, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, says, that a gentleman informed him that, at New Year's Eve, in the hall or castle of the laird, where on festivals there is supposed to be a very numerous company, one man dresses himself in a cow-hide, on which other men beat with sticks; he runs with all this noise round the house, which all the company quits in a counterfeited fright; the door is then shut, and no re-admission obtained after their pretended terror but by the repetition of a verse of poetry, with which those acquainted with the custom are provided. The author of the *Traditions of Edinburgh* states, that in Scotland the last day of the year is universally styled Hogmanay, and observed as a high festival, both by old and young, but especially by the latter. It is still customary, he tells us, in retired and primitive towns, for the children of the poorer class of people to get themselves on that morning swaddled up in a great

sheet, doubled up in front, so as to form a vast pocket, and then to go along the streets in little bands, calling at the doors of the wealthier classes for an expected dole of oaten bread. Each child gets one "quadrant" section of oat-cake (sometimes in the case of particular favourites improved by an addition of cheese), and this is called their *hogmanay*. In expectation of the large demands thus made upon them, the housewives busy themselves, for several days beforehand, in preparing a suitable quantity of cakes. The children, on coming to the door, cry "Hogmanay!" which is in itself a sufficient announcement of their demands; but there are other exclamations which are used for the same purpose. One of these is—

"Hogmanay

Trollolay;

Give us of your white bread, and none of your gray!"

Another is—

"Get up, gudewife, and shake your feathers,
And dinna think that we are beggars;
For we are bairns come out to play;
Get up and gie's our hogmanay!"

A third, and the greatest favourite of all, is—

"My feet's cauld, my shoon's thin,
Gie's a piece and let's rin!"

"It is no unpleasant scene," says the author before mentioned, "during the forenoon, to see the children going laden home, each with his large apron bellying out before him, stuffed full of cakes, and perhaps scarcely able to waddle under the load. Such a mass of oaten alms is no inconsiderable addition to the comfort of the poor man's household, and tends to make the season still more worthy of its jocular title."

THE ORIGINAL ARTIST.¹

As I was lounging one fair and very warm morning on the *Lerée* at New Orleans, I chanced to observe a gentleman whose dress and other accompaniments greatly attracted my attention. I wheeled about, and followed him for a short space, when, judging by everything about him that he was a true original, I accosted him. But here, kind reader, let me give you some idea of his exterior. His head was covered by a straw hat, the brim of which might cope with those worn by the fair sex in 1830; his neck was exposed to the weather; the broad frill of a shirt, then fashionable, flapped about his breast; whilst an extraordinary collar, carefully arranged, fell over the top of his coat. The latter was of a light green colour, harmonizing well with a pair of flowing yellow nankeen trousers, and a pink waistcoat, from the bosom of which, amidst a large bunch of the splendid flowers of the Magnolia, protruded part of a young alligator, which seemed more anxious to glide through the muddy waters of some retired swamp, than to spend its life swinging to and fro among folds of the finest lawn. The gentleman held in one hand a cage full of richly-plumed nonpareils, whilst in the other he sported a silk umbrella, on which I could plainly read, "*Stolen from I,*" these words being painted in large white characters. He walked as if conscious of his own importance, that is, with a good deal of pomposity, singing, "My love she's but a lassie yet," and that with such thorough imitation of the Scotch emphasis, that had not his physiognomy brought to my mind a denial of his being from "within a mile of Edinburgh," I should have put him down in my journal for a true Scot. But no:—his *tourneur*, nay, the very shape of his visage, pronounced him an American, from the farthest parts of our eastern Atlantic shores.

All this raised my curiosity to such a height, that I accosted him with, "Pray, Sir, will you allow me to examine the birds you have in that cage?" The gentleman

(1) From Audubon's Ornithological Biography.

stopped, straightened his body, almost closed his left eye, then spread his legs apart, and, with a look altogether quizzical, answered, "Birds, Sir, did you say birds?" I nodded, and he continued, "What do you know about birds, Sir?"

Reader, this answer brought a blush into my face. I felt as if caught in a trap, for I was struck by the force of the gentleman's question; which, by the way, was not much in discordance with a not unusual mode of granting an answer in the United States. Sure enough, thought I, little or perhaps nothing do I know of the nature of those beautiful denizens of the air; but the next moment vanity gave me a pinch, and urged me to conceive that I knew at least as much about birds as the august personage in my presence. "Sir," I replied, "I am a student of nature, and admire her works, from the noblest figure of man to the crawling reptile which you have in your bosom." "Ah!" replied he, "a-a-a naturalist, I presume!" "Just so, my good Sir," was my answer. The gentleman gave me the cage; and I observed from the corner of one of my eyes, that his were cunningly inspecting my face. I examined the pretty finches as long as I wished, returned the cage, made a low bow, and was about to proceed on my walk, when this odd sort of being asked me a question quite accordant with my desire of knowing more of him. "Will you come with me, Sir? If you will, you shall see some more curious birds, some of which are from different parts of the world. I keep quite a collection." I assured him I should feel gratified, and accompanied him to his lodging.

We entered a long room; there, to my surprise, the first objects that attracted my attention were a large easel, with a full-length unfinished portrait upon it, a table with pallets and pencil, and a number of pictures of various sizes placed along the walls. Several cages containing birds were hung near the windows, and two young gentlemen were busily engaged in copying some finished portraits. I was delighted with all I saw. Each picture spoke for itself; the drawing, the colouring, the handling, the composition, and the keeping—all proved, that, whoever was the artist, he certainly was possessed of superior talents.

I did not know if my companion was the painter of the picture, but, as we say in America, I strongly guessed, and, without waiting any longer, paid him the compliments which I thought he fairly deserved. "Aye," said he, "the world is pleased with my work; I wish I were so too, but time and industry are required as well as talents, to make a good artist. If you will examine the birds, I'll to my labour." So saying, the artist took up his pallet, and was searching for a rest-stick, but not finding the one with which he usually supported his hand, he drew the rod of a gun, and was about to sit, when he suddenly threw down his implements on the table, and, taking the gun, walked to me, and asked me "if I had ever seen a percussion-lock." I had not, for that improvement was not yet in vogue. He not only explained the superiority of the lock in question, but undertook to prove that it was capable of acting effectually under water. The bell was rung, a flat basin of water was produced, the gun was charged with powder, and the lock fairly immersed. The report terrified the birds, causing them to beat against the gilded walls of their prisons. I remarked this to the artist. He replied, "Hang the birds!—more of them in the market; why, Sir, I wish to show you that I am a marksman as well as a painter." The easel was cleared of the large picture, rolled to the further end of the room, and placed against the wall. The gun was loaded in a trice, and the painter counting ten steps from the easel, and taking aim at the supporting pin on the left, fired; the bullet struck the head of the wooden pin fairly, and sent the splinters in all directions. "A bad shot, Sir," said this extraordinary person; "the ball ought to have driven the pin farther into the hole, but it struck on one side; I'll try at the hole itself!" After reloading his

piece, the artist took aim again, and fired. The bullet this time had accomplished its object, for it had passed through the aperture, and hit the wall behind. "Mr.—ring the bell and close the windows," said the painter; and turning to me, continued, "Sir, I will show you the *ne plus ultra* of shooting." I was quite amazed, and yet so delighted, that I bowed my assent. A servant having appeared, a lighted candle was ordered. When it arrived, the artist placed it in a proper position, and retiring some yards, put out the light with a bullet. When light was restored, I observed the uneasiness of the poor little alligator, as it strove to effect its escape from the artist's waistcoat. I mentioned this to him. "True, true," he replied, "I had quite forgot the reptile, he shall have a dram;" and unbuttoning his vest, unclasped a small chain, and placed the alligator in the basin of water on the table.

Perfectly satisfied with the acquaintance I had formed with this renowned artist, I wished to withdraw, fearing I might inconvenience him by my presence. But my time was not yet come. He bade me sit down, and paying no more attention to the young pupils in the room than if they had been a couple of cabbages, said, "If you have leisure and will stay awhile, I will show you how I paint, and will relate to you an incident of my life, which will prove to you how sadly situated an artist is at times." In full expectation that more eccentricities were to be witnessed, or that the story would prove a valuable one, even to a naturalist, who is seldom a painter, I seated myself at his side, and observed with interest how adroitly he transferred the colours from his glistening pallet to the canvass before him. I was about to compliment him on his facility of touch, when he spoke as follows:—

"This is, Sir, or, I ought to say rather, this will be the portrait of one of our best navy officers, a man as brave as Cæsar, and as good a sailor as ever walked the deck of a seventy-four. Do you paint, Sir?" I replied, "Not yet."—"Not yet! What do you mean?"—"I mean what I say: I intend to paint as soon as I can draw better than I do at present."—"Good," said he, "you are quite right; to draw is the first object; but, Sir, if you should ever paint, and paint portraits, you will often meet with difficulties. For instance, the brave commodore of whom this is the portrait, although an excellent man at everything else, is the worst sitter I ever saw; and the incident I promised to relate to you, as one curious enough, is connected with this bad mode of sitting. Sir, I forgot to ask if you would take any refreshment—a glass of wine, or—." I assured him I needed nothing more than his agreeable company, and he proceeded:—"Well, Sir, the first morning that the commodore came to sit, he was in full uniform, and with his sword at his side. After a few moments of conversation, and when all was ready on my part, I bade him ascend this throne, place himself in the attitude which I contemplated, and assume an air becoming an officer of the navy. He mounted, placed himself as I had desired, but merely looked at me as if I had been a block of stone. I waited a few minutes, when, observing no change on his placid countenance, I ran the chalk over the canvass to form a rough outline. This done, I looked up to his face again, and opened a conversation, which I thought would warm his warlike nature; but in vain. I waited and waited, talked and talked, until my patience—Sir, you must know I am not overburdened with phlegm—being almost run out, I rose, threw my palette and brushes on the floor, stamped, walking to and fro about the room, and vociferated such calumnies against our navy, that I startled the good commodore. He still looked at me with a placid countenance, and as he has told me since, thought I had lost my senses. But I observed him all the while, and, fully as determined to carry my point as he would be to carry off an enemy's ship, I gave my oaths additional emphasis, addressed him as a representative of the navy, and, steering somewhat clear of personal insult, played off my batteries

against the craft. The commodore walked up to me, placed his hand on the hilt of his sword, and told me, in a resolute manner, that if I intended to insult the navy, he would instantly cut off my ears. His features exhibited all the spirit and animation of his noble nature; and as I had now succeeded in rousing the lion, I judged it time to retreat. So, changing my tune, I begged his pardon, and told him he now looked precisely as I wished to represent him. He laughed, and returning to his seat, assumed a bold countenance. And now, Sir, see the picture."

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Painters.

GUIDO RENI.

GUIDO RENI, generally called Guido, was born at Bologna in 1574, and was the son of Daniel Reni, an excellent musician of that city.

Guido received his first instruction in painting from Denis Calvart, a highly esteemed Flemish artist; but he soon quitted him, and became a disciple of the Caracci, whose style he studied with much attention.

He then visited Rome; and although the works of Raphael inspired him with the greatest enthusiasm, he was dazzled by the surprising effect of Caravaggio's painting, and imitated his manner for a time, but afterwards abandoned it, by the advice of Annibal Caracci, who was then employed at Rome.

Guido now evinced that genius which has rendered him so justly celebrated, and he adopted a style which was at once grand, elegant, and graceful. Giuseppe Cesar d'Arpino—better known by the appellation of Gioseppino Cavaliere—who was the formidable rival of Caravaggio, took great pleasure in extolling the new manner of Guido, in order to excite the envy of his antagonist. This drew upon Guido the resentment of the imperious Caravaggio, who depreciated his works wherever he went, and even added threats to injury. Guido conducted himself with the greatest moderation, but it is supposed that he hastened his return to Bologna in consequence of the hostile behaviour of Caravaggio.

His fame, however, continued to increase, and he was recalled to Rome by Pope Paul V., who employed and rewarded him liberally.

Among the celebrated painters of that period who were opposed to Guido was Domenichino, with whom he entered into competition to paint the martyrdom of St. Andrew. Guido was eminently successful on this occasion, though Annibal Caracci did not give him his suffrage. Indeed, some good judges have declared that Guido's paintings are not always so true to nature as those of Domenichino; but in delicacy of idea, elegance of design, freedom of pencil, and general effect, Guido has rarely been surpassed. Tender, pathetic, and devout subjects were those in which he particularly excelled.

His heads are remarkable for grace, and an engaging propriety of expression, worthy of the pencil of Raphael himself. The form and air of his figures are extremely beautiful, whilst the general arrangement of his objects, and his astonishingly clear and pure colouring, deserve the highest praise. His draperies are always disposed with singular taste and judgment; they are noble and elegant, without the least stiffness or affectation.

Though deficient in the knowledge of the princi-

ples of the chiaro-scuro, Guido's genius enabled him to practise it with success. He bestowed much labour on his pictures, which were highly finished; but he generally gave some bold touches to his works, in order that it might not be supposed that he had devoted so much time to them.

Guido's demeanour when in his painting-room was very haughty, and he exacted the utmost respect from his pupils. He never removed his cap from his head in the presence of his visitors, however elevated their rank might be; but in society he was courteous and modest.

It is melancholy to relate that the latter days of this great painter were rendered miserable by his unhappy inclination for gambling. In other respects his life was irreproachable; but this deplorable propensity not only reduced him to indigence, but deprived him of his friends, and ruined the energies of his mind. In his declining years he was absolutely compelled to work for his daily subsistence, and this gave him a habit of painting in a hurried and negligent manner, which was so different from his former careful and finished style.

He died in the year 1642, aged sixty-eight.

In the church of St. Philip Neri, at Fano, there is a grand altar-piece by Guido, representing our Saviour delivering the keys to St. Peter. At Milan is a St. John, which is beautiful in respect of colouring and grace of design.

In the palazzo Tanaro, at Bologna, is an excellent picture of the Infant Jesus, the Virgin Mary, and St. John. The heads and the draperies are in that graceful and noble style for which Guido was so celebrated.

The martyrdom of St. Peter was considered to be one of the finest altar-pieces in Rome. It was painted by Guido when he was anxious to adopt the manner of Caravaggio, and he is said to have imitated him most successfully in this composition.

According to tradition, St. Peter was condemned to be crucified about the year of our Lord 68, in the reign of Nero; but, considering himself unworthy of suffering the same death as our blessed Saviour, he obtained permission to be crucified with his head downwards.

This picture is now in the Vatican. It is painted on wood, and is about nine feet and a half high, and seven wide. A fine copy of it, in mosaic, may be seen in the church of St. Peter at Rome.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

"LOVE NOT," REBUKED.

R. H. B.

"Love not; the earth is filled with woe,
And he that lives on love below,
Must soon his brightest hopes forego."

Nay, traitor, 'tis love's best employ
To heal this evil world's annoy,
And turn its bitter things to joy.

"Love is a frail and stayless shoot;
Ye deem 'twill bear you golden fruit,
Nor wist 'tis rotten at the root."

False prophet, in a soil that's kind
No plant a firmer hold can find,
Or spread more freely to the wind.

Deep rooted in a kindred soil,
It bids the tempest strain and toil,
And laughs to scorn its vain turmoil.

"Love is a summer bird that flies
The first dark frown of wintry skies,
Or quickly sickens, droops, and dies."

It is not so, but ever near,
It haunts our homesteads all the year,
And in the winter gives us cheer.

"Love not, the thing you love may change,
And looks once fond grow cold and strange,
Seeking abroad some wider range."

True love that once hath found its home
There rests, and hath no will to roam;
No time can mar, no change can come.

"Love not, the thing you love may die,
And 'tis the worst of misery
To mourn for happy days gone by."

Love dies not, tho' the cord be riven
That binds the sense, nor room be given
To rest on earth; it lives in heaven.

"Be wise in time, nor strive in vain
To shun the inevitable chain
Of that thine only birth-right—Pain."

False counsellor, 'twas God that wove
The golden threads of holy love,
To link mankind with things above.

Love keeps the world; hence all derive
That life which it alone can give:
By love the very angels live.

Talk not of change, nor dare defame
By baser things so pure a name,
If love be true, 'tis aye the same.

Talk not of change, heaven's dearest boon
Is linking two fond hearts in one,
There perfecting what here begun.

Then bid me not to cast away
What God hath given us for a stay,
To cheer us in earth's evil day.

Nay, rather close and closer twine
Around this yearning heart of mine
Those earthly bonds, yet bonds divine.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

KING JAMES THE SECOND IN EXILE.

A PORTION of the private suite of the apartments of the king and queen at St. Germain remain unaltered. King James's morning room, or cabinet, with its dark green and gold panelling, and richly carved cornice, presents a melancholy appearance of faded splendour. It opens with glass doors upon the stately balcony that surrounds the chateau, and commands a charming and extensive prospect. It was here that the fallen king retired to read or write. This room communicated with the queen's bed-chamber by a private stair; and, indeed, with the whole of that wing of the palace, by a number of intricate passages which lie behind it. In one of the lobbies there is a small square window, which commands a view of the royal closet, so that anybody ambushed there might look down upon his majesty and watch all his proceedings. A pleasing tradition, connected with this window, was related to me by a noble lady, whose great-grandmother, Mrs. Plowden, was one of the ladies in the household of Queen Mary Beatrix. Mrs. Plowden's infant family lived with her in the palace of St. Germain; and she sometimes found it necessary, by way of punishment, to shut up her little daughter Mary (a pretty spoiled child, of four years old,) in the lobby

leading from her own apartment to the queen's back-stairs; but the young lady always obtained her release by climbing to the little window that looked down into the king's closet, and tapping at the glass till she had attracted attention; then, showing her weeping face, and clasping her hands in an attitude of earnest entreaty, she would cry, in a sorrowful tone, "Ah! Sir, send for me!" James, unless deeply engaged in business of importance, always complied with the request of the tearful petitioner, for he was very fond of children; and when Mrs. Plowden next entered the royal presence with the queen, she was sure to find her small captive closeted with his majesty, sitting at his feet, or sometimes on his knee. At last she said to the king, "I know not how it happens, but whenever my little girl is naughty, and I shut her up in the lobby, your majesty does her the honour of sending for her into your closet." James laughed heartily, and pointing to the window above, explained the mystery.—*Strickland's Queens of England*.

THE FROZEN DEAD AT THE HOSPICE OF THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.

THE scene of the greatest interest at the Hospice—a solemn, extraordinary interest indeed—is that of the Morgue, or building where the dead bodies of lost travellers are deposited. There they are, some of them as when the breath of life departed, and the Death Angel, with his instruments of frost and snow, stiffened and embalmed them for ages. The floor is thick with nameless skulls and bones, and human dust heaped in confusion. But around the wall are groups of poor sufferers in the very position in which they were found, as rigid as marble, and in this air, by the preserving element of an eternal frost, almost as crumpling. There is the mother and a child, a most affecting image of suffering and love. The face of the little one remains pressed to the mother's bosom, only the back part of the skull being visible, the body enfolded in her careful arms, careful in vain, affectionate in vain, to shield her offspring from the elemental wrath of the tempest. The snow fell fast and thick, and the hurricane wound them up in one white shroud and buried them. There is also a tall, strong man, standing alone, the face dried and black, but the white unbroken teeth firmly set and close, grinning from the fleshless jaws—it is a most awful spectacle. The face seems to look at you from the recesses of the sepulchre, as if it would tell you the story of a fearful death-struggle in the storm. There are other groups more indistinct; but these two are never to be forgotten, and the whole of those dried and frozen remnants of humanity are a terrific demonstration of the fearfulness of this mountain pass, when the elements, let loose in fury, encounter the unhappy traveller. You look at all this through the grated window: there is just light enough to make it solemnly and distinctly visible, and to read in it a powerful record of mental and physical agony, and of maternal love in death. The little child, hiding its face in its mother's bosom, and both frozen to death—one can never forget the group, nor the momento mori, nor the token of deathless love.—*Dr. Cheever's Wanderings*.

N.B. The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; covers for binding, with table of contents, may be ordered of any Book-seller.

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The Mother's Hope.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps!
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine.
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul, but, oh! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come at ev'ning hour to shed
The tears of mem'ry o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on the hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

CAMPBELL.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;
OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.
By F. E. S.

TO THE READER.

READER! Mysterious being, whose name is Legion, (for who is there that peruseth not the pages of Sharpe!) thou that art variform as the fabled Proteus, and many-minded, as the units of which thou art composed are numerous, and dost yet possess a congregate opinion, and general voice, which is all-powerful! Stranger, to whom are confided thoughts and feelings, of which not only my most chosen friends are ignorant, but which I have scarcely dared definitely to acknowledge to my own heart!—once more am I about to renew my singular intercourse with thee.

Reader, hast thou forgotten "Frank Fairleigh?" Are the "Scenes from the Life of a Private Pupil," completely banished from thy memory? Surely it is not so. It cannot be that the pleasant friendship existing between us is to terminate thus abruptly. Rather will I believe that we meet again as old friends should do, with a hearty shake of the hand, and a feeling of mutual pleasure.

"Why, Frank, you have become a man since we last parted." Even so, dear reader, and many strange events have occurred in the interval; events which, for me, have possessed a peculiar interest; whether they are likely to inspire you with aught of the same feeling, you will be able to judge when you have perused the following pages.

CHAP. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

For some months after my father's death, I continued to live at the rectory; Mr. Dalton, the new incumbent, who had been his curate, and was unmarried, kindly allowing my mother to remain there till her plans for the future should be so far arranged, as to enable her to determine in what part of the country it would be advisable for her to reside. It had been my father's wish and intention, when I should have attained a fit age, to send me to one of the universities; a wish my mother was most anxious to carry into effect. In order to accomplish this with her reduced means, it would have been necessary for her, not only to have practised the strictest economy, but also, in great measure, to have sacrificed my sister's education, as she would have been utterly unable to afford her the advantage of masters. To this, of course, I would not consent; after much discussion, therefore, the idea of college was reluctantly given up, and, as a last resource, my mother applied to an uncle of hers, engaged in the West India trade, begging him to endeavour to procure for me a clerkship in some mercantile establishment. She received a very kind reply, saying that, although he considered me too young at present to be chained to a desk, he should advise me to apply myself diligently to the study of French and book-keeping; and ending by offering me a situation in his own counting-house, when I should be eighteen. As my only alternative lay between accepting this offer, (however little suited to my taste,) or remaining a burden upon my mother, it may easily be imagined that I lost no time in signifying my desire to avail myself of his kindness; and, ere a couple of months had elapsed, I had plunged deeply into the mysteries of book-keeping, and could jabber French with tolerable fluency. I was still working away at "Double Entry," and other horrors of a like nature, when one morning I received a large business-like letter, in an unknown hand, the contents of which astonished me not a little, as well they might; for they proved to be of a nature

once more entirely to change my prospects in life. It came from Messrs. Coutts, the bankers, and stated that they were commissioned to pay me the sum of 400*l.* per annum, in quarterly payments, for the purpose of defraying my expenses at college; the only stipulations being, that the money should be used for the purpose specified, that I did not contract any debts whatsoever, and that I made no inquiries, direct or indirect, as to the source from which the sum proceeded. In the event of my complying with these conditions, the same allowance was to be continued to me till I should have taken my degree.

The immediate consequence of this most unexpected communication was, our devoting the greater part of a morning to vain speculations as to the possible source from which this liberal offer might have proceeded. After guessing every one we could think of, likely or unlikely, we ended, as is usual in such cases, by becoming more puzzled, if possible, than when we began. The only person with whom I was acquainted, possessing both the will and the power to do such a thing, was Sir John Oaklands; but he had already, in the kindest manner, tried to persuade my mother to allow me to accompany Harry to Trinity College, Cambridge, begging to be permitted to defray the expenses of my so doing himself; an offer which she (not choosing to place herself under so heavy an obligation to a comparative stranger) had, with many expressions of gratitude, declined. After consulting with our friend, Mr. Dalton, it was decided that I should signify to Messrs. Coutts my readiness to comply with the required conditions, begging them to convey my best thanks to my mysterious benefactor, and to inform him, that it was my intention (subject to his approval) to enter my name at Trinity, without loss of time. In answer to this, I received the following laconic epistle:—"Messrs. Coutts beg to inform Mr. Frank Fairleigh, that, in reply to his favour of the 21st ult., they are desired to state, that the sum of 400*l.* per annum will be placed at his disposal, whenever he applies for it."

I now resumed my studies under the superintendence of Mr. Dalton, who had taken a good degree at Cambridge; and, alike delighted at my escape from the counting-house, and anxious to do credit to my benefactor's liberality, I determined to make the best use of my time, and worked *con amore*. In this manner, the next year and a half passed away without any thing worthy of remark occurring. I was happy to perceive a gradual improvement taking place in my mother's health and spirits, while Fanny was developing into a very pretty and agreeable girl.

Towards the expiration of this period, Mr. Dalton saw fit to take unto himself a wife, a circumstance which induced my mother to accept the offer of a cottage belonging to Sir John Oaklands, which was suited to her limited means. It was situated within the park-gates, about a mile from Heathfield Hall, and, though small, was well built, and exceedingly pretty.

This was an arrangement of which I highly approved, as it enabled me to renew my intercourse with Harry, who, having left Dr. Mildman's, was spending a few months at home with his father, previous to his matriculation at Trinity. I found him but little altered in any respect, save that he had become more manly looking. For the rest, he was just as good-tempered, kind-hearted, and, alas! indolent, as ever. He informed me, that Lewis also was going to Cambridge, and that Coleman, when he learned what a party of us there would be, had been most anxious to accompany us; but his father, unfortunately, did not approve, and he was now obliged to a solicitor, with a view to his succeeding eventually to his father's practice.

Time rolled on, and another three months beheld us duly installed in our rooms at Trinity, our evenings our time between reading (more or less, in accordance with our various idiosyncrasies,) boating on the Cam, billiard-playing at Chesterton, *et hoc genus omne*.

Of my college life I shall say but little, a piece of forbearance for which I consider myself entitled to the everlasting gratitude of my readers, who, if they have not had their curiosity on that subject more than satisfied by the interminable narrations of "Peter Priggins," and his host of imitators, must indeed be insatiable. Suffice it then to say, that, having from the first determined, if possible, to obtain a good degree, I made a resolute stand against the advances of Lawless (who, in consequence of his father's having, for some reason best known to himself and the premier, received a peerage, had now become an "honourable,") and the "rowing set," amongst whom, by a sort of freemasonry of kindred souls, he had become enrolled immediately on his arrival. After several fruitless attempts to shake my determination, they pronounced me an incorrigible "sap," and, leaving me to my own devices, proceeded to try their powers upon Oaklands. They met with but little success in this quarter, however; not that with him they had any indomitable love of study to contend with, but that "all that sort of thing was too much trouble; he really didn't believe there was a single fellow among the whole lot who had the slightest appreciation of the *dolce far niente*." When, however, they found out that upon an emergency Harry could excel them all, whatever might be the nature of the feat to be performed,—and that I could cross a country, pull an oar, or handle a bat, with the best of them, they set us down as a pair of eccentric geniuses, and as such admitted us to a kind of honorary membership in their worshipful society; and thus, 'twixt work and play, the first two years of my residence at Cambridge passed happily enough.

CHAP. II.

CATCHING A SHRIMP.

"A mighty stupid chapter that last!" "'True for you,' reader; but how was it to be avoided? It was necessary to give you that short summary of my proceedings, the better to enable you to understand all that is to follow; and so, don't you see?"—"Yes, that will do. Above all things, Master Frank, avoid being proxy; it is the worst fault an author can fall into." "Reader, you're very cross."

It was towards the close of the long vacation, that, one morning, as I was sitting at breakfast with my mother and sister, a note was brought to me. On opening it, it proved to be from Coleman, whose father had lately taken a country house near Hillingford, a small town about fifteen miles from Heathfield, where he was now about to give a grand ball to all the neighbourhood by way of house-warming. At this ball Freddy (with whom I had kept up a constant correspondence, though we had never met since I left Dr. Mildman's,) was most anxious I should be present, and his letter was really a master-piece of persuasion; not only should I meet all the beauty and fashion of the county, but he had for some days past employed himself in paving the way for me with several of the most desirable young ladies of his acquaintance, who were now, as he assured me, actually pining to be introduced to me. Moreover, the Honourable George Lawless had promised to be there; so we were safe for fun of some sort, Lawless's tastes and habits being about as congenial to the atmosphere of a ball-room, as those of a bull to the interior of a china-shop.

These manifold temptations, together with the desire of again meeting Freddy himself, proved irresistible, and I decided to go. Oaklands, who had received a similar invitation, was unluckily not able to accept it, as his father had fixed a shooting-party for that day, at which, and at the dinner which was to follow, Harry's presence was indispensable.

It was in the afternoon of a glorious September day that I set off on horseback for Hillingford. I had accompanied the sportsmen in the morning, and had walked just enough to excite without fatiguing myself;

and new the elastic motion of the horse (a powerful hunter of Sir John's),—the influence of the fair scene around me, as I cantered over the smooth turf of Heathfield-park, and along the green lanes beyond it,—the prospect of seeing again an old companion of my boyhood's days,—all contributed to produce in me an exhilaration of spirits which seemed to raise me above the "Kleinigkeiten," the littlenesses (as the Germans so well express it) of this world, and to exalt me to some higher and nobler sphere. Out of this day-dream I was at length aroused by the clatter of horses' feet, and the rattle of wheels in the lane behind me, while a man's voice, in tones not of the most gentle description, accosted me as follows:—"Now then, sir, if you've got a license to take up the whole road, I'll just trouble you to show it!" With a touch of the spur I caused my horse to bound on one side, and, as I did so, I turned to look at the speaker. Perched high in mid-air, upon some mysterious species of dog-cart, bearing a striking resemblance to the box of a mail-coach, which had contrived, by some private theory of development of its own, to dispense with its body, while it had enlarged its wheels to an almost incredible circumference; perched on the top of this remarkable machine, and enveloped in a white great coat, undermined in every direction by strange and unexpected pockets, was none other than the Honourable George Lawless! The turn-out was drawn by a pair of thorough-breds, driven tandem, which were now (their irascible tempers being disturbed by the delay which my usurpation of the road had occasioned,) relieving their feelings by executing a kind of hornpipe upon their hind-legs. The equipage was completed by a tiger, so small, that beyond a vague sensation of top-boots and a livery hat, one's senses failed to realize him.

"Why, Lawless!" exclaimed I; "you are determined to astonish the natives, with a vengeance: such a turn-out as that has never been seen in these parts before, I'm certain."

"Frank Fairleigh, by Jove! How are you, old fellow! Is it my trap you're talking about? what do you think of it? rather the thing, isn't it, eh?" I signified my approval, and Lawless continued, "Yes, it's been very much admired, I assure you—quiet! Marc, quiet!—not a bad sort of thing to knock about in, eh?—What are you at, fool?—Tumble out, Shrimp, and hit Spiteful a flick on the nose—he's eating the mare's tail. Spiccy tiger, Shrimp—did you ever hear how I picked him up?" I replied in the negative, and Lawless resumed—"I was down at Broadstairs the beginning of the long—wretched place, but I went down for a boat-race with some more fellows; well, of course, because we wanted it to be fine, the weather turned sulky, and the boat-race had to be put off; so, to prevent ourselves from going melancholy mad, we hired a drag, and managed to get together a team, such as it was. The first day we went out they elected me waggoner, and a nice job I had of it; three of the horses had never been in harness before, and the fourth was a bolter. It was pretty near half an hour before we could get them to start; and, when they were off, I had enough to do to keep their heads out of the shop windows. However, as soon as they began to get warm to their work, things improved, and we rattled along merrily. We were spinning away at about twelve miles an hour, when, just as we were getting clear of the town, we came suddenly upon a covey of juvenile blackguards, who were manufacturing dirt pies right in the centre of the road. As soon as I saw them, I sung out to them to clear the course, but before they had time to cut away, we were slap into the middle of them. Well, I thought it was going to be a regular case of Herod, and that there would be at least half-a-dozen of them spifficated, but they all managed to save their bacon except Shrimp,—one of the wheels went over him, and broke him somewhere. Where was it, Shrimp?"

"Left arm, Sir, if you please," replied Shrimp, in a shrill treble.

"Aye, so it was," continued Lawless. "As soon as I could contrive to pull up, I sent the groom back, with orders to find a doctor, get the boy repaired, and tell them to come to me at the hotel in the morning, and I'd pay for all damages. Accordingly, while I was eating my breakfast next morning, an amphibious old female in a blue pea-jacket was shown in to me, who stated she was Shrimp's mother. First, she was extremely lacrymose, and couldn't speak a word; then she got the steam up, and began slanging me till all was blue; I was 'an unchristianlike, hard-hearted, heathen Turk, so I was, and I'd been and spoiled her sweet boy completely, so I had; such a boy as he was too, bless him, it was quite a sight to hear him say his Catechism; and as to reading his book, he'd beat the parson himself into fits at it.' Fortunately for me, she was a little touched in the wind, and when she pulled up to take breath for a fresh start, I managed to cut in. 'I tell you what it is, old lady,' said I, 'there's no need for you to put yourself into a fury about it; misfortunes will happen in the best regulated families, and it seems to me a boy more or less can make no great odds to any one—no fear of the breed becoming extinct just at present, if one may judge from appearances; however, as you seem to set a value upon this particular boy, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll buy him of you, and then, if anything should go wrong with him, it will be my loss, and not yours. I'll give you 20*l.* for him, and that's more than he would be worth if he was sound.' By Jove, the old girl brightened up in a moment, wiped her eyes with the sleeve of her coat, and said—'Five pounds more, and it's a bargain.' And the end of it all was, the brat got well before I left the place, I paid the old woman her money, and brought Shrimp away with me, and it hasn't turned out such a bad spec either, for he makes a capital tiger, and now I've broken him in, I would not take twice the money for him. You'll be at old Coleman's hop to-night, I suppose; so *au revoir!*"

Thus saying, he drew the whip lightly across the leader's back, the horses sprang forward, and in another moment he was out of sight.

Half an hour's ride brought me within view of Elm Lodge, the house lately taken by Mr. Coleman, senior. As I rang at the bell, a figure leaped out of one of the front windows, and came bounding across the lawn to meet me, and in another minute my hand was seized, and my arm nearly shaken off, by Coleman.

"Freddy, old boy!" "Frank, my dear old fellow!" were our mutual exclamations, as we once more shook hands with an energy which must have highly edified a pompous footman, whom my ring had summoned. After the first excitement of our meeting had a little subsided, we found time to examine each other more minutely, and note the changes a couple of years had wrought in us. Coleman was the first to speak.

"Why, Frank, how you are altered!"

"If you were but decently civil, you would say 'improved' instead of 'altered,'" replied I, "but you'll never learn manners."

"Oh, if you want compliments, I'll soon get up a few, but it strikes me they are not required. A man with such a face and figure as yours soon finds out that he is a deucedly good-looking fellow. Why, how high do you stand?"

"About six feet without my boots," replied I, laughing at Coleman, who kept turning me round, and examining me from top to toe, as if I had been some newly-discovered animal.

"Well, you are a screamer, and no mistake," exclaimed he at length. "Be merciful towards the young ladies to-night, or the floor will be so cumbered with the heaps of slain, that we shall have no room to dance."

"Never fear," rejoined I, "the female breast is not so susceptible as you imagine, and I'll back your bright eyes and merry smile to do more execution than my long legs and broad shoulders any day."

"No soft sawder, Master Frank, if you please; it's an article for which I've a particular distaste; people never

make pretty speeches to one's face without laughing at one behind one's back afterwards, by way of compensation."

"Which rule of course applies to the remarks you have just been making about me," returned I.

"You've caught me there fairly," laughed Coleman, "but come along in now, I want to introduce you to my mother and the governor; they are longing to see you, after all I've told them about you, though I can't say you look much like the thin delicate boy I have described you."

Mr. Coleman, who was a short, stout, red-faced old gentleman, with a bald head, and a somewhat pompous manner, came forward and welcomed me warmly, saying all sorts of complimentary things to me, in extremely high-flown and grandiloquent language; and referring to my having saved his son's life, in doing which, however, he quite won my heart, by the evident pride and affection with which he spoke of Freddy. The lady of the house was a little, round, merry-looking woman, chiefly remarkable (as I soon discovered) for a peculiar mental obliquity, leading her always to think of the wrong thing at the wrong time, whereby she was perpetually becoming involved in grievous colloquial entanglements, and meeting with innumerable small personal accidents, at which no one laughed so heartily as herself.

About half-past nine that evening, some of the guests began to arrive, amongst the foremost of whom was Lawless, most expensively got up for the occasion, in a stock and waistcoat, which, as Coleman observed, required to be seen ere they could be believed in. As the arrivals succeeded each other more rapidly, and the rooms began to fill, Lawless took me by the arm, and led me to a corner, whence, unnoticed ourselves, we could observe the whole scene.

"This will be a very full meet, Fairleigh," he began, "I'm getting confoundedly nervous, I can tell you; I'm not used to this sort of affair, you know; I used always to shirk everything of the kind, but my Mater has got it into her head, since she's become My Lady, that she must flare up and give balls, because 'ladies of rank always do so,' forsooth, and so she's taken me in hand, to try and polish me up into something like a 'man of fashion,' as she calls those confounded puppies one sees lounging about drawing-rooms. Well, as I didn't like to rile the old woman by refusing to do what she wanted, I went to a French mounseer, to teach me my paces: I've been in training above a month, so I thought I'd come here, just as a sort of trial to see how I could go the pace."

"This is your *début*, in fact," returned I.

"My how much?" was the reply.—"Oh, I see, starting for the maiden stakes, for untried horses only—that sort of thing—eh? Yes, it's the first time I've been regularly entered; I hope I shan't bolt off the course; I feel uncommon shy at starting, I can assure you."

"Oh, you'll do very well when you're once off; your partner will tell you if you are going to make any mistake," replied I.

"My partner; eh? You mean one of those whitewashed young ladies, who is to run in double-harness with me, I suppose?—that's another sell;—I shall be expected to talk to her, and I never know what to say to women; if one don't pay 'em compliments, and do a bit of the sentimental, they set you down as a brute directly. What an ass I was to come here! I wish it was bed-time!"

"Nonsense, man; never be afraid!" exclaimed Freddy, who had just joined us; "I'll pick you out a partner who's used to the thing, and will do all the talking herself, and be glad of the opportunity of giving her tongue a little exercise; and here comes the very girl, of all others,—Di Clapperton." Then turning towards a tall showy-looking girl, who had just arrived, he addressed her with—"Delighted to see you, Miss Clapperton; a ball-room never appears to me properly arranged till it is graced by your presence: here's my friend, the Hon. George Lawless, dying to be introduced to you."

"Pleasure—ar—dancing—with you, eh?" muttered the Hon. George, giving a little quick nod between each word, and getting very red in the face.

The young lady smiled a gracious assent, and saying, "I think they are forming a quadrille,—shall we take our places?"—marched him off in triumph.

"Frank, are you provided, or can I do anything for you?" inquired Coleman.

"Who is that interesting looking girl, with dark hair?" asked I, in return.

"What, the one with the white camelia in her head, leaning on the arm of that old fellow with a cast-iron face?—What a splendid pair of eyes she has got!—I'll find out her name, and get you introduced," replied Coleman, disappearing in the crowd. In a minute or two he returned, and informed me the young lady's name was Saville. "You've not made such a bad hit either," continued he; "they tell me she's to be a great heiress, and old Iron-sides, there, is her guardian. They say, he keeps her shut up so close that nobody can see her; he would hardly let her come to-night, only he's under some business obligations to my governor, and he persuaded him to bring her, in order to give me a chance, I suppose."

"What an expression of sadness there is in those deep blue eyes of her's; I am afraid she is not happy, poor thing!" said I, half thinking aloud.

"Why, you're getting quite romantic about it!" returned Coleman; "for my part, I think she looks rather jolly than otherwise;—see how she is laughing with my cousin Lucy; by Jove, how her face lights up when she smiles!—she's decidedly pretty. Well, will you be introduced?—they are going to waltz."

I signified my assent, and Coleman set off in search of his father, to perform the ceremony, not having courage enough himself to face "old Stiff-back," as he irreverently termed the young lady's guardian.

"I am sorry to refuse your young friend, Mr. Coleman," was the reply to my introduction; "but Miss Saville never waltzes."

"Come, don't be crabbed, Vernon; young people ought to enjoy themselves; recollect, we were young ourselves once!"

"If old Time had dealt as leniently by me, as he seems to have done by you, Coleman, I should consider myself young yet," replied Mr. Vernon; "I believe I have spoken my ward's wishes upon this point; but, if it would be more satisfactory to your friend to hear her decision from her own lips, I can have no objection.—Clara, my dear, this gentleman, Mr. Fairleigh, does you the honour of wishing to waltz with you."

Thus accosted, Miss Saville raised her eyes to my face for a moment, and instantly casting them down again, coloured slightly, as she replied—"If Mr. Fairleigh will excuse me, I had rather not waltz."

I could, of course, only bow in acquiescence, and was turning away, when old Mr. Coleman stopped me with—"There, wait a minute, Mr. Fairleigh; my little niece, Lucy Markham, will be only too glad to console you for your disappointment; she's never so happy as when she's waltzing."

"If you are impertinent, uncle, I'll make you waltz with me till you're quite tired, by way of punishment!" replied his niece, as she accepted my proffered arm.

During a pause in the waltz, I referred to the refusal just received, and asked my partner (a lively little brunette, with very white teeth, and a bewitching smile) whether her friend Miss Saville were not somewhat of a prude?

"Poor dear Clara—a prude?—oh no!" was the reply. "You mean because she would not waltz, I suppose?"

I bowed my head in assent, and she continued:

"I gave you credit for more penetration, Mr. Fairleigh; did you not see it was all that horrible Mr. Vernon, her guardian—he chose her not to waltz; and she is too much afraid of him to dare to do anything he does not approve;—he would hardly let her come here to-night, only uncle Coleman worried him into it."

"She is exceedingly pretty," remarked I; "there is something peculiar in the expression of those beautiful blue eyes, which particularly pleases me; an earnest trustful look, which—you will laugh at what I am going to say—which I have never seen before, except in the eyes of a dog!"

"Oh! I know so well what you mean," replied my partner, "I have observed it often, but I never should have known how to express it. What a good idea!"

"May I ask whether you are very intimate with her? Is she an old friend of your's?"

"No, I never saw her till my uncle took this house; but Mr. Vernon sometimes brings her with him when he drives over on business, and she comes and sits with me, while they are puzzling over their parchments. I like her so much, she seems as agreeable, and good, as she is pretty."

"How is it," asked I, "that my friend Freddy did not know her by sight, even?—he had to inquire her name this evening."

"Why, Frederick is generally obliged to be in town, you know; and I have observed that, when he is down here, Mr. Vernon never brings her with him."

"He had better make a nun of her at once," said I.

"Perhaps she won't be a nun!" said, or rather sang Lucy. And here we joined the waltzers again, and the conversation ended.

THE PARIA.

It is not our intention in this article to discourse on the impure castes of the Hindoos, with whose unfortunate condition every one is acquainted: we have merely adopted the term "Paria," as descriptive of a class of persons common in society, who, because over-looked or despised by others, may fitly receive from us a few words of sympathy. We find it exceedingly difficult to express our meaning by a definition. We refer to those individuals, frequently met with, who, suffering under some disgrace of nature or fortune, seem to stand isolated in the midst of their fellows, to have no independent place in society, but to live only as accessories to the happiness of others. But what we mean will probably become more apparent in the sequel.

Some naturalists, with a devotion to science which calls for the admiration of all, have spent weeks, months, and even years, in watching the habits of certain animals, of whom it happens that the most insignificant are just those whose natural history it is the most difficult to fix. So is it with the Paria. The difficulty of gaining explicit information as to the habits of this part of our race, can only be known by the very few who have interested themselves in obtaining it.

For our own part, we confess that a peculiar turn of mind has induced us, more than others, to notice individuals of this class. With the great, the rich, and the prosperous, we have only a moderate degree of sympathy. We delight to be conducted through the rooms of some princely mansion, and deep is the gratification which our taste derives from the works of art which they contain; but our heart is far more strongly touched, when in some humble cottage we discover a domestic group gathered round their tea-table, the parents sitting composedly at each end, and the children mounted on high chairs at their side. We read, without any great emotion, the description

which our newspaper gives us of the dresses worn at some fashionable ball, but we gaze with deep interest on the scanty and patched wardrobe of some poor family, which, for the purpose of being dried, the careful mother has hung on the bushes, or spread on the beach; nay, we have occasionally, with our own literary hands, picked up and replaced some stray garment which the wind had carried away: and, when we have been in the office of some thriving man of business, our attention has wandered from the lordly sentences of the principal, or the lively prattle of the gentleman clerk, who, arrayed in gold chains and rings, was edifying us with his profound observations on the weather, to rest upon some pale-faced underling, stooping over a desk in a gloomy corner. This infirmity of ours we the less scruple to confess, because we think it is harmless, and has sometimes been useful to others, if not to ourselves. But to return.

The first circumstance, then, that we shall adduce as distinguishing the Paria, is the mysteriousness of his habits and employments, the difficulty of tracing how he lives and what he does, what are his opinions, and what are his enjoyments. Though a Paria, male or female, may be found in almost every large family, you may often pay many visits to a house which contains one before becoming aware of his or her existence. On grand occasions, or on general gatherings of kindred, the Paria comes forth from his concealment, passes behind the others like a shadow, or lingers unnoticed, like a piece of furniture, in their midst, and then returns to his accustomed hiding-place.

You call on a friend to congratulate him on the birth of a child: you (perhaps prudently,) have delayed your visit till the nurse has been dismissed: and you find the child in the custody of a respectable female whom you have not before seen. The parents, occupied with themselves and their infant, and quite absorbed in the interesting event, which, in their opinion, is all-important, can scarcely be got to tell you who the stranger is. "What! that lady!" the wife at length exclaims, "that is my sister. I thought you had seen her before." On a closer inspection you discover a likeness, but the features wear an expression of resignation and mildness, strikingly contrasting with the complacent self-satisfied aspect of the married dame. You enter into conversation with her, and on general topics she is well-informed and communicative, but as to herself you can obtain little intelligence. In what obscure retreat she had hitherto lived you cannot exactly learn; but in the course of conversation she mentions a Mrs. A., to whom she was paying a visit, when the birth of her sister's child drew her, as by a kind of magnetic attraction, to the spot where you found her.

In further illustration, we give the following conversation with the brother of a Paria. "But pray, Mr. Smith, how is your brother?" "Oh, he is very well." "Where is he now?" "He lives with us." "What does he employ himself about?" "He assists us a little." "But he must have much vacant time, what can he do with himself?" "I really don't know." "Is he not very lonely and unhappy?" "I really don't know." "Has he any associates?" "I don't know, indeed." And so the inquirer is obliged to give over his interrogation, and the history of the Paria remains as great a secret as before.

Sometimes, too, when enjoying a season of relaxation at country lodgings, you often hear a strange step on the stairs, and are wished "good morning" by a civil-looking gentleman who meets you at the door. You, at length, inquire of the servant who the unknown person is, and you are told that "it is Mr. B., a single gentleman who has lived for many years in a room upstairs." The only further information that you can elicit is that "he is a very nice sort of man."

Another, and indeed the principal, thing which distinguishes the Paria, is that he is no favourite of nature or fortune. There is nothing, generally speaking, for which the world punishes an individual so severely as for those infirmities which he cannot possibly help. A man may become the talk of the neighbourhood for his irregularities, or crush his dependents by his covetousness and tyranny, but he will be still received in society with smiles, and find many eager candidates for his favour. But let him be the subject of some natural defect; let his nose be awry or his legs uneven, let him falter in his speech or have a hump on his back, or let his nerves have been shattered, (in labouring, it may be, for the welfare of his fellows,) so that he has become diffident and easily embarrassed, and we shall see the fairest lips distorted by a curl of contempt at his approach; and, where the infirmity is apparent, the very children in the street will jeer at him as he goes by. Hazlitt candidly declared that he *hated* sick people: and by whom is not poverty considered as a crime? Under some heavy calamity of this kind, then, the Paria has to bow; and often, with a heart overcharged with love to all, he has to bear the open insult or ill-suppressed derision of those whom he would put forth his utmost strength to serve.

It is also a remarkable feature of the Paria's character, that, though, while able, he toils as much as his neighbours, it is with this difference, that he seldom labours for his own benefit. The Paria nurses or educates the children of others: he helps to build his neighbour's fortunes: and his very calamities turn out, in some way or other, to advance the welfare of other people.

It must be observed, too, that the Paria is unmarried. The necessary consequence of the marriage of a Paria is the loss of caste. Even the union of two Parias is sufficient to deprive both of their distinctive character. "A single life," says Dr. Johnson, "has no comforts:" this, then, must be the life of the Paria. If into his cup of humiliation the pearl of marriage be melted, its bitterest ingredient, solitariness, will be neutralized: and whatever else he may become, he is no longer a Paria, for he is no longer alone.

The Paria is distinguished by a peculiar fondness for the animal creation. If he can afford it, he has pets of his own; if not, he forms friendships with those of other people, or with wild animals. Like Sterne's negro girl, he flaps away the flies, but does not kill them: and sometimes, when in his walks he meets with a roaming snail, which, instead of stopping in some safe corner, will persist in carrying its spiral castle into the very middle of the path, and in directing its minute telescopes at the toes of the passer-by, he snatches it up, as a mother would a child in danger of being run over, and puts it out of harm's way.

The Paria occasionally writes poetry, the most characteristic portions of which the world would

declare to be maudlin. Should his poems when printed find no purchasers, the Paria comforts himself with the thought that some specimens may be preserved in the inside of trunks; and that, perhaps, some disconsolate schoolboy, opening his box on the first day at a new school, or some solitary traveller, unpacking his little wardrobe in a distant land, may read some of his verses, and be encouraged by the voice of a companion in sorrow.

The ways of becoming a Paria are various. Sometimes, the individual is born under some hereditary reproach, which makes him a Paria from his very birth; sometimes he is made so by some natural infirmity; sometimes a whole family are made Parias for a time by the second marriage of their parent; and sometimes continued ill-health introduces a person to this society. In the latter case, it is curious to observe how gradually the change is brought about. A man occupying a tolerably prominent station in life, is seized with a sudden illness. At first, his friends are frequent and anxious in their inquiries: instead of having lost ground in their affection by his malady, he appears to have gained; for he is become an object of far greater solicitude than before. But his illness continues. To go on inquiring after a person's health for months, and even for years, seems to them absurd: the very lapse of time they think must have cured him; or, at all events, he ought to have died after a decent interval. The inquiries accordingly become less and less numerous, and at last cease altogether: his sympathizing friends are certain that he has got well, and wondering that he should still persist in leading an idle life, soon forget him amid their own pressing engagements. He has become a Paria.

The most gloomy moments of the Paria are those, when he looks around on others who commenced life at the same time with himself, and compares their prosperity with his own misfortunes. The waves of life have borne the vessels of their fortunes on to fame, wealth, or comfort, while his bark remains stranded on the shore. A celebrated writer, who, for a short while, fancied himself in danger of becoming a Paria, has expressed these sentiments in his Memoirs. "While so many of my acquaintance," says Gibbon, "were married, or in parliament, or advancing with a rapid step in the various roads of honour and fortune, I stood alone, immovable and insignificant." Hope, however, soon springs up in the bosom of the Paria who has well learnt his lesson in the school of affliction, that he may yet add his little aid to the advancement of the general happiness, and be permitted to bless, though he be, for a time, forbidden to enjoy.

Yet the Paria, despised though he may be, has peculiar claims on the respect and even applause of the philosophic mind. After having shared with the world the admiration excited by some act of daring heroism, or by a long series of successful exploits which coronets and wealth have rewarded; after having gazed wonderingly on the orator on whose lips a multitude has hung in breathless rapture; after having read of the hair-breadth escapes and bold enterprises of some persevering traveller whose steps thousands, in imagination, follow, we would also think of the lowly individual,

"Whose virtues walk their narrow round,
Nor make a pause, nor leave a void,"

and who yet never hears the voice of praise, and

receives but a meagre recompense; or of the victim of sickness, suffering in his chamber a lengthened agony, compared with which the toilsome campaign and the hardships of travel are light things. Yes, to success and greatness worship is eagerly paid; but how few are there who recognise the august majesty of patient endurance.

O Sorrow! how do we shrink from the touch of thy skeleton fingers, and yet, perhaps, it is to some pleasant resting-place that thou art desirous of leading us. Thou hast the key of the soul's most generous emotions: thou holdest the magic mirror in which we see our moral features the most clearly reflected: thou afforest a bond of union whereby hearts are knit together almost as closely as by love's golden fetters. Often art thou like the ocean-gale, beating roughly on the brow, and roaring in the ears of the wanderer, and yet carrying health and vigour into every nerve of his frame. The mysterious secrets of human nature, the knowledge of others and of ourselves, the true appreciation of earth's cares and pleasures; these are thy lessons: humility, tender-heartedness, resignation, self-denial, and a readiness to forgive; these are thy proper fruits: a lively sympathy with the meanest thing that breathes, an all-embracing charity, and the hope of a final refuge in a better world; these are thy rewards!

M. N.

OLD RECORDS OF NEW ROADS.

No. III.

WIMBLEDON station is only five miles and three quarters from London by the railway, though nearly double that distance by the old road. To the right lies Wimbledon park, worthy on every account to be the observed of all observers, for there formerly stood "that goodly house so beautiful for building, and so delectable for fair prospect, and which Sir Thomas Cecil, Knight, sonne to that most prudent Councillor of State, Lord Burleigh, built in the year 1588, when the Spanish Armada made saile upon the coast of England."

The splendour of this ancient manor-house is minutely recorded in the tenth volume of the *Archæologia*, and, from the curious engravings which accompany the description of it, it certainly appears to have well deserved the praise of Fuller, who calls it "a daring structure, equal if not superior to Nonsuch." It stood on a rising ground, and the ascent to the hall door was made by a succession of five courts or terraces, one above the other, to which seventy steps gave entrance, they being distributed in a very graceful manner. Some of those "stoppes" and all the balustrades were of freestone. But the pavement was of Flanders bricks, "the angles, window stanchives, and jammes were of ashled stone." But all the rest of the house was of "excellent brick," a material then more prized in England than stone, as the use of it only became general at the death of James I., at which time London was almost entirely built of wood.

The interior of this mansion was still more costly; one gallery on the ground floor, 108 feet long, was "pillored and arched" with grey stone or marble. The wainscot was varnished with green, and "spotted with starres of gold;" and "benched all along." But the ornament of this gallery which would seem most strange now, was a grotto in the middle of it, "wrought in the arch and sides thereof with sundry sorts of shells of great lustre, and ornaments;" also "fortie sights of seeing glass sett together in one frame, much adorning and setting forth the splendour of the roomes."

In the hall the ceiling was of "fret or fancy work," ornamented with paintings; and the floors were of black and white marble. In this room was also "a fayre and rich paire of organs." Other parts of the house contained pictures, described as "landscapes of battayles, anticks, heaven and hell, and other curious works." One complete room, called the "Den of Lyons," was painted all round with lions and leopards. Other apartments were designated as "The King's Chamber," "The Queen's Chamber," "The Duchesse's Chamber," "The Countess of Denbigh's Chamber," "Lord Willoughby's Chamber," "The Summer Chamber," &c., but in the whole house I find but one chimney-piece mentioned, which stood in the middle of a gallery on the second floor, and was "very fayre and large, of black and whyte marble, engraved with coates of armes, adorned with severall curious and well-guilded statues of alabaster, with a foot-pace of black and whyte marble." This gallery was 109 feet long, floored with cedar-boards "casting a pleasant anell." The walls of another gallery were ornamented with several "compendious sentences," and another room was "particularly admired for a tytle window to looke into the greate kitchen." Why this particular prospect should have been thus preferred, seems the more strange, as there were several gardens, consisting of "Mazes," "Wildernesses," "Knots," "Allies," &c. There was a fine orangerie, and, "furthermore, a way cut out of the parke, planted on each side thereof with elms and other trees, in a very decent order, extending itself in a direct line, from thence quite through the park, northward, into Putney Common, being a very special ornament to the whole house."

And a strange witchery it was which seems to have cast a spell over that old manor house, making its history an epigram of that of its successive owners. Brief as brilliant, its splendour essentially contributed to the renown of the times in which it shone, whilst its short-lived glories terminated, like the titles of its possessors, by passing into families aliens to the first founders of its honour.

The first remarkable person who was owner of Wimbledon, was Thomas Cranmer, and as both rose from comparatively small beginnings, so both perished by fire. For, after the obscure student of Cambridge, who, from solicitude about his health, used to change his position and his room every half-hour—after this man had risen to the highest pinnacle of fortune, and, as archbishop and ambassador, had not only performed the marriage ceremony of one king, and the coronation of another, but had likewise, during the minority of Edward VI., acted as co-regent of the kingdom—this man, who, at different times, showed the greatest weakness, and the greatest fortitude, finally perished at the stake.

Before, however, Cranmer had reached the apex of his fortune, he exchanged, for other lands, "the Grange or Farm of Wimbledon, with the Manor of Mortlake," with Henry VIII., who granted it to Thomas, Lord Cromwell, Earl of Essex, whom Camden emphatically calls "one of the floating stocks of fortune." After his attainder, it was settled on Queen Catherine Parr for her life; Queen Mary gave it to Cardinal Pole; and Queen Elizabeth bestowed it, first on Sir Christopher Hatton, and afterwards on Sir Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, in exchange for an estate in Lincolnshire.

He left Wimbledon to his third son, Sir Edward Cecil, created Viscount Wimbledon and Baron Putney, and on his death his heirs sold it again to the Crown, and Charles I., settled it as (in part) dowry on his queen Henrietta Maria.

Meantime the splendid Manor-House of Wimbledon had experienced similar fortunes to those of its various owners, or rather its fate seemed ominous of theirs—for it chanced that, in the very year when the doomed Charles, intoxicated with recent power, threw the torch of discord over the land, and, under the councils of Buckingham, fanned rebellion into a flame,—

(1628)—in that very year, the last of Buckingham's meteoric life, nearly the whole of the mansion was burnt to the ground, by the accidental blowing up of some gunpowder mills in the neighbourhood. Yet it was soon rebuilt by its then owner, Viscount Wimbledon, with increased splendour, for we are told that on its renovation the outside was painted in fresco by Sir Thomas Cheyne, and, when it passed from his heirs to the possession of Charles, it was included in the inventory of his "jewels and pictures."

Such being the case, it is scarcely matter of surprise that this princely residence should have attracted the cupidity of that government which professed to be established on the ruins of the aristocracy. It was minutely surveyed and valued, by Commissions (1649) appointed by Parliament, and the result of this tyrannical infringement on private property by republican usurpers was, that the manor and its gorgeous palace was bestowed on the regicide, General Lambert.

This occurred in the same year that Charles was beheaded. That unfortunate monarch, blind to his impending fate, only a few days before his trial, ordered the seeds of some Spanish melons to be sown "in his garden of Wimbledon." That royal garden, fated so soon to pass into the hands of his bitterest foe!—and is it not a strange coincidence that Lambert (according to Coke,) "after he had been discarded by Cromwell betook himself to Wimbledon-House, where he turned florist, and had the finest tulips that could be had for love or money?"

But the rede of Wimbledon was not yet read. It had been the appanage of queens, and at the return of Charles II. it was restored to his consort. But, as the crown of England was fated to rest on many heads of different families, so did this manor pass to many successive owners. At last it was purchased by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who gave it to her grandson, John Spencer, Esq., ancestor to the present Earl Spencer. Again the palace was burnt down to the ground, but its splendour was never to be renewed. The ruins were cleared, and the ground levelled, so as not to leave a trace of its foundation; whilst such of the offices as remained were converted into a portion of the present mansion. It is worthy of remark that Wimbledon-House in Southwark was also burnt down and never rebuilt.

Mr. Lysons asserts, that the first—justly called the great—Lord Burleigh, had a grant of lands at Wimbledon, the patent for which was dated so early as the reign of Edward VI.; and that on these lands "stood a mansion, in which he frequently resided, for some of his letters, as Sir William Cecil, Secretary of State, are dated from Wimbledon (1599); and, as Lord Burleigh, he entertained Queen Elizabeth at his house of Wimbledon for three days."

It is certainly presumptuous in me to differ from such an authority as Mr. Lysons. But the letter, written by Lord Burleigh himself, in vindication of the charge of extravagance, made by his political enemies, and more especially that of his numerous houses, affords at least negative proof that Wimbledon was not one of them, as in it that house is not mentioned. In this letter—speaking first of Theobalds—he says, "which was begun by me with a mean measure, but increased by reason of her Majesty's often coming, whom to please I never would omit to strain myself to more charges than is that of my building; and yet, without some special directions of her Majesty, upon fault found with the small measure of her chamber, which was in good measure for me, I was forced to enlarge a room for a larger chamber, which need not be envied of any for riches in it, more than the show of old oaks, and such trees, with painted leaves of fruit. For my house in Westminster, I think it so old as it should not stir any, many having of later times built larger by far, both in city and country. My house of Burghley is of my mother's inheritance, who liveth, and is the owner

thereof; and for the building these I have set my walls on the old foundation. Indeed, I have made the rough stone walls to be of square; and yet one side remaineth as my father left it."

The only other residence which it is ascertained that Lord Burleigh possessed, were his "lodgings at Court," probably an office appended to his employments there; but in all, the arrangements of his household were equally regular and magnificent. In his house in the Strand (or, as he calls it, Westminster) he had eighty people in his family, exclusive of those who attended him at Court, and there his expenses were 30*l.* a week in his absence, and between 40*l.* and 50*l.* when there himself. At Theobalds his expense was the same; but there he allotted 10*l.* a week for the employment of the poor in his gardens, and the expenses of his stables were a thousand marks a year. He kept a standing table for gentlemen, and two others for persons of meaner condition, which were always served alike, whether he were in town or country. About his person he had people of distinction, inasmuch that he could reckon twenty gentlemen retainers, who had each 1,000*l.* a-year, and as many amongst his ordinary servants who were worth from 1,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* a piece. His charities were on a not less munificent scale, and in these he was fully seconded by his amiable wife. She was a daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, and proved the faithful companion of her husband in all his fortunes, from their first rise in the reign of Henry VIII., till their completion in that of Elizabeth. Nor was her learning—especially in Greek—less than her benevolence;—four times in every year she relieved all the poor prisoners for debt in London. She maintained for many years two scholars at St. John's College, Cambridge, and before her death perpetuated this charity by a grant of lands. She likewise gave to the Company of Haberdashers, in London, a sum to enable them to lend to six poor men 20*l.* a piece, and a similar charity of 20 marks to six poor people at Waltham and Cheshunt in Hertfordshire, besides other acts of kindness, that fully entitle her to the praises so lavishly bestowed on her memory by different writers.

Nor was Lord Burleigh's private character less estimable, however his public conduct may have subjected him to reproach. Certain it is that his loyalty and devotion to Elizabeth were unbounded, and her esteem for him was equally so. Whether Wimbledon manor-house was the scene of any of her Majesty's visits or not, it is certain that she frequently conferred that distinguished honour on Lord Burleigh, remaining four or five weeks at a time, at a cost to her loving subject that averaged between 2,000*l.* and 3,000*l.* each visit; and these visits were repeated twelve times.

Of these royal feasts it is scarcely possible to form any idea at the present day, as neither the style of the entertainment, nor the *etiquette* on these grand occasions, can easily be paralleled in modern times, for no one spoke to her Majesty without kneeling, and wherever she turned her eyes, every one fell on their knees. Her table was covered and served by noblemen, who neither approached, nor retired from it, without kneeling, and two of her ladies tasted every dish before presenting them to her, and then carried them to her, and offered them on their knees to her Majesty, where she sat apart on a dais, or throne.

In those days the Court, and upper classes, dined at noon, and supped at five or six o'clock in the evening. Silver plate was then both general and profuse—that left by Lord Burleigh, at his death, was valued at 42,000*l.* sterling; whilst, on the other hand, the use of knives was so little understood, that they were suspended from ladies' girdles with their purses, as ornaments of dress, in the beginning of the 16th century, and first used at table towards the end of Elizabeth's reign. Potatoes were not used till the second year of her successor, and forks were first brought from Italy in the seventh year of James (1610), though not generally

adopted till a considerable time afterwards. Our modern diners-out would not willingly dispense with any of these luxuries.

The quantities of meat, and other viands, provided, during these visits of Elizabeth, for her Majesty's use, almost surpass belief. But some idea of the extravagant expenditure may be formed from the supplies for her household, provided by the laws of purveyance, which imposed such intolerable burthens on the different counties of England, that at last she made a compromise, or agreement, with her subjects, settling the proportion each county should "yearly serve," in oxen, calves, &c. The amount for only one parish in Middlesex was thus rated:—"200 quarters wheat, 140 veals, 20 dozen geese, 10 dozen coarse capons, 20 dozen hens, 20 dozen pullets, 40 dozen chickens, 202 loads of hay, 180 loads of litter, 211 quarters and 2 bushels oats, and 200 loads of wood." The expenses of her Majesty's household amounted, at the end of her reign, to the sum of 55,000*l.* annually.

But feasting and good cheer were not the only amusements provided for the royal guest on these expensive visits to her subjects. It was customary to present the most costly gifts to Elizabeth, as well as to provide the different amusements in which she delighted. Her taste for theatrical exhibitions was such, that at Windsor Castle she had a private stage erected for the performance of plays, chiefly those of the immortal Shakspeare; and it is scarcely probable that similar entertainments should not have been equally at her command elsewhere. Chess was also in vogue at Court; and Shakspeare introduces that game in the *Tempest*. Elizabeth also made a present of a gold chess-queen to one of her courtiers. She was fond of music, and played on the virginals, but dancing appears to have been her favourite diversion, and Sir Christopher Hatton (Lord Burleigh's predecessor) owed much of her favour to his skill in that accomplishment, which gained for him the appellation of the Dancing Chancellor.

There is a curious picture still extant, representing "Lord Burleigh" playing at cards with three other persons, apparently of distinction, each having two rings on the same fingers of both their hands. The cards are marked, as at present, but are longer and narrower than modern cards. Eight of these lie on the table, with the blank sides uppermost, whilst four remain in the hand of each player, and heaps of gold and silver coin lie on the table. This picture originally belonged to the great and good Lord Falkland, and was painted by Zuccaro, who also took a likeness of Elizabeth. As the first Lord Burleigh is said to have entirely devoted his time to business and study, taking no diversion but that afforded by his gardens, of which he was both fond and proud, it is to be supposed that this painting was not his portrait, though mistaken for his, as was the ownership of the old manor-house of Wimbledon.

And there lies Wimbledon Common! how well do I remember, when a child, looking with awe and wonder at the working of the first huge shapeless telegraph erected there. And there, too, stood the gibbet, on which hung in chains the skeleton of the noted highwayman Abershawe—a spectacle more appalling to the innocence of childhood, than to the scared consciences of his own fraternity; for, at the period I allude to (some fifty years ago), highway robberies were so common in that neighbourhood, that I unconsciously witnessed, from a drawing-room window, one committed on Lord Onslow, whose carriage was stopped at 11 o'clock in the day by two highwaymen on horseback, in sight of the house I was in, and within call of several labourers who were at work in an adjoining field, and who, like me, believed it impossible to be a robbery at such an hour, and thought, as I did, that the young man in the red jacket, who was at the window of the chariot, was the postboy with Lord Onslow's letters. The highwaymen owed their safety to their hardihood,

and with good generalship effected their retreat, from the apparent impossibility of the undertaking.

But such little incidental excitements are now, and for ever, at an end. Macheath himself would scarcely step a carriage on the Company's railway; and, even if the veriest adept in the trade calculated on turning to his own advantage the celerity of the conveyance as a means of escape, one silent whisper passed by that immovable, almost invisible, telegraph that is suspended by the rail side, might anticipate the flight and prepare an unexpected greeting for his arrival. Picture to yourself the awe-struck murderer, who not long ago, at the end of many miles, found himself met by the details of a crime committed within the hour! The stings of conscience are not swifter than the detection which this invisible agency then produced—and, if the rapidity of the noisy mechanism of steam carriages is surprising, the motionless but instantaneous communication of the electric telegraph partakes of the sublime. This voice without sound—this mute hue and cry, is

"Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful! past all whooping!"

I can, however, see nothing now of Wimbledon common. Where is the mound of dead men's bones that once marked the site of a battle fought during the Saxon Heptarchy, in 568? And where is the well that once supplied the village of Wimbledon, and which was never known to freeze? And the fire-house on the edge of Putney-heath, (albeit in the manor of Wimbledon,) of which so many marvellous stories amused my infancy? Of this iron house the true history is, that it was built in 1776, by David Hartley, Esq., for the purpose of proving the efficacy of his invention for preserving houses from fire. The experiments were successful, and repeated several times in the reign of George III. before their majesties, the lord mayor and aldermen, and many other persons of distinction. Many of the spectators remained in perfect confidence and security in the room over that in which the fire was burning with great rapidity. An obelisk recording this invention was erected near the spot, on the anniversary of the great fire of London, Nov. 22, 1776.

But neither the little ugly iron house nor the obelisk are now to be seen—at least, by the flights of railway passengers. Houses and pleasure grounds alone are visible, and what was Wimbledon common is now studded with suburban villas and "genteel summer residences particularly adapted for small families," and especially contrasting the extensive locality of the Old Manor House.

But if the profuse expenditure of our ancestors on their mansions and establishments is now only to be found in the records of the antiquarian, we must not from thence conclude that the actual wealth of England at any time equalled what it amounts to at present, however the channel through which it flows may differ from the current of their days. A gentleman of a thousand pounds a year would not now consent to be the retainer even of a Lord Burleigh. But in one of the many houses which might be erected out of the materials of one old one, he probably would himself form the nucleus of another circle—perhaps become the founder of a future aristocracy. Nor are riches now confined, as formerly, to the sole possession of lands or tenements. From documents recently laid before Parliament, it appears that the personal property of this kingdom has increased during the last ten years at an average of forty-five millions sterling per annum; and a fact coeval with this enormous accession of wealth, if not in a great degree accounting for it, is in further evidence before the House of Commons, namely, that during the last twelve years sixty millions sterling have been invested in railways: whilst the impetus which must inevitably be given to all branches of trade and agriculture by the extraordinary circulation of money within Great Britain which these railways produce, may in some measure be calculated from the fact (taken at random from the rail-

way reports,) that on one alone of the many now in operation, viz. the Eastern Counties, for the week ending the 11th of October, 1844, the receipts amounted to 9363*l.* 12*s.*, and the number of passengers to 65,078.

In addition to the advantages of a free circulation of money, which must be felt by all the mercantile classes, another benefit arising from railways is the increased demand for labour which they occasion throughout Great Britain and Ireland. In the latter portion of the Empire, employment for the labouring poor—a circulation of specie and facility of communication from one part of the country to another—will, in all human probability, prove more effectual in the removal of that weight of poverty, and its consequences crime and disease, than any political measure that has ever been suggested for the amelioration of the Irish peasantry. Nor is it to be forgotten, that in proportion to the extent in which the use of machinery is made to supersede that of horses, so will be the quantity of land withdrawn from their support, and made applicable to the cultivation of food for man. In fine, the subject of railways affords occasion for reflection to all classes, from the politician to the mechanic; from the busiest merchant to the idlest traveller. Shakspeare, "fancy's child," in some of his wildest reveries, having "exhausted worlds and then imagined new," devised for one of his bewitching fairies, the task of placing a girdle round the earth in fifteen minutes. This dream of poetry may now be compared with the sober deductions of philosophy; and Dr. Lardner or Mr. Babbage's calculating machine alone, can prove—not what may be done, but what will be found impossible, when electricity, and magnetism, and steam, and locomotion are brought, by human skill and industry, to the highest perfection of which they are capable. At present, the Reports laid before Parliament prove that the rate of express trains varies from thirty-four to forty-eight miles an hour! Bishop Wilkins, in the days when the Royal Society first dawned, wrote an essay on How a man may fly to the Moon, in which he says—"If it be here inquired what means there may be conjectured for our ascending beyond the sphere of the earth's magnetical vigour, I answer: First, it is not perhaps impossible that a man may be able to fly with wings," &c. The worthy prelate should have consulted his contemporary, Lord Worcester, on steam,—and then the shroud of Aneas and Achaes might have been applied to their deeds, instead of to their speculations.

"A veil of thickened air around them cast,

That none might know—or see them as they pass'd."

But setting aside these and all similar visions, past and to come, it has been officially announced that the actual receipt of monthly traffic on the South Western Railway, from July to December, 1845, amounted to 201,522*l.*, and the amount derived for passengers during the same period to 183,072*l.* In this instance, truth is more wonderful than fiction.

VISIT TO THE SCHOOL FOR THE INDIGENT BLIND, ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS.

ONE of the most striking instances of advancement in what may be termed the *moral topography* of the metropolis is to be found in the past and present occupancy of the district, known to this day as Saint George's Fields, although they have long ceased to be *in rare*. In ages long past, they formed the centre of several Roman roads; and it was an important station of that great people, as is sufficiently attested by the discovery of coins, bricks, tessellated pavements, and other proofs of Roman civilisation. It is curious, however, to note, that

notwithstanding these indications of the early importance of St. George's Fields, it must have been a strangely neglected district; for, within the memory of persons living, it was probably one of the most Alsatian suburbs of the metropolis; where idleness and improvidence ran their short-lived round, and vice and crime succeeded, with their legion of misery and ruin. The place had, indeed, about it a sort of moral pestilence, corresponding with the natural swamp of the site. It was then the scene of low dissipation and debauchery; of Sabbath profanation, and knavery, and wickedness in their most odious forms. The reader will, doubtless, recollect it, in record at least, as the focus of "the Riots" of 1780; a fact sufficiently indicative of the bad character of the locality in the latter portion of the last century.

From generalities, however, let us descend to particulars. A considerable plot of ground was, at the above period, occupied as "the Dog and Duck" gardens, the resort of characters of the worst description, and thus stigmatized in one or more of the excellent Hannah More's tracts; "the Cheapside Apprentice," if we remember rightly. Upon this very site, at the present day, stand four palaces of philanthropy; four of the noblest institutions of which this country can boast; the Philanthropic Society, for the Reform of the Children of Vice; the Royal Hospital of Bethlehem, and the House of Occupation of Bridewell, and the School for the Indigent Blind. The philanthropist, as he surveys these "happy homes and havens," may reflect upon the vast amount of good which these institutions must have effected for the welfare of the metropolis and the country; and, in the boundary wall of Bethlehem, he may see the identity of the locality, a stone, sculptured with a dog and duck, the sign of the notorious gardens.

The infamy of the Dog and Duck gardens grew to so frightful a pitch, that they were, at length, closed by order of the magistracy, and the premises vacated. They were, however, shortly afterwards appropriated to a much better purpose. In the year 1799, the house was opened as a "School for the Indigent Blind," by a generous band of four gentlemen, Messrs. Ware, Bosunquet, Boddington, and Houlston. Its provision for some time after its establishment was for only fifteen blind persons. We remember the infant establishment in one of the tavern buildings: it did not, for a time, excite any extraordinary interest; for the public had not then fully acknowledged the truth of the benevolent Dr. Lettson's observation: "he who enables a blind person, without excess of labour, to earn his own livelihood, does him more real service than if he had pensioned him to a greater amount."

The institution, however, soon attracted the notice of philanthropists; and up to the close of 1805, had bequeathed to its fund legacies amounting to 500*l.*; and from this period, the stream of benevolence appeared to set in towards the objects of the establishment, in bequests of various amounts, ranging from 5*l.* to 10,000*l.*

At length, the site of the School was required by the City of London for the building of Bethlehem Hospital, the old structure in Moorfields being condemned for removal. A site of two acres was then allotted to the School, opposite the Obelisk, at the junction of the Surrey roads, and between the point formed by the meeting of the London and St. George's roads. The frontage was a plain eleva-

tion, with a bee-hive in its fascia, emblematic of the industrial education of the school. In 1826, the directors and friends of the institution were incorporated, under the title of "the President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Members of the School for the Indigent Blind;" the object of the establishment being "the reception, maintenance, and employment of blind persons in indigent circumstances;" the qualification of members being, a donation of ten guineas, or an annual subscription of one guinea; a larger amount entitling to a proportionately larger number of votes for the admission of candidates to the School. This act of incorporation gave fresh impetus to public sympathy; for, in the two years following, the bequests were numerous, and included three legacies of 500*l.* each, and one of 10,000*l.*, the latter by a "good Samaritan," James Tillard, Esq., through whose munificence are retained certain of the scholars who would otherwise be placed in a state of want and destitution. To commemorate such generosity, the persons so benefited are designated "Tillard's class."

The object of the institution, we may here explain, is the twofold education of the blind; "the imparting to them that religious knowledge, which shall set before them their duty to God and man, and render them wise unto salvation; and the instructing them in a trade, by which they may be able to provide, either wholly, or in part, for their future subsistence." The excellent result may be thus summed up.—"During a period of forty-five years, 336 persons, exclusive of those who have been placed on the permanent establishment, or died in the institution, as also of those who have been dismissed as incapable, or for misconduct, have been returned to their families, able to earn, according to their several abilities, from 6*s.* to 1*l.* 8*s.* per week. The number of pupils has increased from fifteen males, admitted in 1800, to seventy-five males, and seventy-six females; and a manufactory has been established, where articles made last year, entirely by the hands of the blind persons, were sold for 152*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.*—(*Account of the School,*) 1846.

A short time since, we devoted an afternoon to the inspection of this very interesting establishment; and the facts and impressions of our visit we will endeavour to convey to the reader. Nothing within the range of our own observation, has awakened in our mind a livelier satisfaction at the labours of the philanthropist to alleviate the burthens of suffering nature. We remember the institution from our childhood, and many a time and oft have our tender sympathies been excited by witnessing the sightless beings in their playgrounds; then, indeed, our eyes were "dimmed with childish tears" at what we considered an afflicted condition of almost abject helplessness. Our subsequent visits to the school have, however, dispelled these false impressions, and have convinced us that although blindness must still be considered, comparatively, as "an afflictive mutilation," benevolence has, with her blessed light, so bettered the condition of the sufferers, that they are no longer—

"From the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank."

Evidence of this consolatory fact is open to the public, who are invited to visit the School, and

witness the pupils at work, at stated periods. In thus courting publicity, the Committee of the School have largely contributed to its success; and it will be a delightful "recompense of reward," if the details of our visit be the means of inducement to others to visit the establishment, and there test, by their own observation, the nature and extent of its benefits.

We entered by the handsome iron gate of the eastern wing. In the first room to the right of the gateway were several females, of various ages, seated at a table; some of them knitting, others at needlework, and a few unoccupied. They were uniformly dressed in dark stuff gowns, and printed cotton handkerchiefs over their shoulders. They were quiet, and to all appearance contented; some had the full bloom of health, and replied to questions with much vivacity. Visitors are strictly enjoined not to express their compassion within the pupils' hearing, an injunction we had some difficulty in complying with; for, notwithstanding all that humane ingenuity has devised towards making up for the loss of sight, the first glance at the sufferers can scarcely fail to quicken our sympathies; the blank of the "sightless balls" is painfully affecting, and it is not until you become better acquainted with the *inmost* condition of the blind that you become sensible of their cheerful frame of mind, which fits them for the full enjoyment of society; and we soon acknowledge, with Mr. Alston, that "though labouring under disadvantages, at first appearance insurmountable, we find that the sense of hearing is very acute in blind persons, which enables them, from oral information, to analyse and compare, and arrive at conclusions more or less correct; while their retentive memory and other powers of mind all contribute to their stores of knowledge, so that by these united means, they become well informed on subjects of general interest."

The correctness of these inferences was strikingly evident upon our entering a large work-room upon the ground floor, where females were employed in knitting stockings, and needlework; in spinning, in making household linen, and body-linen, for the pupils; in netting bags and reticules of silk, &c., and in fine basket-making; most of these employments involving retentiveness of memory and uniformity of operation, apparently incompatible with a state of blindness. There is a machine adapted to the use of blind persons, for making sash-lines, clock and clothe's-lines, of a peculiar construction, which have been patented; the sash-lines, especially, have been approved of by builders of the first eminence. It is important to notice these points, lest it should be imagined that the manufactured articles are clumsily made; whereas they are in many respects superior to goods of their class. At one end of the room is a glazed case, in which are a variety of fancy baskets, baby-hoods, bags, purses, watch-pockets, and other articles of tasteful design, both as regards colour and make; in short, such as are contributed by the ladies to "charity bazaars," and are among the labours of the drawing-room. These elegancies are offered for sale to visitors, at very moderate prices.

The women and girls are ranged on each side of the long room, and as we walked down the apartment, the busy hum of their industry gave a cheerful air to the scene. At the suggestion of the superintendent, a choir of the women sang a hymn

in a correct and impressive manner; the workers in other parts of the room joining in the chorus. Some of the women were matronly, of middle age, and remarkably active; but here might be seen one or two advanced in life, and upon whom the affliction had fallen heavily, and whose demeanour reminded one of the querulous king:—

"All dark and comfortless!

* * * * *

Shut from the living, while among the living!
Dark as the grave amidst the bustling world!
At once from business and from pleasure barr'd!
No more to view the beauty of the Spring!
Nor see the face of kindred or of friend."

These cases were, however, the exceptions, and altogether rare. The majority of the women evinced remarkable quickness in superintending the pupils. Among the latter were some of nature's fairest children, cast in her finest moulds:

"Softness and sweetest innocence,
Like Nature in the world's first Spring."

There is something inexpressibly touching in the fair perfection of blind beauty!

From the girl's work-room we passed, between a range of apartments for the officers of the institution, to the boys' work-room, corresponding in size and position to the girls' room. In the former were several men and boys, employed in making wicker baskets, cradles, hampers, &c. Here, as in the girls' room, each person has his place on one of the two sides of the room, the centre being left clear and open. Above each worker, or nearly so, was hung a fiddle, reminding us of the invariable fondness of the blind for music; a degree of taste and feeling which would almost seem to have been given to them to guard against the melancholy which a sense of their privation might otherwise give rise to. The males were cheerful in their employment; and their work appeared to be well-executed. In an adjoining room, several were working at brown and white rope door-mats, neatly bordered with coloured work, and worsted rugs for hearths, carriages, &c. These articles are invariably well made, and the mats of "the Blind School" have been for many years known among housewives as proverbially more lasting than those generally manufactured. Another branch of the men's work may be mentioned here: this is shoe-making, which is mostly carried on in a room at the extremity of the western wing. Here are made the shoes for the inmates of the school; and slippers, &c., for sale. We saw here an aged pupil, who has been many years in the institution, and who has been long maintained here to superintend the shoemakers.

After inspecting the ground floor, we ascended to the upper story, where the educational business of the institution is principally carried on; as the lower floor is mostly appropriated to the industrial operations. In one of the large upper rooms, a number of boys were seated at a long desk, the teacher of reading taking one of the ends. This intelligent officer received his appointment about six years since, during which time, the progress of the pupils under his care has been satisfactory to the committee, as well as to those visitors who have, from time to time, made the necessary observations. Different systems of reading are taught, but that by raised or embossed letters, according to the plan of Mr. Alston, of Glasgow, is preferred by the committee. We examined three

or four of the boys in the New Testament, printed by this method; their proficiency was various: one read verses from the Epistles uninterruptedly, and with good emphasis and intelligence; another stumbled and failed to keep his fingers on the line; a third read somewhat more distinctly, &c. It should, however, be added, that the male pupils, generally, are reluctant to receive this instruction, as they think it will deprive them of acquiring a knowledge of the trade by which they are likely to be benefited on leaving the School. This will, in some measure, explain the moderate success of this branch of instruction in the establishment. The attempt to teach reading and writing was first made here in June, 1831, by Mr. Gall, under the most promising auspices; and the reader who is anxious to pursue the subject further, will find some very interesting details in Mr. Gall's "Origin and progress of Literature for the Blind." It may be as well to remind the reader that the proficiency of all blind pupils depends greatly upon whether they could read before they lost their sight, and whether they have been blind from their infancy, or never acquainted with letters.

We have already adverted to the fondness of blind persons for music, in noticing the violins hung up in the men and boys' working-room. The great accuracy of the ear, it is well known, gives to the blind a corresponding advantage in music; they depend entirely upon this sensitiveness, and hence they harmonise so well together, and keep such perfect accord in time, that Paganini, after listening to some pieces performed by the pupils of an institution for the blind, in Paris, declared that he never before had an adequate notion of what harmony was.

Many of the pupils, both male and female, at the St. George's Fields' School, have evinced similar taste and aptness for music; and hence, they are instructed in it, not as a mere amusement, but with a view to engagements as organists and teachers of psalmody. This instruction is given in the upper rooms, where an organ and piano-fortes are provided; we heard some of the pupils play, and more than one were competent to play or teach singing in any church or chapel.

It was not a little interesting to witness the taste and feeling with which the players executed several pieces of music; as well as the delight which the practice evidently afforded them. Every year, an opportunity is given them for a public display of their abilities, in a concert of sacred music, the proceeds of which are added to the funds of the institution. This performance usually takes place in October, in the chapel, or music room, a tastefully designed apartment which occupies the centre of the first floor. It is divided into four sections by archways, which support the tower; in the centre division to the front, immediately under the tower is placed the organ; on each side of which are ranged seats for the inmates of the establishment. The remainder, forming the largest compartment, is occupied by seats for the public; and in the centre, opposite the organ, is placed the reading desk. The ceiling is flat, formed into pannels by moulded ribs, with bosses at their intersections, the ends next the wall resting on brackets supported by corbels. The whole is grained in imitation of oak, and has a very pleasing effect, harmonizing well with the character of the building.

The religious instruction of the pupils may

here mention, is most carefully attended to: the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament, as well as the Liturgy, have been printed in embossed letters for this purpose, and the chaplain to the institution attends three times, at the least, in every week. The comforts and advantages thus afforded to the pupils are inestimable, since, by this means, they are enabled to acquire information for themselves, to "make their burthen easy," and, "to hold communion with their God in the perusal of his Holy Word."

In every portion of the establishment, we were much gratified with the neatness, extreme order, and cleanliness, in many instances exceeding the keeping of a private house. In the ground-floor apartments, as the work-rooms, which are most used, there was no indication of slovenliness; and in the bed-rooms, to use a familiar phrase, you may "dine off the floor."

We have already explained the origin and objects of this excellent institution, generally. It may, however, aid the good work to state that the pupils are clothed, boarded, lodged, and instructed. The applicants must not be under ten years of age, and not exceeding twenty-five; and none who have a greater degree of sight than will enable them to distinguish light from darkness, can be placed on the list of candidates. It has been found that pupils between the ages of twelve and eighteen have derived the greatest benefit from the school instruction. If they be in extreme indigence, they will, probably, be but little benefited by what is taught them; because the value of the instruction they may have received, will, when they leave the School, chiefly depend upon their means of carrying on the trade which they have learned. The pupils, we should add, regularly receive as pocket money, a part of their earnings; and when they leave the institution, a sum of money, and a set of tools for their respective trades are given to them.

Amidst the hundreds of benevolent foundations which constitute the highest worth of this vast metropolis, it would scarcely be possible to point to an establishment more important in its objects, or more complete in its provisions for carrying them out, than is "the School for the Indigent Blind." The munificence of those "who enjoy the luxury of doing good" has proved how extensively the great design has been appreciated from its first opening; and we can hardly picture any scheme of philanthropy worthier of public support than that which removes an afflicted class from a life of sorrow, indolence, and repining at their infirmities, to a scene of cheerful employment, and moral and religious culture; in short, from darkness, moral as well as physical, to the brightness of human excellence. It has long been proved that the blind possess unusual degrees of certain perceptions, a sort of benign compensation for their great privation; and to nurture betimes this capacity for active pursuits, is one of the noblest exercises of superior means and intelligence. With such an extended sphere of utility, and fostered by royal patronage, and the wisdom-tempered presidency of the Primate of all England, we trust, "the School for the Indigent Blind" will long flourish as a monument of the Christian spirit of the age.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE COUNTRY.

CHAP. V.¹

"Mrs. Barlow," asked Agnes, "have you ever read Mrs. Lester's School?"

"Yes, Agnes, I have read Laura's favourite book, and I am sure you are thinking of the little girl who would not have anything but grass and daisies in her country garden, because nothing else grew in the Drapers' Gardens in London; for I never read that tale without being strongly reminded of my own childhood. Indeed I know few books which charm both old and young as that book does."

"Well," said Frederic, "I really begin to see a herbal may become 'un veritable souvenir.' Sophia's next drawing is of a very small bright green plant, which she calls the Golden Saxifrage; whose younger days will that bring to light?"

"I claim that flower as my own memorandum," replied Sophia, "but it is not the very next flower in the portfolio; for you have overlooked a saxifrage which outshines them all,—the Saxifraga Hirculus, or Yellow Marsh Saxifrage."

"It joins delicacy of form to splendour of colour," remarked Rosaline, "for nothing can be more elegant than its gay golden flowers, which are enriched in the inside by numerous spots of a deeper tint. It is a rare plant, and has its native seat on bleak and high stations, which we north-country people call fells;—the shoulder of some mountain, where boggy spots are found; and it requires great care and attention to preserve it in more sheltered places. It is one of the many flowers 'born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air;' or rather its beauty, for sweetness it has none to waste."

"Now then, Sophia, what have you to say for this little flower?"

"I love it because it always seems to me a type of 'Green Erin,' and is as much associated in my mind with Ireland as the shamrock can be in that of her true-born sons."

"Is it like the shamrock?"

"The true shamrock seems as difficult to find as the origin of the round towers, around which it is said to flourish; but this certainly is not like the leaves worn on 'St. Patrick's day in the morning.'"

"It is very unlike the other saxifrages."

"It is not a saxifrage, but of the saxifrage tribe. Its botanical name is Chrysosplenium, which word is derived, I believe, from two Greek words, signifying gold and the spleen, and refers to its medicinal qualities. Yet, even this name has to me a different signification in its sound, for it so nearly resembles that of the precious stone Chrysoprasus, whilst its bright yellow-green hue is also like that stone, that I jumble in my mind Chrysosplenium and Chrysoprasus, and emeralds and the Emerald Isle in bright and inextricable confusion."

"Upon my word, Sophia," exclaimed Cyril, "you do make a most confused affair of it. Can you not give a more clear account?"

"Oh, yes. I can account for it myself, because the actual association of ideas is with the day when I first saw this humble beauty spread in luxuriant profusion on the Dublin mountains, when I was with my father in Ireland two years ago."

"In Ireland! You are a greater traveller than I had supposed, Sophia. Do tell me something of Ire-

land," asked Justine. "What took you to the mountains?"

"It was one of the many excursions kindly planned for me by our good friends, Dr. and Mrs. Gordon, with whom I was staying; and one of the pleasantest. There was no show place to be seen, but much natural beauty, as wild as if it had been ninety instead of nine miles from the city. After passing through the interminable rows of Jane-villes and Ann-villes, Larch-villes without a larch, and Elm-courts with nothing higher than a shrub near them; and admiring for the twentieth time the grandiloquent conceit of Rathgar Castle Cottage, as the name was placed in large letters before a castellated building of one story high, we came into a more rural district, where the April sun was shining on a green more lovely and more vivid than any I had ever seen before. Presently the road became more and more wild, now rising over a stony bank, which would have shaken to pieces any but Irish springs, now descending into a little valley threaded by a brawling brook, through which Tommy, the horse, dashed with an impetuosity which seemed to justify his master's partial assurance that he knew he was taking us to a charming spot. The last sign of civilization seemed past; and I think that last sign was a broken cart placed between two falling gate-posts, as a substitute for the absent gate."

"And a very clever contrivance too," said Mr. Barlow. "Some people would call it very Irish; but I fear slovenly farming is not altogether confined to that country; and if our eyes were as much upon the look out at home as abroad, we might make discoveries there which strike us as peculiar when seen in another land."

"I have frequently remarked this propensity to comment upon things from home, which at home would pass without notice," added Mrs. Loraine, "and thought it but a variation of the same propensity which leads us to see in other individuals those faults which self-love prevents us from detecting in our own mind and character—an illustration of that spirit which our blessed Saviour reproves in those who would pluck out the mote from their brother's eye, yet see not the beam in their own eye."

"I was much struck with this during my Irish visit," replied Sophia; "and the pretty Chrysosplenium taught me also the folly of admiring in strangers those amiable qualities which too often pass unappreciated in the dear circle at home; for it is to be found in our own neighbourhood; yet I had overlooked it here to be charmed with it far away."

"But beauty and amiability should charm us wherever we find them," remarked Justine; "and perhaps the plant was in greater beauty there, or in greater luxuriance, and thus forced itself upon your notice. But pray continue your account of your excursion, for I have much curiosity to know what is to be found in the inside of an Irish cabin. Did you contrive to get into one?"

"Oh yes! our friend Tommy at length drew us up a rocky pass called the Breeks of Balinascoreney, where we once more saw a few cottages, or cabins, of a very humble description, to be sure, but not of the lowest class. At one of these we begged accommodation for ourselves and our horse, which was very cheerfully granted by the good-looking mistress. Mrs. Gordon remained with her to rest, whilst the Doctor and I gratified our aspiring natures by ascending nearly to the summit of the hill, for which trouble we were rewarded by a most lovely view. Mountains and rocks below us formed the foreground of the picture, and bounded it on the south. Before us, westward, lay the city of Dublin and part of its lovely bay, the blue waters laving the shore as gently as if caressing the thing they loved; whilst to the north was another range of grassy hills, over which peeped the faint grey outline of Slieve Donard, at the distance of sixty miles. Nothing could be more lovely! The very remembrance of the pure air and brilliant sunshine is renewed enjoyment!"

"I love to hear Sophia recount the pleasures of the fresh air," said her father, "for the task always brings again the glow to her cheeks, and fills her with gratitude for so cheap a blessing, reminding me of what Wordsworth says,—

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

"I do love to see the love of Nature my children's first love."

"Not our very first love either: that must have been yours and my n...'. I almost feel ashamed to say our enjoyment of the beauties of nature was interrupted by 'the keen demand of appetite'; and on re-entering the cabin we were not a little pleased to see how well Mrs. Gordon's handy fingers had spread the table for us; and in addition to the contents of our travelling-basket, the hostess had supplied a profusion of fresh eggs, which she roasted in the embers, and pressed upon us with true Irish hospitality."

"But was not the place too dirty for you to enjoy anything?"

"Indeed, it was not. I own it was not quite a drawing-room; but the furniture was good and clean, and the dresser displayed nice delf and other comforts, though there was a mud floor, and the ceiling merely consisted of the furze which supported the thatch, whilst a large brood of fowls had undisputed possession of one corner of the room, where they kept flying up and down from a beam which was over a good store of fuel and potatoes. I was laughed at for my nicety in chasing the fowls out of the cabin before I sat down to dinner; but I redeemed my character by patting two large dogs which stationed themselves beside us, and begged for a share in our good things."

"Certainly this could not be called a wretched Irish cabin."

"Oh no! it belonged to one of the class of respectable farmers. Two or three children, who came in from school, were tolerably well clothed; and the good master soon made his appearance with his horse, cart, and eldest daughter, a very pretty girl, whose black eyes gave us many furtive glances, and who amused me greatly by the mixture of archness, cunning, and simplicity, with which she contrived to draw me away from the party, under the pretext of showing me a view I had not seen, and then blushing, and smiling, and curtseying, asked me how I liked Ireland. 'And sure,' she added, 'your ladyship don't dislike the Irish—sure you would not object to taking an Irish servant; and I would so like to go with you to England—it would be such improvement to learn the good, tidy, English ways. Oh, I would like much to go —'"

"Well, Sophia, why did you not bring her? I wonder you could have the heart to refuse!" exclaimed Charles. "Just imagine old Watson having a wild Irish girl to teach. The very exercise of scolding her would cure the rheumatism."

"I felt quite sorry to crush poor Bridget's hope, wild as it was," said Sophia; "and turned homewards with regret."

"How long did your regret last, Sophia, after you got into the April sunshine?" asked Mr. Lorraine. "I suspect hardly as long as an April shower?"

"The sea breeze wafted it all away as we walked down the heights of Ballinacorney, where each side of the road was a treasury of spring flowers—primroses, cowslips, wood-anemones, oxalis, and hairy...; and where, close by a trickling rill, I discovered... chryso-

plenium, its most minute golden flowers absolutely glittering in their tiny nooks at the foot of each green leaf. I never saw anything so cheerful as its aspect; and, with the help of a knife from the basket store, I ladened the carriage with a mass of its verdure, and with numerous roots of cowslips and primroses for Mrs. Gordon's garden. The very plant from which that drawing was made, was one which I brought home; so I hope, Frederick, my long story has apologised for the favour with which I regard my gem from the Emerald Isle."

"It has really been rather a long story," said Mrs. Lorraine. "Poor Little Laura has been looking sleepy for the last quarter of an hour, but in reply to her mamma's signal for retiring, begs to hear the evening's charade before she goes."

"Yes, please," said Laura; "do let me stay, and try to guess it; and, first, let Sophia tell us what the Golden Saxifrage is good for?"

"I am afraid it is good for nothing but to look pretty," answered Sophia; "at least, in the present day, in spite of its name, it is not used by the herbalists; but it is one of the many proofs which flowers afford of the overflowing bounty of Him who has spread beauty over the lowly places of the earth, and gives cheerfulness and peace to many a humble and lowly heart."

"Now then, my dear mother," said Cyril, "if you will hand me the charade, Laura shall read it herself—though it looks rather a long one." And, drawing the little girl to him, gave her the following:—

By what shall we my First pourtry?

Call it gloomy, call it gay,

Call it wretched, call it grand,

The shame and glory of our land.

Seat of learning, round of pleasure,

Haunt of vice, and store of treasure;

Into whose vast bosom pours

Exhaustless wealth from farthest shores,

Yet, in the darkness of her breast,

Hides grief by poverty oppress.

Morning views not ought so fair

As the bright things which glitter there;

Nor does the night her shadow throw

O'er scenes of deeper guilt and woe.

And here, with gorgeous panoply,

Of comes my Second sweeping by;

Yet not the less will shrink aside

In dim obscurity to hide.

Some say it was not made for man,

And yet, deny it if you can,

In all, suppress it as we may,

'Twill sometimes struggle into day;

And gentlest minds may own its thrall,

Whilst those whom it would high install

Will find it oft may have a fall.

My First has many a gilded dome

Where finds my Second sitting home;

My First has many a humble shed

Where my bright whole may rear her head,

Tended by humble hands with care,

And pining for a purer air.

My pretty Whole! 'Tis Nature's child

Lurking within the woodlands wild,

A dweller on the lonely rock,

And yet, amid the city's smoke,

To the spent artisan 'twill bring

Remembrance of life's gay spring,

And from the town's close dirty lane

Allure his memory back again

To early scenes, till from his eye

The gloomy buildings seem to fly,

And childhood's home his heart will bless

Amidst the city's wilderness.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

LONGEVITY OF THE TORTOISE.

In the library of Lambeth Palace is the shell of a tortoise, brought there in 1623. It lived till 1730, and was then accidentally killed. Another, in the palace at Fulham, procured by Bishop Laud in 1628, died in 1759. Tortoises are proverbial for their longevity; one at Peterborough lived 220 years.—*Sir Richard Phillips*.

CUNNING OF THE FOX.

WHEN living in Ross-shire, I went one morning in July, before daybreak, to endeavour to shoot a stag, who had been complained of very much by an adjoining farmer, as having done great damage to his crops. Just after it was daylight, I saw a large fox come very quietly along the edge of the plantation in which I was concealed; he looked with great care over the turf wall into the field, and seemed to long very much to get hold of some hares that were feeding in it, but apparently knew that he had no chance of catching one by dint of running; after considering a short time, he seemed to have formed his plans, and having examined the different gaps in the wall by which the hares might be supposed to go in and out, he fixed upon the one that seemed the most frequented, and laid himself down close to it in an attitude like a cat watching a mouse-hole. Cunning as he was, he was too intent on his own hunting to be aware that I was within twenty yards of him with a loaded rifle, and able to watch every movement he made; I was much amazed to see the fellow so completely outwitted, and kept my rifle ready to shoot him if he found me out and attempted to escape. In the mean time I watched all his plans: he first, with great silence and care, scraped a small hollow in the ground, throwing up the sand as a kind of screen between his hiding-place and the hares' mouset. Every now and then, however, he stopped to listen, and sometimes to take a most cautious peep into the field; when he had done this, he laid himself down in a convenient posture for springing on his prey, and remained perfectly motionless, with the exception of an occasional reconnoitre of the feeding hares. When the sun began to rise, they came one by one from the field to the cover of the plantation; three had already come in without passing by his ambush; one of them came within twenty yards of him, but he made no movement beyond crouching still more flatly to the ground. Presently two came directly towards him; though he did not venture to look up, I saw by an involuntary motion of his ears that those quick organs had already warned him of their approach: the two hares came through the gap together, and the fox, springing with the quickness of lightning, caught one and killed her immediately; he then lifted up his booty and was carrying it off like a retriever, when my rifle ball stopped his course by passing through his backbone, and I went up and dispatched him. After seeing this I never wondered again as to how a fox could make a prey of animals much quicker than himself, and apparently quite as cunning.—*Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands, by Charles St. John, Esq.*

THE BEAUTY OF THE SKY.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of

man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, as far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great black ugly rain cloud were broken up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again until next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. But instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure.—*Modern Painters*.

THE CAPTAIN MASTERED.

Another of our skipper's stories was the finding a vessel yawing about in a most fearful way, steering wild. He at first determined to give her a wide berth, but afterwards thought he would inquire the longitude. He therefore hailed her, "What ship is that?" "The Samuel Walker." "Where are you from?" "From Bosting, down east." "Who commands her?" "Why, I undertuk her, but I swear she is too much for me."—*Echoes from the Backwoods*.

I have often been astonished at the softness in which other minds seem to have passed their day: the ripened pasture and clustering vineyards of imagination: the mental arcadia in which they describe themselves as having loitered from year to year. Yet, can I have faith in this perpetual Claude Lorraine pencil—this undying verdure of the soil—this gold and purple suffusion of the sky—those pomps of the palace and the pencil with their pageants and nymphs, giving life to their landscape; while mine was a continual encounter with difficulty, a continual summons to self-control?—A march, not unlike that of the climber up the side of Etna; every step through ruins, the vestiges of former conflagrations; the ground I trode, rocks that had once been flame; every advance a new trial of my feelings or my fortitude; every stage of the ascent leading me, like the traveller, into a higher region, of sand or ashes; until, at the highest, I stood in a circle of eternal frost, with all the rich and human landscape below fading away in distance, and looked down only on a gulph of fire.—*Marston*.

THE Chinese proverb says, "A lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide."—*Hochelaga*.

THE noblest part of a friend is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors. He that tells me of a fault, aiming at my good, I must think him wise and faithful; wise, in spying that which I see not; faithful, in a plain admonishment, not tainted with flattery.—*Feltham's Resolves*.

It is startling to reflect that all the time and energy of a multitude of persons of genius, talent and knowledge, is expended in endeavours to demonstrate each others' errors."—*Liebig*.

N.B. The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; covers for binding, with table of contents, may be ordered of any Bookseller.

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The Haunted Moor.

Translated from Langbein.

BY EMMA MARTIN.

THE night was dark, and o'er the gable
The storm broke with its wintry power,
The good old man read in the Bible,
And, seven! struck the old church tower.
"Oh Heaven!" cried Ellen, paler growing,
"Struck seven! and George is not here!
He lost his way this dark night's blowing!
How throbs my anxious heart with fear!"

The Forester the wide heath over
Bore her betrothed Bridegroom's name,
Her heart beat joy to meet her lover
Whene'er the gallant youngster came;
Last year saw every evening bringing,
At sunset, George to greet the Maid,
But now, when evening chimes were ringing
Five! it was dark, and yet he stayed.

Poor Ellen ran out to the meeting,
And soon returned—with 'wildered eye
And breathless haste her father greeting—
Into the farm-house tremblingly.
"Oh help!" she cried, "a mournful wailing
Comes from the reedy waters dun!
'Tis George—he cries—his strength is failing—
Oh father! haste! to save your son!"

The old man looked up and shook lightly
His hoary locks, "My child! thou know'st
An hundred years there wandered nightly,
Just there, the noble Gertrude's Ghost.
Astray at night among the marshes
Her horses and her carriage sank,
The Countess o'er the moor still paces,
And warns the traveller from the bank."

"Oh! ere his heart break! come!" cried Ellen,
"And speak not of an idle tale!
His cries upon my ear were swelling!
Could I to know his accents fail?"
Yet, trusting to the village saying—
Though on her knees she begged—in doubt
Sato Martin yet, his help delaying,
And in despair she hurried out.

"Oh help!" she cried at every dwelling,
"A man is drowning in the lake!
He groans—oh! list the tale I'm telling—
I ask it for our Saviour's sake!"
Yet—as were all in league united—
"It were but so much labour lost."
They stupid said—her misery slighted—
"Tis nothing but the Lady's ghost."

"Oh God!" she cried, her arms extending,
"No heart of rock would aid allow—
Thou—who art Love—let that, descending,
Give me the strength to save him now!"
Then quickly felt she that a fountain
Of courage in her breast arose,
And swiftly rushed she 'neath the mountain,
Whence still the wild lamenting goes.

The old man in the house felt dreary
As all the world upon him lay,
And through the fields he hastened, weary,
That stormy winter's night away.
He called 'midst roaring wind and water
On Ellen's name an hundred times,
But 'stead of his beloved daughter
There answered only echo-chimes.

The village his lamentings raising,
The men all now to rescue throng—
And twenty torches' light was blazing
At midnight all the Pool along.
There found they—horror all surpassing!
Close to the shore, in sedges wide,
Their stiffened bodies yet embracing
Whom death itself could not divide.

White as a spectre with his sorrow
Sank Martin in his neighbours' arms,
And this disastrous night no morrow,
No joy from memory ever charms.
A grey stone, with two doves abiding,
The country mason's labours gave,
With—"Flee from Superstition's guiding!
That laid them in their early grave."

THE CINQUE PORTS.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF SANDWICH.

"As generations come and go,
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow;
Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,
And feeble, of themselves, decay."

WORDSWORTH.

BEFORE commencing our notices of this once celebrated but now almost unknown town, it may be advisable briefly to allude to the physical changes which time has produced on the coast on which Sandwich once lay, and in the island (Thanet) on which it so closely abuts.

The river dividing Thanet from the continent of Kent fell into the sea at Sandwich, and was called the Stour, and this (or rather another stream which flowed into it), winding to the north-west so as to form the island, reached the sea again near Reculver, where it was called formerly the Yenlade, but afterwards, as the waters began to fail, it was known by the appropriate appellation of *Wantsume*, a name which it still retains. At both these mouths the sea rushed freely, and flowed entirely round the island, forming, as we have said, a broad estuary, which offered a safe and inviting passage for ships of the largest burthen, and was indeed the accustomed route from France to London. The water at the narrowest part was upwards of a mile and a half in width, and in some places four miles.

The wasting of these waters, and the decay of the channel, would in all likelihood have been progressing for many years before the circumstance was noted, but the alteration had become quite visible in Bede's time. The Stour was neither so wide nor so rapid as it had been; the Yenlade was beginning to be known as the Wantsume; and the proprietors were inadvertently adding to the mischief, by securing those lands from which the sea had retired, from the possibility of being again overflowed.

At the time this estuary was as we have described it at first, the lands along the course of the river which now are luxuriant pasture were of course beneath the waters, which also flowed over the low grounds almost as far as Canterbury; and on the coast from Ramsgate to Deal extended one broad bay, the tides of which washed the foot of the hill on which Richborough Castle stands, now two miles inland. Ebbsfleet, where a narrow creek ran inland, was a common and convenient landing place, and the site of the present town of

Sandwich was under the waves.

It was probably as a successor to or substitute for Richborough, when the sea retiring from it destroyed its utility as a port, that Sandwich was built, on ground also redeemed from the ocean. It was built along the southern margin of the river Stour, and on the sea sands, as its name *Sond-wic* or *Sondwych* fully testifies; and this title also evidences its Saxon origin. The name first occurs in history about the year A.D. 664. The town was also called Lundenwich, as lying in the way, or rather being the usual passage, to London.

From the time of its origin, the property of this town was vested in the reigning monarch, until the year A.D. 979, when King Ethelred gave it to Christchurch in Canterbury to the use of the monks, free from all secular service and fiscal tribute except the repelling invasions, and the repairing of bridges and castles. King Knute confirmed, or rather (for all the property of the island was his by conquest) renewed this gift, after having partly rebuilt and considerably improved the town. William the Conqueror, and Henry the Second, confirmed to the monks of Christchurch all their liberties and customs in Sandwich. But in the reign of Edward the First, these reverend proprietors gave up to the king a chief proportion of their rights in exchange for land in another part of Kent: and, the reservations made in this agreement being found practically inconvenient, a further compromise was made in the reign of Edward the Third, whereby the monks ceded all their rights, privileges, and possessions in the town and port of Sandwich.

It was in Edward the Confessor's reign, who resided here for a considerable time, that Sandwich was made a Cinque Port, and it has always ranked next to Hastings in precedency. It was first incorporated by Edward the Third, and the meeting by which the Mayor is annually elected is convened by the blast of a brass horn of great antiquity, which is sounded before the house of every one qualified to vote. All municipal elections, decrees, &c. are made by the corporate body assembled by the blast of this ancient horn.

Some of these ancient laws are amusing. In 1493 it was decreed that a person refusing to take a particular office, to which he was appointed by the meeting, should not be permitted to bake or brew, or that, if he did bake or brew, the Commons might seize the bread and beer, and apply it to their own use. We can hardly in these days understand how very awkward a predicament this must have been, when beer shops and public bake-houses were not.

Another decree of about the same period was that no person be elected a jurat, who has not dwelt and kept house in the town a year and a day, *he and his wife together*. A general law of this kind might become a national benefit; or would it not rather perhaps in these days become the nucleus of another league to agitate for repeal!

Sandwich seems gradually to have increased in wealth and consequence from the time when, from the decay of the Portus Rutupinus (Richborough), it became a substitute for, and successor to, that celebrated haven, though, like other towns on this coast, it suffered at times fearfully from the ravages of the Danes. But the inhabitants made a spirited, and not unfrequently a successful, opposition to these pirates. To enter into any detailed account of these times, would merely be to multiply

descriptions of cruelty, always disgusting and never profitable. Pass we therefore over them. Rather would we assist the over-proud and over-zealous yet well-intentioned Bishop and Martyr, St. Thomas à Becket in his flight, when after a close concealment of many days at Eastry, he passed hastily through Sandwich, and, leaving the town by the Fishers' Gate, embarked in a small fishing boat which had been secretly hired for him, and landed at Gravelines the same evening. Or gladly would we join the throng who are so eagerly crowding towards the quay just six years afterwards, to welcome the Prelate on his return to his home, and to escort him with honour through the Canterbury Gate.

But a few years pass, and a still more illustrious exile, a crowned and lion-hearted king, steps on the quay at Sandwich, amid the deafening acclamations of his subjects, assembled from every quarter four miles around, to obtain a glance of the brave monarch, who, on his return from the Holy Wars, was betrayed by the guile of the cowardly Duke of Austria, and, in defiance of every feeling of chivalry and honour, was by him cast into a dungeon. For months he languished there, and, as every body knows, the place of his confinement was discovered by a faithful minstrel. He was at length released, finished his journey safely, and is now treading his own soil, breathing his native air. Loud, deafening, are the heartfelt shouts that greet him, splendid the carriage prepared for him, magnificent the *cortège* which awaits him. But he withdraws from all; declines all honours, all state, all parade, and in humble guise and on foot, he proceeds from Sandwich to Canterbury, there to offer before the High Altar rich gifts and oblations, and the more acceptable sacrifice of a heart softened by gratitude for the perils he had escaped. This paramount duty performed, Richard "is himself again."

Many such scenes of thrilling interest the annals of Sandwich bear witness to, and many passages of a highly chivalric nature occurred here, for, as we have said, this town ranked second among the Cinque Ports. At first it furnished only five ships to the general quota, but so rapid was its advance in wealth and importance, that, various alterations being made from time to time in the allotments according to the varying circumstances of the Ports, instead of five, Sandwich was shortly taxed to the amount of ten ships and a half. It is said to have been the first place in England where ships were built.

Sandwich was very often the rendezvous for fleets which were especially commanded by the king in person; and this was particularly the case in the reign of the chivalrous Edward III. Indeed, during all the French wars of these times, it was the accustomed rendezvous of the fleets and armies, and the most usual place of embarkation and debarkation. It is said by some authors, that, after the battle of Poitiers, when the Black Prince threw his former laurels into insignificance by the bright ones he gathered there, he landed at Sandwich,¹ with his royal prisoners, John, King of France, and Philip, the monarch's youngest son, a promising youth of fourteen, who had fought bravely at his father's side, and yielded his sword at the same time.

While in the zenith of glory and prosperity,

(1) Some authors say Plymouth.

while vigorously engaged in commerce, and while the favourite rendezvous and port for kings and armies to sojourn and embark, Sandwich was also rich in those charitable institutions which at all times illumine and sanctify worldly pomp, but which formed a peculiar feature of those times of rude pomp and barbaric splendour.

In early times the bishop of a diocese was taxed with the care of all the poor; but afterwards, when churches acquired fixed revenues, a certain proportion was laid aside for the behoof of the poor, and houses of charity were built for their accommodation. But such works of piety were not confined to those who had assumed a religious garb. Many a lofty chieftain has immortalized his name by a charitable donation, without which his "deeds of derring do," chivalrous as they might be, would have been forgotten; and the name of many a noble matron has descended through after generations in the prayers of those to whose welfare she had sacrificed her worldly wealth.

The Hospital of St. Bartholomew, in Sandwich, is one of those institutions originating in private beneficence. In its original it was meant only for pilgrims and travellers. Leland describes it as "an hospital, withoute the town, fyrst ordeined for *maryners desesynd and hurte*."

It is worthy of note, that very many of these ancient hospitals in and near the Cinque Ports, if not especially founded for travellers (as this seems to have been), were yet all expressly bound by the rules of their foundation, not merely to show hospitality as the general rule of the age, but to be especially careful of pilgrims and travellers—to show them every solace, to provide them every succour, and to furnish them, as far as possible, with the means of prosecuting their journey. This affectionate solicitude for the wayfarer arose, doubtless, from the national excitement with regard to the Holy Wars, which would make all bound to or returning from them objects of especial interest; and still more, from the feelings of respect, and almost of veneration, which attached to all those pilgrims who, from motives of piety, sought

"Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross."

Thousands of pilgrims were annually passing and re-passing "the Ports."

The Hospital of St. Bartholomew remains where it was originally founded, on the high road, or rather, at the junction of two high roads, about a mile out of Sandwich, the site being chosen *as convenient for travellers*. As it existed in the beginning of the fourteenth century, the brethren and sisters had comfortable apartments, but not separate houses. The whole was a connected building, with public hall, bakehouse, and kitchen, with the chapel a few paces off. But now each brother and sister has a separate abode; and the sixteen cottages, embosomed each in its own garden, and surrounded by rich orchards and corn-fields, convey to the mind every idea of comfort and abundance.

A reference to some of the peculiar domestic regulations, which were strictly enforced here formerly, will be acceptable, as throwing light on the manners of the times.

"Every fortnight the sisters go to oven,¹ and

make bread for the hospital. The allowance is seven loaves to each person for fourteen days.

"Every brother and sister is allowed twopence a week for beer; and, once a year, towards Christmas, each person is to have a hog out of the common stock.

"Every day there is prepared in the kitchen, for common use, a quantity of porridge, of beans, peas, or other vegetables, and every person may put his or her meat into the common pot; and the cook shall return it when sufficiently boiled, with a basin of porridge. But no one shall be permitted to make use of a separate pot, on the common fire, because the hospital is not bound to provide a fire but for the common boiler.

"Every Sunday after dinner the brothers and sisters assemble together in the hall, and receive from the master a penny a-piece; of which each contributes a farthing for a jug of ale, which they drink together, to promote brotherly affection: and the master obliges every one to attend this meeting. At their departure, and every day at the same hour, they should pray for the founders and benefactors of the hospital, and for all the faithful, living and dead."

Some of the customs of St. John's Hospital, which, impoverished, decaying, and insignificant, does yet also exist in Sandwich, were more peculiar.

The daily allowance here to each brother and sister was a mess of porridge, a farthing loaf, and a farthing for beer, *if the income would admit of it*. When any part of the building wanted repair, however, they inevitably lost the beer money, as the income of the house did not suffice for both.

Some of the brothers attended the churches in Sandwich every Sunday with a pewter dish, soliciting money to buy meat for dinner on that day. Another brother was deputed to go through the county of Kent, or wherever the brethren and sisters should direct, on an ass, with a public letter, soliciting charity on behalf of the hospital: and he collected sometimes ten shillings a year, sometimes a mark *above his expenses*.

One of the brothers went about in harvest with a cart, collecting wheat and other corn, which was made into bread, and divided amongst them. And at Christmas they sent a brother with a sack to the houses of the better sort of people in the town and its neighbourhood to beg bread, which was likewise divided equally amongst them.

Less decayed than this, but far from emulating the life and prosperity of St. Bartholomew's, is the Hospital of St. Thomas, which still affords a shelter and provision for four women and eight men. On a desk in the homely, ancient, low-browed hall, is chained a tattered copy of Foxe's Acts and Monuments, and also an ancient Bible. A few pictures hang round the walls; one of a beautiful lady, who bled to death from having pricked her finger. Another represents a fresh-coloured, fleshy, somewhat heavy-looking man, in a snuff-brown coat, with wide cuffs and large pockets, and a full-bottomed wig, evidently intended for George I. An ancient inmate of the hospital, who seemed to be somewhat of a literary turn, said that "he had been told that it was George I., but he was himself inclined to think that it was Charles I. Didn't I think so?" Overpowered at the moment by the idea of the refined, sensitive, martyred Charles, with chubby cheeks, and in a Dutchman's coat, I

(1) A common phrase in this part of Kent: orig. *cuwt ad furnum*.

answered, somewhat peremptorily, "No!" but I sadly repented that I had so abruptly destroyed what was evidently a very favourite hypothesis, when I observed the discomfited air with which the poor old man retired.

A house of the Carmelites here was suppressed by Henry VIII.; and there were various other chantries and religious institutions of which no relic exists. But, before the hand of the spoiler was aimed at some of its ornaments, a heavier doom, which was fast hastening to its accomplishment, had been hanging over the town itself. The harbour, at once the cause of its existence, and the source of its opulence and prosperity, was fast decaying, "by the abundance of the light sande driven in by the sea;" and in the reign of Richard III. suit was made to the king for a new haven.

We remarked at the commencement of this sketch, that, at a very early period, the waters of the estuary were visibly decreasing, and that, from this circumstance, the river Yenlade had obtained the soubriquet of Wantsume, since become its customary appellation; that, at the other end of the estuary, the sea had retired from the port of Richborough, and that Sandwich, as a subsidiary haven, was built on the edge of the waters, as they then rolled. But, during all the years that had since passed, they were still constantly and gradually declining from their ancient channel, and had still continued to contribute, in some degree, to their own blocking out, by a perpetual deposit of sand at the mouth of the estuary; and this evil had been increased, perpetuated, and perhaps completed, by the proprietors of land barricading all the ground from which the sea had partially, and perhaps but temporarily retired, against its future encroachments. The effect of these circumstances in the course of years was most disastrous to Sandwich. The town became absolutely inland; approach to her harbour became practicable only along the winding channel of the river Stour, and this daily more difficult from the decrease of water, even from the bed of the river. At length, an accident, which looked like fatality, checked the hopes of the most sanguine. This was the sinking, in Henry VIII.'s reign, of a large ship at the very entrance of the harbour, which shortly, from the accumulation of sand and mud about it, completely barred the passage.

Dependent for her prosperity from her first foundation on her haven, it may naturally be supposed that the utter and irremediable decay of this bulwark of her fortunes had a ruinous effect on the town of Sandwich. Her navy and mariners dwindled almost to nothing; her quay became lonely, her streets deserted, her houses tenantless, and her remaining inhabitants deeply impoverished.

Her fortunes experienced a temporary resuscitation in the days of Elizabeth, when that queen opened her dominions to the refugee Protestants, driven by persecution from Brabant and Flanders. Upwards of four hundred of these emigrants settled in Sandwich, where they introduced the manufacture of sayes, baize, and flannel; and, notwithstanding the obstructions which they met with from the jealousy of the native inhabitants, they established a flourishing trade, and compelled even the original occupants of the town to rejoice in their coming, so brisk and animated was once more the appearance of things. Elizabeth herself

honoured the town with a visit, inspected these manufactures, viewed the arrangements of the newly-founded Grammar-School, and, by her gracious appreciation of their endeavours to please her, persuaded the happy and hopeful inhabitants of Sandwich that the days of their pride and glory were not quite sped.

But this was a mere lightening before extinction; for, in the succeeding reign, the Company of Merchant Adventurers was patronized by James, who appropriated to them the trade to Germany and the Low Countries. So the newly established manufactures in Sandwich sank to decay as speedily as they had arisen; and her newly excited energies subsided, not to awaken again. Sandwich is known but as a memory of the past; her present position being that only of an insignificant country town; her present appearance lonely, deserted, and silent; and her present inhabitants those who "mark no years with their deeds, as slow they pass along."

THE SENSE OF TOUCH,

AS MEASURED MECHANICALLY.

SOME very remarkable experiments were made a few years ago, to determine the relative sensibility of different parts of the body in respect to touch, by Dr. Henry Ernst Weber of Leipsic. The object in view was to obtain mechanical demonstration of a fact which has been generally known to most persons, viz. that some portions of the skin are better adapted than others to receive impressions from contact with external bodies. Dr. Graves of Dublin has published in the "Dublin Medical Journal," an analysis of Weber's investigation, together with observations derived from his own experience; and we shall here give such parts of the results as, being free from scientific phraseology, may be understood by every one.

Weber endeavoured to determine in various ways the relative sensibility of different parts of the body, both in combination with, and apart from, the sense of touch, simply so called. Thus, he speaks of the faculty which the skin possesses of estimating and comparing different pressures made upon its surface. If both the right and the left hand of the same individual are supported on cushions, and he keeps his eyes shut while unequal weights are placed on the two hands, he will, if the difference of the weights be considerable, be able to tell on which hand the heavier lies; but if the hands be raised from the cushions, a much smaller difference of weight is appreciable; for, in the one case, there is nothing but the sensibility to pressure which can determine the difference, whereas in the other case there is the amount of muscular exertion necessary to support the weights, and any inequality in this amount seems to be easily discernible. This last-named power appears to be very unequally developed in different individuals, but, in general, Weber found that men who are accustomed to estimate weights by poising them in their hands, will distinguish perfectly between two differing only by a thirtieth part; say, for instance, one of thirty ounces, and the other of twenty-nine. In such modes of comparing, the two weights are not held in the two hands, but both in the same hand, one after another. An interval of five, ten, or even twenty seconds may elapse between the poising of the two weights without destroying the power of discrimination, but an interval of forty seconds was found to weaken the impression of the first weight, and therefore to destroy the accuracy of the estimate. It was farther ascertained by Weber, that, in most men, the left side of the body, and the left

extremities, enjoy a more accurate perception of weight than the right, so far as weight is estimated by pressure: of fourteen different persons experimented on, in eleven the left side of the body and the left extremities were found to be more sensible of weight measured by pressure, than the right; in two the contrary was observed, and in one only no difference between the sides could be detected. On this experiment Dr. Graves remarks:—"He (Weber) offers no satisfactory explanation of this very remarkable, and hitherto unobserved phenomenon, which is obviously of some value, as marking an original difference between the nervous power of the right extremities, and right side of the trunk, as compared with the left; a difference which favors the idea, now indeed generally admitted, that we cannot explain the circumstance of man being right-handed and right-footed, except on the hypothesis of an original difference in the vital powers of the right and left halves of the body."

A part of Weber's experiments had relation to the accuracy of our judgment in matters of temperature. The skin is so constituted as to render very minute changes of temperature, even so little as one-third of a degree, appreciable. To effect this, the difference is not to be tested by the two hands, or two different parts of the body, but by exposing the hand successively to two different portions of water, the one a little colder than the other; and the temperature ought not to be very far different from that of the human body, for we cannot estimate differences accurately if the temperature be much above or below blood-heat. Weber pointed out the fact that our impressions of heat and cold are dependent a good deal on the amount of surface exposed to the action of temperature; thus, if the fore-finger of one hand be immersed in water at 104°, while the whole of the other hand be immersed in water at 102°, the latter, although really the colder, will appear to us to be warmer, on account of the larger surface exposed to a temperature exceeding blood-heat. He also found that the left-hand is, in most persons, more sensible of heat or cold than the right; thus, when the hands of a person lying in bed, and of exactly the same temperature, were plunged in separate vessels of hot water, the left-hand was in general believed by the person to be in the hotter medium, even though the water was really one or two degrees colder than that in the other vessel. This circumstance is attributed principally to the greater thinness of the skin on the left-hand, arising from its being less frequently used.

But the most remarkable part of Weber's investigation related to the measurement of the delicacy of touch by means of a pair of compasses, a mode seemingly strange, but in his hands productive of curious and valuable results. Dr. Graves states the principle thus. If we touch the skin with a pair of compasses whose points are one inch asunder, while the person so touched shuts his eyes, he at once perceives his skin to be touched in two places. By continually diminishing the distance between the two points, we finally arrive at a degree of approximation where the person feels his skin to be touched by but one body; but he describes this body as being a little longer in one direction than another, and it appears that this longer diameter corresponds with the line of junction between the two points of the compass. When these points are brought still nearer together, this inequality in the diameters is no longer felt, and the person has a definite perception of being touched by but one body. Now, Weber has determined, by experiment, that the different portions of the surface of the body vary considerably in accuracy of touch, as measured by the distance at which the points of the compass can be still distinguished from each other; for those parts which are endowed with great power of touch will continue to give notice of two points at such a small distance apart, that, when examined by less sensitive portions of the skin, they are erroneously judged to be but one.

Weber's method, then, was to apply the points of an opened pair of compasses to different parts of the body in succession, and gradually to bring the points together, until the separation between them was not felt by the skin, but both seemed to produce one impression. This point is what Dr. Graves proposes to call the "limit of confusion;" and, by measuring the opening with a graduated scale, a numerical measure of the sensitiveness of touch in different parts of the body may be obtained. Weber adopted the Paris line (equivalent to about $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an English inch) as the unit of measure, by which different results might be compared.

Weber found the tip of the tongue to be the most sensitive part of the body when tested by these means. When the points of the compass were but half a line apart, the feeling of the two distinct points existed; and when they were within two-fifths of a line, although the person seemed to feel but one touching body, he nevertheless felt it to be longer in one direction than another. On another part of the tongue it was found that when the points of the applied compasses were as much as three lines asunder, they seemed to be as one touching point; thereby showing less acuteness of touch. In this way Weber examined, both on his own person and on others, the relative sensibility of different parts, and gives a table, in which, opposite to the part named, is given the smallest distances at which the two points of the compasses could be felt to be still apart, and the direction between them estimated. Of this table the following are a few items. Tip of the tongue, $\frac{1}{2}$ line; inner surface of the finger tips, 1 line; red part of the lips 2 lines; tip of the nose, 3 lines; the portion of the lips which is not red, 4 lines; edge of the tongue one inch from its point, 4 lines; palm of the hand, 5 lines; surface of the eyelid, 5 lines; centre of the hard palate, 6 lines; the membrane of the lips close to the gums, 9 lines; lower part of the forehead, 10 lines; back part of the heel, 10 lines; back of the hand, 14 lines. The exact nature of these measurements may perhaps be understood by explaining one of them thus:—when the compasses were opened so that the points were 2 lines (rather more than $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch) apart, and then applied to the red part of the lips, two sensations were distinctly felt, due to the two points, and the direction in which the two points were placed with regard to each other, whether vertical, horizontal or oblique, was also appreciable; but when the distance was less than this, the two points seemed to produce but one impression, and the opening between them was not appreciable. Weber's table embraces all varieties from half a line to thirty lines, showing the great diversity in the relative sensibility to touch in different parts of the body.

Some very curious general remarks are adduced in support of the fact here stated. If the points of the compasses, distant from each other one or two lines, be applied to the cheek just before the ear, and be then moved successively to several parts of the cheek, we shall find on approaching the angle of the mouth that the points will appear to recede from each other; this is produced by the great difference of tactile power in these parts. This may be illustrated without the aid of the compasses, thus:—if we hold together the extremities of the thumb and fore finger, and then pass the tips of both in a line from the ear to either the upper or the under lip, they will feel to the cheek as if they were becoming more and more distant from each other. This is explicable on the assumption, that the more sensitive portions of the skin regard any two points as farther asunder, than equidistant points appear to be to a less sensitive portion.

Weber mentions the following fact. If the legs of the compasses be applied to two contiguous surfaces, enjoying the functions of voluntary motion, they will appear to be much more distant from each other than when they are applied to one of these surfaces separately: thus, if the points are distant half a line, they are not perceived to be distant when applied to one lip; but,

when one point is applied to the under lip and the other to the upper, they are at once felt to be two. An extension of the same property is observable in another circumstance to which he draws attention. Apply the legs of the compasses to two portions of the skin differing from each other remarkably either in structure, in function, or in the use habitually made of them; and the points will appear to be more clearly and distinctly felt than when they are applied to one and the same surface, even though it be the more sensitive of the two: thus the points, when in contact, the one with the inner surface and the other with the red outer surface of the lips, appear much more distant from each other than when they are in contact with the red surface only, although this has much greater tactile power than the inner surface.

The experiments of Weber brought conviction to his mind that the most sensitive parts of the skin, under the usual acceptance of the term, are not the most delicate in appreciating touch, as tested by his means; for instance, those parts of the body, such as the soles of the feet, which are much and painfully excited by tickling, are not those in which the delicacy of touch, for the common purposes of life, is most highly developed. On this point Dr. Graves observes:—"The reason of the matter is sufficiently obvious; for parts endowed with the greatest tactile acumen are necessarily much exposed, being so placed as to be brought with the greatest facility into contact with external bodies; consequently, if so disagreeable a sensation as that arising from tickling were easily induced by this contact, those parts would be almost useless as organs of touch."

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WILHELM HAUFF.

I. THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

WHEN I resided at N——, it was one of my forenoon amusements to frequent a circulating library; not for the purpose of selecting books—though the collection amounted to between four and five thousand,—for I had, two years before, when suffering from a long illness, turned over the leaves of the greater portion of them,—but in order to observe what books were chosen by the public. At that time I had in my head the strange idea of writing a book; I had, however, no definite object or aim, and was very undecided after what great master I should model my first attempt; I confess I thought of the intrinsic value of the *work to be*, with rather an uncomfortable sort of sensation, for among all my ideas, I had not hit on one which (even printed in the best type,) seemed at all remarkable or striking.

One thing, however, struck me as being absolutely requisite for every one who wished to make a book—namely, that they should study man. Not a knowledge of them which may be learned now-a-days from books, but a study ought to be made of books themselves, so that it might be known what kind were most sought after and read with the greatest pleasure. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, thought I, may be true likewise here. Thus for many mornings I sat in the library, studying the readers and their varied tastes.

The librarian was a little old man, who, during the ten years I had lived in his neighbourhood, invariably wore an apple-green coat, a yellow vest, with blue nether garments. I endeavoured to convince him, that he could not have chosen a more glaring and tasteless dress, but, after I had made a few remarks quite to the point from the theory of colour, he burst into tears, and assured me, that in this fashion and in no other he

would dress all the days of his life; for of these colours had been his marriage dress, which six weeks before his wedding had been made; alas! too soon, for the bride died of a nervous fever before the appointed day. In his peculiar line the librarian was a man of much experience and told many interesting incidents. "In the morning,"—said he to me, for example,—"in the morning a great many books are exchanged, for then the second and third parts are asked for. This is not, as I first imagined, because at that time the servants come into town, for were this the case it would hold good likewise with the first volume. No, it comes from night reading."

"From night reading?" I said, astonished.

"I mean by that, that people read interesting books at night. A great number of persons (the young and healthy excepted) cannot fall asleep the moment they go to bed. It is a bad thing to take opium, for when once begun, the practice must be continued; there is then no better method than to read."

"I understand," replied I, "but you spoke of interesting books: are these the best for making people fall asleep?"

"Not all of them, the same books will not suit all. Of course we must make a distinction, and consider to whom this one would be interesting, to whom that one. You know Countess Wirknitz? well, she is one of the longest of being set asleep: I pity her waiting maid, who is obliged to read to her every night, sometimes till two in the morning. I once sent her in a mistake by the girl Gurre's *Germany and the Revolution*—(you are aware that to connoisseurs there can be nothing more interesting: eight nights long they read at it, yet only got over a hundred and ninety pages, for each night the Countess fell asleep at eleven o'clock. The waiting maid thanked me much for the 'sleepy book.' To give you another instance, who should come into my shop one day, to my great astonishment, but the old Professor Wanger, who pores over mathematics. For twenty years he had read nothing in the way of 'belles lettres,' save now and then the notices of deaths in the *Mercury*, and he had a wish to see what was in the meanwhile going on, to take a survey of any good works which might have appeared. I asked him whether he had read any of the works of Sir Walter Scott? He remembered of having heard of that celebrated man, and took away with him *Ivanhoe*:—*Ivanhoe*, that splendid story! The next day he came back, quite out of humour, threw down a few pence along with Scott on the table, and said, the stories of knights which he had read in his youth were far finer: he had actually fallen asleep over the first volume!—only think of falling asleep over *Ivanhoe*!"

"But what has this to do with what you were saying about second and third volumes?" I asked.

"You see, as we were speaking of interesting books it brought to my mind the Professor and the Countess. When an interesting book, however, falls into right hands, then all goes on as a horse at full speed. Suppose some one has been at a party or at the theatre, eaten a good supper, and then is preparing for bed. The lamp on the table at the side of the bed is then lighted, the waiting maid or valet, as the case may be, has put in its proper place a first volume, and all is in order, only sleep will not come. The lamp is drawn nearer, the book taken into the right hand, the left elbow supported by the pillow, and the title-page opened. The title suits the reader, and getting through the first, or, as I call it, the trying chapter; then it goes on like lightning, the eyes gallop over the lines, the pages fly, and a genuine night reader courses right through a volume without trouble in two hours. In general the first volume ends much in the same way as the closing scene of the first act in a drama. The spectator must wait in painful suspense for the next act. Discontented that the second volume is not at hand, yet pleasantly amused, the reader falls asleep; next morning his first glance falls on the book which he has perused, his curiosity is

excited about the hero, who at the conclusion of the first volume has either just been drowned, or has heard a strange knocking at the door, and just called 'Come in,' and, when I open my shop about eight o'clock, the Johannas, Fredericas, Catherines, and Babettes stand in crowds before the door, because the young lady before she takes her English lesson, the Captain of the horse before he rides out with the troops, the wife of the Privy Counsellor before she makes her toilet, would like to read a few chapters of the next volume of the most deeply interesting book."

II. TASTE OF THE PUBLIC.

"Oh, that I also were one of those happy ones!" thought I, as now, at the opening of the library, a medley of laced hats and pretty girls' faces presented themselves—"one of those happy ones, whose second volume is thus so much desired!" It was not without envy that I looked at the volumes, which the little librarian distributed with as much gravity as a baker would loaves in a time of scarcity. He had supplied the most urgent customers, had entered the money, or the price of reading, in his cash book, and I was now able to put an important question to him, which had long hovered on my lips, a question relative to the taste of the public.

"It is as various," replied he, "and often as singular, as the different tastes for eating. One likes sugar, another salt: one prefers salt water fish, oysters, and Italian fruits, whilst another will have nothing but nourishing household fare: yet in one point all are agreed, they all desire good viands."

"That is to say?"

"They wish to be entertained; every one to his liking."

"But where is the cook?" I exclaimed, "who can prepare the savoury morsels for these varied and spoiled palates? how can all or even many be supplied? yet in this lies the fame of the author!"

"They are not so spoiled as is believed," responded the librarian. "Fashion does much, and if writers would only diligently visit the circulating library, many a one would find what he is deficient in, or of what he has a superabundance. No one can become a good dramatist, who does not along with the spectators sit down and witness the representation of his own piece, carefully observing what produces the greatest effect."

The librarian was uttering my own thoughts; he expressed aloud what I had often whispered to myself. "Whoever wishes to know the spirit of the people must study the circulating libraries," he added, earnestly. "Only look at that long row of books; the white parchment backs are as clean as if they had never been touched, or touched only with gloves. Who do you think the author is who is thus neglected, and left to his repose?"

I guessed the works to be travels, or some history of nature.

"He never dealt at all in the last article," he answered, somewhat contemptuously; "no—it is Jean Paul."

"How!" I shouted, in amazement, "can a man who wrote for immortality, be already forgotten? does he not unite in himself all that is attractive and entertaining? deep earnestness and humour, tenderness and satire, sensibility and mirthfulness?"

"Who denies that?" said the little man. "He has united all in order to satisfy the most different tastes; he has minced every ingredient small enough, mixed them up wonderfully, and cooked them with a most piquant sauce: when ready, and the public had tasted, it was found to be very savoury, delicate,—but it did not agree with the stomach; none would relish his strong broth; his peculiar obscure style was unendurable. There stand all his dishes untouched, except when a few epicures in reading take now and then a 'Titan,' or a 'Rampanerthal' home with them, and taste delicacies which neither I nor my public understand. Do you see in that corner that other long row with the new green covers? that is Herder: there

also—but here comes a living example up the street: do you know Fräulein Rosa von Milben?"

"Certainly; I have met her several times, and found her a lady of the most refined taste, and who has read a great deal; somewhat sentimental and ideal, but withal of a most amiable ingenuousness."

"The young lady's waiting-maid will be here directly, and then you will have the best opportunity of becoming acquainted with the refined taste of that lady."

"I can easily imagine the kind of reading she prefers," I answered; "the Remains of Rosalie, or Jacob's Women's Mirror, Fiedge's Urania, or Agathocles by Caroline Pichler."

"Stand quietly on that side, we shall presently see."

I did as I was desired, took a book from the counter, and placed myself in a corner as if busily engaged in reading. The waiting maid entered the shop, gave a polite message from her young lady, and then asked whether No. 1629 was still not to be had?

"Not in yet," he replied, after a hasty glance at the book-shelves; "but here is another for your mistress; she will be much entertained with it." The girl went away.

"Quick, with a catalogue," I exclaimed, when the door had closed behind her; "let me see what No. 1629 is. With an ironical smile, the old man handed me the catalogue. I turned it over rapidly, and discovered, to my great surprise, that No. 1629 was—

by ———

"What! Does Fraulein Rosa, the amiable simple girl, read such a vulgar book as this (not to give it a worse name)?" I said, angrily. "Although no governess, no mother, regulated her reading, how can she permit herself to peruse such works? It must be a mistake,—the number has been written wrong."

"Worthy Sir," replied the librarian, "you think too well of people: here is a note which I took out of the small basket which the servant had—it is ——— and no other: *noscitur a socio*—by our companions are we known; look at the next of the numbers, and you will see for what kind of books the heart of the Fraulein sighs!"

I took the list in anger, on which was written in a delicate hand, for Fraulein von Milben, with a long array of numbers underneath. I began with the first, and found persons to whom, indeed, the vicinity of the old ——— was no disgrace. "What a hypocrite is this girl!" I exclaimed, "this is her reading, while I believed she would only read Hours of Devotion, and such like."

"Then, indeed, you must call a great many of our young ladies hypocrites, for ———, ———, and others of the same stamp, are their favourite writers; and you cannot call it hypocrisy if they do not speak of them."

"Why, in the name of heaven, should well educated people read books of which they cannot speak without a blush? Truly, intercourse with bad books is often more dangerous than intercourse with bad men."

"Why? do you ask why?" said the man of books, smiling, "because this is now the taste of the age."

III. THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

A domestic interrupted us. "The Countess of Langsdorf wishes a book," said he.

"What number?"

"The Countess did not say. But I think she would like a ghost story."

"Ghost story!" asked the little librarian, searching about: "will the story of a knight not do? The ghosts are all out."

"Yes,—only it must be something very awful; that pleases the Countess best," answered the servant, "let it be like the last one we had, 'The Dark Ruins; or, The Subterranean Dungeon,'—that pleased us very much."

"Did you also read it?" asked the little man, with surprise.

"Yes; after the Countess had finished a volume, we then read it in the servants' hall."

"Well; whether will you have 'The Castle Spirit,' 'The Resurrection from the Cavern of Death,' or, 'The Fiery Avenging Sword of Hildebrandt?'"

"It is difficult to choose," replied the servant. "What beautiful books these must be! I will take the 'Avenging Sword' now, but be sure and keep the 'Castle Spirit' for the next time."

Scarcely had the servant of the Countess who loved to read awful stories gone away, when a soldier with measured steps came in.

"For Lieutenant Plunkett of the 15th regiment, 'The Blinden Thorwart of Old Schott!'"

"Friend, did you hear aright?" asked the librarian; "The Blinden Thorwart of Old Schott? I know no author of this name."

"It is no auditor," answered the soldier of the 15th, "but a book. The Lieutenant is on guard and wishes to read."

"Well, but Old Schott!—there stands neither a young nor an old one in the catalogue."

"It is the same, I believe, of which so many have been printed, and which all the corporals and sergeants have bought for threepence."

"Walter Scott,"¹ cried the librarian, laughing; "and the book is called 'Quentin Durward!'"

"The very thing, that is it," said the soldier, "but I dare not ask the Lieutenant twice, or I should have known the name better; in consequence of giving the word of command, he has a most indistinct way of speaking."

He received his "Blinden Thorwart" and went away. But some good angel had sent him at that moment into the library, and a ray of light darted into my soul. "So, is it then true," said I, "that the works of this Briton are almost as widely spread as the Bible? that old and young, and even the lowest classes are delighted with them?"

"Quite true, it is calculated that in Germany alone there are circulated sixty thousand copies, and every day the works become more famed. In Scheerau there is established a manufactory for translations, where fifteen sheets are daily translated, and printed directly."

"How is this possible?"

"It certainly seems almost as impossible, as that this Walter Scott could have written such a number of books in so short a time: but so it is; for lately he has acknowledged himself to be the author. I have, however, myself, seen the manufactory at Scheerau."

"Perhaps by a division of labour they gain time?" I said.

"Just so," he replied, "and then, every thing is done mechanically. Professor Lux is at present occupied with inventing a steam-engine, which is to understand French, English, and German, and then there will be no longer any need of men."

"The manufactory is constructed in this manner:—"

"Behind in the yard stands the paper mill, which makes paper continually. This, dried, rolls forward towards the principal building, like a stream of lava, into the ground-floor; then, by the aid of machinery, it is cut into sheets and shoved under the press in the printing office. There are in all fifteen presses, which daily throw off 20,000 impressions. Close at hand are the drying places and those for the binding. We may therefore reckon that the half-liquid paper, which at five o'clock in the morning is still wet, makes by eleven o'clock the next day an elegant small volume—all this done in the space of thirty hours! In the first story are the arrangements for translation. We enter two rooms where fifteen men are at work. Every morning, at eight o'clock, half a sheet of Walter Scott is laid before them, which must be done by three o'clock in the afternoon. That is called there "working in the rough." Fifteen sheets in this way are translated every

morning. At three o'clock these men have a good dinner. At four o'clock, before each of them is laid down a printed half-sheet to be read over and corrected."

"But what is done with the sheets translated in the morning?"

"We shall see presently. In communication with the two large rooms are joined four small ones. In each of those small apartments there sits a composer, and his secretary: we call these persons composers or *stylists*, who look over the translations of the thirty, and change them from the rough into the fine; it is their department to improve the style. A composer gets two dollars a day, but must pay his secretary. Seven or eight rough workers are apportioned to each composer; and as soon as the former have finished a page it is sent to the latter. The composer sits with the English copy in his hand, while his secretary reads to him the translation, and amends here and there a sentence. In a fifth room are two makers of poetry, who put the mottoes at the heads of the different chapters into German, and any poems which may occur in the work."

I was amazed at this wonderful mechanism, and was only grieved to think that the thirty translators and the four *stylists* would lose their means of living, should Professor Lux succeed in his invention of the *translation engine*.

"Heaven only knows what will then happen," answered the little man; "even now the small volumes from the manufactory at Scheerau cost but a penny; in future two may be had for that, and every fourth day a volume will make its appearance!"

IV. VISIT TO THE BOOK SHOP.

My determination remained firm; "an historical romance à la Walter Scott, you must write," said I to myself, "for after all I have heard of the taste of the public, this, and nothing else will do." I confess, along with my resolution, came all manner of doubts. I should not only be obliged to read the works of this great man, but study them in order to attain my object. A third and greater doubt was, whether I should be able to find a publisher. I therefore resolved, before embarking in the work, to be more acquainted with the means made use of in such matters. The publisher, Salzer, might give me some information, I thought; so I sallied forth with two dollars in my pocket to buy a book, in the hope of making a nearer acquaintance with that gentleman.

"A handsome book for two dollars?" he asked. "What would you like? Poems?"

"Tales, or a romance, Sir," I said.

"At this price you will find nothing worth while," he replied, smiling. "But here is the catalogue."

"What! nothing good for two dollars, and yet a romance of Walter Scott's cost only twenty *groshen*."

"Oh, if you want translations, it is a different thing. I thought you wished an original work."

"Bless me," I exclaimed, "if a good romance from another language costs only twenty *groshen*, how comes it that our German books are so dear?"

"Do you imagine," answered he, in displeasure, "that we are to throw away originals at this contemptible price! These translations, these low prices, will ruin us soon enough without that. What has our fine trade of bookselling not already come to? Nothing but a sale by auction. Everything must be cheap, and thus everything is bad. In every corner of the land there is some one who deals in cheap clift goods, and we who resist this are brought to destruction."

"But how can this change in the trade exercise so great an influence on originals or on publishing?"

"How?" continued he, vehemently, "How? It is as clear as noon day; the public are in this way ruined and spoiled! I do not deny merit to Scott, or the two Americans; on the contrary, they are, alas, too good. But every sewing girl, for a couple of dollars,

(1) Old is either in German, on which it will be seen part of the joke depends.

can provide herself with a classical library of romances. The rage for this kind of fictions has spread unnaturally fast; and now, by means of these penny libraries, a hundred thousand people have obtained a standard by which they capriciously measure our German productions."

"So much the better for the world. Is not intelligence and good taste thereby spread abroad, while the reverse is set aside?"

"Intelligence and taste, produced by the little volumes at a few pence!" exclaimed Herr Salzer. "Oh, I know these fine words! Good taste! intelligence! as if only the people across the channel had good taste. Do you suppose people are intelligent, and have become wiser, because they all criticize, and say, 'This is not so beautiful as Walter Scott, or Cooper, nor that so profound and witty as Washington Irving?' What good can come to our literature or our book trade from such seed as this, which is so plentifully sown? Perversion of ideas, and some bad imitations (how I am ashamed to use such words), and above all, our ruin. Authors always desire an increase of payment; where one louis d'or has been paid, five are now asked, while, on the other hand, the books are less sought after than at first. Moreover, the fertility of this Sir Walter Scott has infected these gentlemen. They are now sparing of thoughts and prodigal of words. Thoughts, scenes, descriptions, which were suitable enough for one small volume, are now spun out, in order to fill ten or twelve, that more money may be obtained; and what was formerly given in four or five good verses, extends now throughout as many pages in rugged prose."

"Is poetry, then, likewise no longer in demand?"

"Who will buy it? Citizens! who look down with pride, and call everything verse-making. The learned! who obtain it from the author, that they may criticize it the more favourably. Librarians! who take only romances, as they know their public. These circulating libraries are our ruin. Every small town has a few of such establishments. The public think, why should they throw away so much money upon a book when it may be had to read from a circulating library? People purchase penny translations, or cheap pocket editions, so that they may have a library; and the bookseller who wishes to publish a work, can, at the most, only reckon on 500 circulating libraries. Were another Goethe or Schiller to be born in our day, we could not sell 500 copies of their works. The public has lost faith, confidence, and pleasure in our literature."

"And must Scott and the pocket editions bear the blame of all this?" I asked.

"Yes! and likewise of this wretched dilution, or scattering of talent everywhere! Authors split their talents into fragments to suit periodicals and annuals, because they are well paid for their articles. The public spend their money on these luxurious sort of wares, because it is the fashion; every one must have his magazine or his annual, and these pocket editions cancer and increase our sore."

"But, Mr. Salzer," said I, to the angry man, "why do you swim against the stream? Why do you not publish pocket editions yourself? Why do you not undertake a magazine? or are you ashamed to mix yourself up in such doings?"

"I need not be ashamed," answered he, after considering a little. "What another does, Salzer and Son may do likewise. But, to be candid, I fear I am too late with a magazine; and besides, whom could I get to write it! Anything new now-a-days must be striking and piquant to succeed. I have been thinking for some time, but in vain, of a distinguished title, for the title now must do everything. Had I only a few men skilled in the art, a critical review, or an artistic periodical might quickly make its appearance, for I have an enterprising spirit as well as others."

V. THE ENTERPRISING SPIRIT.

"We have now morning, noonday, evening, and midnight papers. We have exhausted the names of all the deities and muses; we are compelled to have recourse to the most singular designations if we would create a sensation. We must take care that the new sound overpowers that of the old accustomed one, though every sensible person sees that a new periodical is no better than an old one. Tales, poems, criticisms, are in the one as well as in the other, and good workmen cannot be invented along with the new name of the paper."

"But, Mr. Salzer, can you tell me why people often set aside a well-known and old established periodical for a few proof sheets of a newer one?"

"This is the peculiar feature of our times," answered he. "Change gives pleasure, and new brooms sweep clean; and the public is like a weather-cock, perpetually changing, yet knowing not why. Dress makes the man, and a fine vignette, a striking title, does as much in the reading world as a new fashion in an assembly. He who knows how to use this characteristic of men to advantage, may, even in our day, do something. Oh, that I had only a title!"

"As our periodicals must now be so many sided," said I, "what think you of the title, 'Literary food for Chickens?'"

"It is not amiss," he answered. "The public might be represented in the vignette as a flock of chickens, to whom the muses were distributing morsels of food; but no, I think that would not do; offence might be taken at the food, for it would look as if we wished to feed the public with the refuse of the great literary dinner. No, that will not do."

"Well, perhaps, the Evening Bell."

"Evening Bell? Certainly, it has a sound, and there is something soft and tranquillizing in it. I will consider of it; but there must be also a critical supplement. I wonder if it might not be called 'The Distiller.'"

"There is something good in your idea," I replied. "The works of modern times are assuredly criticised by a kind of chemical or distilling process; we distil so long that the strong spirit of which we are in search evaporates; or we distil until the learned alchemists are able to shew from what different essential parts the brewing is made; but the sheet would smell too much like a grocer's shop, or of strong waters. What say you to a 'Critical Chimney Sweeper?'"

The bookseller looked at me for a considerable time in silence, then embraced me in great emotion. "A discovery, an admirable discovery!" he exclaimed. "What does not this single word contain! Our literature is represented by the chimney, our reviewers are the chimney sweeps, who scrape off the literary soot, that the house may not take fire. It must be an opposition paper; it must create a sensation, for that is now the chief point. 'The Critical Chimney Sweeper!' We may give out the critical articles under the promising title of 'The Artistical Watchman!'" He hastily wrote down the name, and then continued—"Sir, you have been most opportunely brought to my shop. When I sit behind my desk, I am as it were nailed there; but I have often observed, that when I give expression to my thoughts, they come as in a flood. Thus, when you were speaking of the influence of Sir Walter Scott, there passed through my brain a splendid idea. I myself will make a German Walter Scott."

"What! will you also write a romance?"

"I? Oh no! I have something better to do; but, one did you say? No, twenty! If I could only arrange my ideas. I will produce a Great Unknown, and this shall be no other than a company of romance writers. Do you understand me?"

"It is not quite clear to me how you —"

"With money we can do anything," he rejoined. "I

procure seven or eight clever men, who have already done something in the way of writing romances, summon them here, and propose that they collectively shall represent Walter Scott. They will select the historical matter and the characters; they must determine what subordinate persons are to be introduced, and then —

"Oh! now I comprehend your great plan. You will, in fact, set up a manufactory, somewhat like the one at Scheerau. You will obtain drawings of all the romantic parts of Germany; the ancient costumes can be written for to Berlin; songs and legendary traditions you will find in the Boy's Wonderhorn, and other collections. You will establish some dozens of young persons in your house; the Sixfold Unity, the New Unknown, gives the outline of the romance—here and there he delineates and improves some great character; the other twenty-four or thirty write conversations, and describe towns, objects, and buildings, according to nature."

"Because," he joyfully interrupted me, "one has more talent for describing countries; another for describing costumes; a third, more for conversations; a fourth and a fifth, for what is comic; while another excels in what is tragic."

"Exactly! Thus the young artists are divided into landscape painters, costume tailors, conversation makers, comedians and tragedians, and the romance passes through all their hands, like pictures at Nürnberg, where one paints the sky, one the earth, another the roofs of the houses; where the first must paint the blue, the second the green, the third the red, the fourth the yellow, and so on, according to the order in which he stands."

"And unity and uniformity will be attained by this, precisely as in Walter Scott: where all the characters bear a strong family resemblance to each other; moreover, we shall get ready a pocket edition as *cheap as possible*; we may reckon upon forty thousand."

"And the title shall be 'The History of Germany from the earliest times to the year 1830,' in a hundred historical romances!"

Mr. Salzer shed tears of emotion. When he recovered a little, he warmly pressed my hand.

"Now, am I not as enterprising a spirit as any of them?" he asked. "What a sensation this will make! But you, my friend, were of assistance to me in bringing forth this magnificent idea; search out the best book in my shop, and, as a farther reward, you shall be—one of the twenty-four."

VI. CONCLUSION.

Thus, with little trouble, I was placed by my lucky fate where I had so long ardently wished to be. Now, there was no need for me to study either the people or their tastes in a circulating library. It was no longer necessary to search for a plan, for a work, nay, not even for suitable ideas; I had become a finger, a member of the new Great Unknown; I was to write according to my pleasure, and read my printed writings.

It is well known with what success the gigantic undertaking of Mr. Salzer went on; and it was, at length, no mystery to the world, of what essential parts the Great Unknown was composed. We were flattered that, at first, the works were ascribed to some celebrated and talented authors. For example, to Professor Lux, who, in the meantime, discovered his translating machine; to the poet Kempfer, and other such distinguished writers; indeed, even Willibald Alexis was suspected, notwithstanding his acknowledged dislike to German History. Every meritorious individual who formed a member of the company, has long since been named; therefore, it only remains for me to relate something of the share which I had in the enterprise.

As I happened to be tolerably well acquainted with some parts of Germany, I had, at first, assigned me a place among the scene painters. But, alas! I wrote (in the romance called "The Council of Constance," "light

and floatingly went the boat past the vine-clad hills between Basle and Constance." This passage having been looked over by the six directors, and printed, the reviewers and the public were astonished how the falls of the Rhine were passed; and immediately I was placed among the conversation makers. Conversations in inns, in market-places, and streets, were allotted to me. I continued at this until one of the sentimental and harpic speakers made a great mistake. He said—"The clouds came quickly forth, quickly behind the moon;" in vain was the authority of — cited, from whom this splendid passage had been copied: the words were pronounced to be nonsense, because the clouds never pass behind the moon; so it was set aside, and this particular post devolved on me. In this department I accomplished more than in both the others, as it formed the greater part of the romance called "The Dome of Aix-la-chapelle, or the Paladin of Charles the Great." I likewise wrote about twelve chapters in "Barbarossa, or the Lohenstraufen." My last work, before the dissolution of this undertaking, was the 8th, 9th, and 15th chapters in the "Battle of Künersdorf."

Much has been written both for and against this great enterprise, which I, as it by accident, called into life. When we consider that, in the brief space of two years, seventy-five volumes, or twenty-five romances, have been brought out at the manufactory of the Great German Unknown, we must, at least, be amazed at the diligence and patience of the partners. It has been urged as an objection, that some historical characters were quite misrepresented; that even great anachronisms were found; but, how trivial are such objections when compared to what has been otherwise accomplished by the company! Is not every scene so truly described, that it is easily seen it was not nature which was studied, but real pictures? Have we not had all the dresses of our heroes and heroines sent us from the most exact and particular theatres in Europe—particular, I mean, with regard to costume? Did not Mr. Salzer, at a great expense, purchase ancient furniture of all kinds, from old castles and armouries, in order to give us correct patterns?

Is not this historical truth and reality? And is not this what the public longs for? The true delineation of historical characters and epochs of history is only secondary to a proper description of dresses, shoes, chairs, houses, and such things, which, in the seventy-five volumes, will never be found incorrectly described. It has not been our fault that, during the last two years, this sort of writing has gone out of fashion. The splendid undertaking has been shipwrecked by the changeableness of the public. The whole affair originated in fashion; with a favourable wind we sailed down the stream of history, and our motto was, "Sooner let the truth of history be violated, rather draw a historical character wrong, than sin against the fashion of the times, or against the over-ruling taste of the public."

SCRAPS FROM SERGEANT TALFOURD'S VACATION RAMBLES.

THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, AT PARIS.

"THROUGH such avenues we threaded our way, half blinded, and quite stunned, to the front of the venerable cathedral; an open space, indeed, but more resembling a filthy inn yard, than the approach to one of the most famous churches in Christendom, where every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate, and rubbish might be cast, not in secret, but under the great eye of heaven. Not a trace of reverential care gave token of Christian piety or antiquarian sentiment; but the poor old majestic pile, neighboured by dirty cafés and bankrupt-looking

shops, seemed left meekly to vindicate its claim of respect before heaven, like Christianity in its earliest days, rising above the scorn and the abuses of the world. I was disappointed in the size of the edifice, having received a shadowy notion of an enormous building, from Victor Hugo's great romance, of which it is the scene; but abundantly recompensed by the sense of dim antiquity which it conveys with more hoary power than any pile which I recollect, not in ruins. Its square grey turrets are the haunts of innumerable birds, former generations of whom have shivered away the crumbling stones for their posterity to 'make their bed and procreant cradle in,' and the low archways over the humble portals beneath them, seem carved out of wood which has been charred by the action of fire. The interior is naked and gloomy, and struck us with a vault-like chilliness. How different from the pride of Paris—the Madeleine, which we visited the next day, elevated on broad platforms of steps, a huge Grecian building of white stone, like an Athenian temple without, like a gaudy music-room within! The interior is still unfinished; but all glowing with purple and gold, without shadow, without repose, shows that in its perfection it will be a miracle of French art, raised to French glory. For such a gew-gaw as this, do the Parisians neglect their own holy cathedral; but no wonder; self is ever rebuked before the embodied presence of ages; Notre Dame is the grave of vanity, the Madeleine will be its throne."

VERSAILLES.

"Passing through some gaps in natural hedges, which English schoolboys might have made, we came in sight of the turrets and chimneys of the famous palace, and overlooked the groves which have shrouded so much pleasure, vanity, sorrow, and despair. Except the huge extent of building traced among the tall trees, there was nothing very striking in the scene; but what ghost-like recollections and fancies did it awaken! How slender compared to this, the voluptuous interest recognised by Pope in

'Clifeden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love?'

The form of Marie Antoinette haunts these groves and makes them sacred; I say 'the form,' because it is her beauty, real or imputed, which weaves the spell, and moulds her misfortunes into images of grace. How shallow and false is the notion that personal beauty is a frail and fleeting thing! It triumphs over wisdom and virtue, not only in life, but in death; redeems or veils folly and crime; and sweetens the saddest passages of history!"

FRENCH CHILDREN.

"I observed some French children: the very small ones, fantastically dressed up as playthings, seemed petted, caressed, and spoiled; but the elder ones, from ten to sixteen, looking careworn, conceited, independent, and miserable. Everything is gay in Paris but childhood. Old age is gay—pleasantly so even when fantastically so—and death itself is tricked out in garlands, and 'turned to favour and to prettiness.' Why then are the children so joyless? It cannot be that they are too harshly restrained, or ruled by fear; for a cruel discipline is no part of the French character, or the French educational practice; on the contrary, a French boy soon becomes his own master, and studies or lounges as he pleases. Is it not that there are no fireades, no homes? It seems a fine independent thing for a Parisian shopkeeper to dispense with the plague of domestic servants, take every day, with his wife, the freedom of the restaurant and the café, and, when he shuts up his shop, leave it to take care of itself, while he lounges, or dances, or smokes, or reads a journal, or does all these in some public garden; or, better than all, goes to the play. But the pleasures and comforts of children are of home growth, and require a home shelter. They are here

only sad, wearied, wandering spectators of the gaieties of their parents, which are all associated with coquetry, gallantry, and feelings akin to these, in which they do not participate; and though some amends is made by an early initiation into their essences, and an early emulation of their symbols, still children, as children, have no food for their affections in the whirling kaleidoscope which dazzles them. In Prussia, children are happier, because they are under a stricter discipline; but England, with all its imputed sins of flogging and flogging, and excess of Latin versification, is the place where childhood is most happy as childhood; happy in restraint; happy in indulgence; happy in the habits of obedience, and respect, and filial love! You would not find such a set of careworn, pale, unhappy faces in any charity school in England, as you may mark in a throng of wandering, dissipated boys, in the gardens of the Tuilleries."

THE LAKE OF BRIENZ.

"A few minutes of this hard work brought us into the still waters of the lake; we curved gently round to the right shore, and glided for some miles beneath a lofty bank, alternately rock and coppice, but not very striking, nor more beautiful than such a bank must be. If, however, the bank itself had no peculiar charms, its perfect reflection in the rippleless water afforded us delight as unbroken as the surface of the lake which mirrored it, like a delicious vision of familiar and beloved things. Why is this? Why does the reflection of a common object—a little boat with its one rude steerer, a low cottage, a gaunt poplar, a small nest of low bushes—possess a charm unshared by the reality? Is this only admiration of the dreaming softness which the mirror itself lends? Or does the spell work gently among the deeper elements of our own complex being; among the habits of thought which compel us to prefer the 'sweet and cunning' imitations of things even to things themselves; make the indifferent in reality interesting in picture, and bid us then do homage to these most perfect of pictures, which are pictures still? in the longing to cast off the bondage of the flesh, and transform the real to a dream? in the wish to dissolve the palpable in the ethereal, and yet to find in the ethereal images of all we love in the actual? Certain it is, that in the contemplation of these fairy pictures of nature, there is a peculiar, placid, home-felt delight; and that in looking into the downward sky which thus stretches out beneath us, we seem to look into the lowest depths of our own hearts, and find the untroubled serenity there, which answers to the sky of our highest aim, and confirms our airiest and purest hopes."

POETRY OF TENNYSON.

"I forthwith dived to the bottom of my bag, and eviscerated the first volume of 'Tennyson's Poems,' which, strange to confess, I had never read before, having been deterred by a most villainous prejudice, adopted from some 'false fleeting' criticism which represented them as replete with poetic power, but wild, irregular, and affected; which I translated into meaning something you are bound to admire, and compelled to dislike. I was therefore no less astonished than delighted with the passionate beauty, the intensity of generous pathos, the felicitous expression of a weight of human experience in few words, which, while they charmed, smote me with remorse for my long neglect of a great, original, deep-hearted poet. And yet it seemed almost impossible to believe that some of the poems were new to me. With so singular a felicity did they touch on some chords of feeling and memory, that they seemed old but strangely-forgotten things—strains heard in remote boyhood,—voices breathed with mighty, but homely power, from the depths of years. It seemed to me, as I read, as if I knew what was coming next, as our real life sometimes seems to break on the fragments of a reviving dream,—yet how far beyond all my poor

conceptions was the grace and glory with which fragments of my own being seemed invested!"

THE OLD COURT HOUSE OF SPLUGEN.

"There was something to me peculiarly affecting in this wreck of humble power: it touched at least a new modification of the feelings with which we regard the remains of old time, which violence has battered, and nature has rendered lovely. From visions of knightly banquets, desperate defences, regal sufferings, which the silent dignity of the 'child of loud-throated war' revives, it is pleasant for once to muse over the vestiges of common men who made an attempt at perpetual succession—to feel the spirit of antiquity hallowing the poor remains of a place where authority, ever needed by man, once held its narrow sway—perhaps not less revered by the old or less feared by the young, than the wisdom which grew immortal in codes, or the power which was terrible in blood. Here, at all events, in old time, was humanity struggling for a date beyond the span of individual life—the ambition, the pride, the vanity of civic power, and here is dust, silence,—and, therefore, interest for the human heart."

FALSEHOOD OF THE SENTIMENT THAT THE FEELING OF CREATIVE POWER PREDOMINATES IN WILD SCENERY, RATHER THAN IN THE HARMONIES OF NATURE.

"In the deep solitude of this our most Alpine hour, I felt my mind, instead of expanding with the scene, shrink and shiver within me; the awful description of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner,—of his feeling in the enchanted ocean—"so lonely 'twas that God himself scarce seemed there to be," came upon my thought; and I was forced to project my mind into brighter scenes, to cast off the 'burthen of mystery' with which these huge forms of matter oppressed it. Surely it is a false application of a great sentiment to represent that, amidst the vast desolation of scenes like these, the presence of creative and providential goodness is more vividly indicated than in the common pathway of life; that an unhumiliated spirit, finding Divinity nowhere else, must recognise it in these dumb fastnesses of nature; or that the devout believer should feel himself more in the immediate presence of his Maker here than in the plain or the city. Such raptures—if not misplaced at the sight of a vast chaos, like the cataract of Niagara, a world of water inevitably tumbling down from the sudden descent of its channel,—have no especial or peculiar propriety which should exclude equal consciousness of the Divine in holier scenes. Surely it is not beneath the pinnacle of heights unvisited by human steps; in huge unpeopled solitudes; in regions of ancient ruin and present desolation, that the mind more intensely perceives the workings of merciful Wisdom, than in the daily sunrise, the unfailing succession of seasons, the development of the humblest flower from its seed; the smallest, faintest, commonest harmony of the universe. It is true that when the mind, at first overwhelmed by those huge inequalities which mark the ruins of centuries, finds relief in tracing out the beauty which everywhere gradually cleaves to them, and perceives a spirit of loveliness ever working to clothe rude chasms with waving verdure, and sculpture out fair beds for the tortured torrents to rest in, it throws off the weight of stifling matter, and rejoices in its celestial relations. But there is more kindred with our heavenward thoughts, and, therefore, more living proofs of their divine source, in the humblest movement of the lowest intellect—in the infant's dawning smile—even in the instincts of animal affection, than in all these majestic tonings of the mind of the outer world. Within ourselves we may find the unerring witness to Him who moulded us, if we devoutly regard the depths of our own being; instead of being taught the cold lesson to 'look through nature up to nature's God,' strive to look out upon nature from Him; and rise towards heaven on the wings of faith and love, instead of trying to

ascend by the ladder of natural history. If the proud philosopher who has crushed the sense of Deity beneath his selfishness and his scorn, finds it rising upon him in scenes like these, it is not because they supply suggestions with which every movement of his own mind, if wisely scanned, is more pregnant; but because here—alone in a tempest-riven wilderness of rock—the truth starts out upon him, and the depth of the solitude forces him to confess that Presence which alone peoples it."

MONUMENT TO THE FRENCH GUARDS AT LUCERNE.

"We went early the next morning to see the monument to the Swiss Guards who were cut to pieces in August 1792, defending the royal family of France from the maddened republicans, the lion of Lucerne and of the world. Although the situation is chosen with a noble daring, the open side of a bare rock, surmounting a still pool of dark water; and the circumstance of the sole figure being sculptured out of that rock, arrests the attention of the spectator; yet situation, circumstance, material, all are nothing compared with the expression of the figure itself—the stricken and dying lion, grasping with its paw, as by instinct, more affecting as it has almost waned to mechanical, the lily of the Bourbons. There is surely no image in stone or marble of stricken power and beautiful resignation—of fidelity imparting sweetness to death—of true heroic suffering, beyond relief, yet above despair, so eloquent as this. We should say that it is superior to the occasion which prompted it, if such a work of genius were not truer than our theories. If I had not seen that patient and dying lion, I should have thought that, although no form of humanity that has mastered the fear of death, can ever be without kindred with the heroic, its lowest attributes would suffice for mercenary soldiers, yielding up their lives in pursuance of their bargain with a foreign power; but in the presence of this eloquent testimonial to the dead, I cannot help attributing to them some sympathy with the ancient greatness of the monarchy in whose service they fell, investing their valour with a moral dignity, and their fate with a human interest, which no written history could give them."

THEATRE OF MANHEIM.

"The house itself excited recollections of some of the greatest dramas ever acted; and of the career of the loftiest and purest of all dramatists who have ever lived—Schiller, whose first, and many of whose best plays, were produced in this narrow sphere. Here, in this small circle, his first, 'The Robbers,' flashed upon the heart of Germany. Was it possible to stand among the crowd of that pit, and not to thrill with the thought of the wonder, the enthusiasm, the intellectual joy of that great hour? True, it was radiant with the triumphs of the production of early youth—of excited, perturbed, undirected youth, but of a youth whose first 'wild and whirling words' were capable of startling the severe constancy of the wisest, and shaking the selfishness of the world. What must have been the sensation of a German audience, on the first representation of a work then warm from its author's heart, and first presented to the hearts of others, the perusal of which forms an era in the mental history of a thinker like Hazlitt, of a philosopher and poet like Coleridge? What must have been the delight of its author, not long emancipated from the severities of a military education, to find his burning thoughts thus reflected back again from the minds of his countrymen? And what must have been the gift of self-regulation, the heroic power of his spirit, which, unseduced by such triumphs, should so soon seek its approval, by more just and harmonious conceptions, from the severest wisdom?"

SIR FRANCIS HEAD'S CENSURE OF ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

"Seeking enjoyment for part of the time in continuing the perusal of Head's delightful work ('Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau'), imbued with additional interest

by the neighbourhood of the scenes he so charmingly delineates, I was surprised and grieved to peruse his elaborate attack on classical learning as the chief object of education at our great English schools, and on the studies of the university which follows it. The pretty exhibition of a school at the scene of the 'Serpent's Bath,' a name of odious fascination, seems to have awakened in his accomplished mind an admiration for the Nassau system, at the expense of our own, which I lamented in proportion to my respect for our accuser. I was the less prepared for his enthusiasm of invective, because in an earlier part of his work he had expatiated with pride, so graceful in his assumed character of an old man, on the symbols of moral and intellectual nobleness presented in the appearance of a party of young English Collegians, specimens of the operation of the system which he deprecates, in comparison with that of their fellow-voyagers, who have been fashioned under that which he prefers.¹ Indeed, after having inveighed against the whole tenor of classical scholastic education, he admits, 'that in spite of all its disadvantages, a set of high-minded, noble-spirited young men, eventually become an honour to their country.' But asserts, that 'this is no proof that their early education had not done all in its power to prevent them.' I do not understand what other proof can be required or given, or why, while the fact exists, any apprehension should be entertained of the advance of other classes of society in branches of knowledge now within their sphere of opportunity, and the scope of their actual use. If, indeed, classical instruction taught no more than an intimate acquaintance with the dead languages, and a fine perception of the beauties of the greatest works of ancient genius, surely such results could not follow the devotion of a large portion of studious boyhood to its labours. It is not for these accomplishments chiefly, that it is selected for the first place in education; it is because experience has shown it to afford the best means of training the young mind to patient, continuous, unruffled habits of toil; because the study of words, especially of exquisite words, is the best introduction to the knowledge of things; because it does not in the first instance apply to the faculty of unripe reason, which is better developed and strengthened, when it can be exercised on knowledge already mastered, than when incited to try its unfledged energies amidst 'worlds not realized,' but to strengthen the memory, to refine the taste, and to form the habit of cheerful and obedient toil. It is because the knowledge it communicates is not what is called 'useful,' because it does not supply the scholar with some information at once to be brought into productive exercise, of which he may be 'justly vain,' and with which he may rest contented, that it is wisely presented as a succession of difficulties to be surmounted by years of study, though cheered on the way by glimpses of the beautiful and sublime, disturbed by no controversial strifes, but giving to the labours of boyhood a harmony and a substance, and teaching at the same time that there are higher and nobler things in life to be cherished than those which tend to its outward convenience and enrichment; nay, that there are things compared to which life itself, with all its utilities, is worthless. Our English classic (for such unquestionably the author is), laments his own lot, as having left a classical school at the age of fourteen, 'scarcely knowing the name of a single river in the new world, tired almost to death of the history of the Ilissus. In after life (he continues) I entered a river

of America more than five times as broad as from Dover to Calais; and with respect to the Ilissus, which had received in my mind such distorted importance, I will only say, that I have repeatedly walked across it in about twenty seconds without wetting my ankles.' Surely our accomplished author recognises a strange scale by which to estimate the value of a knowledge of rivers in the opening or matured mind! While he probably owes much, however unconsciously, of that graceful spirit which bubbles up in his style as sparklingly as the fountains he celebrates, to his researches, bordering on the Ilissus, it is difficult to sympathize with his distress in not having learned the names of all the American rivers. Of what earthly use would it be to any English gentleman to know them all as familiarly as Mrs. Malaprop her 'parts of speech'? If he visits a river in America, the name of which he happens not to know, he will learn it in a minute from the first backwoodsman who will honour him with a civil answer; and if he stays at home, what interest has he in the name of a river he will never see, though it should be five times as broad as the sea between Dover and Calais, and should lose in its breadth all the attributes which give to rivers a place in our recollection or fancy? It would be a vast addition to his knowledge to know all the names of all the inhabitants of London and Westminster, with the numbers of their houses, as authentically collected and alphabetically arranged in the Post Office Directory—information likely to be far more convenient than the recollection of all the names of all the rivers in the new world. But would it be wise, therefore, to fill the memory with such a nomenclature rather than with the names of the heroes of the Trojan war, which are indexes to heroic deeds? To know that there are rivers in America one hundred miles in breadth may be well for one whose imagination has power to embrace such a waste of water; but beyond that "great fact" what blessing does a nominal acquaintance confer, unless the names are themselves pictures, as 'Abana and Pharpar lucid streams'? If the value of an unseen river to the mind depends on its breadth, Sir Francis Head would prefer by ten-thousand-fold the St. Lawrence to the Jordans which he might have passed with as dry, though not so contemptuous a foot as the Ilissus; and he may strike the balance of the interest, according to gallons of water, between the muddy flood of the Mississippi and 'Siloa's brook, that flowed fast by the oracle of God.'"

A CHURCH ANTIQUARIAN.

BROWNE WILLIS, the first person who undertook a detailed and general survey of the English Cathedrals, acquired his love for this pursuit by passing many of his idle hours in the Abbey when a Westminster boy. That Abbey was open to the boys till of late years, when they were deprived of a liberty which produced some injury to the monuments, and some annoyance to the visitors and showmen. Browne Willis, who became one of the oddest of old men, had his share of peculiarities as a boy. The monuments were his books, and before he left school he imbibed there a love of churches and church antiquities, which fixed the bent of his after life; he was a great repairer of churches and steeples, attended cathedrals and churches, whenever he could so time his visits, upon their dedication days; and when he went to Bath, would lodge nowhere but in the Abbey-house. A lively lady described him as having, with one of the honestest hearts in the world, one of the oddest heads that ever dropped from the moon. He wrote the worst hand of any man in England, it was more unintelligible than if he had learned to write by copying the inscriptions upon old tomb-stones; he wore three or four coats at once, each being of a different generation, and over

(1) "As we proceeded up the Rhine there issued from one of the old romantic castles we were passing, a party of young English lads, whose appearance (as soon as they came on board) did ample justice to their country, and comparing them while they walked the deck with the rest of their fellow-prisoners, I could not help fancying that I saw a determination in their step, a latent character in their attitudes, and a vigour in their young frames, which being interpreted, said—

"We dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none."

them an old blue cloak lined with fustian, all of which were girt with a leathern belt, giving him the appearance of a beggar, for which he was often taken in the course of his enthusiastic wanderings. His weather-beaten wig was of a colour for which language affords no name; his slouched hat, having past the stage between black and brown, was in the same predicament as the wig, and the lower parts of his equipment had obtained for him in his own neighbourhood, the appellation of Old Wrinkle Boots, for during the wear and tear and repair of forty years, the said boots had contracted as many wrinkles as their quantum of calf-skin would contain, and consequently did not reach half way up the legs which they once covered. Being far too deeply engaged with past ages to bestow any portion of his thoughts and cares upon the present, he suffered a fair fortune to be deteriorated by neglecting his worldly affairs; and having lived long enough to hold a distinguished place among antiquaries himself, he left behind him the character of a diligent and faithful antiquary, in which he will long continue to be remembered. Reputations of this class are not like those of fashionable authors, who "come like shadows and so depart;" they keep their place and make up in duration for what they want in extensiveness.—*Quarterly Review*.

A LOST CHILD.

A FEW years ago, in the parish of Sydney, in the province of New Brunswick, America, the following circumstance occurred:—

A young gentleman who had been out for some days on a hunting or shooting expedition, reached the banks of Bear Creek, which he was desirous of crossing, being anxious to make his way home before night-fall. To his disappointment, the log-bridge which he had passed the day before had been carried away by the current, which happened to be very strong in that place. Remembering, however, having noticed a fallen tree across the stream lower down, he pursued his way. Just as he had reached the spot, and was preparing to cross over, his ear was attracted by the sound of footsteps upon the dry sticks; the sound was accompanied by a cautious rustling movement among the thicket of wild raspberries that covered the opposite space. With the alertness of a sportsman, anticipating a shot at a deer or bear, his finger rapidly found its way to the lock of his rifle; and while his keen eye was warily fixed on the bushes, a slight attenuated hand, stained purple with the juice of the berries, was quietly raised to reach down a loaded branch of fruit; another instant, and the fatal ball had been lodged in the heart of the unconscious victim. A cry of terror and of thankfulness burst from the lips of the hunter as he sprang with eager haste across the stream and approached the child. It was a little girl, apparently not more than eight years old: her torn garments, soiled hands, dishevelled locks, and haggard face, betrayed the fact that she had strayed from the forest path, and been lost in the trackless wilderness. The child appeared overjoyed at the sight of the stranger, and told her artless tale with a clearness and simplicity that drew tears from the eyes of her preserver, who felt, indeed, as if he had been an instrument in the Divine hand, sent to rescue the forlorn being before him from a melancholy and painful death. Had not the loss of the bridge led him to seek another spot whereby to gain the opposite bank, she would in all probability have perished in that lonely spot;

but it was ordered otherwise, and the heart of the young man was filled with grateful emotion. He learned from the child that she had been sent by her mother to carry a basket of food to her father, who was chopping in the wood near the house; but that, by some mischance, she had strayed from the path, and, misled by the echo of her father's axe, she had wandered away in an opposite direction. Every attempt to retrace her steps only led her deeper and deeper into the wood; but still she went on. At first, she said, she cried a great deal; but finding her tears and lamentations brought no relief, she consoled herself with eating some of the food she had brought with her. When night came on, she was overcome with weariness, and lay down to sleep in a sheltered place, and rose with the first sound of the birds to pursue her hopeless way. When she had exhausted her provisions in the basket, she beguiled her sorrows by seeking for herbs, and berries. Fortunately it was the season of summer fruits, or else the poor wanderer must have perished. On the third night she lay down to sleep, and heard, as she supposed, the tread of cattle near her. She said she was very glad, for she thought the dark creatures she saw moving about in the dim light must be her father's oxen; and she called to them very often, "Buck, Bright!" but they did not come nearer; and she wondered she did not hear the ox-bell. Another night she said she saw two great black shaggy dogs, which she thought were neighbour Hewet's dogs; but when she called them by their names, they stood up on their hind legs, and looked hard at her, but did not come near her, and soon went away into the wood: and she knew they were dogs, for that night she heard them howling. In all probability these animals were bears, for the woods abounded with those animals, and the stream the hunter had crossed bore the name of Bear Creek; the howling, most probably, arose from wolves; but her innocent heart knew no fear. The day after this she found herself near a deserted shanty; the clearing on which it stood was overgrown with strawberries and raspberry-bushes; and here she remained, picking the berries, and sleeping beneath its sheltering roof at night. She led the hunter to her solitary hut, where he proposed leaving her whilst he went in search of help to convey her home, or to some dwelling house; but the little creature clung to him with passionate weeping, and implored him so pathetically not to leave her again alone in the dark lonely forest, that his heart was not proof against her entreaties; and, though weary with his own wandering, he took the little foundling on his back and proceeded on his journey, occasionally resting on the fallen timbers to ease him of his burden. The shades of night were closing in fast upon them; and the weary pair were making up their minds to pass another night under the shade of the woods, when the sound of water and the working of mill-wheels broke upon their ears; and soon the light of the last glow of sunset broke through the trees in the distance; and the child, with a shout of joy, proclaimed they must be near a clearing at last, for she saw light through the stems of the trees. Gladly did the poor wayworn travellers hail the cheerful sight of the mill and the neat log-house beside it; and gladly did the kind inmates of the place receive and cherish the poor lost child, who had been sought for till hope had departed from the hearts of her sorrowing friends,

and she was reckoned among the dead. She had wandered away miles from her home, and been absent many days; but she had been supplied with water and fruits, and her spirits had been wonderfully sustained during her wanderings.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

AN EPITAPH

IN THE CHURCH OF ROMFORD, ESSEX, ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR ANTHONY COOK, KNIGHT, WHO DIED THE 11TH DAY OF JUNE, 1576.

You learned men and syche as learning love
Vouchsafe to reade this rude unlearned verse
For stones are doombe and yet for mannes behove
God lends them tongues somtymes for to rehearse
Sych wordes of worth as worthiest wits may pearce
Yea stones (oftymes) when bloode and bones be rott
Do biase the brute which else might be forgott
And in that heape of carved stones doth lye
A worthy knight whose life in learninge ledd
Did make his name to mounte above the skie
With sacred skill unto a kinge he redd
Whose towarde youthe his famouse praises spredde
And he (therefore) to courtly lyfe was called
Who more desired in study to be stalled
Philosophy had taught his learned mynde
To stand content with countrye quyet lyfe
Wherein he dwelt as one that was asyned
To garde the same from sundry stormes of stryfe
And (but when persecuting rage was ryfe)
His helping hand did never fayle to stay
His countreyes staffe but held yet up alway
No high advance nor office of avails
Could temple his thoughts to soare beyond his reach
By bronte of books hee only did assayle
The forte of fame wherto hee made his breache
With tyre of truthe, which God's good worde dothe teach
The wealth he won was due to his degroe
He neyther rose by riche rewardes nor fee
And yet although he bare his sayles so lowe
That in his lyfe he did right well bestowe
His children all before their pryne was paste
And lincke them so as they be like to laste
What shoulde I say but only this in summe
Beatus sic qui timet Dominum
That only skill that learninge bears the bell
And of that skill I thoughte (poore stoon) to tell
That syche as like to use their learninge well
Might reade these lynes and herewith oft repeate
How here on earth his gyft from God is greate
Which can employe his learninge to the best
Soe did this knyghte which here with me doth rest.

"WHERE SHALL I TURN TO FORGET, AND BE AT PEACE?"

A. H. T.

Oh woman, when thy golden youth is gone,—
Swiftly hath died away,
As light from the sweet day,—
How shalt thou meet the night which cometh on?
When none shall heed thy voice,—no earthly friend
Shall whisper in thine ear,
Words thou wouldst die to hear—
"I love thee still the same, until the end;"—

Where shalt thou turn from the remembered past,
Through the dark years to come?
The heart must have a rest—
Something whereon to lean, even to the last.

A pitying voice shall tell thee, whispering low
To the still soul within;
"Only be pure from sin:
"What though of earthly joy thou canst not know?
"I feel thy grief—I have shed human tears,
I know thy sorrows well,
Better than thou canst tell,
I know the darkness of thy lonely years.
"Yet tremble not—though there be none beside,
Though the deep waters roll,
Over thy prostrate soul,
Thy God shall be thy stay—for thee He died."

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

ANECDOTE OF SIR HENRY FANSHAW.

LADY FANSHAW relates to her son the following anecdote of his grandfather Sir Henry Fanshawe, who lived in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

He had great honour and generosity in his nature, and to show you a little part of which, I will tell you this of him. He had a horse that the then Earl of Exeter was much pleased with; and Sir Henry esteemed, because he deserved it. My Lord, after some apology, desired Sir Henry to let him have his horse, and he would give him what he would; he replied, "my lord, I have no thought of selling him, but to serve you; I bought him of such a person, and gave so much for him, and that shall be the price to you, as I paid, being sixty pieces;" my Lord Exeter said, "that's too much, but I will give you, Sir Henry, fifty;" to which he made no answer. Next day, my lord sent a gentleman with sixty pieces, Sir Henry made answer, "that was the price he paid, and once had offered him to my lord at, but not being accepted, his price now was eighty;" at the receiving of this answer, my Lord Exeter stormed, and sent his servant back with seventy pieces. Sir Henry said, "that since my lord would not take him at eighty pieces, he would not sell him under a hundred pieces, and if he returned with less he would not sell him at all;" upon which my Lord Exeter sent one hundred pieces and had the horse.

LORD ERSKINE'S FONDNESS FOR PUNNING.

In this forbidden ground, the region of puns, wit's lowest story, Erskine would disport himself with more than boyish glee. He fired off a double-barrel when encountering his friend, Mr. Maylem, at Ramsgate. The latter observed that his physician had ordered him not to bathe. "Oh then," said Erskine, "you are '*Malum prohibitum*.'" "My wife, however," resumed the other, "does bathe." "Oh, then," said Erskine, perfectly delighted, "she is '*Malum in se*.'"—(*Townsend's Lives of eminent Judges*.)

N.B.—The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; Covers for binding, with Table of Contents, may be ordered of any Bookseller.

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J. COOPER, Sc.

Dora.

(See page 207.)

FRANK FAIRLEIGH,
OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.
By F. E. S.

CHAP. III.
THE BALL.

"By Jove! this is hot work!" exclaimed Lawless, flinging himself down on a sofa so violently, as to make an old lady, who occupied the farther end of it, jump to an extent which seriously disarranged an Anglo-Asiatic nondescript, believed by her to be a turban, wherewith she had adorned her aged head. "If I have not been going the pace like a brick for the last two hours, it's a pity: what a girl that Di Clapperton is to step out!

VOL. III.

splendid action she has, to be sure, and giving tongue all the time too. She's in first-rate training, 'pon my word; I thought she'd have sewn me up at one time--the pace was terrific. I must walk into old Coleman's champagne before I make a fresh start; when I've recovered my wind, and had a mouthful of hay and water, I'll have at her again, and dance till all's blue before I give in."

"My dear fellow," said I, "you must not dance all the evening with the same young lady; you'll have her brother call upon you the first thing to-morrow morning to know your intentions."

"He shall very soon learn them, as far as he is concerned, then," replied Lawless, doubling his fist. "Let me have him to myself for quiet twenty minutes, and

"I'll send him home with such a face on him, that his nearest relations will be puzzled to recognise him for the next month to come at least. But what do you really mean?"

"That it's not etiquette to go on dancing with one young lady the whole evening; you must ask some one else."

"Have all the bother to go over again, eh? what a treat! Well, we live and learn; it will require a few extra glasses of champagne to get the steam up to the necessary height, that's all. And there they are going down to supper; that's glorious!" and away he bounded to secure Miss Clapperton's arm, while I offered mine to the turbaned old lady, to compensate for her late alarm.

After supper the dancing was resumed with fresh energy, the champagne having produced its usual exhilarating effects upon the exhausted frames of the dancers. Notwithstanding my former repulse, I made a successful attempt to gain Miss Saville's hand for a quadrille, though I saw, or fancied I saw, the scowl on Mr. Vernon's sour countenance grow deeper, as I led her away. My perseverance was not rewarded by any very interesting results, for my partner, who was either distressingly shy, or acting under constraint of some kind, made monosyllabic replies to every remark I addressed to her, and appeared relieved when the termination of the set enabled her to rejoin her grim protector.

"Of all the disagreeable faces I ever saw, Mr. Vernon's is the most repulsive," said I to Coleman; "were I a believer in the power of the 'evil eye,' he is just the sort of looking person I should imagine would possess it. I am certain I have never met him before, and yet, strange to say, there is something which appears familiar to me in his expression, particularly when he frowns."

"He is a savage-looking old Guy," replied Freddy, "and bullies that sweet girl shockingly, I can see. I should feel the greatest satisfaction in punching his head for him, but I suppose it would be hardly the correct thing on so short an acquaintance, and in my father's own house too; eh?"

"Not exactly," replied I, turning away with a smile.

When Lawless made his appearance after supper, it was evident by his flushed face, and a slight unsteadiness in his manner of walking, that he had carried his intentions with regard to the champagne into effect; and, heedless of my warning, he proceeded to lay violent siege to Miss Clapperton, to induce her to waltz with him. I was watching them with some little amusement, for the struggle in the young lady's mind between her sense of the proper, and her desire to waltz with an Honourable, was very apparent, when I was requested by Mrs. Coleman to go in search of a cloak appertaining to the turbaned old lady, whom I had escorted down to supper, and who, being delicate in some way or other, required especial care in packing up. Owing to a trifling mistake of Mrs. Coleman's, (who had described a red worsted shawl as a blue cloth cloak, which mistake I had to discover and rectify,) my mission detained me some minutes. As I re-entered the ball-room, shawl in hand, I was startled by the crash of something heavy falling, followed by a shriek from several of the ladies at the upper end of the room; and on hastening to the scene of action, I soon perceived the cause of their alarm.

During my absence, Lawless, having succeeded in overcoming Miss Clapperton's scruples, had re-commenced waltzing with the greatest energy; but unfortunately, after going round the room once or twice, "the pace," as he called it, becoming faster at every turn, the combined effects of the champagne and the unaccustomed exercise rendered him exceedingly giddy, and just before I entered the room, he had fallen against a small table supporting a handsome China candelabrum, containing several wax lights, the overthrow of which had occasioned the grand crash I had heard. The cause of the shriek, however, still remained to be discovered, and a nearer approach instantly rendered it apparent. One

of the wax candles, which had not been extinguished in its fall, had rolled against the ball-dress of Miss Saville, who happened to be seated next the table, and set it on fire. After making an ineffectual attempt to put it out with her hands, she became alarmed, and as I approached, started wildly up, with the evident intention of rushing out of the room. Without a moment's hesitation, I sprang forward, caught her in my arms, and flinging the worsted shawl over her dress, which was just beginning to blaze, enveloped her in it, and telling her if she only remained quiet she would be perfectly safe, laid her on the floor, while I continued to hold the thick shawl tightly down, till, to my very great delight, I succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

By this time several gentlemen had gathered round us, eager with their advice and offers of assistance. Having satisfied myself that the danger was entirely over, I raised Miss Saville from the ground, and, making my way through the crowd, half led, half carried her to the nearest sofa. After placing her carefully upon it, I left her to the care of Mrs. Coleman and Lucy Markham, while I sought out the turbaned old lady, whose shawl I had so unceremoniously made use of, and succeeded in making my peace with her, though, I believe, in her own secret breast, she considered Miss Saville's safety dearly purchased at the expense of her favourite whittle. As I approached the sofa again, the following words, in the harsh tones of Mr. Vernon's voice, met my ear.

"I have ascertained our carriage is here; as soon, therefore, as you feel strong enough to walk, Clara, my dear, I should advise your accompanying me home; quiet and rest are the best remedies after such an alarm as this."

"I am quite ready, Sir," was the reply, in a faint tone of voice.

"Nay, wait a few minutes longer," said Lucy Markham, kindly; "you are trembling from head to foot even yet."

"Indeed I am quite strong; I have no doubt I can walk now," replied Miss Saville, attempting to rise, but sinking back again almost immediately from faintness.

"Can I be of any assistance?" inquired I, coming forward.

"I am obliged to you for the trouble you have already taken, Sir," answered Mr. Vernon, coldly, "but will not add to it. Miss Saville will be able to proceed with the assistance of my arm in a few minutes."

After a short pause the young lady again announced her readiness to depart; and, having shaken hands with Mrs. Coleman and Lucy Markham, turned to leave the room, leaning on Mr. Vernon's arm. As I was standing near the door, I stepped forward to hold it open for them, Mr. Vernon acknowledging my civility by the slightest imaginable motion of the head. Miss Saville, as she approached me, paused for a moment, as if about to speak, but, apparently relinquishing her intention, merely bowed, and passed on.

"Well, if it's in that sort of way people in modern society demonstrate their gratitude for having their lives saved, I must say I don't admire it," exclaimed Coleman, who had witnessed the cool behaviour of Mr. Vernon and his ward; "it may be very genteel, but, were I in your place, I should consider it unsatisfactory in the extreme, and allow the next inflammable young lady who might happen to attract a spark in my presence, to consume as she pleased, without interfering; and peace be to her ashes!"

"It was most fortunate that I happened to have that thick shawl in my hand," said I; "in another minute her whole dress would have been in a blaze, and it would have been next to impossible to save her. What courage and self-command she showed! she never attempted to move after I threw the shawl round her, till I told her all danger was over."

"Very grand, all that sort of thing," returned Freddy, "but for my own part I should like to see a little more feeling; I've no taste for your 'marble maidens;' they always put me in mind of Lot's wife."

"Eh! Mrs. Lot!" interrupted Lawless, coming up to us, "why was she like me? do you give it up? Because she got into a pretty pickle,—there's a riddle for you. I say, I made a nice mess of it just now, didn't I? that's what comes of going to these confounded balls. The fact was," he continued, sinking his voice, "the filly bolted with me; she took uncommon kindly to the champagne at supper; in consequence, she was so fresh when we started, that I couldn't hold her; she kept pushing on faster and faster, till at last she was fairly off with me; we did very well as long as we stuck to the open country, but we contrived to get among some very awkward fences; the first stiff bit of timber we came to she made a rush at, and down we came, gate—I mean, table, candlestick, and all, a regular smash, and to make matters worse, one of the candles set the other young woman's petticoat alight."

"In fact, after a very severe run, you were nearly being in at the death," suggested Coleman.

"By Jove, it was nothing to laugh at though," resumed Lawless; "she'd have been regularly cooked, if Frank Fairleigh hadn't put her out when he did, and I should have been tried for 'Unjustifiable Girl-seide,' or 'Maliciously setting fire to a Marriageable Female,' or some such thing; and I dare say the young woman wasn't insured anywhere; I should have got into a pretty mess; it would have been a worse job than breaking Shrimp."

"Frederick, look here!" cried Lucy Markham, who was passing the place where we stood; "see how Mr. Fairleigh's sleeve is scorched; surely," she continued, turning to me, "your arm must be injured."

"It begins to feel rather painful," replied I, "but I dare say it's nothing to signify."

"Come to my room," exclaimed Freddy, anxiously. "Why did you not mention it before?"

"Really I scarcely felt it in the excitement of the moment," returned I; "it can't be of any consequence."

On removing the coat-sleeve, however, a somewhat considerable burn was apparent, extending about half way from the wrist to the elbow, and which, the moment it was exposed to the air, became excessively painful.

Fortunately, amongst the guests who had not yet taken their departure, was the surgeon of the neighbourhood, who was speedily summoned, and who, after having applied the proper remedies, recommended me to carry my arm in a sling for a few days, at the end of which time, he assured me, it would cause me little inconvenience.

As it was, by great good luck, my left arm which was injured, I submitted to this mandate with tolerable resignation, and returned to the drawing-room to be pitied by the tongues of the old, and the bright eyes of the young ladies, to an extent which (as at that time of day I was somewhat addicted to the vice of shyness) was more flattering than agreeable.

It was between two and three o'clock when Lawless and I prepared to take our departure for the inn at which we were to sleep. Being a lovely night, Coleman volunteered to accompany us for the sake of the walk, telling the servants not to sit up for him, as he had a latch-key in his pocket, an article, regarding the possession of which, a constant civil war was carried on between his mother and himself, wherein by dint of sundry well-contrived stratagems, and deeply-laid schemes, he invariably gained the victory.

"I tell you what," said Lawless, "the row and bother, and the whole kick up altogether, has made me alarmingly hungry; the only decent bit of chicken I managed to lay hands on at supper, Di Clapperton ate; precious little that girl has, to be sure; even after all the ground she's been over to night, going a topping pace the whole time too, she wasn't a bit off her feed; didn't she walk into the ham sandwiches! that's all! I'd rather keep her for a week than a fortnight, I can tell you; she'd eat her head off in a month, and no mistake. Here, waiter," he continued, "have you got any thing to eat in the house?"

"Yes, Sir, splendid barrel of oysters down by coach

last night; capital brown stout, Sir, 'real Guinness!' "That's it, my man," was the rejoinder, "erot 'em out, by all means. Freddy, old boy," he continued, "come along in with us, and have some."

"Well, I don't mind astonishing the natives for once in a way," replied Freddy, "but it's dreadfully debauched, eating oysters and drinking porter at this time of day or night, whichever you are pleased to call it; you'll ruin my morale."

"The devil fly away with your morals," was the polite rejoinder; and in we all went together. The oysters and porter soon made their appearance, and had ample justice done them; then, as a matter of course, spirits and water and cigars were produced, "just to prevent the oysters from disagreeing with us;" and we sat talking over old times, and relating various adventures which had occurred to us since, without troubling our heads about the flight of minutes. At length Coleman, pulling out his watch, exclaimed, "Past four o'clock, by the powers! I must be getting to bed,—I've got a lease to draw to-morrow, and my head won't be over clear, as it is."

"Nonsense," replied Lawless, "bed's all a popular delusion; we can't be better off than we are—sit still;" but on Coleman's persisting in his wish to depart, Lawless continued,—"Well, take another glass, and then Frank and I will walk home with you, and see you safe, for it's my belief that you're getting 'screwed,' or you'd never think of going to bed." Freddy and I exchanged glances, for if any of our party were in the condition expressed by the mysterious word 'screwed,' it certainly was Lawless himself. After sitting some little time longer, we once more sallied forth, with the avowed intention of seeing Coleman home.

ORFORD CASTLE.

Amongst the thousands of tourists from south to north, in these times of extended intercourse between all parts of this beautiful island by steam navigation, who has not, whilst inhaling the bracing breeze and careering gaily over the "boundless and sublime," observed on the coast of Suffolk, between Harwich harbour and Aldeburgh, famous for being the birth-place of Crabbe, a castle rearing its proud front in broad relief against the western sky? Between those two light-houses, and at a short distance from that low, shingly, and barren shore denominated the Ness, broad, massive, stern, and grey stand the remains of Orford Castle, a mighty stronghold of feudal times, associated with the imperishable names of the Malet, the Bigod, the Despenser, and other "barons bold," who contributed to form the chivalrous host of the Norman conqueror.

Orford Castle stands upon a commanding eminence on the north-west side, or, in military phrase, on the right bank of the river Ore. By day, in clear weather, it serves as a land-mark for the mariner, and may be easily distinguished at the distance of twenty-five miles. A more interesting object is, perhaps, impossible to conceive, as you approach the coast, especially towards evening. In the far distance the eye rests upon the domain of the Marquis of Hertford, with its undulating wood-land; in the fore-ground, the lofty keep and weather-beaten turrets of the old castle, mel- lowed by the rich glow of sunset, proudly shadowing forth the crumbling glories of olden times.

The date at which this venerable castle was erected has long been a matter of anxious inquiry amongst topographers and antiquarians. No records exist; for in the "iron times" of which we write the barons and their retainers, being engaged almost exclusively in warlike pursuits, had no opportunities for cultivating

the arts of literature; indeed, literature had scarcely dawned when this kingdom was first dotted with fortresses and castles. The little learning known was confined exclusively to the cloister. The monks were engaged more in matters relating to the management of their respective monasteries, than in making records connected with the castles and fortresses erected to consolidate and perpetuate the sway of the conqueror. After most careful and elaborate research, we have little doubt that Orford Castle was built A.D. 1067-8. In the former year, the Conqueror received the submission of all the nobility who had not attended his coronation, at Barking, in Essex, and, confirming them in possession of their estates and dignities, took care, however, previously to visiting Normandy, to place all real power in the hands of his barons; the better to effect which he caused fortresses and citadels to be erected at various places best situated for commanding the kingdom. That Orford Castle was one of the strongholds then erected there can be little doubt, since its position was calculated to form a most powerful military station, commanding the country for many miles around, and under cover of which a most favourable point was presented for carrying on intercourse with the Conqueror's Norman dominions, as well as for debarking supplies and munitions of war. The opinion we have expressed is further strengthened by several historical facts. Upon the usurpation of the crown by Stephen, the barons, in return for their submission, demanded the right of fortifying their castles, and the whole of England was thereupon filled with fortresses, garrisoned with vassals and soldiers. The evils resulting from compliance with this demand were aggravated by the wars in which Stephen was engaged with the Empress Matilda. In 1155, however, Henry II., the better to strengthen his throne and to keep the refractory barons in order, caused all the newly-erected castles to be demolished, which, upon the authority of historians, had proved "so many sanctuaries for freebooters and rebels." In pursuance of this royal mandate, the castles of Ipswich, with the castle of Walton, about twenty miles from Orford, were razed to the ground; and in accordance also with stipulations, the stones being removed in each case to the distance of a mile, were scattered about, that they might not again be used for similar erections. The evidences of this still remain. The soil of Suffolk is gravel and chalk, with a staple of loam. In a part of the town of Ipswich, called "The Wash," which in olden times formed the bed of a deep stream of water, fordable at different points, but which now consists of a long and well-paved street, through which, however, a small stream still finds its way from Christ Church Park, and falls into the river Orwell, the stones of Ipswich Castle have been several times turned up during the last century by excavators, in digging wells and cellars; whilst a road, about a mile from the site of the Castle of Walton, has also presented the same evidences that Walton Castle shared the same fate. Now, in none of the histories of the period, nor indeed in any of the quaint narratives given by the early English chroniclers, do we find mention of any Castle of Orford having been made subject to the same mandate. Upon this negative evidence, then, we may reasonably conclude that Orford Castle, as it now stands, survived the general wreck; and that there are the best grounds for this, is shown also by the fact that Orford Castle was placed in the hands of those Norman nobles who were bound by their fealty to support the throne; though, as we shall see, there were one or two exceptions, in which cases the turbulent and disaffected were superseded by others more worthy of their sovereign's trust and confidence.

We now come to the important question—under whose immediate auspices was Orford Castle designed and completed? This is, again, a somewhat difficult point to solve. It is one that has puzzled every local historian. As we have observed before, no records exist.

It is probable that Orford Castle was erected by Robert Malet, and the evidence is strong in favour of the supposition. This Robert Malet was the son of William Malet, whose name appears on the roll of Battle Abbey as having been one of the victorious followers of the Norman invader. To him was consigned the body of Harold, found on the field of Hastings, with injunctions that the usual pious offices should be properly performed. The services rendered by William Malet appear to have met with ample reward at the hands of the Conqueror, in the person of Robert Malet, the son; for, after the fall of William Malet, in 1069, in defending York Castle, the command of which devolved upon him upon the death of Robert Fitz-Richard, the governor, the Conqueror granted to Robert Malet 267 manors in England, 221 of which, as Dugdale states, were situate in the county of Suffolk. In this grant was the manor of Sudborne, in which Orford was included. These princely possessions Robert Malet appears to have held for about thirty-three years. Under Henry I. he held the office of Great Chamberlain; but, deserting his post, he ranged himself under the banners of Robert Curthose, who laid claim to the throne. Upon the defeat of Curthose and his rebellious followers, Henry I. deprived Robert Malet of all his possessions, and being banished the realm, he passed over with Robert Curthose into Normandy; the name of Malet being thenceforth associated with the basest ingratitude for deserting the Crown in the greatest emergency in which his king could have been placed, thus forming a strong commentary upon the political morals of those times, though later periods of our history have not been less remarkable for similar examples.

Having given the above historical data, it may be interesting to attempt a minute description of the castle itself.

From the number of bricks and tiles turned up at various periods in the vicinity, there appears to be no doubt that the castle stood formerly in the centre of the town of Orford. That Orford was, in ancient times, a place of considerable magnitude, admits of no question. Enjoying the favour of successive sovereigns, and being under the immediate personal surveillance of powerful barons, Orford possessed many privileges. So early as the reign of Edward I. it sent two members to parliament; that privilege is now extinct. Down to the year 1500, Orford possessed three churches—but one now remains. Its maritime importance is evidenced by the fact, that in the reign of Edward III. the burgesses fitted out three ships of war, which they despatched to the siege of Calais; it possesses now but half-a-dozen small fishing boats. Five centuries since it possessed several streets; their sites are now either traversed by the plough or are depastured by oxen and kine. The thoroughfares, Bridge-street, Church-street, and Broad-street, which once echoed to the clank of armed men, and to the bugle sounded at the castle-gate by the "belted knight," now present to the spectator merely so many "green lanes," still retaining their ancient appellations, where lovers may ramble, or poets apostrophize the moon. The warlike baron and his trusty bands of retainers; the portly burgesses, proud of their royal charters; the stately ships, which rode gallantly on the broad and swelling bosom of the Ore; the busy population deep in trade and commerce; the handicraftsmen plodding to their daily toil; the stoled priest shriving the dying sinner, and waiving his last penitential sighs to heaven; the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the crimes and virtues, the springs which gave impulse to human actions—all have been swept away; and the only memento now left of the glories of Orford is its noble castle, and all its proud recollections.

Upon yonder lofty mound, covered with the green herbage of summer, stands the keep with its "donjon"—nearly all that now remains of the once mighty stronghold of the Malet, the Bigod, and the Despenser. The

keep is a good specimen of the castellated style. It is ninety feet in altitude, and is built in the form of a polygon of eighteen sides, described within a circle whose radius is twenty-seven feet. Three square embattled towers flank it at equal distances on the west, north-east, and south sides, and by these towers the keep is overlooked. At the base of the keep the walls are twenty feet thick. The entrance is on the western side through a narrow gate leading to a flight of stone steps within. Ascending these you approach a broad and massive gate, the semicircular arch of which rests on corbels displaying grotesque heads. Passing through this, you attain a platform from which you have a view of the "donjon," with its damp and dismal walls, and stupendous Norman arches. In the centre of the floor of this "donjon" is yet to be seen the mouth of the well intended to supply the garrison with water in times of siege. In this "donjon" how many captives may not have pined! how many sighs may not have been breathed for liberty as the "iron entered the soul!" Passing along the platform, the visitor ascends, on the right, another flight of broad stone steps, forming the principal staircase, when he finds himself in what formed the guard-room; the stupendous fireplace, the recesses in the walls, the narrow windows, and the general character of the whole apartment, indicating its Norman origin. In this guard-room the late Marquis of Hertford had a huge table built, around which, with his noble visitors, it is stated he passed many pleasant hours in the summer seasons during the latter years of his life. This table, which still remains, occupies the guard-room on all sides to within about six feet of the walls, such are its gigantic dimensions. Proceeding again through a series of low arched passages, the guard-room communicates with two or three stone chambers lighted by loop-holes. They appear to have been intended as places of security, having been approached only through a succession of doors, which disappeared centuries ago, though the pivots are still left, with the holes in the solid stone, through which the massive bolts were shot. In one of these dark and dismal apartments, tradition states that "a ladye of high degree" was confined during the absence of her lord, who accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to Palestine. She gave birth to a beautiful babe, who was seized by stealth in the temporary absence of the nurse, and carried off by freebooters in the guise of Flemish merchants. The "ladye" fretted and pined away, and her lord only returned in time to weep over her bier, and to die of a broken heart—the loss of his "ladye" and her babe being a keener stroke to him than the blow aimed at his breast by the bright steel of the Saracen. When the wind on winter's nights has souged and moaned through the windings of the castle, producing sounds like the sighs of troubled spirits, simple-minded peasants plodding homewards have often fancied they heard the wails of the "ladye," and the sorrowful complainings of her lord, alternating with the ditty of the nurse hushing the bright-eyed babe to sleep. Perhaps at that old window in the tower above, the nurse may have fondled that babe in her arms, and the burden of her song may have been something like the modern version, though not in the same words:—

"O slumber my darling, thy sire is a knight;
Thy mother a ladye so lovely and bright;
The hills and the dales and the towers we see,
They all shall belong, dear"

Thus dying upon the ear like the falling strains of a vespers hymn, as the soft cheek of the babe pressed its downy pillow, and the beautiful boy, the hope of a noble house, sank into his sweet and peaceful slumbers.

There is another object also of peculiar interest connected with this castle. From a broad doorway in the south-east tower, are presented what are evidently the remains of an oratory, or chapel, above the principal entrance. The top of the wall is embattled, and the two

windows of the chapel are yet in excellent preservation. The floor of this oratory no longer exists—the whole interior is a mass of ruins. To the eastern wall, however, are yet attached the remains of a *stone altar*. The visitor might well spend an hour in musing upon this spot.

"How many beads have here been told?
How many matins have been sung?"

The holy anthems and the notes of praise are now hushed; all is silent as the grave; on all sides, a series of crumbling ruins: hearts that once worshipped at that altar have centuries since mingled with common dust: ambition, virtue, guilt, age in its "scar and yellow leaf," sated with the world—youth, buoyant with hope and dreaming of "glorious war," have alike knelt here, and have alike passed away. As we turned from the spot, we thought of Bernard Barton's lines—

"Where religion's holy name
Hath preferred its sacred claim;
While a relic can be found
Count it still as hallowed ground."

But to proceed. The outer walls of the keep and towers are built in the fashion which from time immemorial has been characteristic of the district—flint and rubble faced with Caen stone. The interior walls are built entirely with stone of the same description, and seem destined to last to future ages. The corroding hand of time has made but few inroads; it is only here and there within the keep that the visitor can detect the slow progress of time's ravages. Perhaps there is no castle in the kingdom of the same antiquity in a better state of preservation.

Upon taking a minute survey of the exterior, the attention of the visitor is called to the site of what once formed a square building, adjoining the western side of the tower on the south-east of the keep. This building formed the principal entrance to the castle in its palmy days, communicating with a series of drawbridges, which, forming a passage over the outer and inner moats in the olden time, echoed to the heavy tread of the armed bands of the Malet, the Bigod and the Despenser, as they marched along in triumph with polished lance, and gay pennons fluttering in the breeze. About eighty years since, there was also standing near the keep a place locally termed the kettle-house, which was supposed to have been used as a kitchen. Between the moats and opposite the south-east tower, about twenty years ago, a wall was standing of circular form, about forty feet high, with parapets and battlements. This no doubt formed a part of the general plan of fortification. The moats still continue to be well defined, the inner one being fifteen feet, and the outer one thirty-eight feet from the walls. Indeed the *tout ensemble* impresses the visitor with a sense of the strength and security which were the characteristics of this stronghold of the Norman barons, surviving as it has done the wrecks of dynasties and the rallyings of power for nearly one thousand years.

The view from the top of the keep is very fine, overlooking an extent of country for many miles. On the west and south there are alternately presented woodland, grazing and corn districts, interspersed with the well-stocked and umbrageous game preserves of the Marquis of Hertford; on the east, bearing upon its ever-rolling waves many a gallant ship, the boundless expanse of the German Ocean.

A very curious story, connected with Orford Castle, recorded by Ralph Coggeshall, an old English chronicler, is still implicitly believed by the fishermen of the neighbourhood. The incident alluded to is said to have occurred in the year 1161, in the reign of Henry II. It is related that, one stormy day, certain fishermen of Orford, in casting their nets some distance from shore, caught a monster resembling a man in size and form. His head was bald, but he had a beard long and rugged. Astonished at what they had taken, the monster was

conveyed to the governor of the castle. An endeavour was made to domesticate this strange offering of old father Neptune. The monster would eat fish or flesh, but when either was presented to him in a raw state, he would "press it with his hands" previous to mastication. The monster would appear, however, to have had a very sorry sojourn amongst his new associates, for not satisfied with surveying him in his "human form," the inmates of the castle were in the habit of "tying him up by the heels," and subjecting him to other cruel torments, "to make him speak." The chronicler does not inform us of the result, but goes on to relate that the monster had a couch provided for him, upon which he lay down at sunset, and from which he regularly arose at sunrise. Eventually the governor permitted the fishermen to carry the stranger to the sea-shore, in order to witness his vagaries in his native element. There is an old-standing satire that the men of Coggeshall, in Essex, spread a net around their town to keep out the small-pox. Whether they borrowed the idea from the fishermen of Orford, local traditions do not state; but certain it is, upon the authority of Ralph Coggeshall, that the fishermen of Orford spread three rows of strong nets before a portion of the coast to prevent the escape of the monster, and then permitted him to betake himself to the briny elements. The result was what might have been anticipated. Monster though the stranger was pronounced to be, yet he seemed to possess more brains than the fishermen, for diving under the triple barrier of nets, he was soon beyond the control of his captors, and elevating himself upon the crests of the foaming waves derided the astonished fishermen, and soon disappeared in the depths of the sea. The fishermen, chagrined at the loss, returned in doleful plight to the governor of the castle. The monster, however, some time after returned, to the perfect surprise of the fishermen, and again made a sojourn at the castle. Not being kept under his former strict *surveillance*, a sort of confidence was established between both parties; but according to Ralph Coggeshall, "the monster being weary of living alone, at last stole away to sea, and was never heard of more." The tradition is still preserved. On stormy nights when the frail barks of the hardy fishermen are tossed about by the tempestuous waves; when the winds are howling and blustering along the shore, and the "donjon" of the old castle echoes to the strife of the furious elements, the wives and children of the brave mariners are sometimes wont to leave the warm chimney nook and peep fearfully through the half-opened casement into the dank and hazy atmosphere which envelopes this wild and desolate shore, to descry the welcome and well-known craft; retreating timidly as they bear a thought of the mysterious monster, designated the wild man of Orford.

The researches into the history of the respective governors of Orford Castle, are full of the deepest interest, introducing us to some of the most illustrious names that adorn our early annals, and to some of the most remarkable events that distinguished the career of the Norman invaders.

It has been already shown that Orford Castle was built A.D. 1067-8, under the direction of the Conqueror, by Robert Malet. Upon his attainder for high-treason, in 1103, Henry I. vested the Barony of Orford and the immediate possessions in Peter de Valoines, one of the attendants of the Conqueror, and steward in the royal household. By his successors the castle was held throughout the reigns of Stephen, Henry II., Richard I., up to the year 1204, in the reign of King John, when the barons rose, and eventually succeeded in obtaining Magna Charta. The influence exercised by this confederation caused the expulsion of the Valoines. In 1204, Hugh Bigod, one of the powerful Earls of Norfolk, who had defended his castles at Ipswich and Walton against Stephen, was made Governor of Orford. He was one of the twenty-five barons chosen as conservators of the public liberties, to whom all men were bound to swear

obedience under penalty of confiscation. For the part Hugh Bigod acted, he was excommunicated by Pope Innocent III.; pursued, also, by the relentless enmity of the king, John, who never forgot or forgave, and took the earliest means for accelerating his fall. In 1215, when war again broke out between John and the barons, and William de Albini, their most puissant leader, was taken prisoner, the king, finding his arms triumphant, removed Hugh Bigod from the governorship of Orford Castle, and placed the responsibility in the hands of Hubert de Burgh, another illustrious name. Hubert de Burgh rendered essential service to the crown, upon the invasion of Louis, son of Philip of France, by opposing, with the greatest fidelity and valour, the French forces, invited over by the refractory barons, under the command of the Count de Perche, who, in 1216, fell at the siege of Lincoln Castle. Having also rendered eminent service at the siege of Dover, Hubert de Burgh was, upon the death of John and the accession of Henry III., in 1216, appointed High Justiciary of England. He is represented to have been the ablest and most virtuous minister whom Henry III. ever possessed; faithful to the crown in the most difficult and dangerous times, with no disposition to enslave or to oppress the people. Loaded with favours and honours beyond any other subject, a conspiracy was got up against him by the discontented barons. Amongst other crimes, Hume states that he was accused of gaining the king's affections by enchantment, and of purloining from the royal treasury a gem which had the virtue to render the wearer invulnerable. The faithful minister was abandoned by the king, and, after being for a time confined in the Castle of Devises, made his escape; after which, he again so far exercised his "powers of enchantment," as to impress the king with the conviction that his services were invaluable to the state, and he was consequently again received into royal favour. The next illustrious name we find in connexion with Orford Castle, is that of Hugh le Despenser, who, with his son, in the reign of the unfortunate Edward II., made himself so conspicuous in the part he took against Queen Isabella, and her paramour, Roger Mortimer. Hugh le Despenser appears to have succeeded Hubert de Burgh until about the year 1262, when Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, laid claim to the throne. After the parliament, called "the mad parliament," held at Orford in 1268, the first act of Simon de Montfort and the twenty-four confederated barons, was to displace all the chief officers of the crown, and to replace such officers by others of their own appointment. Henry III. proclaimed this breach of trust; and to mark his displeasure, with others, removed Hugh le Despenser from the governorship of Orford Castle, at the same time placing new governors and new garrisons in most of the castles throughout the kingdom. Hugh le Despenser was succeeded by Philip Marmion, descendant of a Norman baron. In 1268, Simon de Montfort, having formed a new conspiracy in France, commenced an open rebellion, and he and the insurgent barons were reinvested with the sovereignty of the kingdom. One of their first acts was to restore Hugh le Despenser to the office of High Justiciary; and he was again also reinstated in the governorship of Orford Castle. This he appears to have held through the civil wars, during the predominance of Simon de Montfort up to 1265, when the Battle of Evesham proved the death-blow to Simon de Montfort and his faction. After this triumph of the royal arms, all the castles, including Orford, were surrendered to the crown, Simon de Montfort being the only baron who was made the subject of attainder; Hugh le Despenser being compelled, with other barons, to make composition with the crown to an extent not exceeding five years' rental of their respective estates. Although, at this period of history, Hugh le Despenser thus lost the royal favour, yet he was afterwards again reinstated in the office of Governor of Orford Castle, and, with his son, occupied a brilliant position down to the reign of

Edward II., when Roger Mortimer, succeeding in his rebellion and invasion under the auspices of Queen Isabella, effected the destruction of both the Despensers, the royal favourites; the elder, at ninety years of age, being hanged, and his body thrown to the dogs; the latter being also, without trial, brought to the block.

Such is a sketch of the early history of Orford Castle in those eventful and bloody times. It now only remains to be added, that the elder Despensers was succeeded, in 1336, (Edward III.,) by Robert de Ufford, who married Cecilia, daughter and co-heiress of Robert de la Valoines. In 1382, (Richard II.,) William de Ufford died seized of the castle and domain, which were assigned for the dowry of Isabella his wife. This lady survived her husband thirty-five years. Upon her demise, in 1417, Robert, Lord Willoughby De Eresby, whose ancestor led the second line of the English forces at the Battle of Cressy, had livery of the castle and town of Orford; and in this family both remained until 1526, (Henry VIII.,) when William, Lord Willoughby, died, leaving as his heiress his daughter Catherine. In 1529, the wardship of Catherine devolved upon Charles Brandon; and in 1535, having made proof of her age, she had livery of the lands and castle of Orford as her inheritance, and thereupon became fourth wife of the great Duke of Suffolk. Upon his death, in 1545, the duchess married Charles Bertie, Esq., a gentleman skilled in various foreign languages, and member of a family of high rank. Both were zealous promoters of the Reformation, and suffered much in its cause, being compelled, upon Mary's accession, to quit the kingdom in order to save their lives. A curious old ballad, published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, commemorative of their example, is yet extant, entitled, "The most rare and excellent History of the Duchess of Suffolk, and her husband, Richard Bertie's Calamities: to the tune of 'Queen Dido.'" Upon the death of the Duchess of Suffolk, in 1580, her son and heir, Peregrine Bertie, who was born at Wesel, one of the Hans Towns, claimed the dignity and title of Willoughby de Eresby, which, being allowed, he had summons to Parliament. By Sir Robert Naunton, in the "Fragments Regalia," he is named as "one of the queen's first swordsmen, and a just master of the military art." About 1595, the Castle of Orford passed from this illustrious family to Sir Michael Stanhope, Knt., county Notts, who, it is said, occupied a high position in the councils of Elizabeth and James I. It afterwards descended to the Hon. Pryce Devereux, Lord Viscount Hereford, whose heirs held it, with the manor of Sudborne, until about 1780, when both were purchased by Francis, eldest son of Francis Lord Conway, Baron Conway, of Rageley, Warwickshire; who, on the third of August, 1750, was created Earl of Hertford and Viscount Beauchamp; being advanced also on July 5th, 1793, to the high rank of Marquis of Hertford and Earl of Yarmouth.

Our narrative, compiled from many original sources, exclusively our own, now comes to a close. Under the auspices of the noble house of Hertford, we trust the fine old Castle of Orford will be preserved unimpaired to future generations, which, like the present, will not fail to dwell with wonder and delight upon this hoary memento of the chivalry of England in those times when the galleries, now silent and deserted, echoed hoarsely to the warlike preparations of stalwart men-at-arms; or when, amidst flowing wine-cups, the old castle echoed softly to the mellifluous strains of the harper welcoming the chieftain back from the plains of Palestine.

R. T.

GUN-COTTON.

THE great Edmund Burke, almost in the same page that he laments the departure of the age of chivalry, has this acute observation: "From the earliest dawning of policy to this day, the invention of men has been sharp-

oning and improving the mystery of murder, from the first essay of clubs and stones to the present perfection of gunnery, cannoneering, bombing, mining." Much as the genius of "our good Edmund" luxuriated in speculative philosophy, and luminous as was his course of action and thought, he could scarcely have meditated on the vast number of means for "sharpening and improving," which science has, of late years, devised; all of them involving considerations of the highest importance to the welfare of the human race; a proximate effect of these discoveries, doubtless, being, in a great measure, the extinction of the curse and calamity of war. Its chivalry will, indeed, then have departed; and the contest, so long as it remain, will have none of those brilliant episodes of human action which are the *ignes fatui* of hero-worship. No more—

"An iron harvest on the field appears,
Of lances, burnished shields, and bristling spears;"

or,—

"The various glories of their arms combine,
And in one fearful, dazzling medley join.
The air above, and all the fields beneath,
Shine with a bright variety of death."

But we must leave the heroic age, and come to our own times.

Cotton, having already contributed largely to our national prosperity in times of peace, is likely to play a very important part in the strategies of war. The discovery is already disputed: it is the old story of Columbus and the egg; the egg now stands erect, and every one makes fulminating, or gun-cotton: it is very easy when one knows the way.

We believe the credit of the discovery to be due to Professor Schonbein, of Basle, the discoverer of ozone, an element analogous in its chemical character to chlorine. The novelty was first announced as an explosive compound, possessing many apparent advantages over gunpowder. It was described as a cotton, prepared by a secret process: on the application of a spark, the solid mass is at once converted to a gaseous state; and in an experiment performed in the laboratory of Professor Schonbein, a certain weight of gunpowder, when fired, filled the apartment with smoke; whilst an equal weight of cotton exploded without producing any smoke, leaving only a few atoms of carbonaceous matter behind. Common balls and shells were experimentally projected by this prepared cotton, which was stated to have nearly doubled the projectile force of gunpowder. Professor Schonbein made an interesting experiment on the wall of an old castle: it had been calculated that from three to four pounds of gunpowder would be requisite to destroy this wall, and a hole capable of containing that quantity was prepared. In this aperture were put four ounces of the prepared cotton, which, when fired, blew the massive wall to pieces.

Again, the sixteenth part of an ounce of the prepared cotton, placed in a gun, carried a ball with such force that it perforated two planks at the distance of fifty-eight paces; and, at another time, with the same charge and distance, drove a bullet into a wall to the depth of 3½ inches. In other experiments, a drachm of cotton sent a ball, three-quarters of an ounce weight, to a distance of two hundred paces, where it penetrated a deal plank to the depth of two inches. A portion of this cotton, when thrown into water, and afterwards dried, did not lose its inflammable property.

Such were the experiments made by Professor Schonbein, with this new explosive power, in Switzerland. In September last, the *savant* attended the Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Southampton; and, the fame of the gun-cotton having travelled much faster than the Professor, great was the curiosity of the members of the Association to witness

the operation of this new power. At one of the evening meetings, its properties were explained and experimented with by Professor Grove. The explosive force was stated to be double that of gunpowder, yet the substance left no soil on fire-arms. There are two qualities of the gun-cotton: the second-best causing little smoke, the other none. Gunpowder explodes at 600° of heat; gun-cotton at 400°; and it may be exploded on gunpowder without the powder igniting!

Mr. Grove first exploded a small quantity of gunpowder, for the purpose of showing the large quantity of smoke it evolved. He then fired a small lock of the gun-cotton, of the second quality; it flashed off as rapidly as gunpowder, and but a very small quantity of smoke was perceptible; the paper on which it exploded being but slightly stained. The best quality of gun-cotton exploded still more rapidly, without any smoke whatever; and it gave out an orange-coloured flame.

Mr. Grove next steeped a piece of the cotton in a glass of water, and then pressed it and dried it between blotting-paper; and though it could not have been thoroughly dry in the time, the cotton flashed off when heated wire was applied to it, and without any perceptible smoke. The flash, however, was not, in this case, so instantaneous as that of the perfectly dry cotton.

The last experiment was the explosion of a piece of the gun-cotton placed upon loose gunpowder, without firing the latter. This was perfectly successful; though the cotton must be quite dry to insure its success; for, if the combustion be less rapid, the gunpowder will explode.

These experiments were witnessed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who was present at the meeting, and was elected an honorary member of the Association.

Subsequently, Professor Schonbein attended at Osborne House to exhibit the properties of his gun-cotton to Prince Albert, when the Professor offered to explode a portion on the hand of Colonel B—; but the gallant colonel recoiled from the experiment, and would have nothing to do with the novel power. Prince Albert himself, however, submitted to the test; and off went the cotton, without smoke, stain, or burning of the skin. Thus encouraged, the colonel took his turn; but, whether the material was changed or not for the coarser preparation, it gave him such a singeing that he leaped up with a cry of pain. A hearty laugh was all the commiseration he received. After this, Professor Schonbein loaded a fowling-piece with cotton in the place of powder, and the Prince fired both ball and shot from it with the usual effect, and perfect impunity. We give this anecdote upon the authority of the *Literary Gazette*.

The advantages attendant upon the use of gun-cotton for blasting in mines must, we think, be very great; since the smoke proceeding from the coarse gunpowder, used for this purpose, occasions so much annoyance, and injury to the health of the miners. Experiments have been made in some of the Cornish mines, and have proved most satisfactory and conclusive in favour of gun-cotton, one ounce of which proves equal to one pound of gunpowder.

Some additional projectile experiments have also been made in the grounds of Mr. Barron, at Stanmore, with fowling-pieces and rifles. Thus, as reported in the *Athenæum*, a gun, charged with thirty grains of prepared cotton, propelled an equal charge of shot, with greater force and precision, at a distance of forty yards, than was done by the same gun loaded with a hundred and twenty grains of gunpowder. A rifle, charged with fifty-four and a half grains of gunpowder, sent a ball through seven boards, half an inch in thickness, at a distance of forty yards; the same rifle, charged with forty grains of gun-cotton, propelled the ball into the eighth board. Another rifle, which had been used for elephant shooting, and consequently carried a much larger ball, charged with forty grains of gun-cotton, propelled the ball through eight boards, at a distance of ninety

yards. In no case was the discharge accompanied by a greater recoil than usual; and the reports were not louder than those accompanying the discharge of guns and rifles loaded with gunpowder.

As Professor Schonbein came to England with the view of patenting his discovery, he did not divulge the secret to his brother *savans* at the Southampton Meeting. He is said to have offered it to the British government; and a hundred-weight of the gun-cotton is stated to have been despatched from Basle to Woolwich, with the view of testing its applicability to heavy ordnance. Still this statement is at variance with a representation current, that the Diet of Mentz has proposed an award to the Professor, for communicating to them his gun-cotton secret. We may here mention, that its manufacture is unattended by risk; and that it can be effected in the small space of eight hours, and at a less cost than gunpowder.

Schonbein is believed still to retain his secret intact; but other original thinkers have been at work, and produced very similar results. Indeed, the subject of explosive compounds has largely engaged the attention of European chemists, of late years, owing partly to the high pitch of public curiosity as to the secret of Lieutenant Warner's new destructive power. So fearful an antagonism it is naturally an object of national competition to possess; and, were it not that we consider such annihilating power must lead to the cessation of great wars, we should regard such discoveries as the wanton waste of genius. As it is, however, there is a glorious anticipation abroad of the humanizing effect of these scientific triumphs, which, we pray, may be amply realized.

Almost simultaneously have appeared three or four inventors of other explosive agents. Bættier, of Frankfort, has discovered one; and Dr. Otto, Professor of Chemistry, in Brunswick, relying on an observation of Relouze, contained in the 136th page of Professor Otto's *Manual of Chemistry*, has succeeded in producing an exploding cotton, which, after a series of experiments, seems quite to supply the place of gunpowder. We quote the Doctor's own account of the invention, which he has given for the general good of the public:—

"In the preparation of the exploding cotton, common, well-cleaned cotton, is dipped for about half a minute in highly concentrated nitric acid, (the acid which I use being made by the distillation of ten parts of dried saltpetre, and six of oil of vitriol,) and then instantly placed in water, which must be often renewed, in order to free the cotton from the acid with which it is impregnated. Care must then be taken that all the knotty parts be properly disentangled, and that it be thoroughly dried. After this, the explosive cotton will be ready for use. Its effects create astonishment in all who witness them: the smallest portion, when struck on an anvil with a hammer, explodes like fulminating powder; when kindled with a glowing body, it takes fire like gunpowder; and when used in a gun, its operation, though in a far greater proportion to its weight, is precisely the same as that of gunpowder. This gun-cotton is employed in the same way as gunpowder: a piece of it is rammed down the barrel, then a bit of wadding, and after that a ball; a copper cap ignites and explodes the cotton." Dr. Otto's statement is accompanied by a testimonial, and he adds, "without a single exception, all who have witnessed my experiments have been most completely satisfied."

The editor of the *Pharmaceutical Times* is entitled to be heard on the subject, from his presumed familiarity with chemical manipulation. Now, he has prepared cotton according to Professor Otto's directions, but has found it to acquire a fulminating property by no means so great as described. The method is by steeping cotton for half a minute in nitric acid, and then drying it: "on adding, however, sulphuric acid to the nitric acid, then proceeding as before, the result was different; and a

cotton was obtained which possessed all the properties of fulmination and capability of disruption and projection stated by Professor Schonbein. We were induced to try the effect of mixing sulphuric acid with nitric, from a consideration of the remarkable affinity which the former acid evinces for water, thus concentrating the nitric acid to its maximum. Many of our readers, who may have in boyhood amused themselves with performing scientific experiments, will, doubtless, be cognizant of the one which has for its object the inflammation of certain essential oils by the agency of nitric acid. They will not fail to remember that, if such acid be not very strong, the result will not take place, but that inflammation is immediately caused by the addition of a little sulphuric acid.

"Prepared by the process we have indicated, gun-cotton resembles, to some extent, the ordinary material; but, in some cases, it assumes a slightly yellow colour. It explodes by the percussion or friction of iron against iron, or any metal of similar hardness, and also when exposed to a temperature of 400° Fahrenheit,—circumstances to be borne in mind when we come to speak of the application of this cotton to the purposes of fire-arms.

"Having tried the effects of this cotton as a projectile agent for small arms, its relative agency in propelling a ball would appear to be about equal to the finest sporting gunpowder, than which it occupies more space in a gun, on account of its lighter specific gravity,—a fact which must not be lost sight of."

The writer then examines the circumstances of using the cotton for small fire-arms, and finds three difficulties: 1, the chance of the fibres of the cotton getting between the ramrod and barrel, and thus prematurely exploding; 2, if the barrel be considerably heated by continuous firings, the cotton may explode, even without friction, and its use, from this cause, would be impossible in many cases of actual service; 3, the doubt whether the cotton will find its way into the chamber or contracted breeching of a gun, spontaneously, like gunpowder. Lastly, the property which this remarkable body possesses of not soiling a piece, would render it, *ceteris paribus*, invaluable; but this, the writer fears, is not the case. He anticipates the greater advantages from this body as applied to mining operations; for here, the evolution of smoke in the confined space in which the miner is compelled to work, is a serious disadvantage.

Two other claimants remain to be noticed. M. Morel, the engineer, at Paris, has just produced "a fulminating matter, having all the appearance of cotton and wadding, which he has tried in the presence of General Gourgaud, President of the Committee of Artillery; Colonel Piobert, Member of the Academy of Sciences; and several other officers. The following details of the experiments are from the *Messenger*, Paris paper:—

"Burned on the hand, it causes no sensible pain, leaves no stain, and produces no smoke. Dipped in water and pressed, and afterwards dried between two leaves of blotting-paper, it preserves its fulminating properties. General Gourgaud fired a charge of fulminating cotton from an ordinary fowling-piece at a distance of forty yards from the object at which he aimed. He fired a holster pistol at a distance of twenty-five yards, and a pocket pistol at a distance of ten yards. At forty yards, a ball from the fowling-piece traversed a plank of beech of 0.35 centimetres thickness; at twenty-five yards, the ball from the holster pistol lodged in the plank without perforating it; the ball from the pocket pistol made the same impression on the plank as that which might have been produced by a charge of ordinary gunpowder. The charge of fulminating cotton leaves scarcely any residue in the barrel. The recoil of the gun is extremely slight, and the report is not louder than that of a large detonating cap."

"M. Chodako, a Polish refugee, likewise presented a fulminating substance, which has the appearance of

cotton, and which was tried with an artillery musketoon, fired at forty yards. The ball produced the same effect as that fired by fulminating cotton, but it left a considerable deposit in the barrel. The cotton powder of M. Chodako was compressed into a wadding in order to charge the gun, whilst the fulminating cotton was not. Both materials ignite by the blow of a hammer on an anvil, but not by the blow of a hammer on wood."

Meanwhile, it will be interesting to watch the experimental applications of this new explosive power, to the practical value of which various conditions are essential. We have here submitted to our readers the leading facts of the discovery; and at present have only to add our best hopes of its proving a scientific benefaction to the community.

THE STREETS OF LONDON.¹

To trace the gradual development of a great metropolis from the nucleus around which the small community had originally congregated: to pursue its *efflorescence* into streets, lanes, alleys, squares, circuses, paragonas, and crescents: to speculate on the names given to them, and the causes of their imposition, originating in peculiarities of the locale, in the appellations of the builders, or the purposes for which the buildings were designed: to investigate the history of their respective inhabitants, and their fortunes and changes, could not but afford much amusement, probably much moral instruction. These desirable results may be obtained from even a less extensive consideration of this interesting subject; and Dr. Mackay has produced two most entertaining and instructive volumes, replete with information, amusement, and anecdote of every description, political, statistical, biographical, historical, or theatrical. They are written in a lively, *chit-chat*, *off-hand* style, adapted to the subject; and form (what Mr. Smith entitled another of his publications,) an admirable "Book for a rainy day." There is no Preface, and, what is an unpardonable deficiency in a literary work, especially in one of this nature, *no Index*!

We shall proceed to select such passages as, we imagine, may in any way interest our readers; adding occasionally some remarks of our own.

The Ramble begins with a journey from "Hyde Park Corner to Charing Cross." The first object of attraction is "Apsley House." "Apsley House is interesting, as being the residence of the greatest captain and one of the greatest men of this or of any former age. Time, which must make it venerable, will confer more and more lustre upon it, and a century hence, what we now look upon with curiosity will be regarded with reverence."—Vol. i. p. 5.

Mr. Smith passes over in silence the *iron revolving shutters*, conveying so striking a memorial of the uncertainty and fickleness of the English. Our school-boy recollections rise up, as often as we see them; and the treatment of Miltiades recurs to our mind. We recollect seeing the Duke, during a popular ebullition of congratulation, smiling calmly at the mob who were cheering him, and pointing to these shutters.

"Some years ago, as our readers are probably aware, it was decided to commemorate the achievements of the Duke of Wellington by a testimonial. The execution of this work was confided to the competent genius of

(1) An Antiquarian Ramble in the Streets of London, with anecdotes of their more celebrated Residents. By J. T. Smith. Edited by Charles Mackay, LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 1848.

Mr. Wyatt. That gentleman entered upon his grateful task, and completed a design which is said to be worthy of the artist; and which, undoubtedly, is the largest equestrian statue in the world. The work finished, it became a grave question where it was to be placed. A committee of noblemen and gentlemen of reputed taste was accordingly formed, to take into consideration at what spot, or on what eminence this mighty man and horse might most worthily be stationed. The committee (having obtained her Majesty's sanction and approval) at length decided that the top of the triumphal arch was the place, of all others, to show to admiration the beauty of Mr. Wyatt's magnificent statue. But now the critic began to carp: there was no precedent for an equestrian statue on an arch; besides, the arch itself was too small for the statue. One noble lord pleasantly observed, that when the horse was placed on its destined summit, it would appear from his windows like that wondrous horse 'whereon the Tartar king did ride;' an aerial steed that had walked or galloped, or was about to do so, over the houses. But his lordship forgot that if the arch had been a pedestal, the selfsame appearance would be presented to him.

"It has at length been arranged that the horse and his rider shall be suffered to ascend the arch 'on trial.' If an enlightened public, after due examination, do not approve their appearance, they are to come down again; when some other, and, if possible, better situation, will be chosen for them. We venture to predict, that once up, they will not come down; and we shall not be surprised if, after all, it be acknowledged that the much-derided committee have chosen well and wisely."—*Ibid.* pp. 6, 7.

In this prediction and expectation we heartily concur. The discussions on this subject have nothing whatsoever to do with sculpture or architecture.

The public-houses contiguous to Hyde Park, about the middle of the last century,

"Were chiefly resorted to by soldiers, particularly on review days, when there were long wooden seats fixed in the street before the houses for the accommodation of six or seven barbers, who were employed on field-days in powdering those youths who were not adroit enough to dress each other. Yet it was not unusual for twenty or thirty of the elder soldiers to bestride a form in the open air, where each combed, soaped, powdered, and tied the hair of his comrade, and afterwards underwent the same operation himself."—*Ibid.* p. 8.

"In the vestry of St. James's church are carefully preserved the portraits of the eminent prelates Tenison, Clarke, Secker, and Parker!"—*Ibid.* p. 25.

Clarke never was a Bishop, and Dr. Parker was the last Rector of the parish but three. The portraits extend, in a consecutive series, from the first rector of the parish up to the present Dean of Lincoln.

"The following is an extract from Cole's MSS. vol. xxxi. page 171, in the British Museum:—"The following humorous address was supposed to be wrote by Colonel Lytleton, brother to Sir George Lytleton, in 1752, on his Majesty's return from Hanover, when numberless addresses were presented. White's chocolate-house, near St. James's palace, was the famous gaming house where most of the nobility had meetings, and a society. It was given to me December 8th, 1752, by Sir Robert Smyth, Bart. at Horseth Hall:—

THE GAMESTERS' ADDRESS TO THE KING.

Most righteous Sovereign:

May it please your Majesty,
We, the lords, knights, &c. of the Society of White's, beg leave to throw ourselves at your Majesty's feet (our honours and consciences lying under the table, &c., our fortunes being at stake), and congratulate your Majesty's

happy return to these kingdoms, which assembles us together, to the great advantage of some, the ruin of others, and the unspeakable satisfaction of all—both us, our wives, and children.

We beg leave to acknowledge your Majesty's great goodness and lenity in allowing us to break those laws which we ourselves have made, and you have sanctified and confirmed, while your Majesty alone religiously observes and regards them.

And we beg leave to assure your Majesty of our most unfeigned loyalty and attachment to your sacred person; and that, next to the Kings of Diamonds, Spades, Clubs, and Hearts, we love, honour, and adore you.

To which his Majesty was pleased to return this most gracious answer:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I return you my thanks for your loyal address; but whilst I have such rivals in your affections as you tell me, I can neither think it worth preserving or regarding. I look upon you yourselves as a pack of cards, and shall deal with you accordingly."—*Ibid.* p. 42.

"An interesting anecdote of the first arrival of George the Second in his palace of St. James's, is related in the recently published correspondence of Horace Walpole. Sir Robert often complained to him in Latin (for the minister spoke no German, and the king no English) that the Hanoverians in his train were so venal and rapacious; to which his Majesty at once replied by giving an instance of the venality and rapacity of English servants, always on the look out for vails. 'This is a strange country,' said the king. 'The first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and saw a park, with walks, a canal, &c. which they told me were mine. The next day, Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a fine brace of carp, out of my canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp, out of my own canal, in my own park.'"—*Ibid.* pp. 58, 59.

"Before houses were numbered, it was a common practice with tradesmen not much known, when they advertized, to mention the colour of their next neighbour's door, balcony, or lamp; of which custom the following copy of a hand-bill will present a curious instance:—

'Next to the Golden Door, opposite Gt. Suffolk St., near Pall Mall, at the Barber's Pole, liveth a certain person, Robert Barker, who, having found out an excellent method for sweating or fluxing of wigs, his prices are 2s. 6d. for each bob, and 3s. for every tye-wig and pig-tail, ready money.'"—*Ibid.* pp. 81, 82.

An admirable remark, in our opinion, is made in p. 103. We shall quote it, at the hazard of being considered devoid of all taste.

"The equestrian statue of George the Third was erected in 1837, and is the work of Mr. Wyatt. Its cost was upwards of 4,000*l*. Critics object to the cocked hat and tye-wig in the royal figure; but some ages hence the abused parts will be the most valuable in the whole statue. It may very reasonably be asked, why a plain English gentleman should be represented in the dress of a Roman tribune? Let the man appear, even in a statue, in his habit as he lived, and whatever we may say, posterity will be grateful to us. We should like to know exactly the walking-dress of Cæsar or Brutus, and how they wore their hair; and we should not complain if they had cocked hats or periwigs, if we knew them to be exact copies of nature."—*Ibid.* p. 103.

Dr. Johnson, or Dr. Adam Smith, (we forget which,) was glad to know that Milton wore latches in his shoes instead of buckles; and our present author, defending Malone from "the sarcastic author of the Pursuits of Literature," justly observes,—

"Surely, however, where Dryden is the theme, the biographer who records these little traits of character and domestic life is entitled not only to our forgiveness, but to our gratitude."—*Ibid.* p. 40. Note.

The following statement is highly exaggerated:—

"Passing from Leicester Square, we went, until recently, through Cranbourne Alley, the great bonnet mart of London. Those who are ignorant of the town may be amused to learn that at every shop door in this alley, while it existed, a young woman, of decent appearance, was stationed all day long, on the watch for customers, whom it was her business to entice or drag into the shop, and force to purchase whether they would or no. These women were known by the name of "She Barkers," to distinguish them from the "He Barkers," who were stationed at the second-hand clothes shops, and who acted the same annoying part towards men. Woe used to betide the women of the middle classes who passed through Cranbourne Alley with an unfashionable bonnet! It was immediately seen from one end of the place to the other, and twenty barkers beset her, each in turn, as she walked forward, arresting her course by invitations to inspect what was for sale within. Many a one has had her cloak or shawl torn from her back by these rival sisters of trade during their struggles to draw her within their den, each pulling a different way."—*Ibid.* p. 125.

The absurd notion "that the horse is without a girth," on which Charles I. is sitting at Charing Cross, is satisfactorily refuted. Perhaps it is not generally known that the sword has been stolen within the last few years.

Another instance of misrepresentation occurs in p. 152—

"Rare Ben [Jonson] also lived in an alley, as appears from his famous answer to King Charles I., who had sent him a very tardy and very small (!) sum, when he was in poverty and sickness. 'I suppose he sends me this, because I live in an alley. Tell him his soul lives in an alley.'"

Now this atrocious calumny was refuted thirty years ago! "Charles sent him a hundred pounds, a noble present in those days; for which Jonson returned him thanks in an epigram (vol. viii. p. 453) full of gratitude and dutiful affection."—Ben Jonson's Works, by Gifford, vol. v. p. 339. The conclusion of Gifford's note we omit, but trust it will raise a blush in the cheeks of the authors of "An Antiquarian Ramble through the Streets of London."

"Mr. Apreece, a tall thin man, in rich dress, was her [Moll King's] constant customer. He was called *Cadwalader* by the frequenters of Moll's."—*Ibid.* p. 266.

He was the original whom Foote took off under that name, in his farce of "The Author."

Our present limits will not allow us to dwell upon the various information drawn together, and concentrated, in the four Rambles that form the subject of this first volume—information almost necessary to those who would relish the dramatists, novelists, newswriters, and essayists of the last century. Names of clubs, taverns and hotels, coffee-houses, the resort of the wits of that day, according as their politics were Whig or Tory, and mug-houses of lower pretensions, theatres, and places of entertainment now long forgotten, actors and actresses, are brought before us with a vividness of representation, that we may almost imagine we are seeing a "Dissolving View of London in the Olden Time."

(To be concluded in the next.)

GLACIERS.

"As a large stone is sometimes seen to lie,
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same spy,
By what means it could hither come, or whence;
So that it seems a thing endued with sense,
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself."

Wordsworth.

IN a former number we have watched the tiny coral insects in their unceasing labours; and have seen them raise afresh the island which volcanic action had plunged suddenly, or caused to subside gradually, beneath the surface of the ocean. This is the routine which scientific investigation has disclosed to us in the warmer regions of our globe; let us now turn our attention northward, and endeavour to understand the action of ice, as regards the "erratic blocks," or "boulder stones," which have so much puzzled geologists. Light has broken in upon this dark question, and the agent by which these ponderous travellers have been transported from the mountain peak and delicately poised upon its side, or carried from their resting place into the valley below, has been beautifully traced by Professor Forbes, whose work, "Travels in the Alps," contains minute and interesting details upon the subject of the structure and motion of glaciers. Our business lies more immediately with their effects; but in order to understand these, we must enter slightly into the nature of the wonderful agent employed.

A Glacier is a frozen torrent proceeding from the upper valley of mountains where the snow never melts, and fed by vast reservoirs whose contents never decrease. It moves with a steady flow, "although no eye sees its motion; but, from day to day, from year to year, the secret silent cause produces the certain slow effect; the avalanche feeds it, and swells its flowing tide; the mightiest masses which lightning or the elements roll from the mountain side upon its surface, are borne along without pause; when the glacier, advancing beyond its usual limit, presses forward into the lower valleys, it turns up the soil, and wrinkles, far in advance, the greensward of the meadows with its tremendous ploughshare; it brings among the fields the blasts of winter, and overthrows trees and houses like stubble in its ruthless progress; no combination of power and skill can stay its march, and who can define the limit of its aggression? Its proud waves are however stayed, and, by causes as mysterious as those of its enlargement, it retreats year by year within its former limits; but where the garden and the meadow were, it has left a desolate spread of ruin, like the fall of a mountain, which never again may be tilled, and over which for at least half a century not even a goat shall pick the scanty herbage."

The downwards movement of a glacier has not been doubted, although the causes and manner of its motion have been much disputed; two theories, that of *dilatation*, and that of *gravitation*, have been advanced, but Professor Forbes's opinion does not entirely coincide with either of these. He has shown that instead of sliding forwards in a body by the force of gravity, the glaciers move more rapidly in the centre than at the edges, and more rapidly at the surface than on its under side; and also that the ice continues its downward course during winter, when, there being no alternations of frost and thaw, there can be no dilatation.

The termination of a glacier presents a crystal wall: from beneath issues a stream of ice-cold turbid water; derived from springs rising in the earth under the glacier; from a slight melting of the under surface by the warmth of the earth; from the rain and melted snow, which in summer filters through the "crevasses," and from the wasting of the glacier itself, by the action of sun and rain. The river Dranse thus has its origin from the glacier of Chermontane in the Val de Bagnes, where, in 1818, some terrific scenes occurred in consequence of the river having been dammed up by an increasing glacier.

cler. The cause of the mischief was the glacier of Getroz, which spreading across the valley, formed, by the stoppage of the Dranse, an immense and deep lake. In order to avert the danger, a canal was cut through the ice in the hope of draining the lake before the warm weather of spring should cause it to burst, but the water was not sufficiently warm to wear away the ice rapidly, and the cascade tumbling over the icy barrier so loosened the soil as to detach the ice from the mountain; the consequence of which was that "a flood, five times greater than that of the Rhine at Basle, filled the bed of a mountain torrent." Captain Hall was on the spot soon after the catastrophe, and has given an account of it in the first volume of "Patchwork."

In the same valley the glacier de la Brenna had extended in 1822, as far as to cross the torrent, which made its way under it, and to rise to a great height on the opposite side, where it threw up a vast mound of rocky fragments. An area of many acres in extent is now left uncovered by the glacier, strewed with blocks and debris, and doomed to sterility.

The middle portion of a glacier is a gently sloping icy torrent, from half a mile to three miles wide, more or less undulating, and having its surface broken by "crevasses," from a few inches to many feet in width, generally vertical, and sometimes extending almost from side to side of the glacier. The surface is rough, with hollows, which in warm weather have rills and streams of considerable volume and velocity. These, unlike the water escaping from beneath the glacier, are of exquisite purity, beautiful and refreshing. After a short course, they are precipitated into the crevasses, forming bold cascades, and probably at length joining the stream which issues from the end of the icy plain.

"Nothing is more striking than the contrast which day and night produce in the superficial drainage of the glacier. No sooner is the sun set than the rapid chill of evening reducing the temperature of the air to the freezing point or lower, the nocturnal radiation at the same time violently cooling the surface, the glacier life seems to lie torpid—the sparkling rills shrink and come to nothing—their gushing murmurs and the roar of their waterfalls gradually subside—and by the time that the ruddy tints have quitted the higher hill-tops, a deathlike silence reigns amidst these untenanted wilds."

In this part of its course the glacier is more or less covered with blocks of stone which are borne upon its surface, and which may be marked year by year descending with the icy stream, determining its "deliberate speed." These have fallen from the cliffs which usually bound both sides of a glacier in its middle portion, and may be seen to fall almost every summer's day, burdening the glacier on each side with a band of blocks, and not unfrequently bringing down to the mineralogist specimens which would otherwise have been far beyond his reach, but whose native place may be surely inferred by observing the direction of the ice stream which is charged with them. These stony borders are called *Moraines*. Occasionally the blocks fall into a space between the glacier and the boundary wall, which is caused by the heat of the earth slightly melting the ice; there they are ground and chafed by the movement of the glacier, also making grooves and scratches parallel to it on the rocks which it passes. Besides this, the glacier sinks towards the sides, and the blocks lodge there, grating against the rocks. If, as occurs in particular seasons, the glacier be elevated by an increase in its quantity, the moraines are also lifted up; and when the return of summer or warmer seasons reduces the ice to its former bulk, the blocks are deposited at the higher level. Thus the situation of many blocks in different parts of the world may be accounted for.

It often happens that two glaciers meet in a valley, from different sources, each bearing with it edgings of moraines; it is obvious that in such cases the two inner moraines must unite, and thus a third or centre band is formed. A similar junction may again take

place, and thus many moraines may be borne along by their united glacier, each band of blocks showing by its character the varied composition of the parent mountains. A curious circumstance respecting the large blocks is, that the ice upon which they rest, not being exposed to the sun and rain, does not melt as in uncovered parts of the glacier, and hence the blocks appear as if elevated on icy pedestals, until the weight becoming too much for its support, the blocks slide down, and protecting a fresh spot of ice, the process is repeated. This is likewise the case with moraines, which, protecting the icy ridge that bears them along, are sometimes raised from fifty to eighty feet above the general level. The depression of surface in a glacier amounts in summer to a foot per week; thus the elevation of a block shows the height of a glacier at a former given period.

Mr. Forbes describes a block thus elevated upon the glacier de Léchaud, Mer de Glace; it was of granite, measuring 23 feet by 17, and about 3½ feet in thickness. When he first saw it in June, it was easily accessible, and he made observations from its summit on the movement of the ice. As the season advanced its appearance was changed; the glacier sunk all around it, while the ice under it appeared to rise, the stone becoming elevated on a pillar of ice beautifully veined; in August this was thirteen feet high, and but a few feet broad on the summit. In the end of that month the stone slipped from its pedestal, and when Mr. Forbes saw it again in September it was beginning to rise upon a new one, whilst the unmelted base of the first was still very visible upon the glacier.

Other singular appearances are "glacier cones," which are thus formed. Sand derived from moraines having been washed by superficial water courses into the deep cavities which are occasionally formed in the glacier, the accumulation is at length sufficient to check the progress of the waste of ice, and what was a hole filled with sand becomes a pyramid projecting above its surface, and coated with the protecting layer. These cones are often twenty feet in height, and eighty in circumference.

A contrary action is sometimes to be seen. Small objects of a dark colour, as particles of black sand, or even leaves, which are wafted by the wind from vast distances upon the glaciers, absorbing the solar heat, and transmitting it to the ice beneath, sink into the cavities they have made by melting the ice; whilst blocks weighing hundreds of tons float upon the surface.

Another occurrence is the formation of basins in the ice, thus.

"Water just freezing is lighter than water at a temperature somewhat higher; the water at 32°, therefore, floats on the surface of the other. Imagine a small cavity in ice, filled with water just thawed. The sun's rays first heat the surface of the water, which becoming denser, descends, and is replaced by water at 32°. But the water which subsided with a temperature, suppose of 36°, soon communicates its heat to the sides of the icy receptacle, and being cooled to 32°, it rises in its turn. The heat of the denser water is thus spent in melting the ice of the bottom of the cavity, which is thus deepened by the continual current."

Proceeding now upwards with the glacier, we arrive at the part where the snow never melts, which is called the *névé*. In the middle and lower part the snow as regularly disappears as it does from the surface of the ground in its neighbourhood. Even where it has fallen in a shady nook or deep crevasse, it never becomes ice, but, if remaining unmelted for a time, shows in its opaque, white appearance, the difference in its nature from the blue or bluish green transparent ice upon which it lies. The snow line or division of the *névé* from the true glacier surface, is where the latter begins to be annually renewed by the unmelted accumulation of each winter. The snow is of a dull white or greenish hue, but rarely exhibiting the transparency and colour of the

lower part of the glacier. The deeper parts are more perfectly congealed, and bands of ice show where a partial thaw has been succeeded by a frost. On exposed summits, where the action of the sun is greater, the snow does not lie so long in a powdery state, the surface becoming completely frozen. This is the case with the highest part of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau.

We now approach the most interesting part of our subject—erratic blocks or boulder stones. Speaking at present of Switzerland only, these are found in such positions, and composed of such materials, as to give room for the conjecture, that, in times of which we can but dream, the glaciers were not, as now, confined to Alpine districts, but that the valley of the Rhone, the lakes of Geneva and Neuchâtel, were once vast glaciers, fed by the same snows as now feed the smaller ice streams, which so worthily raise our wonder, and bearing with them in their resistless course tokens of their distant origin. The Jura chain lies nearly parallel to the Alps, and upon the slope of its mountains, considerably above the lake of Neuchâtel, and just facing the valley of the Rhone, lie “extensive deposits of angular blocks of the kind of granite which especially characterizes the eastern part of the range of Mont Blanc, which is also the nearest point where the rock in question occurs in a natural state.” This kind of granite is common in many parts of the Alps, but it is certain that no rock approaching to it in the slightest degree is to be found either in the Jura, or nearer than the part of the Alps above mentioned, which is about sixty or seventy miles distant in a straight line. “A great belt of these blocks occupies a line extending for miles, at an average height of 800 feet above the level of the lake of Neuchâtel, and above and below that line they diminish in number, although not entirely wanting. Many are concealed among the woods; many have been broken up and removed for building and other purposes. The most notable of these masses, called the *Pierre à Bot* (load-stone), lies in a belt of wood, within two miles of Neuchâtel. It is 50 feet long, 20 wide, and 40 high. It cannot be regarded without emotion when we recollect that it has been brought by some powerful agent, now only guessed at, from those lofty peaks which are visible by their perpetual snows. Upon the side of the Nîlo are hundreds and thousands of these travelled blocks, some small and rounded, others angular, without any appearance of having been brought thither with violence. That a glacier extending from the present ice field of Mont Blanc to the side of the Jura chain was the agent of the above transportation, is made probable by the marks of glacier wear and polish which are visible in the narrow gorge through which the Rhone passes at St. Maurice, especially on the rocks which occupy the bottom between the above place and Bex; these marks extend to a great height on the eastern side of the valley, where the polished surfaces of rock are as smooth as a schoolboy's slate, and display an artificial section of all the interior veins. Beyond the defile of Maurice are the “blocks of Mouthey,” as they are called, from the village immediately below them. They compose a belt of boulders, poised, as it were, on a mountain side, 500 feet above the alluvial flat through which the Rhone winds. It extends for miles along the mountain side; there are hundreds of blocks of granite, some sixty feet square, fantastically balanced on the angles of one another, while among and around them are the gnarled stems of ancient chestnut trees which have barely room to grow. The greater blocks are often piled on the smaller, leaving deep recesses between.

The valley of the Salenche likewise shows marks of glacier action: the vertical precipices are “scored by horizontal stripes, or grooves, or fluting, evidently the result of superficial wear. But what could have worn them in this position? Could a current of water, of 1500 feet deep, have borne boulders on its surface which should leave these plain horizontal markings? What could have been moved with a steady pressure as a car-

pentor presses his cornice plane on the wood, or as a potter moulds with a stick his clay, pressed laterally too, with a perpendicular fall of 1500 feet beneath? Nothing that I am acquainted with, save a glacier, which at this day presses and moulds and scores the rocky flanks of its bed, extending to a depth often certainly of hundreds of feet beneath. A torrent, however impetuous, —a river, however gigantic,—a flood, however terrific,—could never do this.”

The glacier of Allalein is remarkable. It crosses the valley with its moraine, damming up the river and forming a lake. The moraine supplies blocks containing Smaragdite, which are found on all the plains of Switzerland, and which have no native locality in the Alps but this. They are brought down by the glacier from the inaccessible heights of the Saasgrat, and are usually much rounded by attrition, notwithstanding their excessive hardness. The river passes under the glacier which has poured itself against the opposing side of the valley; the rock is soft, and the glacier has left vertical markings upon it, which were uncovered by its melting.

The head of the valley of Fée is bounded by a vast glacier, while the village, which is inhabited all the year, lies in a beautiful green hollow, amidst meadows and trees, which seem to touch the regions of ice. A few years ago, the glacier descended so as to threaten the destruction of the higher chalets and trees, and completely to obstruct the passages to an *alp* or pasture between two branches of the glacier which then closed round it. About 1834, the glacier began to retreat, and was, when Mr. Forbes saw it, at a very considerable distance from the chalets, which it had almost touched. In the whole of the lower part of the valley the rock is scooped out by horizontal grooves, perfectly continuous for some yards or fathoms, like elaborate chiselling. In the Val de Bagnes Mr. Forbes observed the difference between the effects of friction by ice and water. “The sides of one of the ravines through which the stream struggles is distinctly marked on its bold limestone surface by the long grooves which show the action of glaciers. Though the descent is very steep, and the wall of rock almost vertical, these chiselled and polished grooves are worn in a nearly horizontal, slightly declining direction, and are continuous for many yards or fathoms. Over these, on the very same surface, are the marks of wear, resulting from the action of floods, probably charged with great masses of debris. The water marks are rough and confused, quite in contrast with the smooth prolongation of the others. They also slope downwards at an angle similar to that of the river bed, whilst, as has been said, the others are nearly horizontal.”

So many accounts have been written by travellers of the difficulties and enjoyments experienced in visiting the glaciers of Chamouni, that it is unnecessary to say anything of the Mer de Glace and its icy tributaries; we will conclude our remarks with Mr. Forbes's account of his perilous passage of the Col d'Erin.

“Our object was now to descend upon the glacier of Zmutt, from which we were separated by a precipice which was blended with the glacier under a snowy sheet, besides which the glacier appeared dangerously crevassed. Praloug (the guide) proposed to attempt descending the cliff, by which he recollected to have passed when he last crossed, and to have successfully reached the glacier below. We began cautiously to descend, for it was an absolute precipice: Praloug first, I following, leaving the other guides to wait about the middle, until we could see whether or not a passage could be effected. The precipice was several hundred feet high. Some bad turns were passed, and I began to hope that no insurmountable difficulty would appear, when Praloug announced that the snow this year had melted so much more completely than on the former occasion, as to cut off all communication with the glacier, for there was a height of at least thirty vertical feet of rocky wall, which we could by no means circumvent. Thus, all was to do over again, and the cliff was re-as-

ended. We looked right and left for a more feasible spot, but described none. Having regained the snows above, we cautiously skirted the precipice, until we should find a place favourable to the attempt. At length the rocks became mostly masked under steep snow slopes, and down one of them, Praloug, with no common courage, proposed to venture, and put himself at once in the place of danger. We were now separated by perhaps but 200 feet from the glacier beneath. The slope was chiefly of soft deep snow, lying at a high angle. There was no difficulty in securing our footing in it, but the danger was of producing an avalanche by our weight. This, it may be thought, was a small matter, if we were to alight on the glacier below; but such a surface of snow upon rock rarely connects with a glacier without a break, and we all know very well that the formidable 'Bergschrund' crevasse, which I had seen from a distance with my telescope, was open to receive the avalanche and its charge, if it should take place. We had no ladder, but a pretty long rope. Praloug was tied to it. We all held fast on the rope, having planted ourselves as well as we could on the slope of snow, and let him down by degrees, to ascertain the nature and breadth of the crevasse, of which the upper edge usually overhangs like the roof of a cave, dropping icicles. Were that covering to fail, he might be plunged, and drag us, into a chasm beneath. He, however, effected the passage with a coolness which I have never seen surpassed, and shouted the intelligence that the chasm had been choked by previous avalanches, and that we might pass without danger. He then (having loosened himself from the rope) proceeded to explore the footing on the glacier, leaving me and the other two guides to extricate ourselves. I descended first by the rope, then Biona, and lastly Fairray, who, being unsupported, did not at all like the slide, the termination of which it was impossible to see from above. We then followed Praloug, and proceeded with great caution to sound our way down the upper glacier of Zmutt, which is here sufficiently steep to be deeply fissured, and which is covered with perpetual snow, now soft with the heat of the morning sun. It was a dangerous passage, and required many wide circuits. But at length we reached, in a slanting direction, the second terrace or precipice of rock which separates the upper and lower glacier of Zmutt, and which terminates in the promontory of Stockni. When we were fairly on the debris, we stopped to repose, and to congratulate ourselves on the success of this difficult passage."

FALL OF THE ROSSBERG.¹

I SHALL here give some of the most authentic and interesting circumstances of the fall of the Rossberg, taken from the narrative published at the time by Dr. Zay, of Art, an eye-witness:—

"The summer of 1806 had been very rainy; and on the first and second of September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain; a sort of cracking noise was heard internally; stones started out of the ground; detached fragments of rocks rolled down the mountain. At two o'clock in the afternoon, on the second of September, a large rock became loose, and in falling raised a cloud of black dust. Toward the lower part of the mountain, the ground seemed pressed down from above; and when a stick or a spade was driven in, it moved of itself. A man, who had been digging in his garden, ran away from fright at these extraordinary appearances; soon a fissure, larger than all the others, was observed; insensibly, it increased; springs of water ceased all at once to flow; the pine-trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming. A few minutes before five o'clock, the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe became still stronger; the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly as to afford time to the in-

habitants to go away. An old man, who had often predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe, when told, by a young man running by, that the mountain was in the act of falling; he rose and looked out, but came into his house again, saying he had time to fill another pipe. The young man, continuing to fly, was thrown down several times, and escaped with difficulty; looking back, he saw the house carried off all at once.

Another inhabitant, being alarmed, took two of his children and ran away with them, calling to his wife to follow with the third; but she went in for another, who still remained (Marianne, aged five); just then, Francisca Ulrich, their servant, was crossing the room with this Marianne, whom she held by the hand, and saw her mistress; at that instant, as Francisca afterwards said, "the house appeared to be torn from its foundation, (it was of wood,) and spun round and round like a teetotum; I was sometimes on my head, and sometimes on my feet, in total darkness, and violently separated from the child." When the motion stopped, she found herself jammed in on all sides, with her head downwards, much bruised, and in extreme pain. She supposed she was buried alive at a great depth; with much difficulty she disengaged her right hand, and wiped the blood from her eyes. Presently, she heard the faint moans of Marianne, and called her by her name; the child answered that she was on her back, among stones and bushes, which held her fast, but that her hands were free, and that she saw the light, and then something green; she asked whether people would not come soon to take them out.

Francisca answered that it was the day of judgment, and that no one was left to help them, but that they would be released by death, and be happy in Heaven. They prayed together; at last Francisca's ear was struck by the sound of a bell, which she knew to be that of Stenberg; then seven o'clock struck in another village, and she began to hope there were still living beings, and endeavoured to comfort the child; the poor little girl was at first clamorous for her supper, but her cries soon became fainter, and at last quite died away. Francisca, still with her head downwards, and surrounded with damp earth, experienced a sense of cold in her feet almost insupportable; after prodigious efforts, she succeeded in disengaging her legs, and thinks this saved her life. Many hours had passed in this situation, when she again heard the voice of Marianne, who had been asleep, and now renewed her lamentations. In the meantime the unfortunate father, who with much difficulty had saved himself and two children, wandered about till daylight, when he came among the ruins to look for the rest of his family; he soon discovered his wife, by a foot which appeared above ground; she was dead, with a child in her arms. His cries and the noise he made in digging, were heard by Marianne, who called out. She was extricated with a broken thigh, and saying that Francisca was not far off, a further search led to her release also, but in such a state, that her life was despaired of. She was blind for some days, and remained subject to convulsive fits of terror. It appeared that the house, or themselves at least, had been carried down about one thousand five hundred feet from where it stood before.

In another place a child two years old was found unhurt, lying on his straw mattress upon the mud, without any vestige of the house from which he had been separated. Such a mass of earth and stones rushed at once into the lake of Sowerter, although five miles distant, that one end of it was filled up, and a prodigious wave passing completely over the island of Schwanau, seventy feet above the usual level of the water, overwhelmed the opposite shore, and as it returned swept away into the lake many houses with their inhabitants. The chapel of Oisen, built of wood, was found half a league from the place it had previously occupied, and many large blocks of stone completely changed their position.

(1) From *Simond's Switzerland*.

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Painters.

CLAUDE GELÉE DE LA LORRAINE.

THE name of Claude is ever associated in the mind with the idea of beautiful landscape scenery, glowing skies, brilliant sunset, and soft moonlight. His native place was Chamagne, in La Lorraine, which was formerly a sovereign Duchy, but was afterwards annexed to France.

Claude was born in 1600, and in the early part of his life, during which he served an apprenticeship to the trade of a pastry-cook, he did not give any promise of that surprising genius which afterwards delighted the world.

Claude de la Lorraine was but little indebted to any master, excepting to Agostino Tassi, an eminent Italian painter, and a disciple of Paul Bril, who, though a Fleming, had studied at Rome. Agostino Tassi taught Claude some of the rules of perspective, and the method of preparing his colours.

It required great labour at first to make him comprehend the rudiments of the art, but when he began to understand them, his mind seemed at once to expand, his imagination became lively, and he pursued his studies with ardour and perseverance.

He devoted himself to the examination of the beauties and varieties of nature with unwearied assiduity, and for that object he frequently remained in the open fields from sun-rise until evening closed in. He made a practice of sketching whatever he considered beautiful or striking, and he marked in his drawings every curious tinge of light, on all kinds of objects, with a corresponding colour. By these means he perfected his landscapes, and gave them an appearance of reality, which no artist in that style ever equalled. He painted with great care, and spared no pains to render his pictures as true to nature as possible.

Claude de la Lorraine was remarkable for the exactness with which he painted in fresco; the distinct species of every tree being easily perceived in his large compositions. One of his works in that manner of painting, was on the four walls of a magnificent saloon at Rome, in the mansion of a nobleman named Mutius. The saloon was very lofty.

On one side the artist represented the ruins of an ancient palace, and an extensive grove of trees; the form, stems, bark, branches and foliage, were beautifully delineated, and the perspective was admirable. The second side of the saloon, which seemed to be a continuation of the same scene, displayed a vast plain, interspersed with mountains and waterfalls, and a variety of trees and plants. Travellers and animals gave additional life to this picture, which appeared to be connected with the third side, on which the lengthened prospect discovered a sea-port at the foot of some high hills, with a view of the ocean, and vessels tossed on the agitated waves. On the fourth wall were caverns among barren rocks, ruins, and fragments of antique statues. This composition, though divided into so many parts, formed one connected prospect, and it has been said that no power of language could sufficiently express the beauty, truth, and variety of it.

Claude did not excel in drawing figures, and usually engaged some eminent artist to paint them

for him, in his pictures; but, whatever may have been his deficiency in that respect, his delicate and varied colouring, his warm and brilliant skies, his excellent taste, and correct representation of the beauties of nature, have caused his works to be sought for with avidity, as gems of the highest value.

The writer of this sketch possesses a characteristic engraving from a valuable picture by Claude, in the Museo of Madrid, where there are several excellent paintings of this much admired artist.

It represents a noble sea-port, and on the mole or pier are a great number of figures, among which Santa Paula Romana is conspicuous. She is descending the steps, and is leaning on a youth, whilst others are waiting to receive her gifts of charity.

On the right of the spectator is seen a beautiful palace adorned with statues, and gardens, terminated by a castle for the defence of the entrance to the harbour.

In the centre is the sea, which extends to the verge of the horizon, and is covered with vessels, barges, and boats, filled with people. On the left, the principal object is part of a vast temple, or public edifice, and there are also mansions of elegant construction, and redoubts for the protection of the merchandize deposited in the warehouses. These buildings extend as far as the pharos at the entrance of the port.

The effect of this picture is charming; the hour is shortly after sun-rise; the sky is clear, the rays of the sun are reflected on the surface of the water, and the rise and fall of the rippling waves could not be more beautifully imitated.

The composition of this interesting picture, in which the figures are by Claude himself, is delightful; every object is represented in its true character, and all parts harmonize with each other. Claude was fond of painting subjects of this nature, and there are some beautiful pictures of a similar description, executed by him, to be seen in the National Gallery in London.

Claude de la Lorraine died at Rome, in 1682, aged eighty-two.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

DORA.

WITN farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die;
And I have set my heart upon a match:
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter: he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answer'd short:

"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law;
And so it shall be now for me. Look to't;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again."
But William answer'd madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her,
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out, he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece, and said: "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!"
And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.
Then Dora went to Mary: Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
"I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you.
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."
And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound,
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat,
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said: "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answered softly, "This is William's child."
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again,
"Do with me as you will, but take the child;
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and show me no more."
So saying, he took the boy, and went about,
And struggled hard.—The women of the field
At Dora's feet. She bow'd down her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
Dora and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came.

And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy.
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you;
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself.
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back;
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch; they peep'd and saw
The boy set up betwixt his granduncle's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretch'd out,
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in: but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her;
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:
"O father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me,
I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus.
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone through!' Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."
So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
"I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

Tennyson.

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Legend of Sir Morolt and the Stuart Huntsman.

LEGEND OF SIR MOROLT AND THE SWART HUNTSMAN.

AN OLD ENGLISH STORY.

SIR MOROLT LAMANELEY he prays of the King
 ("Twas the wild reckless Rufus,) to grant him a thing,
 "The lands of St. Juste, be they mine for a chase,
 While the pale mumping hoodman is driven from his
 place."

Loud laugh'd the Red Monarch as blithe brimmed the
 bowl,

"Twas a prayer to his liking, a man to his soul;
 With bell, book, and candle, the beadsmen may curse,
 But the lands are Sir Morolt's for better and worse.

With a spur red with speed, with a plume stained with
 dust.

Sir Morolt rides on to the towers of St. Juste;
 With him are squire, yeoman, and henchman, and
 groom,
 All wild for the plunder of temple and tomb.

"Speed on, my stout vassals, we'll wassail to-night,
 On the wine of the Sacrament, ruddy and bright.
 Speed on, my bold comrades, on chalice and pyx
 To-night as the spoil of our valour we'll fix."

Gallop, gallop, their steeds speed o'er dingle and dell;
 Gallop, gallop, they stable in chapel and cell;
 The Knight's hands from the altar the shrined image tear,
 And scornfully lead up his paramour there.

As the hawk recks the heathcock, the hound recks the hare,
 So his men-at-arms reek men of shrift and of prayer.
 "Dull Churchmen, avaunt! Abbey-lubbers, away!
 And yield up your spoils to the gallant and gay."

The fierce jackman's oath drowns the ave and creed,
 The clanging of harness the bidding of head;
 Wrath and uproar, blent with fear, trembling, and woe,
 As the pale hoodsmen flee from the mail-suited foe.

Sole lingered the Abbot, a stern man was he;
 "From a spot so unhallowed all good angels flee;
 Ye have seized on our lands as your portion; beware
 Of the day when the fiends in these lands claim a
 share."

Then loud laugh'd Sir Morolt; he laugh'd out with
 scorn.

"Who recks of the ban of the landless and lorn?
 Avaunt with thy shavelings, I reek not thy curse,
 But thy broad lands, I hold them for better and worse."

Light tinkles the lute where the shorn beadman knelt,
 Loud clanks the red wine cup where missals were spelt,
 And instead of the chime of the organ and bell,
 There is banquet-house minstrelsy, wild bugle swell.

Wild life led Sir Morolt, his knights and his squires,
 While they quaffed the red wine from the skulls of the
 friars.

And now from the rich golden chalice, that's torn
 From the altar where lately it glittered, in scorn.

Now afoot are strange murmurs, strange whispers afloat
 On the chase of St. Ruth, how scared peasants note
 Other huntsmen than who to Sir Morolt belong,
 Yet they hunt on his manors, all reckless of wrong.

Swart are those strange huntsmen, and swart, swart
 their hounds,

And hollow and dreary their wild bugle sounds;
 No bandit so grimly, no lazar so foul,
 But liker the fiends that midst hell's torments howl.

They are seen in the midnight, and lated hinds quail;
 They are seen in the twilight, and maidens turn pale;
 They are seen at broad noontide, and armed men change
 Their cheer at the sight of a portent so strange.

Still nearer and nearer (in God be our trust!)
 Grows the wild bugle blast to the towers of St. Juste.
 From his banquet Sir Morolt has sprung up in haste,
 To take rule with the strangers his manors who waste.

"How dare ye, churls, hunt in my chase hind or hart?"
 Loud, loud laugh'd the strangers so grimly and swart;
 "The chase is our chase; to the fiends it was given
 When you drove forth in terror the servants of heaven!"

In wrath, at the crew rode Sir Morolt amain;
 But, snorting, his steed started back from the train.
 "Twixt a cross, that his own hands broke down, and a
 stone

The Pagan Dane worshipped, Sir Morolt is thrown!

His life-blood empurples the cross he profaned;
 With his life-blood the demon-god's cromlech is stained;
 While a terrible mort-note the swart huntsmen wound,
 And with shouts of fiend triumph their jubilee crowned.

Knight, squire, leman, groom, from St. Ruth's fly as fast
 As the churchmen, so holy, whom late forth they cast!
 And the gay banquet-house has a ruin become,
 Where the bat and the owl alone find a home.

'Tis said, near the spot where Sir Morolt was slain,
 There is glimpse of the swartly and fiend-looking train;
 And 'tis whispered, among them Sir Morolt is seen,
 With deep spots of blood on his stained weeds of green.

Of the cross and the stone of the Pagan beware,
 Lest the swart demon huntsman thy glance should meet
 there;

Now seen in the bright broad noontide, now in shade
 The twilight such visions more fearful has made.

Last, hear ye my moral, nor hear with a smile—
 Beware how the Church of her lands you despoil;
 Sir Morolt, King Rufus—remember their doom,
 How bloody their deaths, how unhonoured their tomb!

FRANK FAIRLEGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

By F. E. S.

CHAP. IV.

RINGING THE CURFEW.

As we proceeded through the town, Lawless, despite our endeavours to restrain him, chose to vent his superabundant spirits by performing sundry feats at the expense of the public, which, had the police regulations of the place been properly attended to, would have assuredly gained us a sojourn in the watch-house. We had just prevailed upon him to move on, after singing "We won't go home till morning" under the windows of "the Misses Properprim's Seminary for Young Ladies," when a little shrivelled old man, in a sort of watchman's white great coat, bearing a horn lantern in his hand, brushed past us, and preceded us down the street at a kind of shuffling trot.

"Holloa!" cried Lawless, "who's that old picture of ugliness? Look what a pace the beggar's cutting along at; what on earth's he up to?"

"That's the sexton and bell-ringer" returned Coleman; "they keep up the old custom at Hillingford of ringing the Curfew at day-break, and he's going to do it now, I suppose."

"What jolly fun!" said Lawless, "come on, and let's see how the old cock does it;" and, suiting the action to the word, off he started in pursuit.

"We'd better follow him," said I; "he'll be getting into some mischief or other, depend upon it."

After running a short distance down the street, on turning a corner, we found Lawless standing under a small arched door-way leading into a curious old battlemented tower, which did not form part of any church or other building of the same date as itself, but stood alone, showing, as it reared its time-worn head high above the more modern dwellings of which the street was composed, like some giant relic of the days of old. This tower contained a peal of bells, the fame of which was great in that part of the country, and of which the townspeople were justly proud.

"All right!" cried Lawless, "the old scare-crow ran in here like a lamp-lighter, as soon as he saw me howling after him, and has left the key in the lock; so I shall take the liberty of exploring a little: I've a strong though uncultivated taste for architectural antiquities. Twopence more, and up goes the donkey I come along!"

So saying, he flung open the door, and disappeared up some steps leading to the interior of the tower, and, after a moment's hesitation, Coleman and I followed him.

"Don't be alarmed, old Boy!" said Lawless, patting the sexton (who looked frightened out of his wits at our intrusion) so forcibly on the back, as to set him coughing violently, "we're not come to murder you for the sake of your lantern."

"This gentleman," said Coleman, who by the cunning twinkle of his eye was evidently becoming possessed by the spirit of mischief, "has been sent down by the Venerable Society of Antiquaries, to ascertain whether the old custom of ringing the Curfew is properly performed here. He is, in fact, no other than the Noble President of the Society himself. That gentleman (pointing to me) is the Vice-President, and I, who have the honour of addressing you, am the unworthy Secretary."

"That's it, Daddy," resumed Lawless, coolly taking up the lantern, and lighting a cigar, "that's the precise state of the poll, I mean case; so now go to work, and mind you do the trick properly."

Thus adjured, the old man, who appeared completely bewildered by all that was going on, mechanically took hold of a rope, and began slowly and at stated intervals tolling one of the bells.

"Where are your assistants, my good man?" inquired Coleman after a short pause.—The only answer was a stare of vacant surprise, and Coleman continued, "Why, you don't mean to say you only ring *one* bell, to be sure? oh, this is all wrong;—what do you say, Mr. President?"

"Wrong?" replied Lawless, removing the cigar from his mouth, and puffing a cloud of smoke into the sexton's face, "I should just think it was most particularly and confoundedly wrong. I'll tell you what it is, old death's-head and cross-bones; things can't be allowed to go on in this manner. Reform, sir, is wanting, 'the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill.' I mean to get into Parliament some day, Fairleigh, when I am tired of knocking about, you know—but that wasn't exactly what I was going to say."

"Suppose we show him the proper way to do it, Mr. President!" suggested Freddy, catching hold of the rope of one of the bells. "Off she goes," cried Lawless, seizing another.

"Gentlemen, good gentlemen, don't ring the bells, pray," implored the old man, "you'll raise the whole town; they are never rung in that way without there's a fire, or something dreadful the matter."

But his expostulations were vain. Lawless had already begun ringing his bell in a manner which threatened to stun us all, and Coleman, saying to me, "Come, Frank, we're regularly in for it, so you may as well take a rope and do the thing handsomely while we are about it; it would be horribly shabby of you to desert us now," I hastened to follow his example.

Now it must be known that, when I arrived at the inn, before supper, owing probably to a combination of the fatigue of the day, the excitement of the evening, and the pain of my arm, I felt somewhat faint and exhausted, and should have greatly preferred going at once quietly to bed; but, as I was aware that by so doing I should break up the party, I resolved to keep up as well as I could, and say nothing about it. Finding myself refreshed by the bottled porter, I repeated the dose several times, and the remedy continuing to prove efficacious, without giving me the thing a thought, I drank more deeply than was my wont, and was a good deal surprised, when I rose to accompany the others, to discover that my legs were slightly unsteady, and my head not so clear as usual. Still I had been far from approving the proceedings of my companions, and, had any one told me, when I entered the tower, that I was going to ring all the good people of Hillingford out of their beds in a fright, I should indignantly have repelled the accusation. Now, however, owing to the way in which Coleman had requested my assistance, it appeared to my bewildered senses that I should be meanly deserting my friends the moment they had got into difficulties, if I were to refuse; but, when he used the word "shabby," it settled the business, and, seizing a rope with my uninjured hand, I began pulling away vigorously.

"Now then, you wretched old man," shouted Lawless, "don't stand there winking and blinking like an owl; pull away like bricks, or I'll break your neck for you; go to work, I say!" and the miserable sexton, with a mute gesture of despair, resuming his occupation, a peal of four bells was soon ringing bravely out over hill and dale, and making 'night horrible' to the startled inhabitants of Hillingford.

After the lapse of a few minutes, a distant shout was heard; then a confused noise of people running and calling to each other in the street reached our ears; and lastly the sound of several persons rapidly approaching the bell tower became audible.

"We're in for a scrimmage now, I expect," said Lawless, leisurely turning up his sleeves.

"Not a bit of it," replied Freddy, "only leave it to me, and you'll see. All you fellows have got to do is to hold your tongues, and keep on ringing away till your arms ache; trust me to manage the thing all right. Lawless, keep your eye on ancient Methuselah there, and if he

offers to say a word, just knock him head over heels by accident, will you?"

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Lawless, shaking his fist significantly at the sexton.

At this moment a short fat man, with a very red face (who we afterwards learnt was no less a person than the Mayor of Hillingford in his public, and a mighty tallow-chandler in his private capacity) appeared, attired in a night-shirt and cap, and bearing the rest of his wardrobe under his arm, followed by several of the townspeople, all in a singular state of undress, and with the liveliest alarm depicted on their countenances. The worthy Mayor was so much out of breath with his unwonted exertions, that some seconds elapsed before he could utter a word, and in the meantime we continued ringing as though our lives depended upon it. At length he contrived to gasp out a hurried inquiry (hardly audible amidst the clanging of the bells) as to what was the matter. To this Coleman replied, by pointing with one hand to a kind of loop-hole, of which there were several for the purpose of supplying light and air to the interior of the tower, while with the other hand he continued ringing away more lustily than before.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Mayor, raising himself on tip-toe, and stretching his short neck in a vain endeavour to peep through the loop-hole, "it must be a fire in West-street!"

Two or three of the bye-standers immediately rushed into the street, calling out "A fire in West-street! send for the engines."

At this moment Freddy caught the eye of a tall gaunt-looking man in a top boot and plush breeches, but without coat or waistcoat, and wearing a gold-laced cocked-hat on his head, hind part before, from beneath which peeped out a white cotton night-cap. Having succeeded in attracting the attention of this worthy, who in his proper person supported the dignity of Parish Beadle, Coleman repeated the same stratagem he had so successfully practised upon the Mayor, save that in this instance he pointed to a loop-hole in a completely opposite direction to the one he had indicated previously. The Beadle immediately ran out, muttering ere he did so, "I was certain sure as they was all wrong."—In another minute we heard him shouting "It's in Middle-street, I tell you, there's a fire in Middle-street!"

Coleman now turned to the Mayor, who having somewhat recovered his breath, was evidently preparing to question the Sexton as to the particulars of the affair, and exclaimed in a tone of deep feeling, "I am surprised to see a person of your respectability standing idle at a moment like this! take a rope, sir, and lend a hand to assist us, if you be a man."

"To be sure, to be sure," was the reply, "any thing for the good of the town," and grasping an unoccupied rope, he began pulling away with all his might.

The hubbub and confusion now became something unparalleled,—people without number kept running in and out of the tower, giving and receiving all kinds of contradictory orders; volunteers had been found to assist us, and the whole peal of eight bells was clashing and clanging away above the tumult, and spreading the alarm farther and wider; men on horseback were arriving from the country, eager to render assistance; women were screaming, dogs barking, children crying; and, to crown the whole, a violent and angry debate was being carried on by the more influential members of the crowd, as to the quarter in which the supposed conflagration was raging,—one party loudly declaring it was in Middle-street, while the other as vehemently protested it was in West-street.

The confusion had apparently attained its highest pitch, and the noise was perfectly deafening, when suddenly a shout was raised, "The engines! clear the way for the engines!" and in another moment the stampeding of the crowd in all directions, the galloping of horses' feet, and the rattle of wheels, announced their approach. While all this was going on, Coleman had

contrived silently and unperceived to substitute two of the bye-standers in my place and his own, so that Lawless was now the only one of our party actually engaged in ringing. Seizing the moment therefore when the shout of "the Engines!" had attracted the attention of the loiterers, he touched him on the shoulder saying, "Now's our time, come along," and joining a party who were going out, we reached the door of the bell-tower unnoticed.

The scene which presented itself to our view, as we gained the open street, would require the pencil of a Wilkie, or the pen of a Dickens, to describe. The street widened in front of the bell-tower, so as to make a kind of square. In the centre of the space thus formed stood the fire-engine drawn by four post-horses, the post-boys sitting erect in their saddles, ready to dash forward the moment the fire-men (who in their green coats faced with red, and shining leather helmets, imparted a somewhat military character to the scene) should succeed in ascertaining the place at which their assistance was required. The crowd, which had opened to admit the passage of the engine, immediately closed round it again, in an apparently impenetrable phalanx, the individual members of which afforded as singular a variety of costume as can well be imagined, extending from the simple shirt of propriety to the decorated uniforms of the fire-brigade. As every one who had an opinion to give was bawling it out at the very top of his voice, whilst those who had none contented themselves by shouting vague sentences having no particular meaning of any kind, the noise and tumult were such as beggared description. There was one short stout red-faced little fellow, (for I succeeded in catching sight of him at last,) with a mouth of such fearful dimensions that when it was open the upper half of his head appeared a mere lid, whose intellects being still partially under the dominion of sleep, evidently imagined himself at the Election, which had taken place a short time previously, and continued strenuously vociferating the name of his favourite candidate, though the cry of "Jenkins for ever!" did not tend greatly to elucidate matters. Suddenly, and at the very height of the confusion, the bells ceased ringing, and for a moment, as if influenced by some supernatural power, the crowd to a man became silent.

The transition from the Babel of sounds I have been describing to such perfect tranquillity was most striking, and impressed one with an involuntary feeling of awe. I was aroused by Coleman, who whispered in an under tone, "The Sexton has peached, depend upon it, and the sooner we're off the better." "Yes, and I'll go in style too; so good bye, and take care of yourselves," exclaimed Lawless, and, springing forward, before any one was aware of his intention, he fought his way through the crowd, overturning sundry members thereof in his progress, until he reached the fire-engine, upon which he seated himself with a bound, shouting as he did so—"Forward, forward, do you want the place to be burnt to the ground? I'll show you the way; give 'em the spur; faster, faster, straight on till I tell you to turn—faster I say!! The appearance of authority, coupled with energy and decision, will usually control a crowd. The fire-men, completely taken in by Lawless's manner, reiterated his orders; the post-boys applied both whip and spur vigorously,—the horses dashed forward, and, amidst the enthusiastic cheering of the mob, the engine disappeared like a flash of lightning. "Well, I give the Honourable George credit for that," exclaimed Coleman, as soon as we had a little recovered from our surprise at Lawless's elopement with the fire-engine, "it was a good idea, and he worked it out most artistically; the air with which he waved his hat to cheer them forward, was quite melo-dramatic. I've seen the thing not half so well done by several of the greatest generals who ever lived,—gallant commanders, whom their men would have followed through any amount of the reddest possible fire during the whole of Antley's

campaigns, that is, if the commissariat department (consisting of the pot-boy stationed in the fly, with the porter,) did its duty efficiently." "Freddy, they're beginning to come out from the bell-tower," interrupted I, "we shall be called upon to answer for our misdeeds, if we stay much longer; see, that long man in the cocked hat is coming towards us." "So he is," returned Coleman, "it strikes me they've found us out; follow me, and try and look as if it wasn't you, as much as possible, will you?" So saying, he began quietly to make his way out of the crowd unperceived, an example I hastened to follow; but we were not destined to effect our purpose quite so easily. The point Coleman wished to gain, was the arched gate-way leading into a stable-yard, from which he hoped, by a foot-path across some fields, to reach without molestation the inn where I was to sleep. But, in order to effect this, we were obliged to pass the door of the bell-tower, from which several people, who seemed angry and excited, were now issuing. The foremost of these, the cocked-hatted official previously mentioned, made his way up to us, exclaiming as he did so, "Here, you young gentlemen, just you stop a bit, will yer? His Wussnup, the Mayor, seems to begin to think as somebody's been a making a fool of him." "A very natural idea," returned Coleman; "I only wonder it's never occurred to him before; as far as my limited acquaintance with him will allow me to judge, the endeavour appears to have been perfectly successful. I wish you a very good morning." "That's all very fine, but I must trouble yer to come along o'me; his Wussnup wants to speak to yer," replied the Beadle, seizing Coleman by the coat-collar.—"That is a pleasure, his 'Wussnup must contrive to postpone till he has caught me," answered Freddy, as with a sudden jerk he succeeded in freeing himself from his captor's grasp, while, almost at the same moment, he dealt him a cuff on the side of the head, which sent him reeling back to the door of the bell-tower, where encountering the Mayor, who had just made his appearance, he came headlong to the ground, dragging that illustrious functionary down with him in a frantic endeavour to save himself. Profiting by the confusion which followed, Freddy and I sprang forward, darted through the arch-way, and, making the best use of our legs, soon found ourselves in the open fields, and quite beyond the reach of pursuit.

FROST ON THE WINDOW-PANES.

To him who has cultivated his perception of the beautiful, there is always something in nature to arrest attention, and to afford instruction. To him the desolation of winter is relieved by innumerable beauties: he enters into the "treasures of the snow;" he inquires whence comes the ice, and "the hoary frost of heaven who hath gendered it?" when "the waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen." What, for example, can be more beautiful than the light feathery foliage which the slow and silent hand of winter paints upon our windows while we sleep? It is one of the delights of childhood to gaze on this white fairy forest; nor need we regard it with minor interest now, if we are ready to apply a few scientific principles to its examination.

It is perhaps remarkable that this subject, so well calculated to arrest attention by its variety and beauty, has scarcely been noticed by the scientific writers of this country; and on the continent we are only aware of two—De Mairan and Carena—who have attempted to investigate it.

De Mairan, residing in the southern part of France, had not many opportunities of witnessing the phenomenon in question; but, happening to be in Paris in January, 1729, towards the end of a long frost, he noticed, one morning,

upon the panes of a window facing the east, some beautiful spiral scrolls of foliage, similar to those used in architecture, or on damask. The forms were not very well defined, and the intervals between the curves were, in some places, occupied by a kind of frosty dust. In about an hour the whole melted away. On the next morning, however, these figures were more perfectly developed; the branches were composed of small white oval crystals of remarkable hardness. Five or six panes were ornamented with these figures, each pane measuring $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $5\frac{1}{2}$. From the corner of one of the panes proceeded a sort of stem, which branched out as far as the lead-work, the curves being continued to the adjoining panes.

The reader is, of course, aware that the frost-work on our window panes is deposited from the vapour floating in the air of the bed-room upon the inner surface of the glass, whenever the cold on the outside is sufficient to reduce the temperature of the glass below the freezing point; but the forms assumed by the vapour in freezing are not so easily accounted for. De Mairan supposed that these forms already exist in the glass, and are produced by the various twistings and turnings which glass undergoes in the process of manufacture, while yet in a fluid state; that certain minute furrows are thus formed in which the vapour first collects and freezes, and so determines the outline, which is afterwards filled up by successive accumulations of frozen vapour.

In answer to this explanation M. Carena remarks, that the lines and striae produced in glass during its manufacture, are generally ellipses, or waving figures, bearing no resemblance to the superb pictures which sometimes adorn our windows; and that the smoothest glass, on which no figures are visible, even with a magnifier, often produces the most beautiful frost foliage.

M. de Mairan has also another theory. He supposes that the motion of the hand in cleaning the windows may produce furrows in the glass, which may have something to do with the frost-work figures. In order to get at the value of this opinion, Carena, during the severe winter of 1814, selected four panes of his window which he cleaned with fine sand, as is common in France, rubbing two of them with a circular motion, rubbing the third in lines parallel with the upright sides of the window-frame, and rubbing the fourth in diagonal lines. On the next morning he found that the frost had very accurately followed the motion of his hand, filling up the little furrows produced by the friction, the space between them being occupied by small angular crystals. In the two panes which had been rubbed with a circular motion, the frost appeared like a prickly crown, the space in the centre being quite free from ice, although on a subsequent morning it was covered with a smooth layer, not foliated. On the outside of the circular space, that is, parallel with the wood-work, and on the part which had not been rubbed, were some beautiful boughs covered with foliage. The two other panes exhibited, in the directions in which they had been rubbed, long opaque filaments of frost, with small crystals proceeding from them at right angles, or nearly so, resembling a bundle of thorns; or brambles. These panes also exhibited a far more graceful display of foliage in the parts near the wood-work which had not been rubbed.

Thus it appears, that by friction certain figures are impressed on the glass which determine the forms of the frost; but the origin of the beautiful foliage, which appeared on those parts of the glass where no friction had been exerted, had still to be accounted for. It was entirely different from the frost produced on those parts of the glass which had been rubbed; and the foliage of one day seldom resembled that of another, even on the same pane. When the exterior cold was moderate, the frost was never figured, a temperature many degrees below freezing being required to produce the foliage.

When the temperature is only a half or a whole degree

below the freezing point (32° Fahr.) the frost does not entirely cover the panes: some are quite free from it, while others have it in large irregular patches. This leads to the curious conclusion that the heat does not escape equally from all parts of the same pane, but passes through some parts with more facility than others. This would produce a curling of the vapour as it was deposited on the pane.

That the unequal conducting power of different parts of the same pane has something to do with the form of the frosty figures is evident from the fact, that, if a body of equal and uniform conducting power be substituted for a pane of glass, the foliage disappears entirely. A sheet of copper was substituted for a pane of glass, in a room the temperature of which varied between 43° and 50° Fahr. When the temperature of the external air at six o'clock, A.M. was between 32½° and 36°, the glass panes were perfectly dry, but the metallic pane was covered with dew. Between 32° and 24° both glass and metal were bedewed; but the latter more readily and abundantly. Between 24° and 20° frost was formed on all the panes, but most abundantly on the copper. Between 20° and 5° the glass was covered with most graceful foliage, but the copper had a smooth uniform sheet of ice, without any approach to foliation, except near the wood-work of the window frame.

If a copper or a tin-foil disk be fastened to the central part of one of the panes on the inside, and a similar disk be attached to another pane on the outside, the disk on the inside will be more thickly covered with frost than any other part of the pane; but that portion of the other pane which corresponds to the disk on the outside, will be entirely free from frost. This remarkable difference admits of easy explanation. A large portion of the heat of the room escapes through the window until the glass is sufficiently cold, first to condense, and afterwards to freeze upon its surface, a portion of the vapour of the room. The metal disk on the outside, however, reflects back the heat, which would otherwise escape into the air, and thus preserves that part of the glass which it covers, at a higher temperature than other parts of the same pane; and, as glass is a very bad conductor of heat, the adjacent parts are not affected by this portion, which is kept too warm to condense the vapour of the room. With respect to the metal disk on the inside, the case is different; metal being a good reflector, but a bad absorber of heat, all the heat of the room which falls on the disk, is reflected back again, and never reaches the part of the glass below the disk; the glass therefore soon falls to the temperature of the outer air, and, in its turn, cools down the metal disk to a point much lower than the rest of the glass, and hence the greater deposit of moisture on the inner metallic disk.

Another beautiful experiment throws considerable light upon the forms assumed by frost on the window panes. If, when the cold is tolerably severe, we breathe lightly against a well-cleaned window pane, there will be formed, in a few minutes, a figure somewhat resembling a quill pen, the barbs being represented by threads of ice proceeding on both sides from a common shaft, or barrel, and having only a slight curvature. If, however, we breathe more forcibly, the curvature of the barbs becomes increased. It often happens that the barbs which, after a gentle expiration, are about to form in lines almost straight, become strongly curved by a second and more forcible expiration. In a gentle expiration, the vapour remains nearly stagnant on glass, and the curvature of the crystals, which is slight, is toward the centre of the mass of expired air; but in a stronger expiration the vapour, after having struck the glass, is gradually diffused over the surface in whirls, whereby the barbs are much more strongly curled.

It seems probable from this experiment, that, if any force, capable of communicating a certain movement to the vapours of the room, were to act at the moment when a low external temperature had condensed these vapours on

the glass, this force, combined with the natural force of crystallization, would sufficiently account for all the varieties of frost-work which adorn our windows.

It must be remembered that water in freezing or crystallizing under ordinary circumstances, is free to act in all directions, but, on a plane surface, such as a window-pane, it is constrained to act in one direction. The surface of glass offers numerous resistances; the radiating and conducting powers of the same pane are different in different parts; and, in addition to all these disturbing causes, there are many local circumstances arising from situation, the presence of blinds, window-curtains, and other conditions, which cannot be noticed in dealing with general results.

Thus the reader will see that a good deal of somewhat refined science is concerned in attempting to explain this beautiful phenomenon. Should this notice have the effect of exciting observation and inquiry during the present winter, the object of the writer will be attained.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE COUNTRY.

CHAP. VI.

VISITORS FROM THE VICARAGE.

THE snow was melting rapidly away in the park of Kirkfield; and the sun, which had shone so brilliantly on its glittering crystals, now looked here and there on patches of verdure which emerged from that covering, and had lain safely protected by it from the rude frost—as warm feelings are often hidden under a cold exterior, to escape the chilling sarcasms of the thoughtless and the worldly. There was something solemn in the gradual fading of the wintry pageant; the air was still and calm, and the silence unbroken save by the heavy fall of some mass of snow which came down at intervals from the loaded trees, or by the creaking of the branches as, relieved from their burthen, they gradually began to resume a less bending position. Now and then a solitary crow might be seen skimming its way through the air, and its clear loud call seemed a note of rejoicing in the recovered liberty of nature. Justine L'Estrange appeared impressed by the quietude of the scene, and, after gazing on it for some time, remarked upon its beauty; adding, "I think I felt it even more yesterday than I do to-day. There was certainly more animation in seeing all the people proceeding to church: yet there was a staidness in their demeanour which spoke a reverential consciousness of their common object, and made them rather add to, than take from, the general impression of solemnity."

"I am pleased to hear your remark, my dear Justine," said Mrs. Martha Loraine; "I have myself often felt the soothing influence of the scene as fit preparation for the solemn services of the Church, and always endeavour to be ready a little before the rest of the party, in order that I may enjoy it. It is beautiful to see the labourers and their wives and children coming across the fields, which no longer yield their sustenance, to pray for continued blessings from that God who has promised that 'seed-time and harvest shall never fail;' and who will soon change the sterile face of winter to the rich luxuriance of summer; and, oh, it is beautiful, on the summer sabbaths, to watch them pouring down from the hills, group after group, winding along the terrace, or crossing the park from the more distant homesteads! To me the interest is, indeed, great. There are some faces which I have known for years, and I still remark them regularly returning with their homage to

the God who has protected them, and clothed them, and fed them, through their long pilgrimage. There are the same features which I knew in earlier life, but each year takes from their freshness,—the same forms, but every winter brings a gradual stoop, and an increasing feebleness. Even the best grey homespun coat, and the once bright red cloak, I recognise again, and they often look less worn than their wearers."

"There are some few striking figures amongst the villagers," remarked Justine, "particularly one old woman with a face puckered into innumerable wrinkles, and a low figure, bent still lower by age, who always walks with her dark linen gown tucked up to display a well-preserved quilted green petticoat, made of some almost forgotten material."

"Poor old Deborah Dison, with her green culimanco petticoat, is indeed a striking figure, and always looks to me like some fantastic, gnarled, and knotted stump of an oak tree," said her aunt; "for she has resisted many storms of adversity, and, like the oak, only seemed the more firmly rooted to the earth by the winds which blew over her. I have sometimes heard it asked of a blighted tree, why is it left when beauty and usefulness are gone? and the answer has been difficult to find. Perhaps, when looking at poor Deborah, some may be tempted to exclaim, 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?' for she has long seemed useless—all who depended upon her for support, or to whom she might have looked for it in her latter days, are gone—she is alone, and, to a superficial observer, a cumberer of the ground; yet, the Great Husbandman has an answer to the inquiry. With that hard exterior a change is going on inwardly. She was always a hard-working woman, rising early, and late taking rest: and maintained a decent and steady character; but formerly the sabbath shone no sabbath-day to her; she was full of worldly cares, and the things of time hid from her eyes the greater things of Eternity. To all that our good vicar would urge on the necessity of attending to the 'one thing needful,' she opposed the immediate necessities of her worldly duties, and years glided by without any impression being made. Deborah was at length a leafless and a withered stump; but gradually the change has been wrought, and she now comes to the House of God, to find there comfort, mingled with repentance for opportunities neglected, and regret that she has wasted years of toil uncheered by that light which is now lighting her peacefully to the grave."

"If Deborah Dison be like a gnarled oak, my dear aunt," said Lucy Loraine, "I think you may compare poor old Mrs. Mills to a graceful willow; she is so fragile, so drooping; and yet there is a freshness about her which seems to adorn her as the willow leaves adorn an almost time-destroyed trunk. Her fair and delicate features, with their placid expression, her silvery grey hair, and her slight tall figure, are almost lady-like, and look as if it were impossible that any impurity should adhere to them; and her clothes, though of the plainest and coarsest materials, seem to have the same quality, and are always strictly tasteful, and clean, and neat. Her white knitted lambs'-wool stocking and well-polished shoe appear never intended to be soiled by walking, and I suspect she has that opinion herself, for winter or summer Mrs. Mills is never seen without her pattens."

"I do not remember to have seen her walking without them," said Aunt Martha; "and lightly she used to trip in them at the head of her well-ordered scholars, whilst she was still able to perform the function of village schoolmistress. Now that age and infirmity have obliged her to relinquish that post, I am pleased to see the love and reverence with which the young ones still cling to her, and how glad they are to lend her their support to church each Sunday, looking up in her face, and blushing and smiling at her thanks and praise; and I am still more pleased, on leaving church, to see that the young men have not forgotten the lessons of

their childhood, and that there is always one or other ready to lend her his arm up the steep bank, and give practical proof that her teaching has not been thrown away. Mary Mills has been a blessing to the village, and she has taught by example as well as by precept."

"She certainly looks very superior to her situation," said Justine; "I could fancy she had a history attached to her, and was no common person."

"She is not, indeed, a common person. She was the daughter of a worthy simple-minded curate in one of our most sequestered dales, and, with an only sister, was early left an orphan, with a very small pittance. Mary married the schoolmaster of Kirkfield, and was for a few years a happy wife; but her husband, too, died young, and left her to struggle with poverty and four infant children, for whom she toiled patiently and even cheerfully, assisted as far as she could be by her sickly sister, whose little income was added to the common stock. Two of her children—the girls—repaid her care, and grew up all a mother's heart could wish, but scarcely had they reached their girlhood, when they successively drooped and died. The eldest boy, unchecked by a father's firm hand, broke from all restraint, and ran off to sea; and the youngest, the most cherished, was an idiot."

"Poor woman!—she had indeed sad trials!"

"Even the sad trial of watching her favourite boy grow up unconscious of his duties and his privileges she bore cheerfully. 'It was the will of God,' she said; and she looked forward to the day when Jimmy's soul would be freed from all bodily impediments, and open to the bright consciousness of everlasting happiness. She prayed and hoped that he might grow up harmless, and always soothed his wayward humours, and, as far as was possible, encouraged his childish pleasures. Not so her sister: she, too, was fond of the boy, but sickness had made her irritable, and, as years drew on, though her health improved, this irritability increased, and many and sad were the contentions between them, the uncouth idiot boy and the frail sickly woman venting their rage at each other in most horrible contentions, and the poor mother often exposed to the blows of both whilst endeavouring to part them. At length decided insanity appeared in the sister, and it became necessary to place her in confinement, where the whole of her little income was required for her support; and poor Mrs. Mills had to struggle on alone, for Jimmy soon escaped from her watchful care, and became a homeless wanderer, often disappearing for weeks together, and then returning ragged and wretched, to escape again as soon as his mother had expended her little savings in clothing him."

"Is he living yet?"

"No; a few winters ago, after an absence of longer duration than usual, his body was found in the river not far from this place, in a state of decomposition, which proved that it had been long there. No clue was found to his death, and the general belief is that it occurred by accident."

"How did she bear his loss?"

"Most calmly," replied Lucy. "I went with my mother to see her as soon as we heard what had happened, and found her quietly preparing some little mourning; and, in reply to our condolence, she said—'Though the first shock was great, the first reflection brought thankfulness to her mind, and proved to her that in this, as in every other event of her life, God had done well for her. Her strongest tie to earth was now broken; and it had long been her chief regret in thinking of death, that, when she was gone, there would be no one to care for poor Jimmy. God had now provided better things for him than she could have done, and she had only to prepare to follow him.' All this was said with a quietness which carried conviction of the depth of her feelings, and in a few days she was again at the head of her little scholars. From that time, however, her strength rapidly declined, and on the death of her

sister, whose little property she inherited, she gave up her school."

"How does she employ herself?"

"Oh! she has plenty of occupation in her household arrangements, which are never seen but in the nicest order; and she reads a great deal. Her library to be sure is not very extensive—a Bible, a Prayer-book, Nelson's Fasts and Festivals, and an odd volume of the Spectator, composing her whole stock; but, when we offer to lend her more, she always declines them, and says she has all she wishes for, and all that are necessary to comfort and console her. "If I want to hear of God's love," she remarked one day, "I can read it in His word; if I wish to make my wants known to Him, the prayers which my dear father offered up for so many years are before me, and let my wants or my feelings be what they may, in the Prayer-book I can always find expressions better fitted to present them to His throne than any other I ever met with. I have here the words of sobriety and truth."

"She seldom stirs out except to church," added Mrs. Martha Loraine, "and there she is never missed, winter or summer. Fair or raining she is seen amongst the first who answer the call of the bell, and in the summer evenings I often see her lingering near the spot which she says will soon be her last home, but one. One other removal she looks for, and that is from earth to heaven. I think there are none of the many figures I love to watch on the Sunday mornings, more interesting than Mrs. Mills."

"None, aunt?" asked Rosaline Loraine, who had silently joined the party at the window; "surely the vicar is more interesting, as he walks quietly on his way, looking kindly first on one, and then on another of his flock, listening to all they have to say to him, inquiring after the sick, advising the distressed, and encouraging the well-doing. I never see him thus without thinking that his is the most desirable station of life, which thus humbly, imitates the Good Shepherd, and when the rustic group at the church porch stand to let him pass, raising their hats in love and reverence, and then following him into the church, he always seems a type of Him who has said 'His sheep hear His voice, and follow him.'"

"We lose something of the beauty of that expression from our customs differing from those of the east," remarked Lucy. "Here the shepherd drives the sheep before him."

"Then I have the advantage of you," said Justine, "since in many parts of France I have seen the shepherd leading the way, and the sheep following him, and can therefore fully realize the picture."

"Do you remember Mrs. Hemans's beautiful sonnet?" asked Rosaline:—

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow path their way
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day!

"It always appears to me most applicable to our own Sunday scenes. But" she added, "I hope Mr. Forster will be well enough to come to us this evening as he promised. The day has been so mild he will have little fear of cold, and I am sure Charlotte will wrap him up well, for she always huddles as many great coats and shawls upon him as he can well carry, and he often laughs at his own load, yet does not like to refuse what is pressed upon him by love."

"Agnes has been talking of the party the whole morning," said Justine, "and she and Laura have both run into the garden to search for a bouquet to deck the mantelpiece. I wonder what they will find."

"Here they come," cried Lucy, "with their hands full of fresh holly, and I believe have discovered a bunch of Christmas roses."

Glowing with exercise, and delighted with the success of their search, Agnes and Laura entered the

saloon and displayed their treasures, which they endeavoured to dispose of to the best advantage. A short time saw the day closing in, and its requiem was sung by the cheerful robin, who gave a blithe welcome to the guests from the vicarage. An arm chair close by the fire was offered to Mr. Forster, but he declared that he did not feel the cold, and added, that the song of the robin, as he descended from the terrace, had almost cheated him into the belief that winter was departing with the departing snow. "I am almost tempted to give you something like a sermon," said he, "so strongly has that little warbler brought to my mind a passage from Bishop Hall."

Mrs. Loraine and Mrs. Barlow begged he would do so, and, after a little coaxing of his excellent memory, repeated the passage.

"The little innocent inhabitants of the air, which are continually flying around us, were not created only for the use of the body of man. They serve higher and nobler ends. They often read lectures, to which the greatest philosopher might attend, and be the better for them, if he would consider and apply them aright. When, therefore, you behold one of these choristers of heaven, singing upon a naked bush, amidst the darkness and desolation of winter, might you not address it in some such manner as the following? Sweet bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing; and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal, and at night must alroud thyself in this same bush for a lodging, while the winds shall howl through it, and thy feathers shall be wet with rain, or covered with the snow! How ought I to blush, who see before me such liberal provisions of my God, and find myself sitting warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop through a distrustful and unthankful dulness! Had I so little certainty of my support and shelter, how anxious and heartless should I be! how little disposed to make music for thee or myself! Surely thou camest not hither without a providence; God sent thee not so much to delight, as to shame me out of my sullen unbelief, who, under far more apparent means of maintenance and protection, am less cheerful and confident. Reason and faith, alas! have not yet done for me, what mere instinct does for thee; and want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy, than the foresight of better things maketh me. Certainly, thy providence, O God, is not impaired by those superior powers thou hast given me; let not my greater helps hinder me from possessing an holy security and comfortable reliance on thee. I never knew an earthly father take care of his fowls and neglect his children: and shall I suspect this of my heavenly Father? That man is unworthy to have God for his Father in heaven, who depends less upon His goodness, wisdom, and power, than upon a crop of corn, which may be spoiled either in the field, or the barn."

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" exclaimed the whole party.

"There is no lesson to be learned from the study of nature, more desirable than that of cheerfulness and contentment, nor is there any season in which nature's sources of enjoyment are not opened to us by the bountiful hand of providence," said Mrs. Loraine.

"Agnes and Laura have been discovering beauty in the wintry waste this morning," said Sophia, "and I hope their success has not been lost upon you, Margaret."

"Indeed it has not, for I have been admiring the beautiful contrast of the dark glossy leaves and bright scarlet berries of the holly with the delicate white of the Christmas-rose, ever since I entered the room. There is great taste shown in their arrangement."

"Are you a botanist or a florist, Miss Campbell?" asked Cyril, "if you be, Sophia is prepared to give you a long history of the flower. We have lectures every evening for the benefit of Justine and Frederic."

"I imbibed a good deal of your sisters' taste when last at Kirkfield," replied Margaret, "and have all a woman's love for flowers; though my poor country can boast of little beauty in that way, except her heather, and that a Scottish heart would not exchange for all the gorgeous blossoms of the tropics."

"Do not say so; you do not know how brilliant and how lovely the flowers are which bloom on our eastern shores. They glow like the gems which are treasured

in the eastern mines, and far surpass such a chilling flower as this of which Agnes boasts so much."

"This however, is not a native of England," said Sophia.

"So much the worse," cried Charles "if you were obliged to send unto a far country for such a thing; pray where does it come from?"

"It is a native of Austria, and was introduced into our gardens about the year 1596. You are very ungrateful to despise a flower which comes at this bleak season, to assure us that all vegetation is not extinct. I always look upon it as the one comforting hope left at the bottom of Pandora's box."

"Well, the poor flower gets admired as a plain girl may be regarded in the absence of beauty," laughed Charles.

"I doubt not but to eyes like Sophia's it has something 'than beauty dearer.' I think Charles wrong, in despising these flowers," said Justine; "some of them are really very pretty in their pure white dress; but I must own others look a little soiled and less pleasing."

"The flowers are frequently of this beautiful snowy whiteness when they first expand," replied Sophia, "but even then, on some of them may be seen a streak of this dull pale purple, which increases each day, and becomes mingled with green, until the discoloured petals drop off, and leave the seed vessels enlarged and in shape like those of a buttercup, to which tribe—the ranunculus—the plant belongs. Its botanical name is *Helleborus niger*; *Helleborus* from two Greek words signifying 'food which causes death,' alluding to the very poisonous qualities of all the species."

"Why do you call it *niger*?" asked Alleyn, "when it is white and not black? Do you mean to persuade us black is white?"

"It is called *niger*, or black, from the colour of the long fibres of the roots; for botanists, though accused of mere dry system, are certainly not very systematic in their mode of bestowing names. An English Hellebore—the *Helleborus viridis*—takes its name from the green colour of its flowers. The Green Hellebore grows very plentifully in the woods in this neighbourhood, and contributes much to their beauty in the early spring, therefore it has a place in the 'Flora Kirkfieldensis,' which is not allowed to the Christmas-rose. Here is the drawing, by which you will perceive the flower is smaller, and still more resembles its relation, the Buttercup, though it has not the gay golden tint of Frederic's favourite."

"You were to guess some of James Hamilton's charades to-night, Margaret," interrupted Agnes. "Can you find out this, which he gave us last year?"

'Welcome my *First* with a joyous sound,
Pile on the faggot, sling torches around!
Pledge the bright wassail-cup! Health to the gay!
Yet turn not the needy and wretched away.

Where is my *Second*, so lovely and fair,
'Mid Summer's sweet beauties most beautiful there?
Where has she shrunk from stern Winter's cold breath?
Where lies she neglected, yet fragrant in death?

Behold, at the grave of my *Second*, appears
My *Whole*, a pale mourner bedewed with her tears;
Yet graceful and welcome, 'neath dark-clouded skies,
To remind us that Spring-flowers again will arise."

THE STREETS OF LONDON.¹

(Concluded.)

THE earliest work on "Streets," that we can at present recollect, (for we do not lay claim to much of antiquarian lore,) is by Guillot de Paris, towards the close of the 13th century, "On the Streets of

Paris." This is a vulgar poem of about 500 lines, and is now in the King's Library at Paris. Its sole value arises from the information it gives relating to the locality of the streets of that great city "i' the olden time," the articles sold in them, and their inhabitants, of whom unfortunately he only mentions the least respectable. A much more valuable account is to be found in the former part of vol. 1 of Sauval's Hist. and Antiq. of Paris, 3 vols. fol. 1724. Something of this sort relating to our own metropolis may be picked up from Lydgate. But as we proceed lower, our information increases, and "honest John Stowe," with his editors, Strype, and Thoms, (1842) Maitland, Entick, Pennant, Northouk, Moser, Malcolm, Norton, Hughson, Hone, Knight particularly, and Brayley, supply us abundantly; and of their stores the authors of these volumes have judiciously availed themselves, in addition to their own resources.

This volume, which travels over well trodden ground, (from Temple Bar to the Tower,) will not admit much novelty of extract. We shall, however, proceed with our remarks.

"The other city gates were pulled down and the materials sold in 1672."—Vol. ii. p. 2. We think here must be some mistake. We have made an extract that on Wednesday, 30th July, 1760,—

"The materials of the three following city gates were sold before the Committee of City Lands to Mr. Blagden, a carpenter in Coleman Street, viz.—*Altgate* for 177l. 10s.; *Cripplegate* for 91l.; and *Ludgate* for 148l. The purchaser was to begin to pull down *Ludgate* on August 4, and the two others on September 1, and is to clear away all the rubbish, &c., in two months from those days."

In p. 5 sad confusion is introduced by twice mentioning the name of Messrs. Hoare and Co., instead of Messrs. Childs. No one ever supposed that the banking-house of the former stood on "the site of the famous Devil tavern," while those who know anything are aware that the buildings in Child's Place occupy that site. There is a considerable distance between the two houses.

P. 58. "In Fetter Lane resided that celebrated leather-seller of the times of the Revolution (!) known by the name of Praise-God Barchbones"—read *Rebellion*.

"In the year 1561, the old church [of St. Paul's] was nearly burnt to the ground. . . . The cathedral was restored without the spire."—*Ibid.* pp. 234, 235.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to correct a ludicrous mistake in a note on Rowley's "Search for money," published by "The Percy Society," 1840. The text is—

"Now wee were entred the Temple: to finde him there we had not such an unhallowed thought, for there the pillars were hung with poore men's petitions, some walking there, that if they prayed as well as fasted, did very well and sincerely; nay, the very Temple it selfe (in bare humillity) stood without his cap, and so had stood many years; many good folkes had spoke for him because he could not speake for himselfe, and somewhat had been gathered in his behalfe, but not halfe enough to supply his necessity."—*Ibid.* p. 27.

To which is appended this portentous note—

"The pillars of the Temple 'hung with poore men's petitions,' is a curious feature of the time. What Rowley says about the Temple 'standing without his cap, and so had stood many years,' and about an insuf-

(1) An Antiquarian Ramble in the Streets of London, with anecdotes of their more celebrated Residents. By J. T. Smith, &c. Edited by Charles Mackay, LL. D. 2 vols. 1846.

cient collection for the repair of the buildings, is not very intelligible in our day" !—*Ibid.* p. 47.

No reference is here made to the *Temple*, one of the Inns of Court, but to THE Temple, the Cathedral Church of St. Paul. The "poore men's petitions" are the "*si quis*" and other advertisements there hung up. The "*cap*" was the *strephe*, without which it had been more than forty years. Concerning the dilapidated state of St. Paul's in the beginning of James the First's reign, see Malcolm's *Londonium Redivivum*, vol. iii.

We think Dr. Mackay would have evinced his judgment, as well as his information, by placing Bishop Van Mildert "among the eminent rectors" of Bow Church.

It is surprising how a tradition, especially if congenial to the sentiments of the transmitter or the recipient, is still continued, in spite of contradiction or confutation. We are told "No one reads answers." Yet Dr. Mackay ought not to yield to "popular delusions." We, however, have here "the twice sodden kail" that has been long rejected from every "well appointed table." We are told, Vol. ii. p. 324—

"Beckford's monument is considered a fine likeness of that celebrated magistrate. It represents him standing in the attitude in which he addressed the King when he presented his memorable remonstrance in 1770. Underneath, as the most fitting inscription to his memory, are the words of the remonstrance" ! !

The late William Gifford was a man of as much accuracy in his assertions as power in sarcasm. We do not adopt his expressions, though we quote them :—"Their hall is even yet disgraced with the statue of a worthless negro-monger, in the act of insulting their sovereign with a speech, of which (factions and brutal as he was) he never uttered one syllable."—Ben Jonson, vi. 481. Gifford, no doubt, like many others, derived his information from the following authentic source :—"It is a curious fact, but a true one, that Beckford did not utter one syllable of this speech. It was penned by Horne Tooke, and by his art put on the records of the City and on Beckford's statue, as he told me, Mr. Braithwaite, Mr. Sayers, &c., at the Athenian Club.—ISAAC REED."

Mr. Smith might have rendered his last Ramble more complete had he fallen into his old track by returning from the Tower through the Minories, Aldgate, and Fenchurch-street. These would have furnished some interesting reminiscences. Goodman's Fields was the cradle of Garrick's fame. In Fenchurch-street the patriot Wallace was lodged before he was carried to his trial at Westminster; and at the King's Head is still preserved, according to a tradition that carries its own refutation along with it, the identical dish from which Queen Elizabeth ate pork and pease pudding, after attending divine service at Allhallows Staining, the first church in her way from the Tower !

We again repeat that, in spite of numerous inaccuracies, (of which we have noticed only a few,) these are very entertaining volumes. But we are sorry to see such gross typographical errors as the following :—p. 15. Masquéner for Masquérier; 49. Lander for Lauder—Hentzen for Hentzner; 246. Philadelphia for Philadelphieion; 287. Catahori for Catalaori; 303. Ticket for Ficket, &c. These occur in Vol. I.—we let alone the II.

BRETON TRADITION.

THE THREE ADVENTURERS.¹

A Legend of the Country of Treguier.

IN those days when the Lower Britany was oftener honoured by the bodily presence of our blessed Saviour and His Virgin mother, when hermitages were as common along the wayside as branches of mistletoe² and watering-troughs now, there dwelt in the diocese of Léon, two young noblemen, rich as heart could desire, and so beautiful, that even their mother knew of no blemish in them. They were called Tonyk and Mylio.

Mylio, the elder, was almost sixteen, and Tonyk just fourteen years of age. They were both under the instruction of the ablest masters, by whose lessons they had so well profited, that, but for their age, they might well have received Holy Orders, had such been their vocation.

But in character the brothers were far unlike.

Tonyk was pious, charitable to the poor, and forgiving to those who injured him. Neither would money tarry in his hand, nor resentment in his heart. While Mylio gave but his due to each; would drive a hard bargain, too, and never failed to revenge an offence to the utmost.

Having lost their father whilst yet infants, they had been brought up by their widowed mother, a woman of singular virtue; but, now that they were growing towards manhood, she thought it time to send them to the care of an uncle, who lived at some distance, and from whom they might receive good counsels for their walk in life, besides the expectation of an ample heritance.

So, one day, after bestowing upon each a new cap, a pair of silver-buckled shoes, a violet mantle, a well-filled purse, and a horse, she bade them set out for the home of their father's brother. The two boys began their journey in the highest spirits. They were going to see new countries. Their horses travelled so fast, that in a few days they found themselves in another kingdom; where the trees, and even the corn, were quite different to their own.

One morning, as they came to a spot where several ways met, they saw a poor woman seated beneath a crucifix, her face buried in her apron. Tonyk drew up his horse to ask her what was the matter. The beggar answered, sobbing, that she had just lost her only son, her all whereon she had to depend, and that she was now cast upon the charity of such whose hearts God might move towards her.

The youth was touched with compassion; but Mylio, who waited at a little distance, called to him, mockingly,

"You are not going to believe the first pitiful story you hear by the way-side! It is just this woman's trade to sit here, and beguile travellers of their money!"

"Hush, hush! my brother," answered Tonyk, "in the name of God! You only make her weep the more. Do not you see that she is just of the age and the figure of our own dear mother, whom God preserve!"

Then, stooping down, he gave his purse to the beggar-woman, saying,—

"Here, my good dame, I can help you but little, but I will pray that God may be your consolation."

She took the purse, and kissing it, said to Tonyk—

"Since my young lord has been so bountiful to a poor woman, let him not refuse to accept from her this walnut. It encloses a wasp, whose sting is of diamond."

Tonyk took the walnut with thanks, and proceeded on his way with Mylio.

They soon reached the purlieus of a forest, where, after a while, they came upon a little half-naked child,

(1) We need scarcely explain that there are some expressions in this story which are only retained, because to have altered them would have impaired its value as a genuine specimen of a Breton Legend.—Ed.

(2) In Britany, the ensign of a public-house.

who was seeking somewhat in the hollows of the trees, and singing a strange air, more melancholy than a funeral chant. He often stopped to clasp his little frozen hands, saying in his song—"I am cold! Oh, so cold!" and the boys could hear his teeth chatter in his head.

Tonyk's eyes filled with tears at this sight, and he said to his brother,--

"Oh, Mylio! only see how this poor child suffers from the piercing wind!"

"Then he must be very chilly," replied Mylio. "I do not find the wind so piercing."

"That may well be, when you have on a plush doublet, a warm cloth coat, and over all, your violet mantle, while he is wrapped round by little but the air of heaven."

"Well, and what then?" observed Mylio; "after all, he is but a peasant boy."

"Alas!" replied Tonyk. "when I think that you might have been born to the same lot, my brother, it goes to my very heart;—and I cannot bear to see him suffer so."

So saying, he reined in his horse, and calling the little boy to him, inquired what he was doing there.

"I am trying," said the child, "if I can find any dragon-flies asleep in the hollows of the trees."

"And what can you do with the dragon-flies?" asked Mylio.

"As soon as I can find enough I shall sell them in the town, and buy myself a garment as warm as sunshine."

"How many have you got already?" asked the young lord.

"Only one," answered the child, holding up a little rushen cage, enclosing the blue fly.

"Well, well, I will take it," said Tonyk, throwing to the boy his violet mantle. "Wrap yourself up in that nice cloak, my poor little fellow, and add nightly to your prayers an Ave for Mylio, and another for our dear mother."

The two brothers continued their journey, and Tonyk, having now no mantle, was at first sorely tried by the cutting north wind; but, the forest once at an end, the air grew milder, the fog dispersed, and a vein of sunshine kindled in the clouds. And presently they came to a meadow, wherein was a fountain, and on its brink a poor old man sitting, in tattered garments; at his back a beggar's wallet.

As soon as he perceived the travellers, he addressed them in suppliant tones. Tonyk approached him.

"What would you, father?" he inquired, lifting his hand to his hat, in respect for the beggar's age.

"Alas! my dear young gentlemen," the old man replied, "you see how white my hair is, and my cheeks how wrinkled. By reason of my age, I am become very weak, and my feet can no longer bear my weight. I must certainly die in this place, unless one of you will consent to sell me his horse."

"Sell thee one of our horses, beggar!" cried Mylio, with an air of contempt; "and how wilt thou pay for it?"

"You see this hollow acorn," replied the beggar, "it contains a spider, the web of which is stronger than steel. Let me have one of your beasts, and I will give you in return the acorn with the spider!"

The elder of the two boys burst into a loud laugh.

"Do you only hear that, Tonyk?" cried he, turning to his brother. "By my Baptism, there must be two calf's feet in that fellow's shoes!"

But the younger answered gently:—

"The poor can only offer what he has." Then dismounting and going up to the old man he added,—"I give you my horse, honest friend, not for that which you offer for it, but in remembrance of Christ, who has declared the poor to be his chosen portion. Take him for your own, and thank God, in whose name I bestow him."

(1) A proverbial expression in Brittany to designate folly and impertinence.

The old man murmured a thousand benedictions, and mounting with Tonyk's aid, went on his way, and was soon lost in the distance.

But, at this last almsdeed, Mylio could no longer contain himself, and broke out into a storm of reproaches.

"Fool!" cried he angrily, to Tonyk, "are you not ashamed of the state to which by your folly you have reduced yourself? You thought, no doubt, that when all was gone, you might come in for a share of my money, my horse, and my cloak! But look for nothing of the kind. I hope this lesson may do you good, and that when you feel the inconvenience of prodigality, you may resolve to be more prudent in future."

"It is, indeed, a good lesson, my brother," replied Tonyk, mildly, "and I refuse not to receive it. I had never thought of sharing either your horse, your money or your mantle. Go on your way, therefore, without taking any care for me, and may God protect you!"

Mylio made no reply, but trotted on, his young brother following on foot, and gazing after him, so long as he remained in sight, without any feelings of reproach arising in his heart.

And thus they went on to the entrance of a narrow defile, between two lofty mountains, whose tops were hidden in the clouds. It was called "The Cursed Strait," for a dreadful Ogre dwelt among the heights, and there laid wait for travellers, as a hunter watches for his game.

He was a giant, blind, and without feet, but having so fine an ear for sound, that he could hear the worm working his dark way within the earth. His servants were two eagles, which he had tamed, (for he was a great magician,) and he sent them out to catch his prey, when he heard it coming. Whenever the country-people had to traverse the dreaded pass, they carried their shoes in their hands, like the girls of Roscoff when they go to market at Morlaix,² and held their breath, lest the Ogre should hear them. But Mylio, who knew nothing of this, went on at full trot, and the giant was awakened by the sound of horse's feet upon the stony way.

"Ho! my harriers!" cried he, "where are you?"

The white and the red eagle hastened to him.

"Go and fetch me, for my supper, whatever it is that now passes by," said the Ogre.

Like balls from the mouth of a cannon, they shot down the ravine, and seizing Mylio by his violet mantle, carried him to the Ogre.

At this moment Tonyk came up to the entrance of the defile. He saw his brother borne away by the two birds, and rushed towards him with a loud cry; but the eagles and Mylio almost instantly vanished in the clouds that hung over the highest of the two mountains.

For a few seconds the boy stood rooted to the spot with horror, gazing upon the sky and the rocks that were above him like a wall; then, sinking on his knees, with folded hands he cried,—

"O God, the Almighty maker of the world, save my brother Mylio!"

"Trouble not God the Father about so small a thing as that," exclaimed three little voices, that suddenly, and for the first time, he heard close by him.

Tonyk was in amazement.

"Who speaks? Where are you?" asked he.

"In the pocket of thy doublet," answered the three voices.

The lad searched his pocket, and drew out the walnut, the acorn, and the little cage of rushes, which contained his three insects.

"Will you, then, save Mylio?" said he.

"We will, we will, we will," they replied, in their various tones.

"And how can you save him, poor little nothings that you are?" continued Tonyk.

"Open our prisons, and thou shalt see."

(2) Readers who have travelled in Scotland will recognise the trait.

The boy did as they desired; and immediately the spider crept to a tree, against which she began a web, as strong and as shining as steel. Then mounting on the dragon-fly, which raised her gradually in the air, she still wove on her net-work, the several threads of which were so arranged that the whole looked like a ladder gradually unwinding itself from a roller. This wonderful path Tonyk followed until he reached the summit of the mountain. Then the wasp mounted in the air before him, and he came with her to the giant's house.

It was a grotto, hollowed in the cliff, and lofty as a cathedral nave. The blind and footless Ogre sat in the midst of it. He seemed in high glee, for he was rocking himself to and fro, like a poplar swaying with the wind, and singing the following words:—

"Oh! a Leonard is a dainty rare!
On bacon fed, and such fat fare!
The Treguier folks taste sweetly too,
Of pancakes fried, and milk that's new;
But banished Vannes and Quimper be,
They eat too much black corn for me!"

And while he sung, he made ready the slices of bacon for roasting Mylio, who lay on the ground, his legs and arms tucked behind him, like a fowl trussed for the spit. The two eagles were at a little distance, by the fireplace, one acting as turnspit, while the other made up the fire.

The noise which the giant made in singing, and the attention he paid to his rashers, prevented him from hearing the approach of Tonyk, and his three little servants; but the red eagle perceived him, and darting forwards would have seized him in its claws, had not the wasp, at that very moment, pierced its eyes with her diamond sting.

The white eagle hurrying to its fellow's aid shared the same fate. Then the wasp flew upon the Ogre, who was now turning about on hearing the cries uttered by his servants, and began to sting him without mercy or intermission. The giant roared like a bull in August. In vain he whirled his huge arms like the sails of a windmill; having no eyes he could not catch the creature, and, for want of feet, it was equally impossible for him to escape from it. At length, he threw himself with his face upon the earth, to shield himself from its fiery dart, but the spider creeping up, spun over him a net that held him hopelessly fast.

In vain he called upon the eagles for help. Savage with pain, and no longer fearing him, now they found him conquered, their only impulse was to revenge upon him their long and cruel slavery. Fiercely flapping their wings, they flew upon their former master, and tore him in their fury as he lay beneath the web of steel. With each stroke of their beaks they carried off a strip of flesh, nor did they abate their rage till they had laid bare his bones. Then they cowered down upon the mangled carcass; and, as the flesh of a magician, to say nothing of an Ogre, is a meat impossible of digestion, they never rose again.

Meanwhile Tonyk had unbound his brother, and, after embracing him with tears of joy, led him out of the Ogre's cave to the edge of the precipice. The dragon-fly and the wasp soon made their appearance harnessed to the little rushen cage, now transformed into a coach. They invited the two brothers to take their places within it, while the spider sat herself behind like a magnificent lacquey, and the equipage started with the speed of wind.

In this way Tonyk and Mylio travelled without fatigue, over meadows, woods, mountains and villages, (for in the air the roads are always well kept,) until they arrived before their uncle's castle.

There the carriage came to ground, and rolled onwards to the draw-bridge, where the brothers found both their horses in waiting for them. At the saddle-bow of Tonyk hung his purse and his mantle; but the purse had grown much larger and heavier, and the mantle was now all powdered with diamonds.

Astonished, the youth turned towards the coach, to ask what this might mean; but behold, the coach had disappeared, and instead of the wasp, the dragon-fly and the spider, there stood three angels all-glorious with light!

Awe-struck and adoring, the brothers sank upon their knees.

Then the most beautiful and most dazzling of the angels drew near to Tonyk, and said:—

"Fear not, thou righteous one! for the woman, the child, and the old man, whom thou hast succoured, were none other than our blessed Lady, Jesus Christ, her Son, and the Holy Saint Joseph. They sent us to guard thee on thy way from harin, and now that our mission is accomplished, we return to Paradise. Only remember all that has befallen thee, for it is an example."

At these words the angels spread their wings, and soared away, like three white doves; chanting the Hosannah! as it is sung in the churches.

SCRAPS FROM SERJEANT TALFOURD'S VACATION RAMBLES.

(Concluded.)

FR. T. HEAD'S CENSURE OF ENGLISH SCHOOLS.—(Concluded.)

"IN assailing the universities, our author makes as large an admission of the excellence which they 'do not prevent,' as he accords to our schools. 'I firmly believe,' he says, 'that the twelve hundred students, who at one time are generally at Oxford, are as high-minded, as highly talented, as anxious to improve themselves, as handsome, and, in every sense of the word, as fine a set of lads, as can anywhere be met with in a body on the face of the globe.' Again I ask, 'What would you have more? May not you obtain less? What, is the complaint against the university so potent, that it prevents the application of the Scriptural rule, 'By their fruits ye shall know them?' Arriving at Oxford they find a splendid High-street, magnificently illuminated with gas, filled with handsome shops, traversed by the mail, macadamized, and like every other part of our great commercial country, beaming with modern intelligence. In this street, however, they are not permitted to reside; but, conducted to the right and the left, they meander among mouldering monastic looking buildings, until they reach the cloisters of the particular college to which they are sentenced to belong. By an ill-judged misnomer they are from this moment encouraged, even by their preceptors, to call each other men; and a man of seventeen, too tall for school, talking of another man of eighteen, is generally, as I always mention the name of my prototype, Methusalem.' Now, without pausing to inquire whether the substitution of all sorts of miscellaneous information for the discipline of classical instruction will tend to prevent the assumption of mannish airs in adolescence; or to examine the results of that Prussian compulsive education, which our author desiderates, in converting docile boys into conceited little men, long before the commencement of English university life, I may venture to express my astonishment at the description given of the High-street of Oxford, and the lamentation that the collegians, not permitted to reside amidst its 'handsome shops,' are sentenced to take up their abode in some monastic looking college. The description of the 'stream-like wanderings of that glorious street,' is applicable, if at all, only to part of it; and what would that part be but for the 'monastic looking buildings' that glorify its continuation, and redeem its commercial beginning from the insignificance of a street of respectable shops in a country town? And does a true English writer really think that it would be better for a young man to live in such a street as he fancies this, at best a very inferior Chesapeake, than in the sequestered beauty of one of those buildings, which

time has been charmed to spare; in which the loveliness of nature has striven with the graces of art and the influence of years to endow fit birth-places for immortal thoughts? Does he think that there is nothing in the hopes that are there excited; in the friendships that are there born, in the principles that are there instilled, in the veneration for greatness, and the love for goodness which are there induced, tending to that result which he admits; and that when he enumerates the mere subjects of formal examination, he truly catalogues the blessings which the university confers? Can he even look at the colleges of Oxford, trace their histories, learn that they have gradually arisen, hall by hall, from small and humble lodgings for poor scholars, and have been increased, and adorned, and enriched, by the successive piety and affection of ages; yet see them now grouped into a whole, which rather seems to be the embodiment of some one exquisite sentiment, springing from a single mind, and developed in harmonious beauty, like a flower expanding, veined and streaked from the principle of loveliness within it, than the gifts of various benefactors, and the works of various architects in different times, without acknowledging that it is an offspring of the love of learning, and the feeling of beauty, and the reverence for the good and the great, which form a glorious part of the national character of England, and have thus sprung, and blossomed, and ripened here. What should we think, even of a foreigner, visiting Oxford for mere curiosity, who should turn with disgust from its colleges, monastic looking buildings, in which the students are 'sentenced to reside,' but dwell with fond admiration upon its streets as 'beaming with modern intelligence,' 'macadamized'—filled 'with handsome shops,' and 'traversed by the mail!'

"There was much in this (to me) extraordinary attack on our educational system, as I read it, among some of the disciples of the system, whose excellence inspired it, which made me almost suspect as I read it, that the edition had not only been pirated by foreign cupidity, but interpolated by foreign taste. I was perplexed to find an English gentleman prophesying that 'if our aristocracy, with the Ghoul's horrid taste, will obstinately feed itself on dead languages, while the lower classes are greedily digesting fresh, wholesome food,' the lower orders will be governed no longer by 'classical statesmen.' And to see him asserting, that against popular discontents, 'our simple and only remedy is, by resolutely breaking up the system of our public schools and universities, to show the people that we have nobly determined to become enlightened too' that is, to become land measurers, arithmeticians, 'chemists and buffoons,' with a smattering of a hundred things, a knowledge of a few, and the conceit of knowing all.

"I participate in no such apprehensions. On the contrary, it is delightful to see the influences of classical learning not fading upwards, but penetrating downwards, and masses of the people rejoicing to recognise even from afar the skirts of its glory. The name of that famous stream, to which Sir Francis Head reverts with so much contempt, happily pronounced before thousands at Manchester, at the last anniversary of its Athenæum, by a man of genius capable of embracing the highest associations, and of sympathising with the lowliest, instead of exciting scorn, tended to heighten the effect of a noble endeavour to dignify and to refine those who are surrounded by care and engrossed by labour, and who were delighted by new veins of sympathy opening between their own lives and those which happier leisure had adorned with a more serene knowledge of immortal things."

GIBBON.

"There is, it seems, an Hôtel Gibbon here, partly standing on the site of that garden in which the historian took his evening walk, after writing the last lines of the work to which many years had been devoted; a

walk which alone would have hallowed the spot, if, alas, there had not been those intimations in the work itself of a purpose which, tending to desecrate the world, must deprive all associations attendant on its accomplishment of a claim to be dwelt on as holy. How melancholy is it to feel that intellectual congratulation which attends the serene triumph of a life of studious toil, chilled by the consciousness that the labour, the research, the Asiatic splendour of illustration, have been devoted, in part at least, to obtain a wicked end—not in the headlong wantonness of youth, or in the wild sportiveness of animal spirits—but urged by the deliberate-hearted purpose of crushing the light of human hope, all that is worth living for, and all that is worth dying for, and substituting for them nothing but a rayless scepticism! That evening walk is an awful thing to meditate on; the walk of a man of rare capacities, tending to his own physical decline, among the serenities of loveliest nature, enjoying the thought, that, in the chief work of his life just accomplished, he had embodied a hatred to the doctrines which teach men to love one another, to forgive injuries, and to hope for a diviner life beyond the grave; and exulting in the conviction, that this work would survive to teach its deadly lesson to young ingenuous students when he should be dust. One may derive consolation from reflecting that the style is too meretricious, and the attempt too elaborate and too subtle, to achieve the proposed evil, and in hoping that there were some passages in the secret history of the author's heart which may extenuate melancholy error; but our personal veneration for successful toil is destroyed in the sense of the strange malignity which blended with its impulses, and we feel no desire to linger over the spot where so painful a contradiction is presented as a charm."

REFLECTIONS ON AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO ASCEND MONT BLANC.

Two questions will be asked by those who think the attempt worthy their consideration. Was it justifiable? and was it required? I venture to answer both in the affirmative, with the hope that I am right as to the first, and the certainty that I am right as to the last.

"It is the fashion for those who have never felt the passion for ascending Mont Blanc to deal out heavy censures against those who have made the venture, as wantonly risking their own lives and tempting the guides to risk theirs, without any adequate purpose. Mr. Murray's Guide Book, which, without offence, I may consider as the virtual representative of all the respectable commonplace on this subject, in one of those few passages which guide to nothing, and which, with the quotations from Lord Byron, may be regarded as *taxa* on the first necessary of travelling life, thus sums up the case against us:—'When Saussure ascended to make experiments at that height, the motive was a worthy one, but those who are impelled by curiosity alone are not justified in risking the lives of the guides. They tempt those brave fellows to encounter the danger, but their safety, devoted as they are to their employers, is risked for a poor consideration. It is no excuse that the employer thinks his own life worthless; here he ought to think of the safety of others; and yet scarcely a season passes without the attempt.' I cannot agree in the facts suggested in this passage, or in the inferences drawn from them. There is danger to be sure; that is, the possibility of serious accident, as 'tis dangerous to ride, to walk, to take a cold; as there is more danger in sliding on the ice than on dry ground; or as it is dangerous to go into the water before you have learned to swim; but I do not believe there was more danger in our attempt than in penetrating the glaciers to the Jardin; the difficulty was the fatigue, not the danger. Doctor Hamel and his friends, who persisted in ascending after a storm had shaken the snows and detained them for a whole day at the Grand Mulets, might not be able to acquit

themselves of blame when the fatal result occurred after all appearance of danger had passed; but I was assured by the *chef*, and by all the guides, that there was no more danger than always attends walking on the ice among crevices, and to the guides, who are accustomed to such exercise, none whatever; and I saw nothing to prove this judgment erroneous; indeed, I never felt any danger, except that of being obliged to turn back; unless, indeed, when I was carried by my mule into the thicket on a path which no moralist, even if he had been director of an insurance company, would have forbidden to a life insured in his office. The rule seems to be sustained by an unjust exception in favour of scientific experiment, as if there were nothing else worthy encountering risk for! Surely the desire to penetrate into the profoundest recesses of the universe, and expound their wonders to others, to acquire some knowledge of the greatness of its most marvellous objects beyond that expressed in mere figures of distances, in the hope to associate these with kindred thoughts, born of their majesties, is as worthy an object of risk—if risk there were—as to ascertain the density of the air at a given height. As to the hazard of the guides, which, except in expeditions undertaken against their judgment, is inconceivably small, I may ask whether every occupation must be stripped of all that elevates it and makes it heroic—and whether any occupation can be truly heroic that has not in it something of danger? When Luckie Mucklebacket replies to our old friend Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck's expostulation on the dearthness of her fish—'It is not fish you are buying, 'tis men's lives,'—and is terribly justified by the catastrophe which follows,—do we wish that fishermen should always keep their boats hauled on shore except in weather when no storm is possible—lest some brave young fisher lad should meet poor Steenie's fate? O, no! life is a thing of hazards, or it is not life; but such stuff 'as dreams are made of.' Nor is it just to the guides—venal as their professional courtesies and bravery, in one sense, are—to represent them as being tempted only by the pay to encounter the unavoidable labours and possible dangers of the ascent. They love the enterprise;—not merely the sense and praise of success;—but the actual intimacy they acquire with the mountain, which has covered over their infancy; the glory of their native vale, and the daily wonder of their lives. I can bear witness, that, at least in our case, there was no reluctance to overcome; for although I kept my purpose as secret as I could, I was pestered by applications from guides, who having guessed it, wished engagements; and only escaped them by refusing to engage any, and referring them entirely to the *chef*. For myself I can truly say, that in making the attempt—although it was foolish enough in reference to any chance of accomplishment—I was prompted by no idle wish for distinction; nor, if I had succeeded, should I have thought myself entitled to boast of any feat of physical prowess. On the contrary, so great are the appliances supplied by the guides to a person who has not the strongest and justest self-reliance; so much is done for him, so little by him: he is so aided at every step; so supported, dragged, all but carried; that it seems to me a process more effeminate than manly, and by no means so unsuited to the nature of the ladies who have been among its achievers, as at first sight appears. With Mr. Bosworth and Mr. Nicholson, it was a real self-sustained effort; but with me, even as far as I went, it implied little more than the capacity of moving and enduring. My motive was an earnest love of nature, heightened in this instance almost into passion by the kindling perusal of many tales of the ascent, an ardent longing to unravel the mystery of a mountain which I believed to be unrivalled in Europe, but which to the eye seemed surpassed in height by many nameless hills; and this I esteem as worthy a motive as the wish to make experiments with the barometer.

"And was the effort, notwithstanding the failure of its loftier aim, repaid? Yes; richly. Except the panoramic views from the summit, which, even when unveiled, the successful adventurer has rarely the physical power to appreciate, I believe I obtained all the real fruits of the expedition; for I saw enough of the waving path above me to understand its majesty; and beyond my ken, there could be nothing greater. I know not what the mountain is; how it sits crouched, like Queen Constance, 'on the huge firm earth,' as if to hide its immensity from the superficial gazer. The object itself is so vast, so compressed to the eye between earth and heaven, partaking of both; so wonderful in the contrast between its ascertained immensity and its apparent lowness; that it is the acquisition of a great idea to understand at least enough of its foldings and recesses, to be able to image the rest. Viewed from Chamouni, the evening before I started, it was scarcely possible to believe it the monarch of European mountains;—it suggested associations rather of beauty than greatness; resembling a gigantic mosque, with its minarets and domes, such as might almost have been made with hands. With what different feelings did I gaze on it the evening after my descent, when the want of aerial perspective was supplied by pain-bought experience; when a faint, dark streak, bordering the glacier, denoted the enormous gully; when the line of fretted white, on which the Grand Mulets seemed before to rest, expanded out into the mighty bosom of the rock-bound glacier, with its unfathomed crevices, and roar of hidden rivers, and all its border ice-caves of fantastical beauty; when the brown rock, presenting the aspect of a small penthoused window, rose before me, the fortress lord of ten thousand acres of snow; when beyond, on the upward tract, 'wilds immeasurably spread seemed lengthening;' and the small knot, which forms part of the figure called the Dromedary's Back, 'rose the snow-dome of the star-lit solitude!' It may be said that I knew before that the mountain was more than 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, or, which is more to the purpose, 13,000 feet above the floor of Chamouni; but such knowledge was of no more worth than the distance of a star from the earth, in which hundreds of millions of miles are just worth to the imagination the line of cyphers which represents them in the table. In explaining such an object, the reality expands the imagination; the details, instead of detracting from the general impression, infinitely heighten it,—perhaps the best test of all physical greatness, which is built up of things individually grand, and not mere vague outline;—so that the idea of Mont Blanc is to me no longer a mere diagram, but a living verity. Then there was the evening at the Grand Mulets, crowned by an imperishable vision, and followed by the midnight aspect of the heavens, which here, surveyed from a spot above the impurities of the denser atmosphere, assumed a darker hue, and justified the Homeric description, 'Ether all opens;' and though it is true that the same glory would have been vouchsafed if this rock had been the summit of my ambition, still it would not have been attended with the same interest, half wild, half solemn, which surrounded it as an incident in the greater adventure. Although, therefore, the attempt cost about a thousand francs, a day's scruples, and another day's misgivings; some slight sense of disappointment at the moment of return; and some hours' labour, amounting to suffering; I rejoice that it was made. The suffering was no doubt severe; but, as far as it can now be recollected, it aids in realizing the tracks along which it was borne; while the earth grandeur, the cloud visions, and even the physical relief and enjoyment of the way will enrich the past, so long as it shall have power to cast sweetness on the present and the future."

ADVANTAGES OF FOREIGN TRAVELS.

"In estimating the wealth with which the mind may be endowed by excursions as rapid as these into foreign

lands, I think it will be found to consist almost exclusively in the images which the scenes of the external world have impressed upon it, and in the feelings they have excited. It would be obviously absurd to hope that, from intercourse so transient and imperfect as the railway carriage, the steam-boat, and the table d'hôte allow, any knowledge of the character of the people of the fair regions at which a holiday traveller glances can be acquired beyond a few picturesque aspects of glancing light and shadow. You cannot, indeed, pass through any section of Germany, however rapidly, without becoming sensible to the charm of that unaffected good-nature with which all classes seem imbued; associated in the women with a quiet serene grace, a benevolent repose of manner; and in the men, especially the young students, with a brotherly affection for each other, and a disposition to be, and to make happy, which refers their university duels to the mere tyranny of custom. Indeed, the gashes which these encounters have left, may generally be observed scarring faces which beam with good-humour, and show how little concern hatred, or envy, or any real passion, has in producing those passages of foolish bravery. In Switzerland it would be a sad waste of precious hours to spend them in endeavouring to pluck out the heart of the mysteries of character which lie within the human forms which are dwarfed by the mountains among which they move and perish, while the mountains themselves, with the snows they sustain, and the streams they nurture, freely expand to the gaze and invite the eye, the heart, and the imagination to concur in holding the most intimate communion with their grandeur.

"But the knowledge of scenery which is achieved by such excursions, is all clear, unalloyed, and priceless gain, for it not only enriches the chamber of memory with the pictures which can be expanded at will, but nourishes the power of appreciating all other kindred scenes, and redoubles the charm of those we may afterwards enjoy at home."

THE PLEASURE DERIVED FROM THE CONTEMPLATION
OF FINE SCENERY.

"The pleasure which is derived from the contemplation of fine scenery is, I apprehend, nearly in proportion to the power with which the mind grasps its colours and forms, and realises a kindred between their attributes and its own. The mere presentment of the mightiest external varieties of the earth's surface to the eye of curiosity, except in the comparatively rare instances when they melt into harmonious pictures, can excite at most only a sort of stupefied wonder. To the youth of a poet, gifted with a peculiar sense of beauty, they may be, as they were to Wordsworth, a passion, 'an appetite, a feeling, and a love:' though even then it may be doubted whether the premature development of deeper sources of pleasure has not unconsciously blended the spiritual with the external. But to children in general, the book of nature spread out before them in all its wildest sublimities, lies unread; and it is not until they have begun not merely to think and to feel, but to reflect on their own past thoughts and feelings, (which they have gradually associated with the scenes in which their emotions have been born and cherished,) that they begin to understand and to love the world without them. In this respect the experience of every youth of sensibility and reflection is a picture in little of the history of his species. Old as the world has grown in the arts of life and death, and early as divine inspiration enkindled the spirit of poetry in its favoured inheritors, it is only in times comparatively modern that the mind seems to have awakened to a sense of its external grandeur. In the Hebrew sacred poetry each image is singly contemplated as attesting the glory of God, or is employed as the symbol of his terrors. The breath of a pastoral simplicity is wafted from the depths of patriarchal ages; Mount Sinai flashes with the terror of the law; and the harp of David sometimes trembles with the

sweet influences of sky and earth; but there is no picture, enriched by the heart's experiences, to break the elementary vastness of the imagery in which the voice of eternity is heard. In the Homeric poems, all-vivid as they are—

'As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer,'

the pictures are of the camp, the battle, the city, the fleet—not of the mountain and flood; and the frequent similes by which they are studded, instead of indicating an aptitude in the poet's mind for informing the shapes of the universe with life and passion, or clothing human affections and powers with the aspects of matter, show, by the imperfect associations which often introduce them, and the mosaic air they give to the composition they variegate, how faintly the sympathies between the world of matter and of thought were perceived even by the genius which inspired them. As the poetry of Greece became more refined, the sentiment of scenery was still further refined, until it was lost in the tendency to make all things subservient to the beauty of form. It breathes again in Virgil, but still with a subdued and courtly sweetness, and scarcely is felt again till it bursts out in lusty life in Chaucer. Hence, after mingling with the flush of Elizabethan genius, enriching the passion of Shakspeare, mantling in the luxury of Fletcher, and embossing the stateliness of Milton; it was crushed by the iron sense of Dryden, dissipated amidst the artificial brilliances of Pope, and feebly held its obscure way beneath the frost-like etiquette and sparkling conceit of our Augustan age. In the revival of the true poetical spirit it has expanded triumphantly among us, breaking forth into gorgeous enthusiasm in Thomson, becoming coldly pure in Cowper, shedding a consecrating influence on a multitude of glorious scenes in Scott, and enabling us to consecrate all scenes for ourselves by the teachings of Wordsworth. No one can doubt that the deeper seriousness which Christianity has shed through our human life has attached itself to the silent forms of nature, and has given them an interest which, reflected and reduplicated by our poetry and romance, is now not confined to men of genius, or even to men of thoughtful leisure, but is felt more or less vividly as a pervading sentiment of common existence, gleaming in upon the busiest hours, and deepening the long-drawn sigh for repose from the bustle of the world, with a longing after the visitations of beauty and the approaches of wisdom."

THE NANT D'ARPENAZ.

"The Nant D'Arpenaz is the fall of a small rivulet, which gushes down unscathed through fissures of the lofty rock; then, in mid-air, leaps from it; and, meeting immediately with little projections, is dashed into fine atoms; floats off some two hundred feet from the ground in an everlasting yet ever changing feather; and though a portion of the water may be caught by the lower rock and may drizzle down it, the body of water actually disperses; makes itself 'air into which it vanishes.' It is like a spirit embodied—no, not embodied, shaped—'breaking from the rock; ever perishing, yet ever renewed; an image of purity, evanescence, duration.' Its substance is as slight as its identity: the most ethereal of all things which in any sense endure light,—as the 'snow-fall in the river;' or a wreath of smoke, yet existing as a waterfall for thousands of years,—the Ariel of inanimate matter! I gazed back upon it till it looked like a speck of gossamer cloud; and sighed for it even while the vale expanding wider and wider, and becoming grander and grander, dazzled me with its luxuriance and its brightness."

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

THE GRAVE IN THE VILLAGE.

W. BRAILSFORD.

Not in the city—not in the crowd,
Where the voices are ever stern and loud;
Where the busy money-changers make
Golden moments for lucre's sake;
Where life is hurried, where noise and glare
Contend alike in the dusky air,
Be my resting-place—not there.

Rest! hath it ever a symbol shown
In those thick close streets, in those eager looks,
That have not of health a trace or tone,
Like the grass that waves in their smoke-dried nooks?
Rest! 'tis a hallowed thing,—no part
Has it in the monster city's heart:
Turmoil and bustle, clamour and din,
Stormy passion, and riotous sin,
These are not surely for rest—oh! no,
Such records of the strife below
May be for action, but are not rest—
They are not blessings—are not blest.

It is true I am young, but my thoughts grow old,
For they live where the shadows are falling over
Fragrant woods, and blossoming clover,
Bright sea billows, and sheaves of gold,
Where the bee wooeth his blooming bride,
Where the heather shines on the green hill side,
Where the village bells ring out for prayer,
And the jubilate fills the air.
Beside the path where a boy I trod,
With a serious thinking upon God;
Beside the graves where my fathers sleep,
Where the shepherd seeks his wandering sheep,
And the glow-worms their evening vigil keep;
Where the solemn yew, with its stately bend,
Seems to welcome each feathered friend,
As its joyous carol floats on high,
An unpaid grateful minstrelsy,

There—there let me lie!

For I have a wish—that, though each sense
In death may lose its influence,
And feeling sympathy be nought,
Some glimpses into the past be caught;
An old scathed tree, a pale flower near,
Or a leaf that memory made dear,
Or a rippling stream, or broken ground,
Be by my last home's grassy mound,
That wayfarers may pause and say,
This by-gone and forgotten clay
Mayhap had constant friends, and these
Were his familiars—so let pass
A gentle greeting on the breeze,
And win new thoughts from Time's old glass,
So let me lie!

THE STUDENT.

"Why burns thy lamp so late, my friend,
Into the kindling day?"
"It is burning so late, to show the gate
That leads to Wisdom's way;
As a star it doth shine on this soul of mine,
To guide me with its ray;
Dear is the hour, when slumber's power
Weighs down the lids of men;
Proud and alone I mount my throne,
For I am a monarch then!
The great and the sage of each bygone age
Assemble at my call;
Oh! happy am I in my poverty,
For these are my brothers all!

Their voices I hear so strong and clear,
Like a solemn organ's strain,
Their words I drink, and their thoughts I think,
They are living in me again!
For their sealed store of immortal lore
To me they must uncloze:
Labour is bliss with a thought like this;
Toil is my best repose!"

"Why are thy cheeks so pale, my friend,
Like a snow-cloud wan and grey?"
"They were bleached thus white in the mind's clear light,
Which is deepening day by day;
Though the hue they have be the hue of the grave,
I wish it not away!
Strength may depart, and youth of heart
May sink into the tomb;
Little reck I that the flower must die
Before the fruit can bloom.
I have striven hard for my high reward,
Through many a lonely year;
But the goal I reach,—it is mine to teach,—
Stand still, O man, and hear!
I may wreath my name with the brightness of fame,
To shine on history's pages,
It shall be a gem on the diadem
Of the Past, for Future Ages!
Oh, Life is bliss with a hope like this—
I clasp it as a bride!"
Pale grow his cheeks while the Student speaks—
He laid him down and died!

S. M.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered to us: they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done.—*Feltham's Resolves.*

ONE line,—a line fraught with instruction—includes the secret of his final success,—he was prudent, he was patient, and he persevered.—*Townsend's Life of Lord Kenyon.*

If you persuade a man that he possesses any particular good quality, the chances are that he will acquire it.—*Hochelaga.*

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A Song of Pitcairn's Island.

Come, take our boy, and we will go
Before our cabin door ;
The winds shall bring us, as they blow,
The murmurs of the shore ;
And we will kiss his young blue eyes,
And I will sing him, as he lies,
Songs that were made of yore :
I'll sing, in his delighted ear,
The Island-says thou lov'st to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat,
Thy country's tongue shalt teach ;
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet
Than my own native speech ;
For thou no other tongue didst know,
When, scarcely twenty moons ago,
Upon Tahiti's beach,
Thou cam'st to woo me to be thine,
With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise
My eyes, my locks of jet:
Ah! well for me they won thy gaze,—
But thine were fairer yet!
I'm glad to see my infant wear
Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair,
And when my light is met
By his white brow and blooming cheek,
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come, talk of Europe's maids with me,
Whose necks and cheeks, they tell,
Outshine the beauty of the sea,
White foam and crimson shell.
I'll shape like theirs my simple dress,
And bind like them each jetty tress,
A sight to please thee well;
And for my dusky brow will braid
A bonnet like an English maid.

Come, for the soft low sunlight calls—
We lose the pleasant hours;
'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls—
That seat among the flowers.
And I will learn of thee a prayer
To Him who gave a home so fair,
A lot as blest as ours—
The God who made for thee and me,
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.—*Bryant.*

THE MERCHANT.

CHAP. I.

We might discover an interesting chapter of human life, well filled with curious facts, could we board that noble East Indiaman just entering the Plymouth docks, and read the hearts and the lives, as well as scan the features, of the anxious crowd who, gathered together on her deck, appear all impatient to land. Sceldom could we find more variety of character and circumstance.

We must, of necessity, mingle with that group, for from among it have we to single out the chief subject of our tale. Ah! now you cast a curious eye around. It is not that young dragoon, with twisted moustache, and sallow skin, who, on account of ill-health, is returning to join the depot of his regiment; nor is it that very lovely delicate-looking woman, who, for the same cause, has been sent by a husband, far more advanced in years, to reside for a while with his family in England, on whom the young soldier we have just mentioned is bestowing many little attentions, of the same class as those by which he has striven to alleviate the dulness of the long voyage to her. It is not that veteran hero who has fought on so many bloody fields; not that imperious judge, whose arbitrary behests are obeyed by his servants with trembling haste; nor is it that pale sickly widow, who presses her young child to her breast, and anxiously reflects on what welcome will await her and her orphan at the family hearth of him who was her protector and support. It is none of these (though each may have a tale to tell) that I am seeking earnestly. But I discover him now; and though you did not fix on him for a hero, and exclaim triumphantly, "This is he!" yet, when you mark him closer, you shall acknowledge that perhaps I have chosen well, or at least, that twenty years ago he must have been admirably qualified to sustain the character. Nay, reader, when you are as well acquainted with him as I intend to make you, you shall confess that (strange as it seems to talk of romance at forty!) he yet retains most of the necessary ingredients of a hero. You hinted at twenty years ago. Well, it is exactly twenty years since Edmund Neville quitted his native land, never to set foot on her shores till this very day; and at his departure he was all that you may suppose him to have been, from what you see now. Those locks, now whitened by a fiery sun, by arduous toil, by grief of heart, were then of a glossy chestnut; those lips, now habitually compressed, were then a smile of uncommon sweetness, into which they can still occasionally relax; those thoughtful, mournful eyes, then sparkled with hope; that well-proportioned figure, that wore an air of becoming dignity, had then an elasticity and freedom

of motion at once graceful and exhilarating to behold. No young adventurer ever set out with a more sanguine spirit than did Edmund Neville; and now he returns with feelings of loneliness and depression even far beyond those usually entertained by the exiles of many years. He had quitted England an orphan, but not, therefore, without leaving fond hearts to mourn at his departure. Destitute of fortune—loving passionately the beautiful sister of a friend, by whom he was in turn beloved, and who was as portionless as himself—he turned with the ardour of youth, and of a sanguine and energetic temperament, to bright prospects which opened to him in the East, promising to return in a few, a very few years, to claim Juliet Markham as his bride, and again to seek with her a golden land. It was twenty years ago that he gave that promise,—and it is yet unfulfilled. The most indefatigable application was rewarded by gradual advancement; but she for whom all his efforts were made, meanwhile sickened and died, while he laboured for her in a distant land, and did not learn, for months after the event, that she who animated all his endeavours had passed into that state in which all he could bestow could profit her nothing. Still he did not abandon his avocations; he was far too wretched to be idle. In vast and splendid attempts he ran bold risks, and amassed princely wealth. At length he wearied of his labours; he felt a yearning for his native land, and yielded to the impulse, though to do so at that moment asked the sacrifice of thousands. He set sail for England, and proposed, the moment he reached her shores, to seek the dearest friend he possessed in her, the brother of his betrothed,—a man happy in those domestic ties which Neville wanted, but slenderly furnished with the riches with which he was so amply supplied.

CHAP. II.

MR. MARKHAM, holding in his hand an open letter, which conveyed the welcome promise of Neville's arrival that very evening at the Grange, was standing with his wife before a picture representing a very beautiful girl in the costume worn twenty years before. Both gazed on it with mournful reflections. At length Mr. Markham said, "Shall we remove this picture, or shall we leave it here, Maria? Do you think that Edmund Neville will perceive Juliet's strong resemblance to it? Do you think the sight of it will distress him?"

"I know not what to advise," replied Mrs. Markham; "he cannot come here without being reminded of his youth; he must be aware of that, and yet, you see, he comes. If he must see Juliet, he may as well see the picture; it is one and the same thing."

"She is so exactly in age and person what my sister

was when he parted from her," said Mr. Markham, thoughtfully and sadly,—"so exactly what, he may imagine her to have been when grieving over his absence. Poor Juliet! had he come a few months ago, when she was gay and happy, he would not have found a resemblance so distressing!"

"Does he ever mention his betrothed to you in his letters?"

"Never. He is one of those who never speak or write on subjects on which they feel acutely, unless duty calls for the exertion."

At this moment a pretty child ran into the room. "Tell me, dear papa," she said, "is the great 'Indian Nabob' really coming to see us?"

By this name the wealthy merchant often went in his friend's family, and it conveyed very mysterious ideas of him to the younger members of it. He was half identified in their minds with the strange idols which once arrived in one of the boxes of rich Indian curiosities which had often found their way to the Grange. Little Marion, having procured an answer to her first question, had still an important one to propound.

"Papa," she said, "we all very well know how beautiful and good Juliet is, and that she deserves much more than any of us; but how did Mr. Neville guess this, that he should always mark all his prettiest gifts with her name?"

Her father patted her cheek, amused by her earnest curiosity, and replied with a smile, "Probably the benevolent fairy who presided at her christening, and gave her all her good gifts, floated across the ocean to whisper this in the ears of the Nabob, Marion; what do you think?"

"Why, I really think that is very likely, papa," cried Marion, who loved the marvellous, and in her merry mood always feigned to credit the wildest fancies with which her favourite books abounded; and those favourite books, I almost fear to confess it, were no other than the Arabian Nights and other tales, with which I and those of my generation were allowed to delight ourselves; and which Mr. Markham, remembering the exquisite pleasure which he had enjoyed, had the good nature, if I may not say the good sense, to let his children enjoy also. And now Juliet entered; and you, my reader, seeing her thus for the first time, will wonder why Marion talked such nonsense as to call her beautiful, and why Mr. Markham appeared to hold the same opinion. Why should this pale girl, with her sad and serious countenance, and her listless step, be termed beautiful? Wait a little; perhaps she will raise those drooping eye-lids, fringed with their long black eye-lashes; then shall you behold eyes of a wondrous lustre—large, liquid, grey eyes—that beam with intellect and with feeling. Perhaps she will speak, and you will see a brilliant glow mount up on her cheek, and fade away again as quickly; you will see two rows of pearly teeth; and, if Marion can make her smile, you will see a hundred dimples play around her mouth. Ah! if you had beheld her a few months since, I need not have written all this to convince you that she is lovely.

Juliet has not yet seen her nineteenth birth-day. What can have worked so great a change in one so young? Nay, reader, why ask the question? Sure I am that every one who reads this passage can answer it. It is true that the heart of youth is not easily cast down; it triumphs over dangers, difficulties, hardships, sufferings, poverty; it recovers the loss of friends, the defeat of projects; it can hope on, and continue to pursue the happiness which has a thousand times eluded its grasp; it can do all this, but there are pangs at which older hearts mock, and at which it will mock too, in its turn—pangs which, to the young, fresh, ardent heart, are as the severing of soul and body, incomprehensibly agonizing.

And Juliet, this beautiful young girl, what is it but

that she has drunk the first draught of the bitter waters of Marah—the waters of disappointment? And before she tasted of them she fancied herself in the garden of Eden, so happy and rejoicing was she; but now it seems to her that she has suddenly discovered herself to be a wanderer and an outcast in the waste howling wilderness. Now may she, with George Herbert, say, not repiningly, but with a grateful, though a broken, spirit:—

"At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetness—
I had my wish and way;
My days were strew'd with flowers and happiness—
There was no month but May;
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party, unawares, for woe."

Juliet, languid as she was, shared the eager wish for the arrival of her father's noble-hearted merchant friend. She knew well the history of his early love and grief, and could trace in memory a fair vision of her aunt, which she cherished with the utmost tenderness. Everything that remained of her, in the hearts and minds of those who had known and loved her, and in the memorials which she had left behind, conveyed the impression of so much tenderness and truth, such meekness and devotion of spirit, such touching resignation, that Juliet could not but believe that she had been a being rarely equalled, and never to be forgotten. She felt that she could conceive and sympathize with the feelings of him who was now about to return to her home, and would find her not. She contrasted their fates with her own; and, though she wept for them, the tears which she shed for herself were far more bitter. They had loved with unbroken constancy and unshaken trust. Juliet sickened as she remembered the beautiful image which had once been enshrined in her heart, and then looked on it disfigured and dethroned, lying in shame and degradation in the dust; and, first to love, and then to despise,—Juliet thought that no dart from the quiver of Death could inflict a wound like this.

CHAP. III.

At length evening came, and with it came Mr. Neville, and the merchant was quite unlike what any one of the expecting group had supposed that he would prove. Mr. Markham, who had parted from a fiery enthusiastic youth, was scarcely prepared for the calm dignity of his manhood. The children, who regarded him from a distance with something of the awe and curiosity which a Bengal tiger might inspire, were amazed by the sweetness and gentleness of his voice and manner. Juliet had not thought that he would look so old, but, in spite of his whitened hair and bronzed skin, the unquenched fire of his dark eye, the whiteness of his teeth, and the freedom of his movements, quickly removed the impression of advanced age. Mrs. Markham was surprised to find him so young.

After the first warm greeting of the friends was over, and the feelings excited by it had partly subsided, Mr. Neville showed how desirous he was to make acquaintance with each member of the little group. Juliet was quite in the background, and her little brothers and sisters crowded round her, and completely shut her out from view. Her father put them aside, and called her to him. She well knew the tide of painful associations which must fill the stranger's breast on hearing her name, and on beholding her for the first time. She advanced with head and eyes inclined downwards; her raven hair was drawn back from her classic brow; the colour mounted visibly on her cheek, then rushed back, leaving her colourless as marble. She breathed quickly with agitation. Her father glanced at his friend as she approached. He saw him start, and briefly, but tenderly, he said:—

"This is my eldest child, my Juliet."

Taking her hand, he placed it in that of Neville, and by a kind pressure spoke his acquaintance and sym-

pathy with all that was passing in his breast. Neville was as in a dream;—one of those heart-sickening dreams in which we act over again the happy scenes of youth.

"Oh, miserable power to dreams allowed!"

None of the supernatural horrors, the terrific perils, which we often encounter in sleep, cause half the pain which we experience in retracing reality step by step!

Juliet felt Neville's hand tremble; the moment that she could withdraw hers, she fell back, and a few hot tears rolled down her cheek unperceived.

Neville grew absent in his replies, and declined all refreshment, though he had travelled far. His friend interpreted these signs as weariness, and conducted him to the chamber prepared for him. When alone together, they could not abstain from retrospections of the past. At length Neville himself alluded to the perfect resemblance which Juliet bore to her whom he had left as fresh a flower, blooming in the same soil. As he spoke his countenance changed, his manly voice faltered. Emotion banished self-possession. He resolved that this comment should be made for the first and last time. He would never again venture to approach this subject.

When Neville was left to himself, he found it impossible to obtain rest. Old recollections haunted and agonized him. Visions of an hour's birth flitted before him. In vain did he attempt to separate the Juliet who was not, and the Juliet who was. He trembled on the brink of a discovery, that to him they must henceforth be the same. He passed a night of restless pain, shamed and harassed by this strange intermixture of the past with the present. He rose with the dawn, and threw open the window of his chamber to breathe the morning air, which seldom fails to refresh the sickest head or heart. He gazed forth on a scene once so familiar to him, and retraced with little difficulty every feature of it. While thus employed, he forgot the lapse of time. Suddenly the sound of the church-bell struck his ear. What village ceremony is about to take place? He felt a superstitious desire that no funeral train should meet his eye, as the omen attending his first return to the Grange. He was diverted from his fears by beholding his host issue from the house with his family, and, quitting the garden, take the winding path over the rising common, which he so well knew led immediately to the church porch. He quickly descried among the group the slight form of Juliet. He saw, too, how the younger children hung about her with fondness, and her father drew her tenderly to his side. Neville's eyes were fixed upon her till she disappeared among the trees which bounded the common. Then he covered his face with his hands, and in his loneliness he wept. It was as if he had returned to find Juliet in unimpaired youth and beauty, while, in himself, all freshness of feeling, all liveliness of hope, all elasticity of spirit, had been numbed by the touch of time. The contrast was bitter.

CHAP. IV.

NEVILLE was roused from his deep reverie by the merry shouts of the children as they came bounding over the common on their return. The merchant prepared to join his friend, and, after their first greeting, asked an explanation of the proceeding he had witnessed. "Was it not uncommon?"

"No, not uncommon," replied Mr. Markham; "for it is of daily occurrence. At this hour Mr. Villiers, the excellent clergyman whom we have now possessed more than six months, performs the Morning Service, and many, with little detriment to their necessary avocations,—though few, I believe, without some slight self-sacrifice,—are able to attend. We find it the most beneficial, the most pleasurable mode of commencing the day that we can follow."

"To-morrow I will so commence it with you," replied Neville, readily; and Juliet, who had just reached the spot where they stood, was pleased with the cheerful alacrity of his voice. Neville's eye rested attentively on

her as soon as she appeared. Her cheek was glowing, and her eyes were sparkling, with the exercise she had taken; but he watched all this brilliancy fade away, and an expression of mournful resignation overspread her countenance. "She does not look happy," he thought; and throughout the day he could not banish from his mind this distressing supposition.

The time past chiefly in familiar conversation between the two friends; by which, in a few hours, they realised the existing circumstances of each other more than they had done in the correspondence of years. Neville found that Markham enjoyed few of the superfluities of life. His children were frugally reared, and simply attired, which added vigour to their health, and charms to their beauty. His sons were carefully educated, and were already fitted for introduction into the world; to advance their fortunes Neville resolved should be his earliest care. Juliet owed chiefly to her aunt and god-mother a cultivation of mind and taste which might be a solid basis for further acquirements. Nature had gifted her with talents for the arts which she had formerly exercised with great delight, though with little knowledge; but that delight did not now exist. Her most pleasing occupation now was the instruction of her little sister in such rudiments as she could impart; and she was no unskilful teacher, as the progress of the lively, intelligent little Marion evinced. Neville saw, with vexation, that while Juliet welcomed him with all the cordiality due to her father's friend, yet, as much as possible, she withdrew from the conversation generally held, and her silence was less that of timidity than of abstraction. Clearly to ascertain whether the grief which he suspected did or did not exist,—if it did, to proceed to the discovery of its cause, and finally to relieve it,—became, ere evening, Neville's prevailing wish and design. But he was resolved that the impression made on him should receive corroboration solely from his own observation, and, actuated by delicacy, he abstained from communicating his doubts, by the slightest hint, to the parents of Juliet.

The following morning found him walking at her side towards the village church. She conversed with intelligence and animation until her father overtook them. Then she immediately fell back, and walked and talked with Marion, evidently with more real satisfaction. But in the church they were again side by side, and Neville could not but be sensible, that while they joined in the most impressive prayers which man ever framed wherewith to address his Maker, Julia wept—silently,—as secretly as might be,—but, calm as she ordinarily was, she could not here wholly restrain the emotion which betrayed a heart full to overflowing. Neville's first inquiry was answered.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF THE COTTON MANUFACTURE.

It has long been acknowledged, that from the simplest matters the most important results may flow. Nor is this true in one province of human affairs only, but continually exemplified in the great departments of morals, politics, arts, and science. Some remark uttered carelessly, some thought lighting upon the mind in a moment of reverie, may produce changes in the laws and constitutions of empires, affecting the condition for good or evil of myriads of men through a long course of ages. Thus in human society we see great things rise from little. And this is clearly the law in the material world; the Nile springs from a brooklet, over which the Abyssinian boy can leap, and Egypt herself has risen from the muddy deposits of a stream; whilst an insect, silently working in the deep sea, creates a whole polynesia, and covers the ocean with a thousand coral isles. A similar exemplification of the law of growth

appears in the history of all human works; the first untutored man who launched a hollow tree on the waters for a canoe, was a naval architect certainly, and stands in the same class with Sir Robert Seppings; but how numerous were the steps between this rude vessel and our modern war-ships! Nowhere, however, is the progress from the first rude step to the magnificent development more remarkable than in the cotton manufacture. Startling is the contrast between the old woman working at her distaff, and the mighty machine turning its 2,000 spindles, and forming, with magical celerity, more than 160 miles of thread from a single pound of cotton. The concentration of power upon one object, the many applications of a single machine to numerous purposes, and the perfect command exercised over the thousand movements, combine to excite the admiration of all who walk through a cotton factory.

All classes have an interest in this branch of British manufacture, from the peasant boy, or servant girl, whose comforts are advanced by its soft, white production, to the statesman who recognises a powerful element of national prosperity in the imports and exports dependent upon the cotton loom. Nor will the patriot and the Christian be inattentive to the great social changes resulting from a manufacture which has caused populous towns to rise in the midst of once silent valleys, and thereby drawn into vast masses the once scattered population of a district,—disorganizing old modes of life,—creating a necessity for new means of education, and supplying fresh powers for good or evil to the nation. Let us then trace the history of the cotton manufacture through its more remarkable stages of transition, to the fully developed condition now presented by this branch of human industry.

What is the first state of cotton, and what does it resemble before making its appearance in our country? The soft substance which we call cotton, is taken from the pods of a tall shrub, classed by botanists in the genus *Gossypium*; in which are found nine or ten species of this plant. Those who have studied the botanical system of Linnaeus, would place it in the class Monadelphia, and the order Polyandria. The seeds are taken from the pods, and dropped into holes, where the plants soon appear, and in about eight months produce their first crop of that soft material, for the safe transport of which many a ship is employed, and on its arrival so many hundreds of thousands depend for subsistence. The cotton is, in reality, nothing more than the seed wrapper; its soft substance surrounding the ripe grains, from which it is separated by an instrument after removal from the pods. These pods are about the size of a filbert, and burst when ripe, disclosing the cotton, which is gathered and prepared for packing. A further notice of the plant itself would seem superfluous: let us therefore leave the whole process of packing and shipping to those whom it may concern, waiting the arrival of the cargo at Liverpool, and the removal of the bales to the factories of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

It is evident, that the newly arrived vegetable down needs considerable preparation before it can be delivered to the care of the spinner, for, having been closely packed in tight bales a long time, the whole is matted together in one dense mass. It is therefore subjected to the operation of a machine fitted to tear open the tangled cotton, and free it from the dirt which may have become mingled with it. Having undergone this preliminary loosening and shaking, the cotton is prepared for the "scutching machine," by which it is still more disentangled and cleansed, being beaten by flat pieces of metal, which move with the rapidity of 1,200 revolutions in a minute. When the cotton is thus thoroughly opened and expanded by the "spreading machine," it becomes ready for the important operations upon which its utility and beauty depend. One of these, and a necessary preliminary to spinning, is *carding*, which consists in spreading out all the cotton fibres in one direction, that the woolly mass may be smooth and

ready for the first stages of the spinning process. This was originally performed by *cards*, in which were inserted wire teeth, when, the cotton being laid upon the lower card, and the teeth of the upper drawn like a comb across the entangled mass, the different fibres are drawn in the direction towards which the card is moved.

Carding was formerly performed by the hand; but a machine was subsequently invented, in which the loose cotton, being laid upon a revolving toothed cylinder, and pressed against a card fitted with wire teeth, is gradually placed all one way. A small roller covered with teeth snatches off the carded cotton from the large revolving cylinder, and conducts the soft fleecy band between two rollers which compress it into a closer substance. In this state the cotton, called a *roving*, or *sliver*, falls into a vessel placed beneath the roller, ready for the application of the spinning machines. The *slivers* taken from the old hand cards were only a few inches long; but those produced by the modern carding machine extend hundreds of yards in length, and a constant supply of cotton is furnished by means of a revolving cloth called the *feeder*. This brings the beaten cotton from the scutching machine to the toothed cylinder. The next operation is called *drawing*, and consists in combining several slivers, and then *drawing out* these conjoined threads, so that the whole sliver shall not exceed the thickness of the original separate pieces. Thus, several slivers being drawn through rollers, and so reduced to a greater fineness, are united by passing through a funnel, by which the line is increased in thickness and strength. The cotton next undergoes the operation called *roving*, in which several slivers are joined together as by the drawing process, but the roving machine gives a *slight twist*, this being the first step in the spinning. To describe all the peculiar details of *roving*, without reference to working models, is impossible. But the principle combines the three acts of uniting several slivers, drawing out the thread thus formed, and giving a slight twist to the loose material. Suppose four slivers are joined in one, and then drawn out to four times the length of this one, it is evident that the single resulting sliver will equal the lengths of the four from which it is formed. Again, let four of such compound slivers be combined, and stretched to four times the length, it is clear that the combined thread has no less than sixteen distinct slivers in it. These successive combinations and drawings are important, as they secure an equable thickness throughout the whole length of the thread. So numerous are the operations necessary, even before commencing the work of spinning. These scutchings, cardings, drawings and rovings involve an amount of labour and skill, of which few who use daily the cotton thread have any conception.

Before proceeding to the various machines employed in cotton spinning, we must pause to notice the early state of the cotton manufacture, and contrast this with the present amount of its production in England; we shall then be able to appreciate the powers and the value of the inventions which have effected the change. It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that the cotton manufacture is of modern date; for, though forming a branch of trade many centuries ago, it is only in later days that it has developed its powers, and created for itself a kingdom in the world of art.

The former state of this manufacture may be most forcibly contrasted with the present by a simple line of figures; for though these strict unbending little signs may not have much poetry in them, they deal in the most convincing of all logic, and utter the most powerful of all statements; nor is deep poetry, even the most solemn and significant, far from those figures which so often hint with sublime brevity a nation's history. Sixty or seventy years ago, a period within the recollection of some now living, the cotton manufacture consumed annually 3,000,000 lbs. of raw cotton; and this, no doubt, seemed a vast amount to many at that time.

The child sitting on the violet bank beneath the hedge-row, and watching his elder sister turning merrily her spinning wheel, would be amazed when told by his father that such a weight, so overwhelming in its vastness to their simple minds, was manufactured into cloth.

Men, too, grave seniors, looked suspiciously toward the cotton lands, and loved them not;—enough was already done in this matter, more was unsafe. Too much of such work seemed ominous; certain coming events were looming through the mists of the future; and somehow the whirling wheels of the mechanic seemed connected with those changos. Enough, therefore: 3,000,000 lbs. wrought up, is a mighty yearly work—England is very busy—she will get thin and care-worn if thus she works. So thought some, gazing at those 3,000,000 lbs.; but the numbers would, strange to say, keep growing; the roar of wheels increased not only in the old places, but on the right hand and on the left; from the once quiet streams in gentle valleys the strange perplexing sound perseveringly arose. The traveller who had long left his home in some lonely glen, returned, and saw the river—where he, a boy, had wandered the long day, catching many a stout fish, and scarcely meeting with man—awarming with busy mechanics, and many lights from tall factories flashing upon the stream, where once nought but the lights of heaven played. Truly the 3,000,000 lbs. had grown to 10,000,000; nor did the numbers yet stand still, no rest was seen; and where, indeed, could rest be? for the 3,000,000 rose to 20,000,000, whilst men were gazing and listening with no small wonderment. We need not trace the gradual rise of the numbers. It may be sufficient to state that the 3,000,000 lbs. rose to 280,000,000 lbs. of raw cotton used yearly in the factories of Britain. Such has been the rapid growth of the cotton manufacture, affecting not only England, its central place of growth, but the New and Old World; the former as the field of its first production, the latter as the recipient of the treasured material. The down of a pod has now become of such importance, that jealous and suspicious nations are kept from war by the wants it has created, and by the readiness with which it supplies those wants. A fact full of deep meaning is this, for all who are engaged in studying the great problem of human civilisation.

But the reader may now inquire, whether this manufacture is *wholly* modern; whether the earlier ages of the world remained ignorant of the great uses to which the down of the cotton plant might be applied. To this we answer, that the manufacture existed in the East, especially in Persia and Egypt, at the commencement of the Christian era, but probably on a small scale, for native use only. Neither of those countries appears to have exported the manufactured cotton, otherwise it would certainly have been found amongst the almost numberless luxuries brought to Rome, from the remotest regions of the earth. No mention is made of such a commodity in the Roman lists of articles paying custom dues.

The manufacture has also existed in India from a remote period, as Herodotus, who flourished 450 years before the Christian era, and travelled into Assyria and Babylonia, speaks of garments worn by the Indians, which were made from the *substance of a plant*, much finer than sheep's wool. What could this have been but cotton? No known plant supplies a material answering to such a description except the Gossypium.

Similar testimony is given by another ancient writer, Nearchus, the favourite admiral of Alexander the Great, who is supposed to have surveyed the regions of India lying along the Indus. He mentions garments made from a *white substance growing on trees*. Was not this cotton? He who should answer "yes," would not be accused of rashness.

Cotton was certainly brought from various parts of India into the eastern provinces of the Roman empire,

in the sixth century, all of which circumstances indicated the existence of this manufacture in India. Nor was it unknown to Europe in the middle ages, the Moors of Spain being celebrated for their cotton products about the year 1000, and, 300 years later, Barcelona was distinguished for similar commodities.

A singular illustration of the rising of an art in two distinct and unconnected regions, was given upon the discovery of America, when the cotton manufacture was found amongst the Mexicans and Peruvians, whose priests were clothed in robes made from that substance, which now supplies a healthy and elegant clothing to the millions of Britain. This clearly proves the independent origin of the cotton manufacture in the two most remote regions of the world—India and America.

In England, also, the manufacture was known at least 200 years ago; for we hear Lewis Roberts, in his "Treasury of Traffic," thus speak of the present seat of the iron trade: "In Birmingham cotton wool from the East was worked into fustians and dimitics." There are notices 200 years before this, of *cottons* in England; and it has been supposed that the manufacture existed here in the fifteenth century, for we read that Bolton-le-Moor then excelled in the making of cotton goods. But here a singular circumstance must be noted: the word *cotton* was applied to *woollen* stuffs in the fifteenth and following centuries. When, therefore, we read of the Manchester *cottons* of the sixteenth century, it appears that we must understand *woollens*, the manufacture of which is of ancient date in England. That woollen goods should be described as *cottons*, may seem strange to many readers; but the wonder will vanish if we admit, with some, that the term cotton is but a corruption of the word *coating*, which would, of course, apply to any material suited for clothing.

Such a use of the word was not confined to the ignorant, but sanctioned by the style of acts of Parliament, one of which, in the time of Edward VI., treating of "Manchester, Lancashire, and Cheshire *cottons*," is entitled, an Act "for the true making of *woollen* cloth;" and the material intended was certainly woollen, as appears from various clauses of the statute.

Camden uses similar language when treating of the trade of Manchester, and speaks of "*woollen* cloths, which they call Manchester *cottons*." One remnant of this custom still exists in the term "Kendal cottons," which are coarse *woollen* cloths, chiefly manufactured for the negroes of America and the West Indies.

It must be admitted that the cotton manufacture did not take deep root in England till of late years; the rapid growth has, however, made ample amends for previous slowness. The peculiar advantages possessed by the localities in which the cotton manufacture originated, contributed to its astonishing growth, for in South Lancashire, and the south-western parts of Yorkshire, are the three great elements,—water-power, fuel, and iron,—all of which form the combination requisite for vast manufacturing operations. Thus the river Irwell was so crowded with mills, that nearly 300 were found along the banks of that stream and its branches.

In these busy hives, plain men, of strong sense and persevering character, have created fortunes from which many a principedom might have been formed, whilst from the ever-working factories of the North, the beautiful production of almost countless spindles and one hundred thousand looms have gone to the remotest regions of India, the central districts of Africa, and the western wilds of America. But how has this result been accomplished? Has it been effected by vast combinations of *human labour*?—Did mere hands, bones, and muscles, raise the structure of the cotton-trade? Mere physical application will do much, doubtless,—it raised the Pyramids, founded the glories of Thebes, and spread out over the ancient world the Cyclopean cities in ages too distant to be clearly scanned through the mists of many centuries. But mere labour would never have worked out the results of the system we have been

contemplating; *machinery* has produced the marvel; this has taken up the load which the physical powers of man would have reeled under.

(To be continued.)

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

By F. E. S.

CHAP. V.

THE ROMAN FATHER.

DREAMS, ye strange mysterious visions of the soul! Ye wild and freakish gambolings of the spirit, freed from the incubus of matter, and unfettered by the control of reason, of what fantastic caprices are ye the originators—what caricatures of the various features of our waking life do ye not exhibit to us, ludicrous and distorted indeed, but still preserving through their most extravagant exaggerations, a wayward and grotesque likeness to the realities they shadow forth! And stranger even than your most strange vagaries, is the cool matter-of-fact way in which our sleeping senses calmly accept, and acquiesce in, the medley of impossible absurdities you offer to their notice. We conceive ourselves proceeding along a green lane on horseback; the animal upon which we are mounted becomes suddenly, we know not how, a copper tea-kettle; we ride quietly on without testifying, or even feeling, the least symptom of surprise (as though the identity of hackneys and tea-kettles was a fact generally recognised in natural history); the kettle addresses us, it converses with us on all the subjects which interest us most deeply; and we discuss our various hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, loves and hates, with no other sentiment, save a degree of pleasure at the very sensible and enlightened views which the utensil takes of the matter. I might multiply examples, *ad infinitum*, to illustrate my meaning; but to those who are familiar with the phenomena described, one instance will suffice; while those who have never experienced them, will probably, at all events, take refuge in disbelief, and lament themselves with a self-satisfying sorrow over the fresh proof it affords of the truth of the Israelitish Monarch's aphorism, that "all men are liars."

Be this as it may, my sleep (when, at length, after the excitement I had undergone, sleep condescended to visit me, which was not until, contrary to all the rules of good breeding, the god had allowed me to call upon him repeatedly in vain) was disturbed by all sorts and kinds of visions. Lawlesses innumerable, attended by shoals of top-booted shrimps, the visionary shrimp being a sort of compromise between the boy so called, and the real article,—drove impossible dog-carts drawn by quadrupeds whose heads and necks bore a striking resemblance to the waltz-loving Diana Clapperton, up and down ball-rooms, to the unspeakable terror of squadrons of turbaned old ladies. Deafening peals of bells, rung by troops of Freddy Coleman (which I take to be the correct plural of Coleman) were rousing night-capped nations from their slumbers in alarm, to whom flocks of frightened mayors were bleating forth bewildered orders, which resulted in provoking everybody; and through it all, mixed up and combined with everything, the pale interesting face of Clara Saville, characterised by an expression of sadness, gazed at me reproachfully out of its large trustful eyes, and rendered me intensely miserable. From dreams such as these I was not sorry to be aroused by the sun shining brightly in through my window-shutter; and, on consulting my watch, I found, somewhat to my surprise, that I had slept till nearly mid-day.

On reaching the breakfast-room my first inquiry was for Lawless, in reply to which I was informed, that he had returned (on the fire-engine) about half an hour after I came in; that immediately upon his arrival he had called for unlimited supplies of rum, lemons, and other suitable ingredients, wherewith he manufactured a monster brewing of punch in a washing-tub, for the benefit of the firemen, with whom he had somehow contrived to establish the most amicable relations; he then assisted in discussing the beverage he had prepared, which appeared to produce no particular effects, until, wishing to rise to return thanks when they drank his health, he lost his balance, and being carried to bed by the waiter and boots, had not yet re-appeared. Not liking to disturb him, I breakfasted alone, and then strolled out to look after Freddy. I found him sitting in the study, busily engaged in drawing the lease he had mentioned to us the night before. On seeing me, however, he sprang up, and shaking me by the hand, inquired how I was after all our adventures.

"That's all right, so far," was his reply to my assurance that my injured arm was going on favourably, and that, barring that, I felt no ill effects of any kind. "I tell you what," he continued, "my governor's in no end of a rage about the bell ringing affair: that old fool of a mayor recognised me it seems, and vows vengeance, threatening to do all sorts of things to me, and the governor swears he'll aid and abet him in anything he chooses to do. They had better take care what they are at, or they may find I'm not to be bullied with impunity; but come along into the drawing-room; I don't mind facing the elders now I've got you to support me; and really, what between my father's accusations, and my mother's excuses, it's as good as a play."

"You're abominably ungrateful, master Fred," replied I, as I turned to follow him.

On reaching the drawing-room we found Mr. Coleman standing with his arms folded, and with an air of dignified severity, so exactly in the centre of the hearth-rug, that he seemed to belong to the pattern. Seated in a low arm-chair on his right hand was Mrs. Coleman, apparently absorbed in the manufacture of some mysterious article of knitting, which constantly required propitiating by the repetition of a short arithmetical puzzle, without which it would by no means allow itself to be created. At her feet, engaged in the Sisyphean labour of remedying the effects of "a great fall" in worsteds, scissors, and other "articles for the work-table," knelt Lucy Markham, looking so piquante and pretty, that I could not help wondering how my friend Freddy contrived to keep himself heart-whole, if, as I imagined, he was thrown constantly into her society. The party was completed by a large, sleek, scrupulously white cat, clearly a privileged individual, who sat bolt upright in the chair opposite Mrs. Coleman, regarding the company with an air of intense self-satisfaction, and evidently considering the whole thing got up for her express delectation. Mr. Coleman received me with an air of pompous civility, hoping I felt no ill effects from my exertions in the earlier part of the evening—taking care to lay a marked emphasis on the word earlier. Lucy acknowledged my presence by a smile, and a slight inclination of the head, but without altering her position. Worthy Mrs. Coleman, however, jumped up, and shook hands warmly with me, thereby providing Lucy with full employment for the next ten minutes in picking up the whole machinery of the knitting.

"Very glad indeed to see you, Mr. Lawless," commenced Mrs. Coleman.

"It's Fairleigh, mother," interposed Freddy.

"Yes, my dear, yes, I knew it was Mr. Fairleigh, only I'm always making a mistake about names; but I never forget a face I've once seen; and I'm sure I'm not likely to forget Mr. Fairleigh's after the noble way in which he behaved last night" (here Mr. Coleman turned away with a kind of ironical growl, and began caressing the cat). "I declare when I saw him sitting

Miss Saville's dress on fire, so nicely made as it was too—

"My dear aunt," remonstrated Lucy, "it was Mr. Lawless who threw down the candelabrum, and set Clara's frock alight."

"Yes, my love, I know, I saw it all, my dear; and very kind it was of him, I mean afterwards, in speaking to me of it; he said he was so very sorry about it,—and he called it something funny, poor young man,—'no end of a something or other'—"

"Sell," suggested Freddy.

"Oh yes, that was it, no end of a sell. What did he mean by that, my dear?"

"I strongly disapprove," observed Mr. Coleman (who still continued stroking the cat as he spoke, which process he performed by passing his hand deliberately from her head, along her back, to the very tip of her tail, which he retained each time in his grasp for a moment, ere he recommenced operations), "I highly disapprove of the absurd practice, so common with young men of the present day, of expressing their ideas in that low and incomprehensible dialect, termed 'slang,' which, in my opinion, has neither wit nor refinement to recommend it, and which effectually prevents their acquiring that easy yet dignified mode of expression, which should characterize the conversation of the true gentleman. In my younger days we took Burke for our model; the eloquence of Pitt and Fox gave the tone to society; and during our hours of relaxation, we emulated the polished wit of Sheridan: but it is a symptom of that fearful levelling system which is one of the most alarming features of the present age, instead of striving to raise and exalt—"

"Really, my dear Mr. Coleman, I beg your pardon for interrupting you," cried Mrs. Coleman, "but this is the second time you've lifted my poor little cat off her hind legs by her tail; and though she's as good as gold, and lets you do just what you like to her, it can't be pleasant for her, I'm sure."

"The only reply to this, if reply it can be called, was an angry "Psha!" and, turning on his heel, Mr. Coleman strode with great dignity towards the window, though the effect was considerably marred by his stumbling against an ottoman which stood in the way, and hurting his shin to an extent which entailed rubbing, albeit a sublimary and un-Spartan operation, as a necessary consequence. A pause ensued, which at length became so awkward, that I was about to hazard some wretched commonplace or other, for the sake of breaking the silence, when Mrs. Coleman addressed me with—

"You'll take some luncheon, Mr. Lawless, I'm sure. Freddy, ring the bell!"

"He'll be ready enough to do that," growled Mr. Coleman; "you could not have asked a fitter person."

"Of course he will, a dear fellow," replied Mrs. Coleman; "he's always ready to oblige anybody."

"I disapprove greatly of such extreme facility of disposition," observed Mr. Coleman; "it lays a young man open to every temptation that comes in his way; for want of a proper degree of firmness and self-respect, he gets led into all kinds of follies and excesses."

"Now, my dear Mr. Coleman," returned his wife, "I cannot bear to hear you talk in that way; you are too hard upon poor Freddy and his young friends; I'm certain they meant no harm by it all; if they did ring the bells by way of a joke, I dare say they had drunk rather more champagne than was prudent, and they scarcely knew what they were about; and really all they seem to have done was to make people get up a little sooner than usual, and that is rather a good thing than otherwise, for I'm sure if you did but know the trouble I have sometimes in getting the maids out of bed in a morning,—and that fine lady gentleman of a footman too, he's just as bad.—Why, what's the matter now?"

"I really am astonished at you, Mrs. Coleman,"

exclaimed her husband, walking hurriedly across the room,—although this time he took care to avoid the ottoman, "encouraging that boy of yours in such scandalous and ungentlemanly proceedings as those he was engaged in last night! No harm, indeed! I only hope (that is, I don't hope it at all, for he deserves to be punished, and I wish he may) that the laws of his country may think there's no harm in it. Mr. Dullmug, the mayor, intends, very properly in my opinion, to appeal to those laws; and that is a thing, I am proud to say, no Englishman ever does in vain. You may smile, sir," he continued, detecting Freddy in the act of telegraphing to me his dissent from the last doctrine propounded. "You may ridicule your old father's opinion, but you'll find it no laughing matter to clear yourself, and justify your conduct, in a court of justice. They may bring it in conspiracy, for I dare say you plotted it all beforehand; they may bring it in riot, for there were three of you engaged in it; they may bring it in treason, for you incited his majesty's subjects to commit a breach of the peace, and interfered with the proper officers in the discharge of their duty: 'pon my word I believe they might bring it in murder, for the poor child that had the measles in the town died between six and seven o'clock this morning, and no doubt the confusion had something to do with accelerating its death. So, sir, if you're not hanged, you're certain of transportation; and don't ask me to assist you; I've lived by supporting the law for fifty years, and I'm not going in my old age to lend my countenance to those who break it, and set it at naught, though my own son be one of them. I have spoken my mind plainly, Mr. Fairleigh, more so perhaps than I should have done before a guest in my own house, but it is a matter upon which I feel deeply. I wish you good morning, sir." So saying, he turned away, and stalked majestically out of the room, closely followed, not to say imitated, by the cat, who held her tail erect, so as to form a right angle with the line of her back, and walked with an air of meek dignity and chastened self-approval.

"That's what I call pleasant and satisfactory," exclaimed Freddy, after a pause, during which each member of the party exchanged glances of consternation with somebody else. "Who would ever have imagined the possibility of the governor's turning cantankerous—assuming the character of the Roman father upon the shortest possible notice, and thirsting to sacrifice his son on the altar of the outraged laws of his country! What an interesting victim I shall make to be sure! Lucy must lend me that wreath of flowers she looked so pretty in last night, to wear at the fatal ceremony. And my dear mother shall stand near, tearing out those revered locks of hers by handfuls." (The reader should perhaps be informed that Mrs. Coleman rejoiced in a false front of so open and ingenuous a nature, that from its youth upwards it never could have been guilty of deceiving any one.) "May I ring and tell John to have all the carving-knives sharpened? it would be more satisfactory to my feelings not to be slaughtered with a blunt weapon."

"Don't talk in that horrid way, Frederic," cried Mrs. Coleman, "I'm sure your father would never think of doing such dreadful things; but I believe you're only making fun of him, which isn't at all right of you. I'm not a bit surprised at his being angry with you, when you know how steady he always says he was as a young man (not that I ever quite believed it though); he never went ringing bells, however late he might stay out at night, that I heard of (though I should never have known it if he had, very likely). I don't myself see any great harm in it, you know, Mr. Fairleigh, particularly after your saving poor Clara Saville, and Freddy from drowning,—indeed I shall always have the highest opinion of you for it, only I wish you had never done it at all, either of you, because of making your father so angry, you I mean, Frederic."

"Have you received any account of Miss Saville this morning?" inquired I, anxious to change the conversation; for I could see that Freddy, despite his assumed indifference, was a good deal annoyed at the serious light in which the old gentleman seemed to look upon our escapade. "I should be glad to know that she was none the worse for all the alarm she must have suffered."

"No, we have not heard anything of her," replied Lucy. "Should we not send to inquire after her, aunt?"

"Certainly, my dear Lucy; I am glad you have reminded me; I always meant to send, only all this has put it out of my head."

"Now, Frank, there's a splendid chance for you," exclaimed Freddy; "nothing can be more correct than for you to call and make the proper inquiries in person; and then if old Stiff-back should happen not to be at home, and you can contrive to get let in, and the young lady be not actually a stone—"

"Indeed, Frederic, she is nothing of the kind," interrupted Lucy, warmly; "if you only knew her, you would be astonished to find what deep and lively feelings are concealed beneath that calm manner of hers; but she has wonderful self-control. I could see last night how much she was grieved at being obliged to go away without having thanked Mr. Fairleigh for saving her."

"Give her a chance to repair the error to-day, by all means, then," said Freddy; "and if you should succeed in gaining an interview, and she really is anxious to do a little bit of the grateful, and old Vernon does not kick you down stairs, I shall begin to regret that I didn't extinguish her myself."

"I really have a great mind to follow your advice," returned I; "it is only proper to inquire after the young lady, and they need not let me in unless they like."

"If you should see her, Mr. Lawtegh," said Mrs. Coleman, "tell her from me, how very much vexed I was about the candelabrum being thrown down and setting fire to her dress; it was made of the very best Dresden China, and must have cost (only it was a present, which made it all the more valuable you know) fifteen or sixteen guineas; and I'm sure I wonder, now I come to think of it, why it did not blaze up and burn her to death; but you were so quick and clever, and entirely spoilt that beautiful whittle of old Mrs. Trotties, with the greatest presence of mind; and I'm sure we ought all to be thankful to you for it; and we shall be delighted to see her when she has quite recovered it, tell her, particularly Lucy, who is nearest her own age, you know."

"Let me see," said Freddy, musing; "Mrs. Trotties must be seventy-two if she is a day; 'pon my word, Lucy, you're the youngest-looking woman of your age I ever met with; if I had not heard my mother say it myself, I'd never have believed it."

"Believed what, Freddy? What have I said?" asked Mrs. Coleman.

"That Lucy was Mrs. Trotties' most intimate friend, because she was nearest her own age," returned Freddy.

"No such thing, sir; I said, or I meant to say,—only you are so tiresome with your jokes, that you puzzle one,—that [Lucy being her own age, I mean Clara's, Mr. Fairleigh was to tell her how very glad she would be (and very natural it is for young people to like young people) to see her; and I hope you'll remember to tell her all I have said, Mr. Fairless, for I'm always anxious to try to please and amuse her, she's so very dull and stupid, poor thing!"

To perform this utter impossibility I faithfully pledged myself; and taking a hasty farewell of the ladies, hurried out of the room to conceal a fit of laughter, which had been gradually becoming irrepressible.

"Laugh away, old boy," cried Freddy, who had

accompanied me into the hall; "no wonder I'm an odd fellow, for, as Pat would say, my mother was one before me, and no mistake. I wish you luck with the fair Clara,—not that you'll see her,—old Vernon will take care of that somehow or other; even if he's not at home, he'll have locked her up safely before he went out, depend upon it."

"You do not mean that in sober earnest?" said I.

"Perhaps not actually in fact," replied Freddy, "but in effect I believe he does. Clara tells Lucy she never sees any one."

"She shall see me to-day, if I can possibly contrive it," said I. "Oh, for the good old days of chivalry, when knocking the guardian on the head, and running away with the imprisoned damsel afterwards, would have been accounted a very moral and gentlemanlike way of spending the morning!"

"Certainly, they had a pleasant knack of simplifying matters, those 'knights of old,'" replied Freddy; "but it's not a line of business that would have suited me at all; in balancing their accounts, the kicks always appear to have obtained a very uncomfortable preponderance over the halfpence; besides, when one kills a man, it's as well to have some slight notion *why* one does it; and the case comes home to one still more closely, if it's somebody else who's going to kill you."

"You're about right there, master Freddy," said I, smiling as I shook hands with him, and quitted the house.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE COUNTRY.

CHAP. VII.

MISS CAMPBELL had not much difficulty in unravelling the mystery of Agnes's charade; and Justine then asked why the *Helleborus niger* is called a rose, since it has little resemblance to that flower.

"It certainly does not resemble the various double roses of our gardens," replied Sophia; "yet it is not unlike in shape to the common hedge-roses, which botanists regard as the original stock whence all those delightful varieties have sprung; and old Gerarde describes it as bearing 'rose-fashioned flowers,' which is more correct than what he says of its slender stalk, for that is, as you see, like the leaves, thick and succulent, and very unlike the 'twisted Eglantine.'"

"There have been learned disputes," said Mr. Barlow, "as to whether Milton meant the wild-rose or the honeysuckle by that expression; I see, Sophia, you incline to the opinion which assigns it to the rose. I always consider the slight, delicate, rambling hedge-rose as the Eglantine, seeing I have my friend Gerarde's authority for doing so, and that the Honeysuckle or Woodbine has names sufficiently poetical without usurping this; and, though I know some say our great poet would not be guilty of the tautology of putting another rose into his picture after the sweet-briar, yet I beg to state that they are distinct varieties, and differ in their habit of growing; and, if he had meant the honeysuckle, he might have been more correct, and found an equally good rhyme, in the more generally applied name of Woodbine."

"I should be inclined to agree with Sophia," said Miss Campbell, "if the hedge-rose were 'twisted,' but, alas! it is not, and the honeysuckle is. However, I beg to retract what I said of the heather, dear as it is, being our only floral beauty in Scotland, since we have wild-roses, and none is more beautiful than the white Ayrshire, whose delicate flowers contrast so gracefully with its rich brown stems and dark leaves."

"As you advance so rapidly under my tuition in German, Lucy," said Frederic, "you ought to know that this flower is called in that language *Christwurz*, or Heilich Christkrant, for the same reason that it is

called Christmas-rose here, I suppose, if that is from its season of flowering."

"I am induced," said Mr. Forster, "to think, that the word 'rose,' when applied to other flowers, is used more as an honorary title than as a descriptive appellation; and that this mode of applying it is derived from the eastern idiom, whence so many more of our daily phrases and ideas are derived, than those who are not in the habit of studying the subject would imagine. The word 'rose' occurs but twice in the Bible; and in one of those places, the seventy learned men who translated the Septuagint have rendered it 'Flower of the field,' instead of 'Rose of Sharon,' which is the more generally received version. The same word, in Persian, 'gul,' signifies both rose and flower; and I believe Cyril will tell us that one word has both meanings in Arabic; so that Christmas-rose may not so much indicate a rose-like flower, as the Christmas-flower *par excellence*—the flower which stands unrivalled at Christmas—as the rose does in that season when so many vainly strive with her for the pre-eminence."

"I remember, my dear father," said Alice Forster, "that you tried hard to trace to the same eastern source the monkish legend carved in the magnificent Chapter-house of York Minster, which you pointed out to me when we were there."

"Oh!" cried Charles, "I recollect that boast—

'Ut Rosa flos florum, sic est dominus ista donorum;'

which I suppose I may be allowed to translate, for the benefit of little Laura: 'As the rose is the chief of flowers, so is this house the chief of houses.'

"More than Laura are obliged you, Mr Charles," said Miss Campbell; "but pray, Alice, will not these observations apply to your favourite primrose, whose name you heard censured so much to your amusement by somebody, who said they could not see why it was called a *prime* rose, since for their parts they did not think it was a rose at all, and if it was, it was a very shabby one?"

"Poor old lady, she was quite right: for it has not the slightest resemblance or relationship to a rose, but takes its name from the Latin word 'primus,' first—the first flower of the spring; the word 'rose' here again meaning flower, and agreeing with my father's theory. Is it not so, Sophia?"

"Yes; and its botanical name, *Primula*, has the same derivation."

"And is it not called *Primvère*, in French, Justine?" asked Agnes; "and that has very much the same sound."

"It is so," replied her cousin; "and I dare say it has the same meaning."

"Yes," continued Sophia; "the French *Primvère*, the Italian *Primavera*, and the Spanish *Prima veris*, all signify the first of the spring: indeed, in Italian, *Primavera* stands for spring itself; and the primrose, with its name at full length, is *Fior di primavera*—so, you see, the general voice of Europe pronounces Alice's pet the first flower of the year."

"O Primavera," quoted Cyril—

'O Primavera, gioventù dell' anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'erbe novelle e di novelli amori;
Tu torni ben, ma teo
Non tornano i sereni
E fortunati di delle mie gioie.'

"In spite of Cyril's sentimental Italian quotation," said Rosaline, "I will venture to give you one in plain English, from the peasant poet, John Clare, who has described the primrose very beautifully in one of his sonnets:—

'Welcome, pale Primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinny through,
Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green:

How much thy presence beautifies the ground!—

How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glow on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
And, where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams delightedly along,

Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
'To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning Spring.'

"Does it not describe what we have all seen very, very often?"

"I must put in my word again," said Frederic, "for a little more attention to Lucy and myself: Sophia is very affronting to us; for, when talking of the general voice of Europe, she did not choose to notice Germany, where the primrose is not only called by the learned, *der Primel*, from the Latin, *Primula*; but by the peasantry, *Schlupelblume*."

"And pray, cousin Frederic, what is the meaning of that very ugly word?"

"Why, Agnes, it means Key-flower, and I think it very appropriate."

"Well done, Frederic," cried Charles; "even Neville the Grave looks up from his book in wonder, as to how you will prove your assertion."

"Neville the Grave must allow that you are all very ignorant of the deeply mystical and poetical spirit of the German language, or you would see at once that the primrose, as a key, unlocks the gates of spring, and opens the way to the blooming train of Flora. I am sure Rosaline will be able to find, in some corner of her memory, a quotation to suit with this idea."

Rosaline murmured over Milton's "Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger," and Gray's "Lo! where the rosy-bosomed hours, fair Venus' train appear,"—but soon shook her head in despair, and her father complimented Frederic on having got pretty well over his difficulty. "Though I think," added he, "there is not a little mist, as well as mystical poetry, in your explanation: I had thought the cowslip was the flower meant by '*schlupelblume*.'"

"The cowslip is one of the primrose tribe," said Lucy; "and the varieties of this tribe—the cowslip, oxlip, polyanthus, auricula, &c.—are all so very nearly alike, that they are often confounded one with the other by old writers. I half fancy the cowslip still more rural than the primrose, and I think aunt Martha will agree with me, since she is always delighted to receive the very first which is found in the meadows."

"Indeed I am, Lucy; and I quite agree with you, that the cowslip is more rural than the rest of the tribe. Is it not the chosen of all the village children? One of the first pleasures of the spring is to see the little creatures wandering into the fields, rushing upon the flowers as upon a newly discovered treasure,—loitering homewards laden with them,—their hands, their hats, and their pinafores full; and then sitting down in a circle under the sunny hedgerows, and making up their spoils into huge round cowslip-balls, as round, though not so rosy, as their own merry faces. What can be so rural as a cowslip-ball?—Nothing but a May garland, and that is often half-composed of cowslips."

"I dare hardly combat with Mrs. Martha's enthusiasm," said Alice; "yet I would still venture a word for my poor primrose, which is very, very lovely, nestling under some bank as if listening to the murmur of the running stream below, or looking up with its quiet eyes from the shady woodside, as if each flower were a banished star, and pale with pining for its native skies. Do they not spring up sometimes in the mild May mornings, as if the bright silvery orbs we had looked on the night before had grown tired of shining, and dropped down into the green sward to rest, and the sweet blue hyacinths bend over them as if they were singing and soothing the weary strangers to sleep?"

"Alice, Alice," said her sister Charlotte, "you let your fancy run away with you strangely. I must give my vote with Mrs. Martha and Lucy, not on their grounds but on that of usefulness, for all the primroses in the woods would never cure the coughs and colds of the village as cowslip-wine does."

"There speaks the good housewife, Charlotte," said Mr. Loraine, "and I am quite willing to give my testimony in favour of your bright and beautiful cowslip-wine, though my good lady fancies it has a rival in her rich elder-syrup. You certainly doctor the village between you. Even Miss Campbell must let her national heather hang its diminished head when brought into competition with so much usefulness."

"Wae's me for the poor heather!" said Margaret, "it has indeed lost the fame it formerly possessed: but I would have you to know that it is recorded by our historian, Boethius, as very nutritive to birds, beasts, and specially to bees; and that of this flower the Picts made a delicious and wholesome liquor: but the manner of making it perished with their extermination, as they never showed the craft except to their own blood."

"Well, well, you have said more for it than I expected."

"Yet not all that may be said," continued Miss Campbell, "or at least not so well as it has been said by our Scottish poet Leyden -

'Sweet, modest flower, in lonely deserts dun,
Retiring still for converse with the sun,
Whose sweets invite the soaring lark to stoop,
And from thy cells the homed dew-bells scoop!
Though unobtrusive all thy beauties shine,
Yet boast thou rival of the purpling vine!
For once thy mantling juice was seen to laugh
In pearly cups, which monarchs loved to quaff;
And frequent awoke the wild inspired lay,
On Teviot's hills, beneath the Pictish sway.'

"Here," said Sophia, "is a drawing of a pretty little flower, which, though not common in general, is so in this neighbourhood, and shows the close affinity of the primrose and the auricula. It is the Bird's-eye-primrose, or *Primula farinosa*, and, though I have not succeeded very well, you may see by this drawing that both flower and leaf are covered with a sort of white farina or powder, from whence it derives its name."

"Pray, is the Evening primrose of our gardens a native British plant?" asked Margaret, "and what right has it to the name of primrose, for it is a summer flower, and does not appear before June?"

"The *Oenothera biennis* or evening primrose is a native of North America; yet it is to be found wild on the sea-shore in Lancashire, where it is supposed the seeds have been wafted by the waves of the Atlantic," said Sophia. "It has its name from some resemblance which it bears both in shape and colour to the common primrose, but the resemblance goes no farther, for it belongs to a very different tribe of plants. The botanical name comes from the Greek, and signifies 'seeking or hunting wine,' the roots of this plant being formerly eaten like olives, as a provocative to drinking—a fashion which we may hope the progress of temperance will soon number amongst those by gone customs 'more honoured in the breach than the observance.'"

"The plant, however," said Lucy, "has better claim on our notice than this bad quality. It is remarkable for not unfolding its blossoms until the sun is declining, and is compared by Professor Lindley to the owl, though he acknowledges the comparison does it injustice. Its mode of opening, too, is very curious. The petals are held together at the top by hooks which grow from the end of the calyx or outward covering, and it first begins to expand at the bottom of the cup, and is a long time before it acquires force enough to disengage itself at the top, when it bursts open almost instantaneously, and the corolla spreads out nearly flat, becoming flaccid, and closing again the following morning."

"There are no wild plants of this species in any other part of England but Lancashire," continued Sophia: "but we have one which greatly resembles it, and is of the same tribe; that is the *Epilobium*, which name is descriptive of the flower seated on a pod. In English it is called willow-herb, and, I dare say, Agnes and Laura will know it by a still more rustic name, if they look at this drawing of its gay pink flowers."

"Oh, yes!" cried Laura Barlow, "we always call it codlings and cream at Woodthorpe, and, I think, Alice calls it apple-pie, it smells so nice, just like baked apples."

"Thank you, Laura, both for the names and derivation, since those names are decidedly derived from the peculiar smell of which you speak."

"Cyril," asked Mrs. Loraine, "can you confirm the report which Professor Lindley gives of the beauty of the primrose tribe in India, where, he says, it glows in the richest shades of purple or crimson, and spreads in profusion around the Himalayan mountains?"

"I am not botanist enough to speak of them as a tribe when dressed so very differently from our English flower; but your discourse of roses reminds me of our beautiful Oleanders, which we also call bay-rose, or laurel rose. They do greatly resemble roses, and are as lovely and graceful in hue, and as sweet in perfume. We have also another rose, which is, however, rather less rose-like—the *Rosa Sinensis* or Japan rose as you call it here; though its Indian name is always *Hibiscus*. I think I must place it in competition with Charlotte Forster's cowslip, and Miss Campbell's heather, since it is equally useful and ornamental."

"The *hibiscus* useful!" exclaimed Justine, "I know it well, having seen it both in the splendid conservatories near London, and on the magnificent Chinese paper with which the salon of *Hôtel du Vénus* is hung. O that room is so beautiful! the flowers and birds of every strange form and variety reflected in all the mirrors and contrasted with the rich and heavy drapery of silk damask! One might almost fancy it one of the scenes of the thousand and one tales! But I never before heard that the *hibiscus* was useful."

"My good cousin, it would be useful if only as a pattern for such a beautiful design as the paper you speak of; but we find it useful in India to make a sort of jelly, which greatly resembles currant jelly in flavour and colour, and is used instead of that home article, since we have no currants there. The pleasant acid petals are what are employed, and their bright colour is not lost in the process, so that I have no doubt, Miss Campbell, but our *hibiscus* jelly is equal to your lost heather wine."

"You are all in the wrong, Cyril," interrupted Alleyne, "if you think *hibiscus* is a native Indian word, for it is Greek—Greek for some sort of mallow."

"Yes," said Sophia, "it certainly is, and is applied by modern botanists to this flower, as one of the mallow-tribe. Brilliant as it is, if you examine the structure of the flower you will find it resemble that of our native mallows, which are, however, low-growing herbaceous plants, whilst the *hibiscus* is a shrub. I never heard before of the Japan rose being made into jelly; but I know that the Chinese make use of it to black their shoes, and that one of the species is sometimes put into soups and curries for the sake of the pleasant acid flavour it gives to them. Some of our English mallows are very pretty, particularly the *Malva moschata*, or musk mallow, whose pale pink flowers, and the musk-like scent from which it derives its name, might well entitle it to a place in our gardens, if it were not to be found in profusion by the way side. Can any thing be more fragile than its texture, or more delicate than its odour as the wind gently waves its blossoms, surrounded as they are by bright leaves, divided into innumerable small lobes? Nor is the tribe here without its useful members. The *Althea officinalis*, or marsh mallow, has its botanical name from the Greek word, 'to cure,' and

is well known as an emollient medicine; and under the French name of Guimauve, I doubt not, Justine may have seen it used as a poultice."

"Mamma," interrupted Agnes, "amongst all our roses we have not yet thought of the Rose of Jericho, that very curious flower which you said, one day, was very unlike a rose, though the writer of those lines in your extract book had certainly thought it was a real rose."

"The writer of those lines, Agnes," replied her mother, "was certainly no botanist, and had not the advantage of Mr. Forster's explanation of the manner in which the word 'rose' may be applied. The *Anastatica Hierochuntia*, or Rose of Jericho, is a small cruciferous plant, that is, it has four petals placed cross-wise, in the same manner as those of the wallflower; and it is the subject of a curious superstition on which the lines in question are grounded. Indeed, I know few plants which are more likely to give rise to superstition than this; and, as a native of the East, whence all wonderful things were looked for,—a plant of the desert, and of the Holy Land,—it is not surprising that its marvellous properties should have been thus magnified by the early travellers and pilgrims into the power of predicting future events."

"Superstition apart, my dear mother," said Sophia, "it is truly a most wonderful and curious plant. Growing in the waste and sandy deserts, the flower becomes shrivelled and dried up on attaining maturity, the petals shrinking and closing around the seeds, which require moisture to enable them to germinate. In this state they are blown about by the winds, and, when the rainy season has refreshed the deserts, some of these wanderers are lodged in the temporary pools which are formed, and there expand again under the invigorating influence of the water, and live a second life until the seeds are sown. In their dried state they may be kept many years, and still will revive if placed in water, from which strange property it has derived its botanical name, of Greek origin, the word *Anastatica* signifying 'resurrection.' It is celebrated amongst Europeans as the Rose of Jericho, and is supposed, by expanding on the birth of a child, to predict its future fortunes. In Egypt, and its native countries, its name is *Kaf Maryam*, or Mary's hand, which seems also a name of superstitious origin."

"What are the lines to which Agnes alludes?" asked Mrs. Barlow. "If not too long, I fancy we should like to hear them."

"If they would not preclude Mr. Hamilton's promised charade, I will join in Mrs. Barlow's petition," said Miss Campbell.

"And I shall put in a few words in favour of a little music, also," said Cyril. "My sisters have promised me a treat from you, Miss Campbell; and I know Charlotte and Alice have been practising 'As it fell upon a day,' ever since the snow began to fall. I am longing to hear all my old favourites; and they pretended they had forgotten that, as if Shakspeare could ever go out of fashion. I hope to-night to hear both that and 'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,' which, by the by, Miss Sophia, you might have brought as a witness against Milton, in your defence of the right of the hedge rose to the name of *Eglantine*.—

'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
Overcanopied with hush-woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.'

"There, I think, it is placed in marked distinction to the woodbine, and linked with the musk-rose, which is distinguished by its proper name."

"We will try to sing it for you, as a reward for coming to Sophia's aid," said Alice. "Was there ever a poet like Shakspeare in his love of flowers, which are strewn about his works in a sweet profusion, which imitates nature's own bounty. But are we not to have your extract-book, Mrs. Lorraine?"

"I believe there will be time to satisfy the claims of all the party," said Mrs. Lorraine; "so run, Agnes, for the book, and Alleyn shall once more be our reader." On Agnes' return, Alleyn read the following lines:—

"Say, dear Serena, for thou now can'st feel
The varied charms which to such scenes belong,
Why nature, doubly bounteous, where she piles
Her highest rocks, her wildest cataract flings,
And winds, 'mid deepest solitudes, her streams,
Then throws o'er all another witching charm,
And bids her children in these regions glow
With deep poetic feeling, till they bind
Pale superstition's brow with flowery wreaths,
And, awe-struck, listen to her deep-toned voice,
Making wild music to their raptured ear?
Feelings like these have surely filled thy mind
As gazing late on Mona's druid isle,
Or climbing cloud-capt Snowdon's steep ascent;
Whilst we, the dwellers of the humbler plains,
Catch but the distant echo of such strains,
And treasure up their memory like dreams
Of some bright world we never may behold.

"And dream-like came of late such tale to me—
And such I now repeat. 'Tis of that land
Whose rocks have cradled liberty; whose hills
Guard her like fortress walls; and whose deep streams
Ran at their foot like the deep trench that guards
Such walls from every hostile foe's attack.
'Tis of Helvetia, where, in a deep vale,
Once dwelt a peasant, lord but of a hut
Which sheltered his declining years: no lore
Was his, but such as age bestows, and such
As long communing with great nature's works
Bring hallowed on the venerable seer
From every misty wreath that wraps the head
Of great St. Gothard, where he loved to trace
Each sign of coming storm, or threatened ill.
Oft to his cot the neighbouring peasant hies
To seek his sage advice; but on one eve,
One solemn eve, each dweller of the vale
Came, anxious each to learn his coming fate.
All round the rustic board in silence sate,
And scarcely breathed, as the grey-headed man
Unlocked his sacred treasure, and produced
A rose—a withered rose—not such as bloom
In the bright valleys of their fatherland,
Shaming the blushes of the maids they love,
Or twining in their smoothly braided hair.
No! this was brought from the far land of morn;
From that blest spot which once the Saviour trod,
And plucked by pilgrim-hands from off His tomb.

"In purest limpid water from the spring
Was placed, with many a rite, the mystic flower;
And, as the awe-struck group with wonder gazed,
They saw each shrivelled petal slowly spread,
Bloom, and expand in renovated youth,
And shed unwonted fragrance all around.
Then burst the shout of joy! Awhile suspense
Had hung on each delay: and threatened ill
Seemed presaged to o'ercloud the coming year:
But when the wished-for omen fully bloomed,
And peace and love foretold for future hours,
Back to the caverns shrunk each anxious care,
And the poor hut 'neath hope's bright radiance smiled!

"I know not if 'mid Cambria's vales there dwell
Tradition of such rite; but sure, my friend,
If such a flower were mine, 'twere offering meet
For this thy natal day. Oh! it should bloom
Amid thy happy circle, and should shed
A fragrance powerful as the love which now
Implores a blessing on the coming year.

"And is there no such flower? There is! there is!
And it is surely thine! since last this day
Called for my wonted tribute, I beheld
It hallowed at the shrine, the holy shrine,
Where, as thou knelt and pledged thy whole pure heart
To him who pledged again his heart to thee,
I knelt beside, and poured a fervent prayer
For blessing on that hour.

"Domestic love is sure a hallowed rose,
And long, Serena, may it bloom for thee,—
For thee, and for the partner of thy heart,
The soother of thy sorrows, which, so shared,
Form but an item in the sum of bliss.
Long may each natal day behold it spread,
Bloom, and expand in renovated youth;
And, influencing each moment of thy life,
Shed over thee a fragrant divine."

"The lines are much indebted to Alleyn's excellent reading," said Mrs. Barlow. "There are few accomplishments which I covet more for my little girl than that of reading well. It is the accomplishment of a gentleman or gentlewoman; and not only a sign of a good education, but of a clear and comprehensive mind, since no one can render an author perfectly intelligible to others, who does not himself understand the meaning of what he reads. Alleyn, I wish you would give Laura a few lessons."

"There, Mrs. Barlow," cried Charles, interrupting his brother's reply; "there, you hear he will be proud and happy, and so forth; but I will begin the instruction by giving her a rule, which I have in vain endeavoured to instil into that giddy girl, Aggy—

'Learn to read slow, all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.'

"Charles, Charles," pleaded Agnes, "let me ask mamma if those lines were not sent to a friend of hers on her birth-day? Cousin Frederic, do you ever write verses?"

"I have never tried to do so since I was at school," replied Frederic; "but why do you ask?"

"Because—because—I should so much like you to write some for me on my birth-day, which will be next week. Mamma, may I not ask all to come again on my birth-day? Mr. Forster, will you not promise to come?"

"But we must not put off the promised music till your birth-day, Agnes," said Cyril.

"Nor the promised charade either," said Margaret.

"Well, precedence must be given to the ladies. One charade, and then—so let me choose a short one. My mother gives me this—

'My First steals on us with a sober pace,
Enriching nature's beauties ere they fade
With brighter glory and with lengthening shade,
Till night's dark pencil doth the scene deface;
Then shrinks my Second with a timid grace
And pallid hue, like to some love-sick maid,
'Neath her broad leaves, nor baleful dews invade
Th' umbrageous covert of her hiding place;
Then, when the robin chaunts his vesper hymn,
And one by one the stars peep through the sky,
My Whole unfolds her golden chalice brim,
Which shunned the lustre of day's garish eye,
As spirits, whom affliction's tears bedim,
Turn from the world to place their hopes on high.'

When the charade had been guessed, Cyril's wishes were at length gratified; and much delightful music followed until the party separated, with the hope of enjoying a similar treat on Agnes' birth-day.

HOCHELAGA.

This is the rather affected name of a very agreeable book of travels in Canada and the United States. Hochelaga was the Indian name of the spot on which Montreal is now built, and is applied by the author, with somewhat questionable propriety, to the whole country of Canada.—

These travels indicate much power of observation, a refined and cultivated mind, liberal and moderate views of subjects of social and political interest, with a cheerful and enlightened tone of religious feeling; and they

constitute altogether one of the most readable works on America which has lately appeared.

We select a few specimens of the author's manner. The following is a reflection at sea:

"That night was unusually mild and clear; and the young clergyman and I remained on deck long after the others had gone below; our talk was grave, but cheerful. There is something in the view of the material heavens at such a time, which always elevates the tone of feeling, and speaks to the heart of its highest hopes, sending you to rest with holy, happy thoughts; so it was with us. A few minutes before we parted, the bright full moon passed from behind a cloud, and straightway, from us to the far-off horizon, spread a track of pure and tremulous light over the calm sea. 'This is not for us alone,' said my companion; 'every waking wanderer over the great deep sees this path of glory too. So, for each earnest heart upraised to heaven, a light from God himself beams upon the narrow way across the waste of life.'"

The following account of the death of Wolfe will be read with much interest:—

"For a few years, and for a great purpose, England was given one of those men whose names light up the page of history. He was humble and gentle as a child, graceful in person and manners, and, raised by transcendent merit in early manhood, he did high service at Mindon and Louisbourg. The purpose was accomplished, and the gift resumed at Quebec, when he was thirty-five years old. This was Wolfe; to him the expedition was entrusted. He took possession of the Island of Orleans, and occupied Point Levy with a detachment. His prospects were not encouraging: the great stronghold frowned down on him from an almost inaccessible position, bristling with guns, defended by a superior force from a gallant army, and inhabited by a hostile population. Above the city, steep banks rendered landing almost impossible; below, the country, for eight miles, was embarrassed by two rivers, many redoubts, and the watchful Indians. A part of the fleet lay above the town, the remainder in the North Channel, between the Island of Orleans and Montmorenci; each ebb-tide floated down fire-ships, but the sailors towed them ashore, and they were harmless.

"The plan which first suggested itself was, to attack by the side of Montmorenci, but the brave Montcalm was prepared to meet it. On the 31st of July, a division of grenadiers landed below the falls; some of the boats grounded on a shoal, and caused great confusion, so that arrangements, excellent in themselves, were in their result disastrous. These men, with an indiscreet ardour, advanced, unformed and unsupported, against the intrenchments. A steady and valiant defence drove them back; a storm threatened, and the loss was heavy, so the general re-embarked the troops with quiet regularity. The soldiers drooped under their reverse, but there was always one cheerful face, that of their leader. Inward care and labour wasted his weak frame; he wrote to England sadly and despondingly, for the future was very dark; but he acted on an inspiration. Though his generals were brave men, they started at his plans; he stood alone in his own bold counsel, risked the great venture, and won.

"On the night of the 12th of September, the fleet approached the shore below the town, as if to force a landing. The troops embarked at one in the morning, and ascended the river for three leagues, when they got into boats, and floated noiselessly down the stream, passing the sentries unobserved. Where they landed, a steep, narrow path wound up the side of the cliff forming the river's bank; it was defended bravely against them, but in vain. When the sun rose, the army stood upon the plains of Abraham.

"Montcalm found he was worsted as a general, but it was still left to him to fight as a soldier; his order of

battle was promptly and skilfully made. The regular troops were his left, resting on the bank over the river; the gallant Canadian seignours, with their provincials, and supported by two regiments, his right. Beyond them, crowding the English left, were clouds of French and Indian skirmishers.

"General Townshend met these with six regiments; the Louisbourg grenadiers formed the front of battle, to the right, resting on the cliff; and there was Wolfe, exhorting them to be steady, and to reserve their discharge. The French attacked at forty paces; they staggered under the fire, but repaid it well: at length they slowly gave ground. As they fell back, the bayonet and the claymore of the Highlanders broke their ranks, and drove them with great carnage into the town.

"At the first, Wolfe had been wounded in the wrist, another shot struck him in the body; but he dissembled his suffering, for his duty was not yet done. Again a ball passed through his breast, and he sank. When they raised him from the ground, he tried with his faint hand to clear the death-mist from his eyes; he could not see how the battle went, but the voice which fell upon his dying ear told him he was immortal. There is a small monument on the place of his death, with the date, and this inscription:—'Here died Wolfe, victorious. He was too precious to be left, even on the field of his glory. England, jealous of his ashes, laid them with his fathers' in the town where he was born. The chivalrous Montcalm was also slain in a lofty situation on Cape Diamond. A pillar is erected to the memory of two illustrious men, Wolfe and Montcalm.'

"Five days after the battle, Quebec surrendered, on such terms as generous victors give to gallant foes. The news of these events reached home but forty-eight hours later than the first discouraging despatch, and spread universal joy for the great gain, and sorrow for its price. Throughout all broad England were illuminations and songs of triumph, except in one country village, for there Wolfe's widowed mother mourned her only child."

A singular illustration of the superstition of the Canadians is here given:—

"The people are wonderfully simple and credulous. A few years ago, at a country town, an exhibition of the identical serpent which tempted Eve, raised no small contribution towards building a church, thus rather turning the tables on the mischievous reptile."

Winter markets at Quebec:—

"The winter markets at Quebec are very curious; everything is frozen. Large pigs, with the peculiarly bare appearance which that animal presents when singed, stand in their natural position on their rigid limbs, or upright in corners, killed, perhaps, months before. Frozen masses of beef, sheep, deer, fowls, cod, haddock, and eels, long and stiff, like walking sticks, abound in the stalls. The farmers have a great advantage in this country, in being able to fatten their stock during the abundance of the summer; and, by killing them at the first cold weather, keeping them frozen, to be disposed of at their pleasure during the winter. Milk is kept in the same manner, and sold by the pound, looking like lumps of white ice."

We conclude with a very striking description of the ceremony of taking the veil:—

"The second now comes forward; she is on her knees, her face uncovered. How white it is! white as the new-fallen snow outside. She is young, has seen, perhaps, some one-and-twenty years, but they have treated her very roughly: where the seeds of woe were sown, the harvest of despair is plentiful—stamped on every feature. And the voice—I never can forget that voice—there was no faltering; it was high and clear as the sound of a silver bell; but oh, how desolate—as it spoke the farewell to the world! It is over—the symbol of

her sacrifice covers her; she sinks down; there seems but a heap of dark drapery on the ground, but it quivers convulsively. The peeling organ, and the chorus of cold, sad voices, drown the sobs, but under the black shroud there throbs the human heart, as if, that heart would break. After the Te Deum has been sung, the Bishop delivers an address, in an earnest and eloquent manner, summing up the duties the veil imposes, and praying for Heaven's holiest blessing upon this day's offering. The two devoted ones rise, walk slowly to the first nun, make a lowly obeisance, then kiss her forehead, and so on with all in succession; each, as she receives the new-comer's greeting, saying:—'Welcome, sister.' Then, by the same door by which they had entered, they go out two and two, the youngest last, and we see them no more.

"Farewell, sister!"

"I have since been told the supposed cause of the last of these two novices taking the veil: though it is but a common-place story, it is not without interest to me, who saw her face that day. Her father was a merchant of English descent. Her mother, a French Canadian, had died many years previously, leaving her and two younger daughters, who were brought up in the Roman Catholic religion. She devoted all her time and interest to give her little sisters whatever of accomplishments and education she had herself been able to attain. Her face was very pleasing, though not beautiful; her figure light and graceful; and she possessed that winning charm of manner with which her mother's race is so richly gifted.

"Her father was occupied all day long with his business; when he returned home of an evening, it was only to sleep in an old arm chair by the fireside. She had no companions, and was too much busied with her teaching and household affairs to mix much in the gaieties of the adjoining town; but she was always sought for: besides her good, kind heart, winning ways, and cheerful spirit, an aunt of her father's had left her a little fortune, and she was looked on quite as an heiress in the neighbourhood. The young gentlemen always tried to appear to their greatest advantage in her presence, and to make themselves as agreeable as possible. She was, perhaps, the least degree spoilt by this, and sometimes tossed her little head, and shook her long black ringlets quite haughtily, but every one that knew her, high and low, liked her in spite of that, and she deserved it. About four years ago, at a small party given by one of her friends, she met, among other guests, the officers of the infantry regiment quartered in the neighbourhood. All were acquaintances except one, who had only a few days before arrived from England. He did not seem inclined to enter into the gaieties of the evening, and did not dance till near the close, when he got introduced to her. As soon as the set was over, he sat talking with her for a little time, and then took his leave of the party. She was flattered at being the only person whose acquaintance the new-comer had sought, and struck by the peculiarity of his manner and conversation. A day or two afterwards he called at her house; she was at home, and alone. A couple of hours passed quickly away, and, when they bid good evening, she was surprised to find it was so late. After that day the acquaintance progressed rapidly.

He was about six or seven and twenty years of age, the only son of a northern squire of considerable estate, but utterly ruined fortunes. His father had, however, always managed to conceal the state of affairs from him till a few months previously, when an accidental circumstance caused it to reach his ears. Without his father's knowledge he at once exchanged from the regiment of Hussars in which he then was, to an infantry corps, met the most pressing claims with the few thousand pounds this sacrifice placed at his disposal, and went home for a few days to take leave of his parents before joining his new regiment in Canada. At first they were inconsolable at the idea of parting

with him, even for this short time; for all their love, and pride, and hope, were centered in their son, and he, in return, was devotedly attached to them. Soon, however, they were persuaded of the wisdom of what he had done; and, deeply gratified by this proof of his affection, with many an earnest blessing they bade him farewell. Of an ancient and honoured family, he bore the stamp of gentle birth on every limb and feature. His mind was strong, clear, and highly cultivated; his polished manner only sufficiently cold and reserved to make its relaxation the more pleasing. In early life he had joined in the wild pursuits, and even faults, which indulgent custom tolerates in the favoured classes; but still, through all, retained an almost feminine refinement and sensibility, and a generous unselfishness, sad to say, so seldom united with the hard, but useful knowledge of the world. Though rather of a silent habit, whenever he spoke his conversation was always interesting, often brilliant. Such was her new acquaintance. Poor child, in her short life she had never seen any one like him before; she was proud and happy that he noticed her; he, so much older than she was, so stately and thoughtful, and he spoke so beautifully. She was rather afraid of him at first, but that soon wore away; she fancied that she was growing wiser and more like him; she knew she was growing nearer, nearer; fear brightened into admiration, admiration warmed into love. Without a mother, or grown-up sister, or intimate friend to tell this to, she kept it all to herself, and it grew a stronger and greater tyrant every day, and she a more submissive slave. He now called at the house very often, and whenever there was a country driving party, he was her companion; in the ball-room, or riding, or walking, they were constantly together: it was the custom of the country. No one thought it strange. So passed away the winter: in summer the regiment was to return to England, but he had become much attached to the simple Canadian girl. Her confidence in him, her undisguised preference, joined with a purity that could not be mistaken, won upon him irresistibly. He saw that her mind was being strengthened and developed under his influence; that she did her utmost to improve herself, and enrich the gift of a heart already freely, wholly given; he felt that he was essential to her happiness; he fancied she was so to him. They had no secrets from each other: he told her his prospects were ruined; that his father's very affection for him, he feared, would make him more inexorable in withholding sanction from a step that might impede his worldly advancement; that the difference of their religion would add greatly to the difficulty. His father's will had ever been his law: before it came to the old man's time to 'go hence and be no more seen,' it was his fondest wish to be blessed with a father's blessing, and to hear that he had never caused him a moment's anxiety or regret. Then they sat down and consulted together, and he wrote to his parents, earnestly praying them to consent to his wishes for this union, appealing to their love for him, and using every argument and persuasion to place it in the most favourable light. He doubted and trembled for the reply. She doubted not. Poor child! She knew that in the narrow circle about her, she and her little fortune would be welcomed into any household; beyond that she knew nothing of the world, its pride, its luxuries, its necessities; it was almost a pleasure to her to hear that he was poor, for she fancied her pittance would set him at ease. In short, she would not doubt, and waited for the answer to the letter, merely as the confirmation of her happiness. Weeks have passed away; the time of the departure of the regiment is close at hand, but the English post will be in to-morrow. The delay has been a time of eager anxiety to him, joyful anticipation for her. They agree to open the answer together. The post arrives. A heap of letters are laid on his table. He snatches up one, for he knows the handwriting well; it is a little imperfect, for the writer is an old man, but hard, firm, determined.

He hastens to her house: they do not speak, but go out into the garden, and stop at the end of the walk on the little terrace. The view over the broad rich valley is beautiful to-day; the young summer has painted earth in all her choicest colouring, but they do not observe it, they are looking on the letter; he pale, almost trembling, she flushed with happy hope—her tiny fingers break the seal. The summer evening of her land has but little twilight; the sun, like a globe of fire, seems to drop from out the sky behind the earth, and leaves a sudden darkness. So, as she read, set the sun of hope, but the night that fell upon her soul had never a morning."

ALI ABEN FAHAR.

BY ANNABEL C—

[The subject of the following ballad is taken from Washington Irving's, "Chronicle of Granada." After the reduction of Baza, by Ferdinand and Isabella, numbers of the Alcajdes of the neighbouring cities came to deliver the keys to the victorious sovereigns, thereby hoping to retain their lives and property; though at the expense of their faith to their king and country; nor were they disappointed; Ferdinand not only gave them these, but heaped upon them riches and honour, and with these, as if they were the only things worth living for, they went away content, and forgot how many childless widows, how many weeping orphans, and how many brave hearts now surrendered to the enemy, poured down curses upon their heads. For the honour of fair Granada, not such were all her sons;—Ali Aben Fahar was one instance, among many others, of a noble knightly soul.]

Woe, woe, for fair Granada!
Woe for her glories fled!
For her ruined halls, and her roofless walls!
For her heart within her dead!

O realm of peerless beauty!
Fair, but, oh, fallen queen!
Where are thy towers, thy orange bowers,
Queer in the sunlight seen?

Where is thy pride, Alhambra?
Where is thy regal roof?
But where are they who were true alway?
Where are thy hearts of proof?

All dead! all dead! departed,
But they died in gallant fight,
While the battle cry filled the echoing sky;
They died for their country's right.

Oh weep not for them! in glory
Like stars do their names shine out,
And their voices come from their dreamless home
Like a warrior's battle shout.

But wail for the false, false hearted,
For the traitor hearts who gave
To the foe's hand their glorious land;
Surrendered her up for a slave.

Oh shame, it should live in story
Granada's sons should ere
Their country have sold for the love of gold,
The fairest, 'mong all that is fair!

But, no! let us speak not of traitors;
Shame on their memory rest;
Let us speak of one who stood forth alone,
Whose spirit could stand the test.

High on his throne exalted
Sate the king of broad Castile,
While a circle fair formed his nobles there,
In arms from head to heel.

And on her throne beside him,
Sate his well-beloved queen,
With her gentle eye, and her spirit high,
And her bearing all serene.

And round her stood her ladies,
Stars to a warrior's sight,
Whose pure souls gave strength to the brave,
A watchword in the fight.

And the tent it shone with purple,
Like to a royal hall,
And gems and gold, of worth untold,
Hung on the canvass wall;

And o'er it proudly waving
Spread the banner of fair Spain,
And round about stood the warriors stout,
Who had fought for her again.

High joy and exultation
Sate in the king's dark eye;
And the warriors boid their triumph told,
In their bearing proud and high.
But the joy that shone, in the queen alone
Was tempered by a sigh.

For she saw before her standing
Granada's sons, who came
Their homes to sell, they loved not well,
And she sighed for their shame.

That gentle queen felt sorrow,
For she knew the bitter grief
That some must feel through plate of steel;
A woe that mocked relief.

Oh land renowned in story!
How could they fall so low?
How could they e'er, thou land most fair,
Have thee forgotten so?

Fair gold and jewels glittered
Each traitor hand within,
And soft words hung on the royal tongue,
As guerdon for their sin.

And the keys of each fair city
Before the king they laid;
Oh, may each name, for that deed of shame,
Rest in oblivion's shade.

Within the tent was standing,
Ali Aben Fahir,
Good knight, and true, as ever drew
His iron sword in war.

He stood apart, and mourning,
And the warrior's face was stern,
And his writhing heart, in its deepest part,
Did for his country yearn.

With treasure deeply laden,
Each traitor chief past by,
And he stood alone by the monarch's throne,
With sad, but stedfast eye.

In a voice where anguish mingled
With the warrior's haughty tone,
He spake aloud, and scarce he bowed
Before the monarch's throne.

"A Moor am I, descended
From a noble Moorish race,
On whose fair name no cloud of shame,
Hath ever found a place.

"Parahana and Paterna,
When rose this morning's sun,
Owned me their lord, with one accord,
O'er tower and town each one.

"His setting now beholds me
A wanderer on the earth,
A homeless one, whose course must run,
From the land that gave him birth.

"Here are the keys, oh monarchs,
For yours they now must be,
For those who should have by me stood,
Have turned their backs to flee."

Then Ferdinand commanded
To bring forth store of gold,
And give it thee as guerdon fair,
For the cities he had sold.

But with haughty stern demeanour
The Moor he put it by,
And the kindling fire of noble ire,
Flashed in his eagle eye.

"I come not here before ye
To sell what is not mine,
But by Fate's decree, they thine must be,
And, therefore, they are thine.

"But of this be ye certain
Did others stand me by,
With only life would I end the strife,
And not with treachery."

Then the princess marvelled greatly
At such a lofty soul,
And much they sought he should be brought
Beneath their own control.

But the proud and noble Moslem
He scorned in warlike weed
To couch his lance in the fierce advance
Of foes to his land and creed.

Then with voice of silver sweetness,
Queen Isabel she spake,
"Is there nothing we can do for thee?
Do nothing for thy sake?"

"Yes," answered then the Moslem,
"Behind me have I left,
Full many a one in grief, alone,
Of every hope bereft.

"They could not tear themselves away
From the bright land of their love,
The land that wound their hearts around—
The land for which they strove.

"Then give your royal promise,
That they shall rest secure,
And, as of old, that they shall hold
The holy faith and pure."

"We promise it," saith Isabel,
But surely there must be
Some little thing, that we can bring,
To show our love for thee?"

"No, lady kind," he answered,
"I ask for nothing more,
Than leave to go to bear my woe,
Unto the Afric shore."

Fain would the noble princes
Have given him gems and gold,
And gallant steeds, in warlike weeds,
For the love they towards him hold.

But the Moor thought shame and sorrow,
Himself in wealth to be,
While deep in woe lay his country low,
No more among the free.

His servants, steeds, and armour,
He gathered all to him,
And bade adieu to a faithful few
Whose eyes with tears were dim.

And with brow stamped with anguish,
But without a single tear,
He rode away, and left for aye
The land he held so dear.

He left her lovely valleys,
For Afric's burning sand,
For the warrior's death, and the warrior's wreath,
For the fame of his native land.

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VOL. III.

Bianca.

BIANCA.—A BALLAD.¹

BY JAMES BANDING, C.L.E.

It was a summer evening, by the deep deep azure sea
Which gently laves, with tideless waves, the shores of Tuscany;
The glorious sun was sinking to the chambers of the west;
The gentle breeze, the rippling seas, were lulling him to rest;
And the heaven was deepest blue above, yet warm with rose below,
Like a holy maiden's deep pure love, heighten'd by passion's glow;
And the clouds that had been white that morn were rold in crimson state,
Like they whose youth was sinless, and whose age is good and great.

And a maiden stands upon the strand, and gazes on the sea,
And then she turns towards the land, and looks right wistfully;
She looks towards the mountain, with its stern and stately pride;
She looks towards the fountain, that is sparkling from its side;
She looks upon the shadows, that are coming on apace,
And tell her that the hour is come to seek the trysting place.

"Four weeks have pass'd since last we met—why make this long delay?
And yet my bosom tells me he will surely come to-day;
Yes, though he tarries he will come, come to redeem his plight,
And place the ring upon the hand already his by right;
Yes, though I be a peasant girl of joyous Tuscany,
And he an English gentleman of wealth and high degree!"

Oh! she was brilliant as the light, and lovely as the dream,
That glads the youthful poet's sight, who sleeps by haunted stream;
Her dark rich ringlets softly flowed around a dazzling brow;
Her cheek like northern sunset glowed, that melts away in snow.
But how can northern pen portray the glory of that eye,
Which shone without a rival even in sunny Tuscany?
Her form surpass'd whate'er the art of sculptor yet hath given,—
Their's is but loveliness of earth, her's too was that of heaven;
For, breathing through its living shrine, her spirit, lustre pure,
Beam'd like some light which brightest gems seem almost to obscure;
It was the soul, the living soul, that matchless form within,
Which shone in its baptismal garb, unsoil'd, undimm'd by sin.

And now another form appears, his face is thin and pale,
His reverend head is white with years, and yet his step is hale,
For he is one of those whose feet have always kept the way
Where none with sin and luxury meet, to steal our strength away;
In truth he was a holy priest, (and zealous for his God,)
Who show'd his flock the way to heaven, by walking on the road;
He stands before the maiden as she seeks the inland way,
And thus in stern, yet gentle tones, he seeks her path to stay:—

"The shadows of the mountain peaks are stealing o'er the bay,
Why hie you to the fountain thus at every closing day?"

"Nay, father, do not stay me now, I will not go again;
But this a vow that I have made, and I must not refrain."

"Ah, daughter, vows which maidens make are seldom wise or good,
Except it be a vow to take the veil of maidenhood;
I know thy secret, and I seek to save thee from the fate,
Which waits on lowly maidens woo'd by youths of high estate;
A moment of delirium—an hour of doubt and care—
A life of desolation—and a death-bed of despair.
What though thy form be graceful as the lily in its pride?
What though thy cheek be lovely as the rose that blooms beside?
What though thy heart be fonder than the widow'd emmet dove?
What though thy soul be purer than the stars that shine above?
And thou lookest like a seraph that hath brought good news from high,
And charms us as it plumes its wings to seek its native sky?
What though thy lover kneel to thee, and pledge the solemn vow,
That he will love thee always, child, as well as he does now?
Let not his words, however strong, thy trusting heart decoy;
He loves thee as a plaything, he seeks thee as a toy.
When he has gain'd the all he seeks, he'll leave thee for another;
If conscience or compassion speak, their tones he'll quickly smother.
Beware, my daughter, oh, beware, beware while yet 'tis time,
And follow not the meteor's glare, which lures thee on to crime;

(1) See illustration on the preceding page.

No guiding lamp, no beacon light, it beckons thee, poor lass,
To stray through sorrow's dreary night, and sink in guilt's morass.
My daughter! oh, my daughter! beware while yet 'tis time;
Hark, how from yonder convent swells the holy vesper chime!
It calls thee with a warning voice to bid the world farewell,
And hide thy yet unsullied head within a prayerful cell."

"Nay, father! holy father! I cannot, cannot stay,
My word is given, my faith is pledged—I must, I must away;
And thou dost wrong both him and me—thou dost, indeed thou dost—
The stranger has—and he deserves—the fulness of my trust."

And she is gone—and he remains to breathe the fervent pray'r,
And call on Heaven to save her from the many tangled snare—
* * * * *

And she has reached the trysting place—but *he* is not yet there,
And she hath knelt, and offered up a deep, though silent prayer.
But hark! that sound!—she turns her round, with swift and sylphlike grace,
And lifts her hand to shade her eyes, and screen her gentle face;—
On yon hill-side appearing, she sees a cavalcade;—
The fountain they are nearing,—why does she feel afraid?
Their leader gives the word to halt, and now moves on alone;
'Tis *he*, she cannot err, 'tis *he*—her Edgar, still her own.
But no!—a lady young and fair remains by Edgar's side;
He speaks to her in tones of love,—“alas! It is *his* bride.”

One piercing shriek Bianca gave; and now her pangs are o'er;
Lifeless and cold, alas, she lies, the perjurd one before;
The chill of death comes o'er her,—that awful, still, still sleep,
Whose secrets none can pierce or guess—dark as th' unfathom'd deep.
And now she wakes, but wakes not as she woke in other years,
To gladness and to sorrow, to smiles, and sighs, and tears;
But still, and shadow-like she feels, whilst o'er her broods a gloom,
As we may well believe, enveils the tenants of the tomb. —
And it must be the Seraph, that watch'd over her on earth,
And now has come to smile upon her mystic Eden birth,
That form of angel loveliness, half human, half divine;
She draws across her bosom the blest Redeemer's sign;
She draws across her breast the sign which tells how Jesus died,
And bids his faithful people think upon the Crucified. —
But see that form approaches, it beckons her be still,
And prints a kiss upon her cheek, nor shadowy nor chill.
Those warm lips move.—What say they?

“Bianca! do not speak,
For should you now be lost to him, my brother's heart will break;
He would not seek your face, Love, till he sought you as his bride;
He would not lead you home, Love, till I could be your guide.”——
* * * * *

And the holy father joins them in the bonds of wedded love,
And gladly sheds upon their heads the blessing from above.
Bianca leaves her lowly cot, her deep blue Tuscan sky,
To dwell in ancient British halls, and mix with nobles high;
And noble as the noblest there, and fairest of the fair,
There were few in grace or beauty with Bianca could compare.
Yet though she grac'd both court and hall, and shone amongst the great,
She ne'er forgot the lessons learnt when in her peasant state.—
To the humble she was humble, like a mother to the young,
Or a gentle elder sister to the hearts which grief had wrung.
She was a crutch unto the lame, a staff unto the weak,
A comfort to the sorrowful, a shelter to the meek;
The refuge of the orphan, and the hope of the oppressed;
Defending the defenceless, and relieving the distressed.—
She ne'er forgot that though our God hath fixed by firm decree
To each his lot, his task, his post, his rank, and his degree,
And some are born with Right Divine to honour and to sway,
And others, each in various ranks, to labour and obey;
Still we are all the creatures of ONE ALMIGHTY God,
The *breathings* of ONE SPIRIT, the *crumbings* of one sod,
The children of ONE FATHER, and the sharers of one blood,
The heirs by full and true descent of Tophet's fiery flood,
Redeem'd by ONE OBLATION, and marshal'd by ONE GUIDE.
Where God and Nature say, “Unite,” oh, let not man divide.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—No. III.

CHAP. I.

"PEGGY," said Owen to me, one morning, as he threw himself back in his easy chair after completing the perusal of the newspaper, "did you know that poor Kinnaird had left a daughter?"

What an inexplicable creature I am! I have passed my forty-fifth birthday, but I cannot yet hear that name uttered without emotion! However, Owen is the last person in the world to suspect such a thing, and the last person I should wish to suspect it; so, after a moment's pause, I answered, in my usual tone,

"Yes, I remember to have heard it. And is she your ward, as well as the son?"

"Even so," replied he; "and an immense heiress she is—a beauty too, they tell me. She is past eighteen, and cannot be kept any longer at school, so I have now the agreeable task of finding some one to take care of her till she is pleased to relieve me of the responsibility by her marriage, which I should think will not be a very distant event. I wish *you* would take her off my hands in the mean time."

"My dear Owen, you are not in earnest. I cannot fancy any one less fitted than myself for such a charge."

"Don't be modest, sister. You know, without compliment, you are the very best manager in the world, and you have that kind of knack at discovering and indulging the peculiarities of those with whom you live, which would make you an invaluable companion."

"Yes, yes," interrupted I, in a bantering tone, "you made that discovery when you and I tried the experiment of living together eight years ago. I suited you to a nicety."

"Oh, then indeed," returned Owen, making a long face and looking a little embarrassed, for the experiment alluded to had been a complete failure, and had been abandoned by mutual consent at the end of the first month; "but that, you know, was a peculiar case; and after all, when I think it over, I am convinced it was more my fault than yours—wholly my fault, I may say. I am not *now* exactly what I was *then*."

"Of course not," replied I gravely, "eight years have been allowed to you since then for the study and improvement of your character, and you are doubtless an altered man. Suppose we try the experiment again—I am perfectly ready, and I have no doubt it would come this time to a widely different issue."

Owen's candid and complimentary humour was a little at fault here; he had not expected to be so immediately taken at his word. "Why, to say the truth," began he, with some confusion, "my confirmed bachelor habits—"

"What are you saying about your confirmed bachelor habits?" cried our friend, Mrs. Alvanley, entering the room, and proving to Owen, at least, a very welcome interruption to the conversation. "I will not allow any such high treason to be talked in my house."

Mrs. Alvanley was a lively handsome widow about Owen's own age; that is to say, somewhere on the verge of five-and-thirty. She was not deficient in ability, though extremely fond of dress and amusements—tastes which her small means gave her very few opportunities of indulging. Before her marriage she had received considerable attention from Owen, who, it must be confessed, had always been a great flirt, though I do not think that he had ever fairly committed himself with any one; certainly not with Mrs. Alvanley. She was now suspected of a design of reconquering her former vassal, with how much reason I cannot pretend to say; but it is certain that she liked and sought Owen's society, while he, on his part, appeared, to a cool looker on, quite willing to resume the footing, half playful, half sentimental, on which he had formerly stood with her, and quite determined not to advance an inch beyond it. The usual residence of this lady was near Alford, a country town in Devonshire, in the neighbour-

hood of which the happy years of my youth had been passed, and where I had many friends. At present, however, a cousin who lived at Teignmouth had lent her a house for the month of October, and she had invited Owen and myself to become her guests.

Owen turned towards her with that air of ready deference which, sometimes mingled with a shade of sarcasm discoverable only by a quick observer, characterized his demeanour towards women, especially towards those in whose good graces he thought it worth while to secure a place. "It would indeed be a rash man who should venture to celebrate the praises of single blessedness in *your* presence," said he, with an equivocal smile. "But you are come in the very nick of time. I want your advocacy. We were talking about the Kinnairds."

"No such thing," cried I, "we were talking of the time when Owen and I tried to live together, and found that we couldn't bear each other. Do you remember it, Mrs. Alvanley?"

"To be sure I do," replied she, laughing. "All the world said there would be a permanent coolness in consequence, but I knew you both better. Let us call upon your brother to justify his share in the transaction, and afterwards we will hear your defence. Now, Mr. Forde, what have you to say for yourself?"

Mrs. Alvanley wanted the fine perception and quick feeling which constitute tact, or she would have seen that Owen found the subject irksome and wanted to get away from it. He, however, fell readily enough into her playful tone for the moment.

"I will be judged by you," cried he; "no man could begin with better intentions than I did—I might almost say that no man could have endured more. Patiently did I suffer myself to be initiated into the mysteries of housekeeping. I knew when we had lamb in the house, and when we had mutton hanging up, and when the cook had tried all over the market and there was not such a thing as a bit of fish to be heard of. I was acquainted familiarly with the statistics of disease in the poultry-yard, and learned gradually to distinguish between pip and croop.—Once I labelled a dozen jars of raspberry jam in a single morning, another time I voluntarily reprimanded the housemaid when Peggy was afraid to speak to her."

"Owen, how can you be so absurd?" interrupted I, laughing, though inwardly annoyed.

"Well," continued he, still addressing Mrs. Alvanley, "all this and more I encountered like a man; but at last one morning—I think we had been living together about three weeks—my sister suddenly and without preparation, without breaking it to me, but as if it were the pleasantest and most natural thing in the world, proposed to me to give a children's party!"

"Now, Owen, how can you exaggerate so dreadfully?" cried I. "You know very well I only wanted to have Emily Drew's two sweet children, to spend the day with me."

"Sweet children, I have no doubt they were," returned Owen, "breathing the very essence of lollipops. But you were to have the little Harrisons to meet them. I stand to that. I have a vivid recollection of having a distinct, separate horror of the little Harrisons, over and above those two sweet Drews."

"Well, I believe I did talk of it," said I.

"There now!" cried Owen, "you see how far she is to be depended on! And there are five of the little Harrisons! Now I leave you to imagine my feelings on such an announcement. At first, I thought it was impossible, and then I thought she was insane; or, said I to myself, have I been living all this time in a dream, and am I not a bachelor after all, but am I a married man, and is this my wife? For you know it was inconceivable that any woman, kindly exempted by nature from the trouble of children, should endeavour to procure an artificial offspring for herself. That was out of the question."

"Owen, you really anger me," said I; "Mrs. Alvan-

ley, how can you let him talk in that manner? There is no feeling in the world so natural and so pure as the love of children, and I never can bear to hear him pretend to despise it; dear little innocent creatures!"

"Dear little innocent creatures!" echoed Owen. "Yes, there they sit, in their clean pinafores and best frocks, looking like a row of complete innocents, unable to give you a rational answer to the simplest question. And when they warm a little, and begin to play, they are always hitting their own heads, or kicking your shins by accident; and, if they are well brought up, they roar equally at both. Your best-meant schemes for their amusement are generally humiliating failures, rendering you ridiculous in the eyes of the bystanders. You begin to tell them a story, and harangue for five minutes, and then find they are not listening to you, or something equally unpleasant. I have myself seen Peggy steadily going to sleep in a corner for an hour together, with three hard-hearted urchins at play round her, not one of whom had the charity to go up and startle her, though she had shut her eyes only to induce them to do so. I never gave a child a sugar-plum in my life, that it did not begin to choke immediately."

"All single men talk in that manner," said Mrs. Alvanley, when she had recovered from her laughter; "wait till you have children of your own."

"Yes, I will wait—very patiently too," answered Owen; "I would much rather have half-a-dozen kittens than those two sweet little Drevs that Peggy is so fond of. A kitten is at least pretty, and graceful, and amusing, which a child is not; and you can always take it by the nape of the neck, and drop it into the cellar when you are tired of it—a thing which I should like to do in a similar case with a child, if it were not for the tumult which mothers and nurses would be sure to make about it."

"I cannot understand how you can laugh at him, Mrs. Alvanley," said I. "To me it is perfectly shocking. I have heard him say before, that he likes animals better than children, and I never can bear it. It is degrading to think of those dear little immortal souls, and then—"

"Now, Peggy," interrupted Owen, "what can you know about the size of their immortal souls?"

"Come, don't tease her so," said Mrs. Alvanley; "and my dear Miss Forde, how can you take everything so entirely *au pied de la lettre*? You do not understand your brother, yet, after all, he is not so very enigmatical. But it certainly is necessary to comprehend a person's character thoroughly, in order to live happily with him, and so I think it was very well that you two gave up keeping house together."

"And left me at liberty till I should meet with some one who can and does understand me," said Owen, with a bow and smile, which rendered the compliment so broad, as effectually to destroy its point. "But don't be wrathful, Peggy, I am only plaguing you. Let us go back to the Kinnairds."

"I had forgotten them," said I.

"Who are those Kinnairds?" inquired Mrs. Alvanley.

"Frank Kinnaird was a great favourite of my father's," replied Owen. "He was ten years older than myself, or more; and many and many a tip has he given me when I was a schoolboy and he a young man. Poor fellow! He married a great heiress, to pay his debts I believe, for he was imprudent enough. She had a temper which made his house an absolute pandemonium; and he had not been married to her above a twelve-month, when some distant relation died and left him a hundred thousand pounds—so he need not have sacrificed himself after all. How many years is it since Kinnaird died, Peggy, do you recollect?"

"Six years this summer," returned I, without lifting my eyes from my work. Did I recollect!

"So it is, I declare," said Owen. "How time slides away! Well, he left me sole guardian to his children. Mrs. Kinnaird, I forgot to say, had died a year before.

The boy went to college of course, and had a commission in the guards afterwards. He is the very counterpart of his father, in character; but, luckily for him, he had money enough to waste, so I was not forced to interfere with his amusements, and he has now been several years off my hands. The girl was younger. She was taken, at first, by a Scotch aunt, Kinnaird's sister, who lived in the highlands; and, just as I was beginning to think that a young lady of her expectations must necessarily acquire a few more accomplishments than she was likely to get in the region of gray mountains and oat cakes, this aunt very obligingly died, and I ran down there for a month, got some capital grouse-shooting, and brought my fair ward up to a first-rate London establishment to finish her education."

"Was she an engaging girl?" asked I, with irrepressible interest.

"She was rather under fifteen at the time," replied Owen, "and I have Lord Byron's horror of budding misses. Besides, she cried without intermission during the whole month, so that I had really no opportunity of judging of her personal appearance, further than that she was tall of her age, and had a most splendid head of dark brown hair: I remember noticing that particularly."

"I dare say she is well-looking enough to pass for a beauty when seen through the flattering medium of—how many thousand pounds?" observed Mrs. Alvanley.

"Seventy," returned Owen: "a pretty little fortune, is it not? But now comes the difficulty: this young lady is eighteen years old: a woman grown, as you see."

"In her own estimation, doubtless," interposed Mrs. Alvanley; "but most girls are little more than children at eighteen. She must be classed for a few years more among those budding misses of whom you and Lord Byron have so great a horror."

I was inwardly amused as I thought of Mrs. Alvanley's five-and-thirty years. Owen, who was growing rather cross as he found himself so repeatedly interrupted in his approaches to the point he was resolved to carry, answered her by saying in his blandest tones—

"Nay, Mrs. Alvanley, would you have me believe that the mind does not attain to maturity till the person has begun to lose its first bloom? Forgive me for differing from you; but, I remember *you* at eighteen."

The lady was effectually silenced, and quite uncertain whether she had received a compliment or an affront. Owen, who had intended to produce this very effect upon her, went on triumphantly, and finished his history without further disturbance.

"Well, as I was observing, Miss Edith Kinnaird,—(it is exactly the name for a heroine of romance)—was eighteen three months ago, and can't be kept at school any longer. My friend, Lady Frances Moore, has undertaken to superintend her *début* in the spring, so that trouble is off my hands: but here is October, and what in the name of ingenuity is to be done with her in the interval? Now I appeal to you, Mrs. Alvanley, whether it would not be an extremely pleasant thing for Peggy to pass the next five months in an elegant mansion, surrounded with all the luxuries of life, with no other drawback than the society of a high-born and highly-educated girl, in whom she may be supposed to feel some interest for her father's sake?"

"Were I your sister," replied Mrs. Alvanley, with animation, "I should consider such a suggestion as a very great favour. It is exactly the position I should like; and I also think it is that for which I am best fitted. What say you, Miss Forde?"

A sudden horror here came over Owen, that Mrs. Alvanley was going to propose to take charge of Miss Kinnaird herself. With his characteristic caution, he felt in a moment that such an arrangement might

lead to numberless inconveniences, not the least among which he deemed the appearance which it would have in the eyes of the world. It was far from his intention to have it supposed by any one that he meant to marry Mrs. Alvanley: so he turned to me with an appealing eagerness of manner, very unlike his usual nonchalance, and very difficult for a sister to withstand, saying—

"My dear Peggy, I am thoroughly and anxiously in earnest, and it is not like you to persist in trifling when such is the case. It would be still less like you, to let any petty obstacles stand in the way of an arrangement so rational, so natural, so thoroughly unobjectionable. Your consent will confer the greatest possible favour upon me, and upon your old friend's child; while it would really be affectation to suppose that it will entail any sacrifice upon yourself. Were it likely, or even possible, that it should do so, I would be the last person in the world to ask it of you; but I do assure you, that in suggesting the plan, I was very considerably influenced by the idea of the pleasure that it would be the means of procuring for you."

I was touched—impressed—gratified; in short, I gave my consent. And when it was irrevocably pronounced, I was a little surprised by discovering the advanced state of Owen's arrangements, which seemed to prove that he had counted upon me as an auxiliary long before he named the subject to me. He would at least—so he said—spare me the trouble of discussing and deciding; an occupation which he knew to be peculiarly unsuited to my natural taste. So he named the house in which Miss Kinnaird and I were to take up our abode, and which he appeared so sure of obtaining, that I could not help suspecting that he had already opened negotiations for it; and he even fixed the day on which the young lady was to be summoned from the academic shades of her abode in the Regent's Park. He kindly left it to me to determine the precise number of weeks, days, or hours, by which my arrival at Enmore Hall was to precede that of Miss Kinnaird; only suggesting that it would be as well if, for the sake of my own comfort and convenience, I could manage to have about a fortnight quietly to myself, in order that I might get thoroughly settled in my new residence, acquainted with my new household, &c., &c.; so that I should be ready to receive the young lady in a manner satisfactory to myself;—and this modicum of liberty was pretty nearly all that was allotted to me in the matter. I did not, however, quarrel with this specimen of Owen's diplomacy; for I have a natural horror of responsibility at all times, and a special horror of it when Owen is the party to whom I have to answer; so I comforted myself for any little injury that my dignity might have sustained by reflecting, that since he had made every arrangement himself, he would have no one but himself to blame if the results should prove unsatisfactory. Thus I was able to delight my brother by the cheerfulness of my acquiescence in all his proposals; and in the plenitude of his triumph he deigned to delight Mrs. Alvanley by reminding her that Enmore Hall was only three miles from Alford; and assuring her, that he trusted much to her well-known kindness for rendering Miss Kinnaird's sojourn in that part of the country agreeable. It was settled that I should proceed to Enmore immediately after my departure from Teignmouth, and that my young charge should join me about a fortnight later, under the escort of her brother, who, Owen believed, had taken a shooting-box somewhere in the neighbourhood, and who was described as passionately fond of his sister, and impatiently anxious to enjoy every available moment of her society now that she was passing from childhood to womanhood. Owen hoped to come down himself after Christmas, but was too full of engagements, for the present, to determine the precise time at which he would join our party. And so the matter ended; and I was left alone to reflect, as calmly as I could, upon the singular series of trifling circumstances which had at last placed me in the posi-

tion of guardian to the daughter of the only man I had ever loved, and who—the *thought* is present to me, so why should I shrink from the *word*?—had alighted me. I was eighteen again, in imagination, so buoyant, so happy, so energetic—pursuing a thousand fancies, busied with a thousand studies; and he was at my side to guide all by his judgment, to give zest to all by his sympathy, and to make my heart beat quick, and my cheeks glow, by those admiring looks and approving words, so immeasurably different from *compliments*, because they are always involuntarily, and often unconsciously, offered,—so sweet, I must *now* write—so dangerously sweet, when they come from one whom we love as a friend, and look up to as a superior. Was it wonderful that I mistook all this for the indication of a feeling which I have now no right to believe that he ever entertained? Yet I am acting a part, even to myself, when I say that I do not believe it. I thought of our parting, of the warmth, the devotion of his manner, so far outstripping the mere *intimacy* which, in some sort, justified its expression. I never saw him afterwards. Tidings came, first of imprudence, then of extravagance,—repeated, reckless, unpardonable extravagance,—and three years after that parting, I heard of his marrying, as Owen said, "an heiress, to pay his debts!" What those three years were to me I do not wish to remember, and it would be useless to describe. The beauty of my life had departed from me. But, thank God, it went but for a season, and has returned, though in another and less radiant shape. In the expansiveness and activity of those affections which I once thought I would never again suffer to cling around aught upon earth, I have found health and happiness for my wounded spirit. Of the holier discipline, under which I trust that I am learning to chasten those exuberant affections, or rather to guide them into a channel where there can be no overflow, and fasten them upon an object where there can be no disappointment, I dare scarcely presume to speak; yet incomplete indeed would be the record of my thankfulness for what I have endured, and for the peace which has been vouchsafed to me, did I omit all allusion to my true remedy, my real strength, my only sure hope. But enough, and more than enough, of this; the more deeply I feel that the concerns of daily life ought to be pervaded and sanctified by a spirit of devotion, the more reverently do I desire to separate and to solemnize all distinct expression of that spirit—that so we lower not our religion to the level of our habitual thoughts and common words; but rather jealously guard its elevation, and seek, if we may, gradually to lift them to it.

* * * * *

HISTORY OF THE COTTON MANUFACTURE.

Let us now trace the progress of the inventions which, beginning with the spinning-wheel, have conducted the manufacturer to the almost self-acting machines, moving thousands of spindles by a mechanism the marvellous perfection of which is worthy of note, as evincing the ingenuity of man ruling the material world. Some may, perhaps, deem this perfection of mechanism no blessing to the land, and recall, with fond regrets, the old spinning-wheel, singing under the cottage-porch, through the long summer days. Bright is the vision, and cheering to all hearts the tranquil scene of England's rural life in times when the old spirit of romance rested on cot and hall. But what avails regret for those departed days? The England of that age had her brightness, and let us hope that the advance of

knowledge, in modern times, is not necessarily accompanied by the degradation of our land. Machinery is a result of human intelligence; and surely all that is fair and noble may exist within the sound of wheels and engines, with as much safety as when listening to the roar of cataracts in the wild regions where man lives in his state of rusticity. Some are egregiously silly upon this subject, and *rave*—surely thoughtless declamation is *raving*—about the picturesque, and the romance, of that state of society which owes its chief attraction to the facilities it affords to the landscape painter for sketching long heaths and wild moors, or adorning his portfolio with crumbling cottages covered with ivy; picturesque things enough in the distance, and sometimes beautiful when viewed with closer attention, but often concealing, beneath that external beauty of wild nature, homes where ignorance and fever deepen the sufferings of poverty. Let us now, however, whether hailing or regretting the advance of machinery, follow its progress from the first small beginning to the present far-extended system of manufacturing power.

The reader is requested to observe, that cotton spinning had passed through three stages before the beginning of the eighteenth century. The distaff and spindle were of course used by the ancient spinner, who produced a few yards by the exercise of much patience. The next step was the use of a wheel, which, being turned by one hand, gave motion to the spindle by means of a strap running over a groove, whilst the other hand managed the cotton. The treddle-wheel succeeded, in which the machine was turned by the foot, leaving both hands at liberty to work the thread. Here improvement seemed to stop, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century the spinning-wheel still held undisturbed its ancient rule, as yet not darkened by the advancing form of its future gigantic and all-conquering rival, the steam spinning machine. The simple wheel, in the hands of aged matron and "young spinster," went merrily on, but a call was rising for more twist than it could furnish, and at a cheaper rate than its comparatively slow-paced motion could supply. The quiet wheel would doubtless have quickened its energies, and infused a new life into its old spokes, could time be given to look about, and clearly see what its taskmaster, the great world, required. But that same world will not wait; it votes the spinning-wheel far too slow, and summons, with mighty voice, its keen-sighted, hard-headed children to the task of creating new means for the satisfaction of its wants. The cry was answered, and Arkwright, Wyatt, Hargreaves, Cartwright, and Crompton, came forward with elaborate inventions, and gigantic powers, before which the spinning-wheel was swept away, like a child's toy-ship by the rising tide. Let us trace these various stages by which the powers of the cotton manufacturer have been so rapidly advanced.

Mr. John Wyatt, of Birmingham, may be regarded as the first leader of the noble band of inventors, though his fame has been, in some degree, overshadowed by the splendid success of Sir Richard Arkwright. Wyatt, however, must be remembered as the maker of a machine by which the *first thread of cotton* ever made without the human hand was spun; this happened in the year 1733, and from that period the doom of the ancient spinning-wheel was sealed. But its downfall did not immediately follow the invention of Wyatt, whose machine failed to effect what may certainly be called a revolution in the cotton trade. Wyatt did, it is true, set his instrument to work, but his moving power was derived from two asses which thus rather humbly preceded the modern steam-engine. He failed in his attempts, and the spinning-wheel seemed triumphant over its daring assailant. Wyatt had taken out a patent for a *rolling machine*, but not in his own name, the ostensible patentee being a Lewis Paul,—the real inventor choosing to affix his name as a witness to the record, in company with Samuel Guy. Wyatt was

residing in a village near Lichfield when the idea of his machine occurred to him, and there, in solitude and anxiety, he constructed a model two feet long, with which miniature engine he commenced his experiments. He afterwards described the excitement of the hour when the machine began to work, and "the pleasing, but trembling suspense," which accompanied the production of this first thread-making machine. This happened about 1730, though the patent was not taken out till eight years after. This invention seems to have included the principle on which Arkwright's machine was afterwards constructed; viz. the double pair of rollers; one pair *moving faster* than the other, and so stretching the sliver. The engine is described in the specification of the patent as "a new invented machine or engine for the spinning of wool and cotton."

This patent has only been discovered of late, though sought for a long period by those who felt assured of its existence. An earlier discovery was prevented by the fact, that the patent was taken out in the name of Lewis Paul, whilst one in the name of Wyatt had been the object of the search. Neither Wyatt nor his friend Paul possessed many pecuniary resources, and the expenses attending the invention brought the former to a prison about 1741, only three years after the date of the patent. This unfortunate inventor seems to have had some notion that the world would, at a distant period, rightly appreciate his invention, as he carefully wrapped up some yarn, spun by his machine in the year 1741, in paper, on which he wrote the following:—"The inclosed yarn spun by the spinning-engine without hands about the year 1741. The movement was at that time turned by two or more asses, walking round an axis in a large warehouse, near the well, in the Upper Priory, Birmingham."

Wyatt's invention was the foundation of Arkwright's fame, for none can fail to perceive the principle of the former's patent in the water frame of the cotton knight. But Wyatt was prevented, by pecuniary difficulties, from developing the powers of his machine, and found himself unable to attract the support of those great capitalists who ultimately made colossal fortunes by the means he had indicated. Wyatt's time was occupied in travelling for orders through the cotton districts, a routine absorbing those days which might have been devoted to the development and improvement of his engine. The first ideas of the acute minds are often entangled with other trains of thought, or their greatness imperfectly seen. Time and work are therefore required to expand that, to modify this, and combine all in one harmonious whole. Newton's "System of the Universe," as given by him to the world after receiving his final touches, is probably very different from the fleeting thoughts which often displayed their images before his mind when first he read the starry oracles, and listened to the intimations from the depths of Heaven. Time enabled him to bring out as from a cavern the lurking truths, and long labour gave forcible combination and living power to his new ideas. Such opportunities Wyatt desired, but they ever kept aloof, and least of all did they visit him in the gloom of that prison from which, in 1741, he wrote to Sir Leicester Holt, praying the knight to vote for a bill tending to the relief of insolvent debtors. The inspiration which comes to genius may at times utter its voice within prison walls, but the sharp angry sounds of "debt," "creditors," "bankruptcy," have power to scare off many a bright image and deep speculation which might have produced harvests of honour under happier scenes.

Wyatt, therefore, found himself beaten by the mighty power of circumstances, and gave up his inventions to Lewis Paul, who took out fresh patents for various alterations, but failed in discovering the path to fame and riches.

Wyatt died in 1766, leaving a name long honoured by those able to appreciate his unrewarded efforts, and sympathize with the disappointments of his family. In

conclusion, let it be remembered, that the invention of the modern carding machine is due to Wyatt, its *improvement* to those who followed.

The next whose name must be mentioned amongst the improvers of the cotton spinning machine is Hargreaves. He was a poor weaver, living at Stanhill, near Blackburn, within a short distance of the great cotton works of Sir Robert Peel, who became one of Hargreaves' earliest supporters.

This humble man was directed, like many other discoverers, to his labours by an accident. A spinning-wheel was suddenly overturned in his room, and continued to turn round as it lay upon the ground, the spindle revolving in a perpendicular position. Hargreaves noticed the occurrence, and the thought instantly struck him, that a number of spindles might be made to revolve by the motion of a single wheel; he remained for some time gazing at the wheel as it whirled round, and saw at a glance the solution of a problem which had for some time puzzled him. Hargreaves had repeatedly tried to move several spindles by the common wheel, but the horizontal position of the spindles had always perplexed his operations. But he now saw how the object might be accomplished, and immediately commenced a series of experiments, which ended in the production of the *Spinning Jenny*; the first machine was exceedingly rude, being made with a pocket knife and such tools as his cottage could furnish. With this engine, which turned eight spindles, he began to work for himself, hoping thus to increase his income by the quiet exercise of the jenny. He might probably have made by this means a little fortune for his family, as he gradually increased the number of his spindles to twelve, and sixteen, but some member of his family could not refrain from boasting of the abundant work performed at home. The spinners heard of Hargreaves' operations, and, attacking his house, broke the machine to pieces. He was, however, resolved not to abandon his projects, to gratify the wild spirit of a tyrannical mob, and retired to Nottingham in 1768, for greater opportunities of advancing his discoveries. He procured a patent in 1770 for the spinning jenny, but as Arkwright's inventions were already in the field, and Hargreaves died in 1778, he failed to acquire a fortune; besides which, he had communicated so much of his various improvements to others, that little exclusive benefit could be derived from the exercise of his machine.

He, however, constructed secretly a number of jennies for a Mr. Shipley, at Nottingham, and also went into partnership with Mr. James, by whose aid he built a small mill at Hockley. It now seemed probable that the poor weaver of Stanhill would reap the reward of his efforts; but the very men who had laughed at his experiments were now ready to take every advantage of his toils, by infringing his patent, and adapting his machinery to their purposes. Hargreaves resolved to vindicate his rights by legal proceedings, and threatened his rivals with actions. They however, formed an association to resist the poor inventor, to whom they offered 3000*l.* as an indemnity for the losses he had sustained. Hargreaves felt that such a sum was utterly inadequate as a compensation for the expenses already incurred, and the labour undergone by himself and partners, and therefore demanded 7000*l.* This was refused, and the appeal to law resolved upon. But now appeared the cruel result of Hargreaves' poverty. He had been induced to *sell* some of his jennies, and, this being discovered by his lynx-eyed rivals, the success of his lawsuit became hopeless. Hargreaves was, therefore, left without protection, and to the patronage which the more liberal manufacturers might extend to one who had opened the road to opulence for thousands. Hargreaves might, nevertheless, have reasonably hoped to share in the general prosperity attending the cotton manufacture, as the jenny now turned eighty spindles; so rapidly had its powers increased since the day

when the first rude machine with its eight spindles began to work.

He was patronized by Mr. Peel, who adopted the jenny, on account of which his factory was attacked by a rabble,—the machinery broken, and flung into the river. Mob fury was, however, a feeble barrier when opposed to the great interests involved in the cotton trade, and the efforts of skilful mechanists; the progress of machinery was, therefore, rapid, and it might have been supposed that Hargreaves was in the road to fortune. This probability seemed strengthened when he joined in partnership with Arkwright, his great rival. But want of money compelled a dissolution in about a year, when the former was left to struggle with pecuniary difficulties, whilst Arkwright, being joined by capitalists, proceeded in his profitable speculations.

Hargreaves' expectations were therefore disappointed by the rising genius of Arkwright, who possessed a singular power of adapting to his own purposes every improvement, and combining the inventions of others with his own. Hargreaves did not grow rich; the rivalry of others, and his own want of education, prevented this; but neither was he visited by that extreme poverty which some have represented as embittering his latter days. He did not die in a workhouse, as some say, but in his own house beside his mill, in 1778. What was the exact value of Hargreaves' labours? The invention of the *Spinning Jenny* was his work, which enabled the spinner to produce a hundred-fold the quantity of yarn manufactured under the old system. This was a decided advance in the manufacture, the honour of which no subsequent improvement can take from Hargreaves. Before this, the weaver was often compelled to suspend his work until the spinning wheel could produce the warp or weft required by his labours, but when the jenny with its host of spindles took up the task, no loom, however active, could consume more than the spindles were ready to produce. Without such producers of cotton yarn, the steam looms of modern times had not existed; the jenny alone could not furnish materials for those weaving giants. Thus, the invention of Hargreaves holds a distinct place in the history of the cotton manufacture, to the progress of which his discoveries were essential. Two grand steps in cotton spinning have now been marked, the invention of the carding machine, by Wyatt, and of the spinning jenny, by Hargreaves; the former preparing the loose cotton for the operation of the latter.

Hargreave's jenny was best adapted for the spinning of the woof thread, viz. the cotton which is shot across the cloth, whilst the machine of Arkwright was better fitted for spinning the *warp* thread, viz., that which runs lengthwise in the material. Thus both inventions work in harmony.

(To be continued.)

FRANK FAIRLEIGH:

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

BY F. E. S.

CHAP. VI.

THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

On arriving at the inn, to which I was forced to go to order my horse, I perceived Lawless's tandem waiting at the door, surrounded by a crowd of admiring rustics, and Shrimp, his arms folded with an air of non-chalant defiance, which seemed to say, "Oh! run over me by all means if you choose," stationed directly in front of the leader's head. On entering the parlour, I found Lawless busily engaged in pulling on a pair of refractory boots, and looking very hot and red in the face from the exertion.

"How are you, Fairleigh? how are you? That horrid fellow's made 'em too tight for anybody but Tom Thumb, and he hanged to him. Ever read fairy tales, Fairleigh? I did when I was a little shaver, and wore bob-tailed petticoats—all bare legs and bustle—"a Highland lad my love was born;" that style of thing, rather, you know; never believed 'em, though: wasn't to be done even then; eh? Well, this is a puzzler; I shall never get 'em on. Where's the fellow they call Boots? Here, you sir, come and see if you can pull on these confounded nainessakes of yours, and I'll tip you half-a-crown if you succeed; cheaper than breaking one's back, eh?"

"Where are you off to, supposing you ever should get those boots on?" asked I.

"Eh? I'm going to call on the young woman I set alight at the hop last night, and tell her I'm quite down in the mouth about it; explain that I didn't go to do it; that it was quite a mistake, and all owing to the other young woman's being so fresh, in fact; and then offer to rig her out again, start her in new harness from bridle to crupper, all at my own expense, and that will be finishing off the affair handsomely, won't it?"

"I should advise your leaving out that last piece of munificence," replied I, "she might think it an insult."

"An insult, eh? Oh, if she's so proud as all that comes to, I'd better stay away altogether; I shall be safe to put my foot into it there, a good deal faster than I have into these villainous boots—that's it, Sampson, another pull such as that, and the deed's done," added Lawless, patting the human Boots on the back encouragingly.

"I was just going to ride over to inquire after Miss Saville myself," said I.

"That's the very thing then," was the reply. "I'll drive you there instead; it will be better for your scorched fin, (pointing to my injured arm,) than jolting about outside a horse, and you shall tell me what to say as we go along; you seem to understand the sex, as they call the petticoats, better than I do, and can put a fellow up to a few of the right dodges. I only wish they were all horses, and then I flatter myself I should not require any man's advice how to harness, drive, train, or physic them."

"The ladies are infinitely indebted to you," replied I, as I ran up stairs to prepare for our expedition.

A drive of rather less than an hour and a half, during which the thorough-breds performed in a way to delight every lover of horseflesh, brought us to the park gate of Barstone Priory, where Mr. Vernon resided. After winding in and out for some half-mile amongst groups of magnificent forest-trees, their trunks partially concealed by plantations of rare and beautiful shrubs, a sudden turn of the road brought us in front of the priory—an ancient, venerable-looking pile of building, which had evidently, as its name implied, once belonged to some religious community. The alterations it had undergone, in order to adapt it to its present purpose, had been carried out with more taste and skill than are usually met with in such cases. The garden, with its straight terrace-walks, and brilliant flower-beds, contrasted well with the grey stone of which the building was composed, while the smooth-shaven lawn, with an old quaintly carved sun-dial in the centre, and above all, the absence of any living creature whatsoever, imparted an air of severe formality to the scene, which, as the eye rested upon it, seemed to realize all one had read of monastic discipline and seclusion; and one half expected to see a train of dark-velled nuns, or sandalled friars, winding slowly forth from the hall-door. "What a singular old shop!" exclaimed my companion, regarding the structure with a look of displeased criticism; "wretched little windows, as ever I saw; they must be all in the dark inside on a dull day, and every day would be dull if one lived there, I should think. It would puzzle me to tell whether that building was clerical or lay, fish or flesh; a castle that had taken a serious turn, or a church out for the day in plain clothes; how people can like to live in such a mouldy, rusty, musty old barn, that looks as full of ghosts as a cheese is of mites, I can't conceive."

"There certainly is an appearance of gloom and loneliness about the place," replied I; "but I think it is chiefly owing to the absence of any living object—a herd of deer in the park, a group of children and dogs playing on the lawn—anything to give animation to the picture, would be the greatest improvement."

"I should just think it would," returned Lawless. "Fancy a pack of hounds under that jolly old oak yonder, the huntsman and whips in their bits of pink, and a field of about fifty of the right sort of fellows on thorough-breds, dawdling about, talking to one another, or taking a canter over the turf, just to settle themselves in the saddle; that would be a sight to make old Vernon look a little better pleased than he did last night, sing out for his boots and buckskins, and clap his leg over the first four-footed beast that came in his way, even if it should happen to be the old cow."

"I hope I may be there to see if he does," replied I, laughing.

On inquiring whether Mr. Vernon was at home, we were answered in the affirmative by a tall gaunt-looking man-servant, with a stern, not to say surly, countenance, the expression of which was in some degree contradicted by a pair of quick restless little grey eyes, which in any other face one should have said twinkled merrily beneath the large grizzled eyebrows which overshadowed them.

Having, at Lawless's request, procured a nondescript hobbledehoy, of indefinite character, to stand at the horses' heads (we had left Shrimp behind, by common consent, that he might be no restraint on our conversation), he conducted us across the hall into a kind of morning room, fitted up with oak panels, and with a very handsome old carved oak chimney-piece reaching half-way to the ceiling. He was leaving the room to inform his master of our arrival, when Lawless stopped him by saying, "Here, just wait a bit; tell the young woman—that is to say don't tell her anything; but I mean, let Miss Saville be made aware (I see you're awake, for all your long face), put her up to our being here; don't you know, eh?"

"Tip him," whispered I.

"Eh, stop a bit; you're a very honest fellow, and it's right to reward faithful servants; and—you understand all about it, eh?"

One portion of this somewhat incoherent address he did understand, evidently, for without altering a muscle of his face, he put out his hand, took the money, and left the room with the same unconscious air of imperturbability which he had maintained throughout the whole conference.

"Good move that, eh?" exclaimed Lawless, as soon as the door was closed; "that'll fetch her out of her hole, for a guinea. Mind, I shall do my best to cut you out, Master Frank. I don't see why I haven't a right to quite as large a share of her gratitude as you have, for if I hadn't set her on fire, you'd never have put her out; so, in fact, she owes it all to me—don't you see?"

"I'm afraid there's a little sophistry in that argument," replied I; "but we had better wait till we find whether we shall have the opportunity afforded us of trying our powers of fascination, before we quarrel about the effects to be produced by them. I cannot say I feel over sanguine as to the success of your somewhat original negotiation with that raw-boned giant in the blue plush *enée quid none*, as Coleman calls them."

"Time will show," rejoined Lawless, turning towards the door, which opened at this moment to admit Mr. Vernon; and, alas! him only.

His reception of us, though perfectly easy and well-bred, was anything but agreeable or encouraging. He answered our inquiries after Miss Saville's health, by

informing us, cursorily, that no ill effects had ensued from her alarm of the previous evening. He received Lawless's apologies with a calm half-ironical smile, and an assurance that they were not required; and he slightly thanked me for my obliging assistance in words perfectly unexceptionable in themselves, but which, from a peculiarity in the tone of voice more than anything else, impressed one with a sense of insult rather than of compliment. Still, in compliance with certain expressive looks from Lawless, who evidently was most unwilling to be convinced of the failure of his little bit of diplomacy, I used every means I could think of to prolong the visit. I first admired, and then criticised, the carving of the chimney-piece; I dived into a book of prints which lay upon the table, and prosed about mezzo-tint and line engraving, and bored myself, and of course my hearers also, till our powers of endurance were taxed almost beyond their strength; and, at last, having completely exhausted not only my small talk, but my entire stock of conversation of all sorts and sizes, I was regularly beaten to a stand-still, and obliged to take refuge in alternately teasing and caressing a beautiful black and tan setter, who seemed the only member of the party thoroughly sociable, and at his ease.

At length it became apparent even to Lawless himself, that the visit could not be protracted longer, and we accordingly rose and took our leave, our host (I will not call him entertainer, for it would be a complete misnomer) preserving the same tone of cool and imperturbable politeness to the very last. On reaching the hall, we encountered the surly old footman, whose features looked more than ever as if they had been carved out of some very hard species of wood.

"I say, old boy, where's the young lady, eh?" exclaimed Lawless, as soon as he caught sight of him; "she never showed so much as the tip of her nose in the room; how was that, eh?"

"If she com'd into the room when gentlemen was calling, master would eat her without salt," was the reply.

"Which fact you were perfectly aware of when you took my tip so quietly just now?"

"In course I was, why should not I be?"

"Done brown for once, by Jove!" muttered Lawless, as he left the hall—"a raw-boned old rogue, I'll be even with him some day, tho—, we shall see, eh!"

While Lawless was busily engaged in settling some of the harness which had become disarranged, the old footman came up to me and whispered, "Make use of your eyes as you drive through the park, and mayhap you'll spy some *game worth looking after*, young gentleman."

Surprised at this unexpected address, I turned to question him as to its meaning, but in vain; for no sooner had he finished speaking, than he re-entered the hall, and shut the door behind him.

What could he intend me to understand, thought I; he evidently wished to imply something beyond the simple meaning of the words "*game worth looking after*;" could he mean to—no! the thing is impossible—"absurd!" exclaimed I, as a wild idea shot through my brain, and I felt myself colour like a girl.

"What's absurd?" exclaimed Lawless, gathering up the reins as he spoke, "what are you talking about? why, you're ranting and staring about you like a play-actor; what's the matter with you, eh Frank?"

"Nothing," replied I, taking my seat; "don't drive too fast through the park, I want to look at the view as we go along." In obedience to the gaunt domestic's mysterious injunction, I made the best use of my eyes as we retraced our way through the park, and for my pains had the satisfaction of beholding a solitary rabbit, half-hidden under a dock leaf, and sundry carrion crows.

THE EMPERORS.

A SPECTACLE AT ERFURTH.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1808, the Emperors of France and Russia were preceeding from their respective dominions to the North of Germany for the purpose of a mutual interview at Erfurth. Napoleon had felt the difficulty of sustaining the vast plan of partition which he had traced the year before on the Niemen in concert with Alexander, and, apprehensive of the growing discontent and distrust of the other European powers, desired, by his personal influence, to confirm the conditions of Tilsit, or suggest others favourable to his policy. The emergency needed all the genius for which he was renowned to cope with it adequately. On all sides the political aspects of things were menacing. The possession of Spain and Portugal, effected with such a prompt violence, and so calmly concoded in the Articles of the Treaty of Tilsit, was slipping from his hold. England, his steady and omnipresent foe, had cooled his friends and heated his enemies, and cheered on loudly the fury of insurrection in the Peninsula. Aroused by the appeals of its chiefs, and the vehement exhortations of its priesthood, the people—a stirring and unexpected apparition!—suddenly flung itself into the arena of war, in all the simple energy of its cause, before the eyes of Europe, to wrestle for deliverance with the veteran strength of imperial France. The French were assaulted everywhere, and the disaster at Baylen seemed to quench the hopes of Napoleon. Great Britain, by the infraction of a certain article of that code which permits and regulates robbery, murder, and the desecration of human hearths, by honourable and understood acceptance, had seized on the Danish fleet under a storm of bombs; and though, by thus snatching unfairly the weapon about to be aimed against her, she earned much general execration, yet her palpable and dogged resolution to champion the French emperor to the utterance, must have ominously haunted his dreams of ambition. Prussia, bleeding from the late rending away of the goodliest portion of her body politic, was at the same time secretly fostering her *Tugendbund*, yet to be

"made famous by the pen,
And glorious by the sword."

and the muffled tramp of the *Landwehr* might be heard, by the apprehensive listener, within the marches of Austria. All these things were against him, and might well darken the current of his reveries. Nevertheless, while holding his splendid way to Germany, he met the large bodies of his troops proceeding from the Rhine to the Peninsula, with the usual calm courage of his look, and fired them into enthusiasm with one of his spirit-stirring bulletins. And still further, to guard his inscrutable thoughts under a show of unembarrassed state, he ordered a number of the ablest dramatic performers to repair from Paris to Erfurth, for the purpose of representing worthily, in the presence of his Northern ally, the masterpieces of the French stage. The Emperors met, and embraced, with all appearances of the greatest cordiality; and the festivities of that celebrated interview were prolonged for seventeen days. The political objects of both crowned heads were assented to in their many conferences. But the pomp and relaxation of courtly gaiety were alone distinguishable. Napoleon found time to converse with Talma, and rectify the dramatic perceptions of that great actor; to discourse with Goethe, and other literary men of Germany; to hold magnificent reviews, at which the Emperors, in the sight of their troops, would wear the decorations of each other's uniforms; to preside at nightly *reunions* of all that was most enlightened, and beautiful, and chivalrous, in continental Europe; and also to ride with Alexander, surrounded by a dazzling *cortège*, to view the field of Jena, and point out to him the most remarkable localities of

that terrible field, where so many of their subjects had perished in their quarrel, and the rankness of the turf yet witnessed to their eyes how recent and how great had been the carnage. Without any more written bonds of treaty, the arrangements of Tilait were easily ratified at Erfurth, and the fate of the civilized world seemed to hang upon the swords of these two despotic soldiers. They parted with an embrace, as they had met. But they parted on Jena; and the evil omen of that plain was not falsified in future times. The great design which these imperial Titans had striven to consummate was baffled, and brought to confusion. The misery and violence which they calmly determined to visit on the weaker portions of the human family around them recoiled in the end, and soon, upon themselves. The poisoned chalice was bitterly commended to their own lips. And, as it were to point the moral of the great retribution, their own hands were the bloody instruments of their mutual punishment. The campaign of Moscow may serve to show the insincerity of their amicable professions at Erfurth, and the apparent fatality which, as it were, in the order of sequences, pursued their unsanctified schemes. The man who, in 1808, affected to consider the friendship of Napoleon the peculiar gift of Heaven, launched against him in 1812 the bloodiest wapentake of the Russian people, and all the gravest anathemas of religion; while he, in turn, leading the conquerors of Southern Europe to the North, menaced the remotest fortress of the Czar's dominion with the sword. History thus teaches us "how the whirligig of time brings round its revenges."

"What an extraordinary movement," (says a female eyewitness of the scenes enacted in Erfurth, when writing several years later) "existed within the narrow limits of this German village in 1808. The epoch was, indeed, a striking one, in which the astonishing man who for so many years has slept on the rock of St. Helena from the fitful fever of his life, brought together in this place, as with the stroke of an enchanter's wand, emperors, and kings, and the most remarkable of living men. Townspeople and peasants, strangers from all countries, courtiers in costumes richly embroidered, and somewhat ridiculous from the antiquity of their fashion; Polish Jews, statesmen and officers covered with ribbons and crosses, citizen's wives, ladies elegantly dressed, peasant girls, with their baskets on their backs,—all hurried here and there, jostling and labouring to make way. From time to time, French troops, moving with the music of bands to the ground appointed for review, added to the confusion of the streets. The town of Erfurth was not large enough to hold the strangers who came crowding into it. The principal inhabitants were driven from their apartments to those of their servants to make room for the suite of the Emperor of the French. In the streets more removed from the centre, the owners of houses were delighted with the golden harvest afforded by those who tenanted them. The inns were filled to overflowing.

"Napoleon had ordered to Erfurth the principal actors of the Theatre-Francaise—Talma, Mademoiselle Duchenois, Mademoiselle Mars, the beautiful Georges, the charming Bourgoin, appeared several times a-week to play their best parts before an august audience. A little theatre, which had been found in an old college of the Jesuits, had been arranged with extreme promptitude and elegance.

"Box tickets were distributed to native and foreign ladies, for every representation; but it was not easy to obtain them. It was necessary to carry on a long correspondence with our friends in the suite of the Grand Duke of Weimar; and a great deal of intriguing and manoeuvring on their part was necessary, before my friends and myself had the happiness to obtain tickets for a representation of the tragedy of *Edipus*, in which Talma and Mademoiselle Raucourt were to appear.

"We set out from Weimar to Erfurth. On our arrival we deposited our tickets in the inn-chamber which we

had hired, and then tried to get into the streets; but the great throng in them obliged us to make our way back again. We were stupified with horror, on reckoning our tickets, to find that two of them were lost. We removed everything in the room, but in vain—the tickets were gone. The inn-keeper's boy had probably made something of them, for they gave rise to a considerable traffic. Strangers, who arrived at Erfurth without friends or recommendation, often purchased them at a Louis-d'or each.

"If we had but some officers with us!" said one of our youngest female companions; for a soldier with a decoration was as good as a ticket. It was an excellent idea. Among our acquaintances at Erfurth we soon discovered the very cavaliers we wanted; and it was under their protection that we walked to the theatre through the crowd which besieged all the avenues to it. On the top of the stairs we were received by a soldier of the guard, with a terrible face, who disposed us in several boxes in the hall, which as yet was nearly empty.

"I was happy enough to be placed with two of my friends in the front of a box near the stage, whence we could see all that passed in the pit. We congratulated each other on being so well placed; but our joy was of short duration. The boxes near us were filled to excess. The door of ours was opened hastily. The gendarme, or whoever he was, who stood sentinel over our box, came to say that three chairs were too much for three ladies, and immediately introduced to the seats two other ladies, who, fortunately, however, were known to us. All the boxes, as well as ours, were soon full. We were crowded unmercifully, so that we could hardly stir. The heat was enough to make one faint; but really we had not time for anything of the kind. The importance of the grand spectacle which was forming itself under our eyes in the pit, occupied our attention so much, that every inconvenience was forgotten.

"Immediately before the stage were placed arm-chairs for the two Emperors, Alexander and Napoleon; and, at their sides, ordinary chairs for the kings and reigning princes. The space behind these seats began to be filled up. We saw enter the statesmen and generals of the several powers of Europe, men whose names were then famous, and have become a portion of history. Uniforms covered with gold, and an air of vivacity and assurance, distinguished the French from the Germans, more serious and more modest. There were Berthier, Soult, Caulaincourt, Savary, Launes, Duroc, and many others equally celebrated; it seemed as if the greatness of their master was reflected in the aspect of each. Goethe was there, with his calm dignified look, and the venerable Wieland. They had accompanied the Grand Duke of Weimar to Erfurth. The Duke of Gotha, and several German princes, reigning or allied to those reigning, were grouped about the two veterans of German literature.

"A rolling of drums was heard outside. 'It is the Emperor!' ran through the hall in a murmur.

"'Fools! what are you about?' said the commanding officer to the drummers; 'it is but a king!'

"In effect, a German king it was who entered the hall. Three others appeared in a little time after. Without noise or splendour, the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg, entered. The King of Westphalia (Jerome), who came later, eclipsed them by the *éclat* of his embroideries and pearls. The Emperor Alexander, with his majestic port, came next. The grand box, opposite the stage, dazzled all eyes by its brilliancy. The Queen of Westphalia, covered with diamonds, sat in the middle, and near her, the charming Stephanie, Grand Duchess of Baden, more remarkable for the graces of her person than the richness of her dress. Some German princesses were seated near the two reigning princesses. The ladies and gentlemen of their courts occupied the back of the box.

"At this moment Talleyrand made his appearance in

a little box arranged expressly for himself near the stage, on account of the weakness of his legs. The Emperor and the kings remained standing by this box in conversation with the minister, seated comfortably within it. Everybody had arrived; he alone who had summoned all these great people together was still looked for; and he made them wait for some time.

"At last, a fresh rolling of the drums was heard, louder than before, and all eyes were bent on the entrance with an uneasy curiosity. He appeared at last—this most incomprehensible man of an inconceivable era. Dressed very simply, as usual, he slightly saluted the sovereigns present, who had been obliged to wait for him so long, and took his arm-chair on the right of the Emperor of Russia. His short round person was strikingly contrasted with the superb figure of Alexander. The four kings took their places on chairs without arms, and the play began. But Talma displayed his excellent art in vain. Jocaste-Raucourt, whose beauty and talents had fascinated Baron Grimm, at Paris, during half a century, now found that she could charm no more. We had no eyes or attention for anything but the pit before us. In the meantime, the gendarmes at the door of our box did all they could to correct the deficiencies of our education, and to teach us, in the intervals between the acts, the etiquette to be observed towards the master of the world. 'Take down that opera-glass—the Emperor does not like it!' cried one of them, leaning over the ladies seated behind us. 'Sit up, and don't stretch out your neck—the Emperor does not like it!' cried another. The impertinence, to be sure, was very great; but we took pattern by the kings and princes before us, and bore patiently at the hands of Frenchmen what we could not remedy.

"Immediately after the opening of the tragedy, which he had already seen a hundred times, Napoleon sat himself at ease in his arm-chair, and was soon sound asleep. It is well known that he could sleep at any hour of the day or night he pleased. Eye-witnesses have declared that, even on days of battle, he would designedly set himself to sleep during an hour or two, for the purpose of recruiting his strength, and wake at a fixed time. On the day of this representation at Erfurth he had fatigued himself in reviewing the troops for several hours together. It was a singular spectacle for us to see, buried in such a quiet sleep, this terrible man, whose vast plans involved one half the globe, either for good or evil. We were never tired of contemplating, with an astonishment mingled with fear, that fine antique profile relieved against the sombre uniform of the Czar Alexander.

"Twenty years have passed away since then. This is hardly the third of human life, and yet how many changes have been wrought in that space of time! What a mighty impetus has the world received in this fifth of a century! No human heart could then guess half what has since come to pass. Time has reaped a plentiful harvest. The kings who filled the hall at Erfurth are gone; and he, who had called them together, sleeps in a lonely isle washed by the waters of the ocean! The short and brilliant life of Alexander is over; and the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, sleep in their marble tombs! King Jerome only survives; but his renown has vanished, with his fantastic royalty, like a vision of the morning. The Grand Duchess of Baden, the beautiful Stephanie, has long deplored her husband, lost in the flower of his age. The Duke of Gotha is dead, and his race is extinct with him. The Duke of Weimar lives only in the remembrance of his own family."

Since Madame Schopenhauer wrote the foregoing reminiscences, the change, on which she moralizes, has itself undergone change. Napoleon's resting-place, as well as himself, has been removed. A fate and a term have been given to the very sepulchres of men. The wishes of the Emperor, that his ashes should repose amidst the beloved people he had so affectionately de-

cimated, were not breathed in vain—thanks to the "three days and old muskets" of 1830, which swept away, like a withered fruit from a rotten branch, what the kings of Europe had wasted and distracted human nature for twenty-five years to establish. Napoleon lies under the dome of "The Invalids," with all his dynasty in his coffin. For Fate—the power to which he so fondly confided the fortunes of his house—

"Had placed a barren sceptre in his gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand."

And in this transference of his bones from St. Helena to Paris, it would seem that the historic picturesque, that flung its shadows over the close of Napoleon's career, has been somewhat effaced. The moral of his life appears to be less emphatic, and the antithesis of his fortunes to lose half its eloquence and poetry. It would have better suited the rounding of the great drama, to leave him shrouded in his military cloak, under his willow, in the lonely isle.

However we may think on the matter, one thing is pretty certain, that the days are gone by, when such men as Napoleon could overawe Civilization

"With the majestic menace of their eyes,"

or establish Empire with the sword. The old royal roads to glory, let us hope, will soon be closed up, with the grass growing on them: and, surely, the human family will find itself infinitely better and happier for the change.

OLD RECORDS OF NEW ROADS.

No. IV.

THE line of railway from Wimbledon to Brighton passes over Coombe Lane, and crosses the road from Malden to Richmond Park; and there, at the extremity of an avenue, stands Coombe House, now the property of Lord Liverpool, though formerly (under the designation of Hiacomb Place) it was one of the many residences of Richard Beauchamp, aptly designated the great Earl of Warwick, and well delineated by Sir E. L. Bulwer as the last of the Barons.

From the moment of his birth, the history of that extraordinary man seems identified with that of the kings of England who were his contemporaries—for Richard the Second held him as his sponsor at the baptismal font (1381). He first entered on his brilliant career of arms at a tournament held in honour of the Coronation of Jane of Navarre, consort of Henry IV., when in his twenty-eighth year he held the jousts on the part of her Majesty against all comers, and "therein behaved himself nobly." His subsequent deeds of valour are blazoned on the page of English History, where he appears as the hero of the Lancastrian wars. But some of his less chivalrous enterprises, in his earlier years, are less generally known, and are highly characteristic of the age in which he lived.

Having greatly distinguished himself as the antagonist of Hotspur and Douglas, on the field of Shrewsbury, he was made a Knight of the Garter, as a reward for his services. Having obtained leave from King Henry IV. to pay his vows at the Holy Sepulchre, he first visited his kinsman the Duke de Barr, at Calais, where he was nobly entertained for the space of eight days, and being "full lovingly and worshipfully refreshed," he proceeded to Paris, accompanied by the Duke.

The King of France, it being Whit-Sunday, sat publicly at the Banquet, crowned, and otherwise regally attired, and, on the entrance of this far-famed English knight, he, in courtesy, invited him to sit at his own table, where the Earl "so famously behaved himself in language and manner, that the king and his lords, and all other people gave him great laud at his departure." Charles evinced his high esteem of the noble

qualities of his guest by appointing a herald to conduct him safely through the realm.

New honours awaited the earl in Lombardy. A second herald, despatched to meet him, presented a letter from Sir Randolph Mallacet, challenging him to perform certain feats of arms, for the Order of the Garter, before Sir Count Galeot, of Mantua.

Warwick gladly embraced this opportunity of upholding his country's glory, and that of the honourable Order which his Sovereign had conferred upon him, but restrained his martial ardour till after the performance of a pilgrimage to Rome, whence he repaired to Verona, where the rumour of the tilt had drawn together an immense multitude, anxious to behold this popular exercise. Warwick agreed to fight with axes after the joust, then with arming swords, and lastly with sharp daggers. Sir Randolph entered the field with nine spears borne before him. In the first encounter neither party sustained defeat, but in the attack with axes Warwick wounded his opponent severely in the shoulder, and the Italian would have been utterly slain had not Sir Galeot cried peace! The fame of this exploit travelled before the Earl to Venice, where the Doge and his nobles vied with each other in acts of courtesy towards the accomplished English Knight, whom they loaded with valuable presents. In Asia, at that period the emporium of arms and arts, the illustrious pilgrim was treated with the deference due to his rank and talents. The Patriarch's deputy met him with much respect, and Warwick having made his offerings at the Holy Shrine, he placed his armorial bearings upon the north side of the temple, where they were recognized many years afterwards by divers pilgrims who came from thence.

But the homage paid to Beauchamp at Jerusalem was not confined to Christians. The Lieutenant of the Soldan—designated as "Sir Baltredam," in the old Chronicle, having heard that the Earl was a descendant of the famous "Sir Guy of Warwick," whose history the natives possessed in their own language, invited to his palace the youthful knight who boasted of so renowned an ancestor. There, after having feasted the Earl royally, he presented him with three precious stones of great value, besides various silks and cloths of gold and guerdons to his servants. But the most undisputed incident in the historian's narrative of this visit, and the one related with equal gravity and simplicity is—that in the hour of social intercourse the supposed infidel confessed his belief in the Christian religion, in proof of which he rehearsed the creed, at the same time acknowledging his dread of the punishment which would attend the discovery of his real faith. A modern author has asserted that many of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Spain are at this day unconverted Jews. When will the hypocrisy and inconsistency of man come to an end?

The Earl of Warwick, in return for the civilities he received from "Sir Baltredam," gave a banquet to his servants, sending them away with rich gifts of scarlet and other English cloths, which so delighted the Paynim Knight, that he again visited the Earl, and declared he would wear his livery, and be Marshal of his Hall. Whereupon Warwick, who was never outdone in courtesy, presented him with "a Gown of *Blackejurke* (query?), furred; after which they had much discourse together, he, Sir Baltredam, being skilled in sundry languages."

From Jerusalem, Beauchamp returned to Venice, where he was again received with distinguished honours, and from that city he travelled into Russia, Lithuania, Poland, Prussia, Westphalia, and many parts of Germany, in most of which countries he achieved great feats of valour in "divers tournaments." Nor was his own sovereign slow in rewarding his acknowledged merit. On Warwick's return to his native land, Henry IV. appointed him by an esquirel indenture, "retainer to serve the Prince of Wales (then in his 22d year) as

well in peace as in war, both in the realms of England and upon and beyond the seas," for which service he was to receive the sum of two hundred and fifty marks annually; and it was likewise stipulated that when "he should be in the Court of the said prince, he should be allowed the attendance of four esquires and six grooms, and diet for them all; provided that the said prince should have a third of his spoils in war, and a third of the thirds obtained by those who fought under his banners. Also, if he should capture any great commander, fort, or castle, they were to be delivered up to the said prince, upon a reasonable satisfaction for the same."

In the service of the prince, the conditions of which appear strange to us moderns, it appears that Warwick obtained the confidence of his Highness so entirely that when he was called to the throne, Henry V. appointed the earl High-Steward of England, for the coronation of his coronation (1413); specifying in the patent of his appointment, that he had so selected Richard Beauchamp "for his wisdom and industry."

Two years afterwards (1415) the earl attended the congress held at Constance, where he was accompanied by the Bishops of Salisbury, Coventry and Lichfield, Bath and Wells, Norwich, Hereford, and St. David's, the Abbot of Westminster, the Prior of Worcester, and several other learned persons, not forgetting a train of eight hundred horsemen.

There the fame of the earl's bravery "rang throughout the Christian world;" and during the Congress he received a challenge from an Italian nobleman "to tilt for his lady's sake." Warwick slew his adversary, an exploit which, it appears, was highly gratifying to the empress, who witnessed the sanguinary deed, as "charmed with the earl's superior skill and bravery, she took his cognizance of the bear from the shoulder of one of his knights, with the intention of wearing it herself for great favour." Upon which Warwick ordered the badge so honoured to be made of "pearls and precious stones;" which he presented, on his knees, to his imperial patroness. In return the emperor gave him his own sword to bear, with the most flattering expressions of esteem. As a further mark of honour, Sigismund offered to send by his hands a most precious relic to the King of England, namely, the heart of Saint George: a commission Warwick gratefully undertook, but, on hearing afterwards that the emperor intended to visit England in person, he restored the gift to him, saying, "with his usual grace," that the delivery thereof, by his own hands, would be more acceptable.

Sigismund soon after offered the holy heart in the chapel at Windsor, as a Knight of the Garter, being then invested with that order. On his journey to and from England, the emperor passed through Calais, of which Warwick was then Governor, and there his Imperial Majesty was so splendidly entertained, that he told the English King "that no Christian prince had such another knight for wisdom, nurture, and manhood," and ever after, by the emperor's authority, Beauchamp was styled "the father of courtesie."

The account given by Rous, of a tournament held by the earl during his sojourn at Calais, is highly illustrative of the manners of that day. He had three pavices (or shields) painted; the first represented a lady "harping at the end of a bedstead, with a grette of gold on her left sleeve;" and her knight, called the Green Knight, published a letter sealed with his arms, (black quarter field argent,) offering to joust with any knight of France: twelve crowns and two shields should be provided.

The device on the second pavice was a lady sitting at a board working pearls, and on her sleeve was attached a glove of plate (silver). Her knight was called Chivalier Best, his letter was sealed with his arms, two harts gules on a field argent. He challenged fifteen courses; and two saddles of charges should be provided.

The third pavice represented a lady sitting in a garden making a chaplet, and on her sleeve was a "poleyn"

with a river. Her knight was called "Chevalier Atendant;" his challenge was to run one course with sharp spears, without spurs. His letter was sealed gold and gules quartered, and border verd.

These missions were sent to Charles VI. and his Court, and duly accepted by three French knights, who assembled on a lawn without the gates of Calais, called the "Park Hodge of Guynes." On the appointed day, Warwick, as the Green Knight, entered the lists on a superb courser, trapped with the armorial bearings of one of his ancestors. On his helmet he bore a large plume (or "bush") of ostrich feathers, and his vizor closed. At the third course he cast his antagonist (Chevalier Ronge) down to the ground at his spear's point, behind his horse's tail, and being proclaimed victor, he rode to his pavilion; still maintaining his incognito, and forthwith sent a fair courser to the discomfited knight.

The next day the gallant earl appeared again on the field, as "Chevalier Verd," his vizor still closed, and ostrich feathers on his basket, which was further graced with a chaplet, and his horse trapped with the two bars gules on a field argent. He encountered Sir Hugh de Lawney, as "Chevalier Blanc," and, having smote him on his vizor twice, and broke his harness, he was again declared victor, and again returned to his pavilion unknown, from whence, as before, he sent a charger to his foe.

On the third day Warwick rode to the course with his face uncovered, and his name and rank proclaimed. The chaplet he had worn on his basket the preceding day, was now enriched with pearls and precious stones, and his herald announced that, like as he had in his own person performed on the two previous days, so would he now, and the boast was fulfilled. His antagonist was Sir Coland Fynes, and at every stroke of Warwick's spear he bowed him to his horse's back. The Frenchman, being unable to bend the earl from his seat, exclaimed, "that he was bound to the saddle;" an accusation instantly refuted by the earl's springing from his horse, and remounting with equal ease. Again victor, he rode to his pavilion amidst the acclamations of the crowd; and having despatched a third horse to Sir Coland, and feasted the spectators still more sumptuously than on the two preceding days, he sent rich gifts to the three vanquished knights, and "rode, with great worship," back to Calais.

Such were the chivalrous feats of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. His subsequent deeds in the Lancastrian wars, need no mention here; whilst of his private character Hume remarks, "that his personal qualities enhanced the splendour of his nobility. He was not more distinguished by his gallantry in the field than by the hospitality of his table, the magnificence, and still more the generosity of his expenses, and the spirited and bold manner which characterized all his actions. His undesigning frankness and openness rendered his conquest over men's affections the more certain and infallible. His presents were regarded as sure testimonies of esteem and friendship; and his professions as the overflowings of his genuine sentiments." No less than thirty thousand persons are said to have daily lived at his board in the different manors and castles which he possessed in England; and How asserts that, at the Earl of Warwick's house, in London, there were often six oxen eaten at a breakfast; "and every tavern was full of his meate, for he that had any acquaintance in that house might have there, so much of sodden and roaste meate as he could pricke and carry upon a long dagger."

In comparison of this profusion the entertainments of Burleigh appear insignificant, and yet Holinshed, who wrote in the reign of Elizabeth, gives a different notion of the boasted magnificence of earlier times. "There are old men," says he, "yet dwelling in the village where I remain, which have noted three things to be marvellously altered in England within their memory.

One is the multitudes of chimneys lately erected; whereas in their young days there were not above two or three, if so many, in most uplandish towns of the realme; the religious houses and manor places of their lords always exysted, and, peradventure, some great personage. But each made his fire against a veredosse in the hall, where he dined and dressed his meat. The second is the great amendment of lodging; for, (said they) our fathers, and we ourselves, have lain full oft upon straw pallettes, covered only with a sheet under coverlets made of dayswaine or hop harlots, and a good round log under their head instead of a bolster. If it were so that the father, or the good man of the house, had a mattress or flock-bed, and thereto a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself to be as well lodged as the lord of the town. As for servants, if they had a sheet above them it was well; for seldom had they any under their bodies to keep them from the pricking straws that ran oft through the canvas and rased their hardened hides. The third thing they tell of is, the exchange of treene (wooden) platters into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver or tin."

Even in the days when Holinshed wrote this tirade against the progress of luxury, the floors of the best apartments were generally strewn with rushes; then carpets, couches, fauteuils, and footstools were alike unknown, though many instances occur of bedsteads with their hangings being (in times even previous to Holinshed) made heir looms, or given in special dowry, and even made subjects of litigation amongst the aristocracy of England. About a century after Holinshed wrote, household furniture became, under the auspices of "Louis le Grand," a matter of such importance, that a certain style of decoration used in "Le Siècle de Louis XIV." is still known by the name of that monarch; and in the infancy of George IV., his bed, as Prince of Wales, was hung with "very rich rose-coloured satin, and the furniture of the room was of the same colour, beautifully trimmed. His highness sleeps upon four mattresses, the upper of which is covered with white satin; the bolster and pillows are of the same quality."

In Henry VIII.'s time an edict was published, minutely describing the order for making the king's bed nightly by certain yeomen of the guard, who might be aptly termed yeomen prickers, as their chief charge appears to have been to certify that no offensive or dangerous weapon was concealed in his majesty's mattress or bed-clothes, for which they were to be repaid nightly by a manchet and cup of ale. Still, with this precedent before his eyes, the worthy chronicler of Elizabeth's days would scarcely have credited the rapid growth of domestic luxuries, even had the vision of a modern drawing-room been vouchsafed to him. What might his reflections in that case have been when even in his own times he says, "When our houses were builded of willow, then had we oaken men. But now that our houses are made of oak our men are not become willow, but a great many altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration. In those days the courage of the owner was a sufficient defence to keep the house in safety. But now the assurance of the timber must defend the men from robbing."

Holinshed is not the only splenetic writer who condemns his contemporaries, and upholds their ancestors. It is problematical whether even the valour of that "man of oak," Richard Beauchamp, would have satisfied him had he lived in his day, though it made him, as an ancient writer calls him, "the setter up and puller down of kings;" and as such the Earl of Warwick could not have chosen a more appropriate residence than Kingston, which owes its name to the circumstance of its market-place having been selected for the coronation of many of the first Saxon Kings, as also for that of Egbert, son of Alfred the Great.

There are but few historical reminiscences attached to Kingston. A few years before the death of Henry III., (1264) during the wars with his barons, he marched

out of London, and took the castle of Kingston, then belonging to Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloster, which he entirely demolished; and in the civil wars of Charles I. Kingston was distinguished for its loyalty, as the first armed force that declared for the king was said to have been there assembled; and there the last struggle in behalf of the royal cause was made. When Catherine of Arragon came to England, to espouse Charles II., she lodged at Kingston the night before she arrived at "Kennington Palace." But it does not seem to be further noticed in history.

Nevertheless, by a strange coincidence, Kingston, or as Camden calls it, "the King's Towne," was one of the few places noted for the celebration of the Kyngham, an annual game or sport, conducted by the parish officers, who paid the expenses, and accounted for the profits of it. It was something similar to the May games, but held later in the summer, and the performers went from house to house levying contributions, and dressed in a sort of masque, of which the principal characters were Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Little John, a friar, a lady, and several "Moors" or morrice dancers.

In the reign of Henry VIII. this game was so much the fashion at Court, that the king and his nobles would sometimes appear in disguise as Robin Hood and his men, "drest in Kendal, with hoods and hosen." In these days, when the schoolmaster is so much abroad, it is almost superfluous to observe that Marian was the name assumed by the beloved mistress of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon; who followed him while he was in a state of outlawry, during which time he was the original Robin Hood, the favourite hero of the earliest English ballads. The real story of Lord Huntingdon and his fair Marian is chronicled in the old poem of the "Nut-browne Mayde," supposed to be written (1400) in the reign of Henry IV., and subsequently paraphrased by Prior in that of Queen Anne.

Kingston is also celebrated for having been the first place of which Nicholas West was vicar, in the reign of Henry VIII. This celebrated man was the son of a baker at Putney, where he was born, and having distinguished himself at the grammar school there (1483) he was chosen a Scholar of King's College, Cambridge, in the year of Edward IV.'s accession. There he gave little promise of future eminence, as, in the words of Fuller, "he was a rakehell in grain." One of his vicious pranks was setting fire to the provost's lodgings, for which he was expelled the university; but having seasonably become reformed in his conduct, he was subsequently re-admitted, and betaking himself to hard study he became an eminent scholar, and, as his first preferment, obtained the vicarage of Kingston-upon-Thames.

How often do we see that the locality in which a man chances to enter upon public life mainly influences his future fortunes. It happened that the two favourite palaces of Henry VIII., namely, Richmond and Nonsuch, were in the immediate vicinity of Kingston, whilst, at the same time, Wolsey himself, the model of courtiers, at once the envy and the warning of the ambitious, resided at Hampton Court. Whether the precepts and example of Wolsey taught him the way to royal favour, or whether West's acknowledged talents first recommended him to Henry's notice, is uncertain; perhaps the accidental circumstance of neighbourhood may have contributed more than either to the rapid advancement of the baker's son; for conversational talent and wit have always been tickets of admission to the tables of the great, and as the college irregularities of the vicar were not uncongenial to the taste of the profligate monarch, his eminent learning and extraordinary abilities as a politician made him doubly acceptable as a companion, when majesty sought, in the retirement of the country, relaxation from the cares of royalty. Had West's first preferment been in Westmoreland, instead of Kingston-upon-Thames, he possibly would never have risen so rapidly in the favour of Henry; who, after bestowing on him several other benefices, made him

Bishop of Ely, employed him in various embassies, and lastly, Queen Catherine chose him as her advocate in conjunction with Bishop Fuller.

The style of living adopted by this favourite of fortune was magnificent, that he is said to have kept in his house a hundred servants, to fifty of whom he gave four marks wages, and to the others forty shillings a-year, allowing every one of them four yards of cloth for his winter livery, and three and a half yards for his summer livery. He died in the same year as Edward VI. (1553) and is buried in Ely Cathedral, having lived to see no less than six monarchs in succession occupy the British throne; whilst the changes in the political world, and still more, the reformation in the religion of the state, were equally remarkable events, occurring during the extraordinary career of this quondam vicar of Kingston-upon-Thames.

THE FEAST OF THE ROSE.

THE ancient custom of the Feast of the Rose has been attributed for many ages past to St. Medard, Bishop of Noyon, who lived in the 15th century, in the time of Clovis. This good bishop, who was at the time Grand Master of Salency, a village half a league from Noyon, in the south of France, after passing many of his years of early life in endeavouring to do all the good possible, so that he was beloved by all the neighbourhood—after many years' consideration, he at last made up his mind to present, on every New Year's Day, a sum of twenty livres and a chaplet of roses, to the lass of the village who was held in the highest estimation, and of the most virtuous reputation. It is said that, he presented this glorious prize to his youngest sister, who was proclaimed by the public voice as the Village Rose. He is seen on the steps of the porch of the chapel of St. Medard, situated at the extremity of the village of Salency, dressed in his pontifical robes, placing the chaplet of roses on the head of a villager, who is dressed in a plain white dress, with only a scull cap of black velvet on her head, and her hair reaching to her knees.

The villagers of Salency soon found it to their benefit to try and be the Village Rose for the year. The young men, it was soon seen, always chose those who had held that honour in preference to the others. St. Medard, struck with these advantages, founded his yearly gift by letting off to tenants twelve acres of ground attached to his estate, which paid the yearly rent of twenty pounds and all incidental expenses of the ceremony of the *fête*. The present Lord of Salency enjoys to this day the choice of the Rose of the Village.

The 8th of June is the day on which the *fête* of St. Medard is held. About two o'clock in the day, the village lass, clothed in white, her hair floating loosely on her shoulders, accompanied by her family and twelve young lasses, also dressed in white, with a broad blue ribbon or shoulder knot, arm in arm with twelve young men of the village, march to the chateau of Valency to the sound of tambourines, violins, bagpipes, &c. The lord and lady of the manor come out to meet them, and she then makes a neat speech, in which she returns her thanks for the honour and preference he has bestowed on her; then, following his lordship or his representative, giving each an arm, is preceded by the music, followed by a number of persons, who entering the chapel proceed to the choir, attend vespers, and sing hymns in chorus. The vespers being finished, the clergy and people form a procession, and adjourn to the chapel of St. Medard; the Curate then blesses the crown and wreath of roses, which is on the altar table. The chaplet is entwined with a light blue ribbon, edged on the under side with a silver band. After the Benediction, and a discourse analogous to the subject, the officiating priest places the crown on the head of the Rose of the Village, who is on her knees, and receives

twenty pounds in a small velvet purse, in the presence of the lord of the manor, and the officers of justice.

The Rose of the Village, now crowned, is led by the lord of the manor, or his bailiffs, and the whole of the assembly, to the parish church, where they chaunt an ancient *Te Deum* of St. Medard to the sound of musquetry by the troops and young men of the village. On leaving the church, the lord of the manor, or his representative, leads the Rose of the Village to the middle of the great street of Valency, where the house steward of the lord had spread a large table furnished with six plates, six knives and forks, two bottles of claret, two metal pinks, two glasses, two water bottles, two white loaves, one brown one, and a small cheese. The assembly then cheer the Rose, and do her homage by presenting her a small silver arrow, two balls, a small silver whistle, which she is to blow three times at the house of the lord of the manor before she will accept any offer of marriage from the villagers. The house-steward then pays the attendants for their assistance that day, thirty sous, or 2s. 6d. each.

After this the assembly of villagers adjourn to the court of the chateau, under a large tree, where the lord of the manor leads off the dance with the Rose of the Village; after that the dancing becomes general among the villagers, to the sound of rustic music. The *bal champêtre* is always stopped at the setting of the sun. The Rose of the Village, on the day after, at midday, invites all the lasses of her acquaintance to a collation, followed by dancing, or other games, as may be.

This is the origin of the Feast of the Rose; it is no less interesting when it is affirmed that throughout the numerous villages in France where the *fête* is held, riotous meetings, drunkenness, debauchery of any kind is never known, and that the honour of receiving a chaplet of roses at Salency had excited an emulation in all the surrounding villages in the various departments to be present at the meeting, to see the Rose of the Village presented with the order of Merit and Virtue.

Louis XIII. being on a visit at the chateau of Varennes, a small village near Salency, M. de Belloi, the lord of the manor, begged of that monarch to present a gift to the village lass who was considered the most virtuous. Louis XIII. consented, and requested M. le Marquis de Garde, his colonel of the guards, to be present at the next Rose Meeting, and to order the chaplet, the purse of gold, and the blue ribbon, which were presented with all due formality that year, and have been ever since through the government. It is authenticated in the royal records of France.

Miscellaneous.

THE Mahomedans are particularly proud of their acquirements, and suppose themselves possessed of great imaginative powers. They are surprising egotists, and, like the Spaniards, poor and proud to a proverb. A short time since, a Moonshee was domesticated with us, who afforded a curious example of this union of unfortunate qualities.

Abdool Kureem had neither lodging, nor wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of a Persian appetite: but, like all his class, his manners were pleasing and mild, which won for him our commiseration. He accompanied us from the Presidency, and although a professional Moonshee, he was soon discovered to be grossly ignorant of even the construction of his native language. His leisure was devoted to inditing verses, which, execrable as they were, he imagined equal to Ferdousi's: such was our poor poetaster's opinion of his own talents, that whenever any of his Mahomedan friends came to visit him, in lieu of conversation, he commenced by drawing out a long roll of closely written paper, and spouting his own verses, constantly pausing to ejaculate expressions eulogistic of his genius, which were courteously re-

echoed by the deep-drawn Bismillah of the listening coterie. The prose of Abdool was as highly inflated as his poetic style; he delighted in the most flowery and wordy pomp of the Persian school. The following note, written by him, and translated by a Hindoo, is an amusing specimen of the unavoidable bathos, inseparable from this style of composition. It may be prefaced, that Abdool had been requested, during his morning walk, to inquire what time would be desirable for our gardener to send for some shrubs, promised us by a native, as transplants from his parterre. Some circumstance preventing his return at the time proposed, we received this specimen of epistolary grace. "As long as the garden of the world is adorned with tender cypresses, statues of beautiful mistresses, and roses which are the cheeks of beloved ladies, so long may the garden of wishes, which belong to the great Captain, (may his prosperity be perpetual!) who is a bud of the tree of chiefship, and a sprout of that of greatness, be flourishing and green by the watering of Divine goodness. Your servant, (i. e. I,) after presenting the nosegay of his solicitous prayer to God for your advantage, which is gathered by the hand of well-wishing and sincerity, and united with the threads of those prayers which are performed at dawn and midnight, wishes, that your sacred mind may know, that when your servant (i. e. I) requested from Gopal Joesee, son of Radha Joesee, the plants of Neem, which he agreed to give yesterday; he answered, that to-morrow, at noon, when the gun fires, you may send your servant to his garden, and he will give the plants which are required.

"(Signed) ABDOL KUREEM,

"Moonshee of Shiraz."

The beauty of a Mahomedan letter consists in the length of the exordium, the number of similes, and the paucity of facts introduced. As Abdool Kureem was long with us, I endeavoured to teach him English, with the hope of increasing his capabilities as a tutor. His memory proved so defective, that I eventually abandoned my task in despair. The reading-book selected was a collection of easy fables, chosen with the hope of the style attracting him, from its resemblance to that of his own authors. The first tale concerned the sapient doings of a learned cat, which he read, and re-read, for a considerably longer period than could have been required for the composition of the volume, and, moreover, the whole was explained to him in the purest Persian. At length I ventured to ask, if my pupil comprehended the fable. "No." Did he at least understand the meaning of the word *Cat*, about which so much had been studied? The answer was appalling. "Kat!" replied the poet, with the puzzled look of one hopelessly plunged in a sea of doubt; "Kat? Allah Kureem! God is merciful, but by the beard of my father, your servant cannot tell the meaning of Kat." From this period I left Abdool to the manufacture of verses, to the enjoyment of a remarkable appetite, and to his favourite meditations on the probable locality of the "fountain of life," in which he as firmly believed, as in the philosopher's stone, and the hours of Paradise.—"*Western India in 1838*," by Mrs. Postans.

N.B. The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; Covers for binding, with Table of Contents, may be ordered of any Bookseller.

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The Young Man and the Friar.

See page 272.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

LE VERRIER'S NEW PLANET.

"In the whole history of Astronomy—I had almost said, in the whole history of Science," writes Professor Airy, "there is nothing comparable to the circumstances attending the discovery of the planet exterior to Uranus. The history of the discoveries of new planets in the latter part of the last century, and in the

present century, offers nothing analogous to it. Uranus, Ceres, and Pallas, were discovered in the course of researches which did not contemplate the discovery of planets. Juno and Vesta were discovered in following up a series of observations suggested by a theory which, fruitful as it has been, we may almost venture to call fanciful. Astræa was found, in the course of a well-conducted examination of the heavens, apparently con-

templating the discovery of a new planet, as only one of many possible results. But the motions of Uranus, examined by philosophers who were fully impressed with the universality of the law of gravitation, have long exhibited the effects of some disturbing body: mathematicians have at length ventured on the task of ascertaining where such a body could be; they have pointed out that the supposition of a disturbing body, moving in a certain orbit, precisely indicated by them, would entirely explain the observed disturbances of Uranus; they have expressed their conviction, with a firmness which I must characterise as wonderful, that the disturbing planet would be found exactly in a certain spot, and presenting exactly a certain appearance; and in that spot, and with that appearance, the planet has been found. Nothing in the whole history of Astronomy can be compared to this.—*Proceedings of the Royal Astronomical Society.*

WHAT WERE THE HABITS OF THE DODO?

ALL the records we have of the history of this remarkable extinct bird are to be found in the reduced highly-finished figure by Lavery, in his famous painting of "Orpheus Charming the Beasts," now in the collection at the Hague; in the recent discovery of the skull of the bird, in the Museum of Natural History at Copenhagen; and by a comparison of the cast of the head of the bird, in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, with those of other recent and extinct species of birds. Added to this, is some satisfactory evidence from a comparison of the bones of the foot, which have recently been very skillfully and judiciously illustrated by the able curator of the Ashmolean Museum. Upon the whole, Professor Owen considers the structure of the foot, and general form of the beak, to lead us to regard the Dodo as a modified bird of prey. Unable to fly, it could have had small chance of obtaining food by preying upon members of its own class; and, if it did not exclusively subsist on dead and decaying organized matter, it most probably restricted its attacks to reptiles, certain fishes, crustacea, &c. Possibly, a search for the bones in the superficial deposits, the beds of rivers, and the caves in the islands of Mauritius and Rodrigues, may enable naturalists further to illustrate the history of this curious bird.

TRAVELS OF VOLCANIC DUST.

On the 2d of September, 1845, a quantity of volcanic dust fell in the Orkney Islands, which was supposed to have originated in an eruption of Hecla, in Iceland: it has now been fully ascertained that an eruption of that volcano took place on the morning of September 2d, about nine o'clock, so as to leave no doubt of the justness of the conclusion. The dust had thus travelled about 600 miles!

ELECTRICITY OF GUN COTTON.

MR. BOWMAN, Demonstrator of Chemistry at King's College, has ascertained "gun cotton" to be capable of application to a purpose different from any hitherto described; viz. that of insulating an electrically charged body. Mr. Bowman, while unravelling some cotton which had matted together while in the acid, was struck with the tenacity with which it adhered to his fingers; and, on lightly holding a small flock of it, and approaching a finger of the other hand, or any foreign body, found that it was strongly attracted towards it; thus differing essentially from the unprepared cotton. By examining the two balls at short intervals of time, by means of a delicate gold-leaf electrometer, Mr. Bowman found that the one suspended by the cotton retained its charge considerably longer than the other; thus proving the cotton to be a more perfect insulator than the silk, which has hitherto been chosen as best adapted for the purpose of insulation. The acid employed was a mixture of equal parts of nitric acid, sp. gr. 1.46, and sulphuric acid, gr. 1.83, and the cotton was immersed

for about five minutes. It was not highly explosive, detonated only when partially struck with a hammer, and required to be heated considerably to cause it to explode. Mr. Richard Phillips, one of the editors of the *Philosophical Magazine*, in agreement with the above statement, mentions that Mr. Reeks, of the Museum of Economic Geology, when drying some gun cotton, and drawing it out, heard a crackling noise, which induced him to present it to the gold-leaf electrometer, when it instantly caused strong divergence of the leaves.

PURITY OF ANCIENT COINS.

SILVER coins, after having been long in the earth, are often found covered with a salt of copper. This may be explained by supposing that the alloy of copper, at the surface of the coin, enters into combination with the carbonic acid of the soil, and being thus removed, its place is supplied by a diffusion from within; and in this way, it is not improbable that a considerable portion of the alloy may be exhausted in process of time, and the purity of the coin be considerably increased.—*Professor Henry, U. S.*

THE GEOLOGY OF NORWAY, AS CONNECTED WITH THE ABSENCE OF A FEUDAL NOBILITY.

A PHYSICAL circumstance, almost peculiar to Norway, and apparently very little connected with the social state of a people, was of great influence, in concurrence with accidental circumstances, in preventing the rise of an aristocracy. The stone of Norway is gneiss, or other hard primary rock, which is worked with difficulty, and breaks up in rough, shapeless lumps, or in thin schistose plates; so that walls cannot be constructed of such building materials without great labour, time, and command of cement. Limestone is not found in abundance in Norway, and is rare in situations in which it can be easily transported; and even clay, which is used as a bedding or cement in some countries for rough lumps of stone in thick walls, is scarce in Norway. Wood has, of necessity, in all times and with all classes, been the only building material. This circumstance has been of great influence in the middle ages on the social condition of the Northmen. Castles of nobles or kings, commanding the country round, and secure from sudden assault by the strength of the building, could not be constructed, and never existed, in Norway. The huge fragments and ruins of baronial castles and strongholds, so characteristic of the state of society in the middle ages in the feudal countries of Europe, and so ornamental in the landscape, are now wanting in Norway. The noble had nothing to fall back upon but his warship; the king nothing but the support of the people.—*The Sea-Kings of Norway; by G. Laing.*

GOLD IN SIBERIA.

THE reign of the Emperor Nicholas has been distinguished by the important discovery, that portions of the great eastern regions of Siberia are highly auriferous, viz. in the government of Tomsk and Teniseik, where low ridges, similarly constructed to those on the eastern flank of the Ural, and, like them, trenching from north to south, appear as offsets from the great east and west chain of the Altai, which separates Siberia from China; and here it is curious to remark, that, a very few years ago, this distant region did not afford a third part of the gold which the Ural produced; but, by recent researches, an augmentation so rapid and extraordinary has taken place, that, in 1843, the eastern Siberian tract yielded considerably upwards of two millions and a quarter sterling, raising the total gold produce of the Russian empire to near three millions sterling!—*Sir R. S. Murchison, F.R.S.*

MILD TEMPERATURE OF WHITEHAVEN.

THE high mean annual temperature of this healthy part of Cumberland, and especially the very limited range of the thermometer in the winter season there,

as compared with inland towns, and many localities in the south of England, are very remarkable. During severe frosts, the thermometer at Wigton and Carlisle is frequently 15 or 20 degrees, and in the south as much as 30 or 35 degrees lower than at Whitehaven. Even at Paris, Lyons, and other places in France, the temperature in winter is often lower than at Whitehaven. Thus, on January 7, 1846, the thermometer at Lyons marked 9° centigrade, (below the freezing point,) equal to 17° of Fahrenheit; at Whitehaven, the thermometer throughout the winter was not lower than 28° F.; and on the night in question, the lowest point to which it fell was 36° or 19° higher than at Lyons. Carnations continued to bloom throughout the season, and numbers of wild strawberry plants in flower, were noticed in the immediate vicinity of the town. "On the whole," says Mr. J. F. Miller, in *Jameson's Journal*, "we believe there are very few localities in Great Britain, which are favoured with so mild and genial an atmosphere, or are less subject to those sudden vicissitudes of temperature which render the climate of England so trying to those subject to catarrhal diseases, bronchitis, or other more alarming affections of the lungs and air-passages."

SENSATION AT GREAT HEIGHTS.

D. LE RILEUR has submitted to the Paris Academy of Science, a paper on the sensation experienced at great heights; and which has been called by various medical writers, the *Mal de Montagne*. De Saussure, Humboldt, Boussingault, and many other travellers, generally felt acceleration of the pulse, prostration of strength, loss of appetite, nausea, vomiting, and other symptoms similar to those of sea sickness. D. Le Rileur and his companions, Messrs. Bravais and Martins, in ascending Mont Blanc, in August, 1844, suffered most during the first hour after their arrival at the summit of the mountain. In the second hour, they felt better, and after that they suffered very little; but they had no appetite during the whole of the time that they were at a height exceeding 4000 yards. The author distinguishes between the sensations created by the mere fatigue of ascension, and those which are caused by the atmosphere in elevated positions; the latter are the acceleration of the pulse, the loss of appetite, and sometimes somnolency.

WHITE RACE IN ALGERIA.

M. GUYRON confirms the statements of Reysnoul, Bruce, and Shaw, describing the Aurea in the province of Constantine, Algeria; they have white skin, blue eyes, and fair hair; they do not form distinct tribes, but predominate in some, and are very rare in others, and have inhabited the country for a very long time.

THE MAMMOTS OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

DR. BUCKLAND has happily and successfully shown that, for long ages, many species of carnivorous animals, now extinct, inhabited the caves of the British Islands. Again, in low tracts of Yorkshire, where tranquil lacustrine (lake like) deposits have occurred, there bones (even those of the lion) have been found so perfectly unbroken and unworn in the fine gravel in which they are heaped up, (as at Market Weighton,) that few persons would be disposed to deny, that such feline, and other animals, once roamed over the British isles, as well as other European countries. "Why, then, is it improbable, that large elephants, with a peculiarly thick integument, a close coating of wool, and much long shaggy hair, should have been the occupants of wide tracts of Northern Europe and Asia? This coating, Dr. Fleming has well remarked, was probably as impenetrable to rain and cold, as that of the monster ox of the Polar Circle. Such is the opinion of Sir R. J. Murchison, who thus accounts for the disappearance of the British Mammoths:

"When we turn from the great Tiberian continent,

which, anterior to its elevation, was the chief abode of the Mammoths, and look to the other parts of Europe, where their remains also occur; how remarkable is it that we find so many of these creatures to be justly proportioned to the magnitude of the ancient masses of land, which the labours of geologists have defined! Take the British isles, for example, and let all their low, recently elevated districts, be submerged; let, in short, England be viewed as the comparatively small island she was, when the ancient estuary of the Thames, including the plains of Hyde Park, Chelsea, Hounslow, and Uxbridge, were under the water;—when the Severn extended far into the heart of the kingdom, and large eastern tracts of the island were submerged; and then will then remain but moderately sized feeding grounds for the great quadrupeds, whose bones are found in the gravel of the adjacent rivers and estuaries. This limited area of subsistence could necessarily only keep up a small stock of such animals; and, just as we might expect, the remains of British Mammoths occur in very small numbers indeed, when compared with those of the great charnel-houses of Siberia, into which their bones had been carried down during countless ages, from the largest mass of surface which geological inquiries have yet shown to have been dry land during that epoch.—*Jameson's Journal*.

THE POTATO MALADY.

MR. A. SMEE, F.R.S. has just written an elaborate work in proof of the present potato malady being caused by the *Aphis vandator*, which comes upon the plant in the winged state, and there brings forth its young alive. After a short time, the insect brings forth other young, which young, of themselves, reproduce; thus, from a single specimen, a plant may become speedily covered with the insects. It has been proved by Reamur, that in five generations, one *Aphis* may be the progenitor of 5,904,900,000 descendants; and it is supposed that, in one year, there may be twenty generations; and Mr. Smece knows no reason why the *vandator* should be less prolific than its congeners. The *vandator*, likewise, attacks many other plants: upon one specimen of the beet, Mr. Smece states, that not less than 30,000, or 40,000 may sometimes be found.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

By F. E. S.

CHAP. VII.

THE GAME IN BARSTONE PARK.

WE had arrived within a quarter of a mile of the gate; and I had just settled, to my thorough dissatisfaction, that the old footman must be a humourist, and had diverted himself by making a kind of April-fool out of season of me, when through the trees, which at that spot stretched their huge branches across the road, so as to form a complete arch, I fancied I perceived the flutter of a woman's dress; and, in another moment, a turn in the drive disclosed to my view a female form, which I instantly recognised as that of Clara Saville.

Without a minute's hesitation, I sprang to the ground before Lawless had time to pull up, and, saying to him, "I shall be back again directly;—wait for me—there's a good fellow," I hastily entered a winding path, which led through the trees to the spot where I had seen the young lady, leaving my companion mute from astonishment. Up to this moment, acting solely from a sort of

instinctive impulse, which made me wish to see and speak to Miss Saville, I had never considered the light in which my proceedings might appear to her. What right, I now asked myself, have I to intrude upon her privacy, and, as it were, force my company upon her, whether she wishes it or not? May she not look upon it as an impertinent intrusion? As these thoughts flitted through my brain, I slackened my pace; and, had it not been for very shame, could have found in my heart to turn back again. This, however, I resolved not to do; having committed myself so far, I determined to give her an opportunity of seeing me, and, if she should show any intention of avoiding me, it would then be time enough to retrace my steps, and leave her unmolested. With this design I proceeded slowly up the path, stopping now and then as if to admire the view, until a turn of the walk brought me in sight of a rustic bench, on which was seated the young lady I had before observed. As soon as she perceived me, she rose and came towards me, disclosing, as she did so, the graceful form and beautiful features of my partner of the preceding evening. The morning costume, including a most irresistible little cottage-bonnet lined with pink, was even more becoming to her than the ball-dress; and when, instead of the cold air of constraint which had characterised her manner of the previous evening, she advanced to meet me with a slight blush and the most bewitching smile of welcome that ever set man's heart beating, I thought I had never seen anything so perfectly lovely before.

"I must ask your forgiveness for venturing thus to intrude upon you, Miss Saville," began I, after we had exchanged salutations; "but the temptation of learning from your own lips that you had sustained no injury, was too strong to be resisted, more particularly after the disappointment of finding you were from home, when I did myself the pleasure of calling on Mr. Vernon to inquire after you."

"Nay, there is nothing to forgive," replied Miss Saville; "on the contrary," she continued, blushing slightly, "I was most anxious to see you, in order to thank you for the eminent service you rendered me yesterday evening."

"Really, it is not worth mentioning," returned I; "it is only what any other gentleman in the room would have done had he been in my situation; it was good Mrs. Trotter's shawl saved you; I could have done nothing without that."

"You shall not cheat me out of my gratitude in that way," replied she, smiling; "the shawl would have been of little avail, had it not been so promptly and energetically applied; and, as for the other gentlemen, they certainly were very ready with their offers of assistance after the danger was over. I am afraid," she continued, looking down, "you must have repented the trouble you had taken, when you found, what a thankless person you had exerted yourself to save."

"Indeed, no such idea crossed my mind for an instant; the slight service I was able to render you was quite repaid by the pleasure of knowing that I had been fortunate enough to prevent you from sustaining injury," said I.

"You are very kind," was the reply; "but I can assure you I have been exceedingly distressed and annoyed by imagining how wholly destitute of gratitude you must have considered me!"

"Lucy Markham told me such would be the case," replied I, smiling.

"Did she—a dear warm-hearted girl,—she always does me justice!" exclaimed Miss Saville, as she raised her beautiful eyes, sparkling with animation, to my face. She then, for the first time, observed my injured arm, and added quickly, "but you wear your arm in a sling; I hope—that is—I am afraid—I trust it was not in saving me that it was hurt!"

"It is a mere trifle," replied I; "the wristband of my shirt sleeve caught fire, and burnt my arm, but it is

nothing of any consequence, I can assure you; pray do not let it alarm you," continued I anxiously, for my companion had turned suddenly very pale, and resumed her seat upon the bench.

"I am very foolish," said she, smiling faintly, "but the alarm of last night has made me sadly nervous. Oh! Mr. Fairleigh, what must you have thought of me? you exerted yourself, and successfully, to save my life, receiving a painful injury in so doing, whilst I left the house without offering you the thanks due even to the commonest service imaginable."

"You were not then aware that I had burnt my arm, remember; and forgive me for adding," returned I, (for I saw that she was really distressed at the idea of my considering her wanting in gratitude,) "that it did not require any unusual degree of penetration to perceive that you were not altogether a free agent."

"No, indeed," replied she, eagerly catching at the idea, "Mr. Vernon, my guardian,—he always means to be very kind I am sure; but," she added, sinking her voice, "he is so very particular about my manner to gentlemen, and he speaks so sternly sometimes, that—I know it is very silly,—but I cannot help feeling afraid of him. I mention this, sir, to prevent your judging me too harshly, and I trust to your generosity not to take any unfair advantage of my openness; and now," she added, fixing her large eyes upon me with an imploring look which would have melted the toughest old anchorite that ever chewed grey peas, "you will not think me so very ungrateful, will you?"

"My dear Miss Saville," replied I, (with difficulty repressing a sudden impulse which came across me to throw my arm round her waist, and, regardless of consequences, tell her she was an angel)—"my dear Miss Saville, let me beg you to believe I never dreamt of blaming you for a moment; on the contrary, I pay you no compliment, but only mention the simple truth, when I tell you that I admired your behaviour throughout the whole affair exceedingly; your presence of mind and self-control were greater than, under the circumstances, I could have supposed possible." As she made no reply to this, but sat looking steadfastly on the ground, with her head turned so as to conceal her face, I continued—"I hope it is unnecessary for me to add, that you need not entertain the slightest fear of my making any indiscreet use of the frankness with which you have done me the honour of speaking to me—but I am forgetting half my business," added I, wishing to set her at ease again, "I am charged with all sorts of kind messages to you from good Mrs. Coleman and Miss Markham; I presume you would wish me to tell them I have had the pleasure of seeing you?"

"Oh yes, by all means," replied Miss Saville, looking up with a pleased expression, "give my kind love to them both, and tell dear Lucy I shall come over to see her as soon as ever I can; and say that, thanks to Mr. Fairleigh," she added, colouring slightly, "I am none the worse for last night's alarm."

"I will not intrude upon you longer, then, having delivered my message," said I; "I have kept my companion, the gentleman who was so unfortunate as to overturn the candelabrum, waiting an unconscionable time already; he is very penitent for his offence; may I venture to relieve his mind by telling him that you forgive him?"

"Pray do so," was the reply; "I never bear malice; besides, it was entirely an accident, you know. How thoroughly wretched he seemed when he found what he had done; frightened as I was, I could scarcely help laughing when I caught a glimpse of his face, he looked so delightfully miserable," added she, with a little merry laugh. After a moment's pause, she continued—"I'm afraid Mr. Vernon will think I am lost; if he should happen to inquire after me, and I'm not forthcoming, there will be a fine fuss. I suppose I must tell him that I have met you, and that will make him cross for the rest of the day—heigho!"

"Surely," said I, "he can never be so unreasonable as to blame you for such a trifle as that. Does he expect you to be a nun because he lives in a priory?"

"Almost, I really think," was the reply; "and now, good bye, Mr. Fairleigh," she continued—"I shall feel so much happier since I have been able to explain to you that I am not quite a monster of ingratitude."

"If that is the case, I am bound to rejoice in it also," answered I, "though I would fain convince you that the explanation was not required."

Her only reply to this was an incredulous shake of the head; and, once more wishing me good morning, she tripped along the path; and, when I turned to look after her, her graceful figure had disappeared among the trees.

With a flushed brow and beating heart, (gentle reader, I was barely twenty,) I hastened to rejoin my companion, who, as might be expected, was not in the most amiable humour imaginable, having had to restrain the impatience of two fiery horses for a space of time nearly approaching half an hour.

"Really, Lawless," I began, "I am quite ashamed."

"Oh, you are, are you?" was the rejoinder. "I should rather think you ought to be, too. But it's always the way with you fellows who pretend to be steady and moral, and all that sort of thing—when you do find a chance of getting into mischief, you're worse a great deal than a man like myself, for instance, who, without being bothered with any particular principles of any kind, has what I call a general sense of fitness and propriety, and does his dissipation sensibly and correctly. But to go tearing off like a lunatic after the first petticoat you see fluttering among the bushes in a gentleman's park, and leaving your friend to hold in two thorough-bred peppery devils, that are enough to pull a man's arms off, for above half an hour, it's too bad a great deal. Why, just before you came, I fully expected when that mare was plunging about on her hind legs—"

"How lovely she looked!" interrupted I, thinking aloud.

"You thought so, did you?" rejoined Lawless; "I wish you'd just had to hold her; her mouth's as hard—"

"Her mouth is perfect," replied I, emphatically; "quite perfect."

"Well, that's cool," muttered Lawless; "he'll put me in a passion directly;—pray, Sir, may I ask how on earth you come to know anything about her mouth?"

"How do I know anything about her mouth?" exclaimed I. "Did I not watch with delight its ever-varying expression?—mark each movement of those beautiful lips, and drink in every syllable that fell from them?—not observe her mouth! Think you, when we have been conversing together for the last half-hour, that I could fail to do so?"

"Oh, he's gone stark staring mad!" exclaimed Lawless; "straight waistcoats, Bedlam, and all that sort of thing, you know:—conversing with my bay mare for the last half-hour, and drinking in every syllable that fell from her beautiful lips—oh, he's raving!"

"What do you mean?" said I; at length awaking to some consciousness of sublimity affairs—"Your mare!—who ever thought of your mare? it's Miss Saville I'm talking about."

"Miss Saville!" repeated Lawless; giving vent to a long whistle, expressive of incredulity; "why, you don't mean to say you've been talking to Miss Saville all this time, do you?"

"To be sure I have," replied I; "and a very interesting and agreeable conversation it was too."

"Well," exclaimed Lawless, after a short pause; "all the luck in this matter seems to fall to your share; so the sooner I get out of it the better. It won't break my heart, that's one comfort;—if the young woman has the bad taste to prefer you to me, why, it can't be helped, you know;—but what did she say for herself, eh?"

"She sent you her forgiveness, for one thing," replied

I; and I then proceeded to relate such particulars of the interview as I considered expedient; which recital, and our remarks thereupon, furnished conversation during the remainder of our drive.

HISTORY OF THE COTTON MANUFACTURE.¹

THE next step in the advance of the cotton machines was made by the celebrated Richard Arkwright, who, either by improving on the inventions of others, or maturely developing his own, became the first of cotton lords, gaining the honours of knighthood, and the more solid benefits of a princely fortune. Arkwright was born at Preston in 1732, where he became apprentice to a barber, but rather directed his attention to mechanical inventions than the forming of wigs, or the adornment of petted curls. His first attempts were directed to the construction of a machine which should move perpetually; and this dream of a constant motion occupied his mind until circumstances directed his genius in a more useful direction. He became intimate with Hay, a clock-maker, who one day advised Arkwright to cease from the child's play of constructing curious toys, at which the world might, indeed, look for a moment in surprise, but finding itself none the wiser, would be sure to pass on, smiling, with a sort of contemptuous pity, on the useless productions. Arkwright heard the warning from one who seemed to know the wants of the world around him, and in further conversation Hay directed his friend to aim at the formation of some machine which would facilitate the weaver's labour, providing him with a more abundant and cheaper material for his warp. The inventions of Wyatt and Hargreaves had but stimulated, not satisfied expectation, and Arkwright began to think he might be one of those fortunate men destined to advance the wealth and happiness of his country. Accordingly, he and Hay set to work; and, after many consultations, produced a machine which seemed likely to answer the end proposed. This was not, however, constructed without some aid from others. Mr. Atherton, of Warrington, lent Arkwright the services of a smith and watch-tool maker; and Mr. Smalley, a spirit-dealer at Preston, agreed to advance some money. This last item was especially serviceable to the poor inventor, who was unable at that time to go to the poll at the election of General Burgoyne until some friends provided him with decent clothing. Such, when on the very threshold of his successful career, was the condition of him, who became the honoured and rich Sir Richard Arkwright.

The Master of the Preston Grammar School was persuaded by Mr. Smalley to place a room at the disposal of his friend the mechanist, where the various experiments were performed—and there, at last, the machine was completed. It seemed to work well, but all was, as yet, tantalizing uncertainty and fear; the invention might yet disappoint the ardent expectations now forming in the mind of Arkwright, or the secret become prematurely known, when all the fruits of their studies might be reaped by others. The spinners, too, were not men to be trifled with, and, should they discover the nature of his invention, it would soon be destroyed by a riotous mob; for those who obtained their livelihood by hand-spinning were infuriated by the attempts to introduce the powers of machinery within their own peculiar province. He at length felt the crisis of his life had arrived,—that the tide had risen, which, "taken at the flood, rolls on to fortune,"—and a patent being procured in 1767, Arkwright took his stand before England, and entered the race for fame and wealth. In his application for the patent he is said to have described himself as "Richard Arkwright, clock-maker, of Nottingham;" and some have severely

censured him for this *untrue* description, which they regard as an attempt to support his claims to the various inventions patented in his name. Doubtless, persons would be less surprised at the production of an elaborate piece of mechanism by a clock-maker than if the same work were ascribed to a barber; but we omit all theorizing on a statement which is not supported by facts, as Arkwright did not so describe himself; for the term clock-maker does not appear in the patent. His machine was called the "Water-frame," being turned by water, like all the early spinning mills; for that was the great power of his age; and if Brindley deemed all rivers created but to form canals, some of the early cotton mill-owners may have regarded streams as chiefly destined to turn mills. Well, indeed, did water perform its task; but the steam-engine has, in most cases, superseded, with its iron arm and ceaseless energies, "the quiet old mill stream that long years ago" threw its sparkling waters on many a wheel. Arkwright, being joined by several wealthy persons, erected a cotton mill at Nottingham, and by incessant studies developed the powers of his machine. During five years no returns of capital were received, whilst an outlay of 20,000*l.* had been required to carry out the requisite improvements. But those efforts and risks were at length rewarded by the successful working of his invention, and Arkwright became a manufacturer on a vast scale. He was not, however, permitted to enjoy in peace the rewards of his severe application and numerous perplexities. The Lancashire manufacturers infringed his patent with a degree of audacity unprecedented, and Arkwright saw his inventions used by rivals who, strong in their combinations, defied all appeals to law. Arkwright's patrons determined to resist this opposition and spoliation. He therefore resolved upon opposing the numerous attempts to infringe his patent, and commenced nine actions against various manufacturers in the year 1781. Now came the moment of triumph for his mercenary rivals, who succeeded in procuring the nullification of Arkwright's patent, on the ground that his inventions had been described with a studied obscurity. Thus, after years of trouble and vast outlay, the improver of the water-frame saw his discoveries flung as a prey to every speculator; in addition to which, the manufacturers opposed him in every way, refusing even to purchase his yarns, and driving him to weave the productions of his own spinning frame.

About four years after, in 1785, another effort was made to recover what Arkwright deemed his rights; and on the 17th of February he obtained a verdict in his favour, by which the validity of the patent was established. Arkwright's success was short-lived; his rivals still persisted; and in a great trial, on June 25th, overturned his claims to the invention of the water-frame. He was now left to contend, on unprivileged ground, with his opponents, and soon became the greatest cotton manufacturer, even regulating the values of yarn throughout the kingdom, as all the spinners followed his prices. The loss of his patent had so irritated him against the Lancashire manufacturers, that he attempted to raise the Scotch spinners to a rivalry with those of England, observing, in the first ebullitions of his anger, that "he would find a razor in Scotland to shave Manchester." His opponents were witty on this term borrowed from his former trade, but he evinced a determination to carry out the threat by connecting himself with Mr. Dale of Lanark Mills. He did not, however, persist in such an exclusive spirit, and soon became noted for his vast works at Cromford in Derbyshire, where each year found his vast wealth increasing.

The barber of Preston now rose to honour, being chosen High Sheriff of Derbyshire in 1786; in which year he also received the honour of knighthood upon presenting an address to the king from the county, congratulating the monarch on his escape from the knife of Margaret Nicholson.

His great improvement was the *drawing machine*, by

which the cotton wool is drawn out so as to extend to more than twice the length of the original *roving*. Such a lengthening is requisite for the production of those delicately fine threads from which the elegant productions of the loom are formed. Without this drawing machine our weavers could only produce coarse and heavy materials instead of the gossamer-like substance of modern looms.

The principle of the drawing machine consists in the passing of the thread between one pair of rollers after it comes from between another pair, the motion of the former pair being more rapid than that of the latter. If the two pairs of rollers moved at the same rate, the thread would only be *flattened* in the passage; but if the second set revolve more rapidly than the first, the cotton must be *lengthened*. Thus, suppose the second pair to move with twice the rapidity of the preceding, the cotton will not supply the thread fast enough for the former, and it must either *break* or *stretch*. The elasticity of the material prevents it from snapping; and the extension of the thread is therefore the necessary result. Three advantages are thus obtained with the greatest certainty: first, the line of cotton can be extended to the particular length required by the manufacturer; in the next place, this lengthened thread can be brought to any degree of fineness; and lastly, this thread, of many miles in length, is kept, by the harmonized and uniform action of the rollers, to the same thickness throughout. The perfection and beauty of this machinery may be estimated by the fact, that, from a pound of raw cotton, a fine and even thread may be produced nearly two hundred miles long.

The principle of this drawing machine was certainly first developed by Wyatt, in his rolling engine; but being expanded in various details by Arkwright, and connected with the spinning jenny of Hargreaves, became the source of numerous fortunes, and the main spring of the cotton manufacture. Arkwright must therefore be regarded rather as an ingenious adapter and judicious improver, than an inventor. But let us not forget the fertility of resource, patient investigation, and mechanical skill, required by him who adapts to one end the various and scattered devices of others. Arkwright's improvement therefore demands our highest praise, and few will refuse to join in the commendation bestowed by parliament in 1774, when his labours were pronounced as laudable as they were legal.

Arkwright died near his works at Crompton, on the 3rd of August, 1792, at the age of sixty, having gained that which his predecessors, Wyatt and Hargreaves, failed to obtain—a vast fortune.

We have now traced the history of the cotton manufacture through the three stages indicated by the labours of three men—Wyatt, Hargreaves, and Arkwright; the first developing the principle of the carding machine, and the third still further improving the discovery of the first, besides adding to the efficiency of the spinning machine of the second. But improvements are not yet over in this wide field, and we now call the reader's attention to the discoveries of a fourth genius: the invention of the spinning mule, by Crompton.

The machinery of Arkwright, Hargreaves, and Wyatt, did not yet satisfy the wants of those who required a finer cotton thread for weaving than could be furnished by these contrivances.

A poor weaver, named Samuel Crompton, living at Hall-in-the-Wood, near Bolton, in Lancashire, first contrived a plan for effecting the desired object, by which the beauty and delicacy of cotton fabrics were advanced far beyond the most glowing anticipations. He saw that if the threads could be *stretched in the very process of spinning*, a piece of roving might be drawn out so as to furnish from a pound of cotton some thousands of yards more than could be obtained from the spinning jenny.

The reader must remember that the fineness of cotton thread is expressed by certain figures which denote the

number of hanks produced from a pound's weight of the roving. Thus, No. 40, implies that forty hanks of such thread are made from a pound; No. 60, that sixty hanks are so formed; and thus for all others up to the highest. As each hank measures eight hundred and forty yards, it is evident that the finer the cotton is stretched, the greater will be the number of hanks produced from a given weight of roving. It was at one time supposed that eighty hanks to the pound was the highest possible efforts of the spinning machines, but since the inventions of Crompton cotton yarn has been spun bearing the No. 350.

Between the years 1774 and 1779, Crompton was continually experimenting on the various plans which offered a prospect of producing finer cotton, and thus extending the manufacturing power of England. In 1771, his machine was finished, being however exceedingly rude, for the inventor possessed little operative skill; and was therefore unable to represent in the machine the fulness of his designs.

Crompton, nevertheless, set the engine to work, not with any hope of fame or honour; patents and speculations were far from the mind of this humble man, whose only wish was to use his invention privately for effecting some little improvement in his family comforts, and securing additional wages without the wear and tear of greater bodily exertion. At first his employers were surprised at the even beauty and fineness of his productions; nor could they refrain, whilst paying him the higher wages suited to his improved material, from wondering at the rapidity with which such perfect work was accomplished.

The whisper, that a new advance had been made in the machines of the cotton manufacture, soon spread amongst Crompton's neighbours at Hall-in-the-Wood, and thence ran to Bolton, startling the affrighted hand-spinners with the hated image of another rival to their craft. Persons now came from various parts to examine the details of the new machine, much to Crompton's annoyance, who complained bitterly of the interruption thus given to his quiet labours by the busy curiosity of the idle, and the feverish prying of the avaricious speculator. Many were eager to investigate the principle of the new inventions, in order to adapt it to their own engines, and Crompton clearly saw that his machine would soon come into use.

He named it the *Mule-Jenny*, thereby intimating that it was constructed partly from the water-frame of Arkwright, which was first moved by a horse-wheel, and partly from the jenny of Hargreaves; but it was known for some time in his neighbourhood as the "Hall-in-the-Wood wheel," a local appellation which has never been general.

The spindles of the mule are not set in a fixed frame, but on moveable supports, which run upon wheels fitted to grooves in the floor. Thus a long line of spindles may be seen, constantly moving backwards and forwards during the spinning process; so that at one moment a spectator sees the whirling and humming ranks of a thousand spindles approach within a few inches of his body, then slowly and calmly the mass stops and retreats to its former distance, after which the frame again advances as before; and thus through day and night the untired engine treads its ceaseless round. The object of these oscillating movements is to procure an *equable stretching* of the delicate threads during the spinning; thus when the frame is *wheeled on*, the cotton is wound up on the spindles; but when it has returned through a portion of its sweep, the rovings are suddenly tightened, and as the machine continues to retreat, it necessarily *stretches* the thread attached to the spindles, then coming forward winds up the distended lines, and again repeats the beautiful operation. Such nicety of movement requires the most delicate adjustment of the complicated machinery, and the most perfect control over the steam-power which moves the whole.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

THE MAIDEN AUNT,

No. III.—Чап. II.

I SAT alone in the pretty drawing-room of Enmore Hall, for I had not invited Mrs. Alvanley to assist me in receiving Miss Kinnaird, though she paid me a morning visit of two hours' duration, on the day which Owen had fixed for his ward's arrival. It was perhaps churlish of me, but my feelings were really and deeply interested, and I did not want either to make conversation, or to have it made for me. I don't think I am by nature sentimental, and I am quite sure that, in the present instance, I have neither sought nor permitted the peculiar state of mental self-indulgence, to which the world satirically affixes that epithet; but I was quite surprised at the degree of my own emotion when the sound of wheels on the frost-cripsed gravel—as quick, as light, and as traceless, as the passage of feelings across a world-hardened heart—announced that my visitor was actually come. I never can sit still on the sofa in the drawing-room, when I know that a person whom I wish to welcome is entering the hall-door. I have been repeatedly told that it is a weakness, and that it cannot hasten the meeting by more than half a minute, and I admit the truth of the objection; nevertheless, it is one of those cases in which I would not, if I could, be otherwise than weak. Heaven help poor human nature, if the *cui bono* question is to be asked in matters of affection! Those little exuberances, those delicious exaggerations, are just the very touches on which its beauty depends—the bloom on the butterfly's wing, needless to it, perhaps, as a mere flying-machine, but everything to it as a butterfly. I remember once stopping in a diligence, at night, to take up a Norman countrywoman; she was parting from her husband and child; and many were the long farewells which they exchanged ere she entered the vehicle. But when she was fairly in, and we were beginning to move, she nearly dislocated her own neck and my shoulder by stooping out of the window to give an extra and most inconvenient kiss to the little boy, who was held up by his papa to receive it. She had been hugging him to her heart's content the moment before—but all the *sweetness* of her affection was concentrated in that last unnecessary salute; I positively loved her for it; and though I travelled in her company during thirteen sultry hours, and she chewed garlic and shut the windows, such was the potency of that little indication of heart, that I had not arrived at hating her when we parted. But all this while Miss Kinnaird is on the carriage steps; I must hasten to assist her in descending. She returned my greetings with a warmth that was more than merely polite, and an ease which seemed to me scarcely natural at the shy and girlish age of eighteen. Her bonnet and veil nearly hid her face, but her unusual height, and singularly graceful figure, struck me at once; I had no time to analyze my impressions, for she passed quickly upstairs, attended by her own maid, and piloted by mine, to make a hasty toilette after her journey, while I was left to receive and entertain her brother.

Captain Frank Kinnaird, an elegant-looking young man, with very pleasing manners, and with no important resemblance to his father in look, *tone*, or air, first introduced himself to me, and then performed the same ceremony by his friend Captain Everard—a tall stiff-looking person, whose apparition surprised me not a little—and the two gentlemen then followed me into the drawing-room.

"We trespass on your hospitality rather unwarrantably," said Frank, as he established himself on the corner of the sofa; "but the lights in your windows, suggesting visions of fire and sofa, tea and muffins,

were really too tempting to be resisted by two travel-worn and frost-bitten mortals at this hour of a November night."

I said something civil about hoping to see him at Enmore Hall while his sister continued to be its inmate, as often as his leisure would permit; and I concluded with a half-dubious bow to his silent friend, who immediately acknowledged the compliment.

"You are very kind," said he, with grave politeness; "and the prospect is peculiarly agreeable when contrasted with our bachelor establishment at Acton Cottage. Neither of us can trust the other to make tea; and, as we have only one tea-pot, and the cook refuses to boil water for us more than twice a-day, we are obliged to take it by turns to go without 'the cup which cheers but not inebriates.'"

I was puzzled by the extreme quietness of manner with which this speech was delivered, and scarcely knew whether to laugh or not. My instinct, which is seldom at fault in detecting at once those who are likely to prove uncongenial on further acquaintance, had inspired me with an impulse of dislike to Captain Everard at the moment in which he was so unexpectedly introduced to my notice. I cannot deny that he looked like a gentleman, and some people might even have thought him good-looking; but he was pale, grave, and erect; and I made up my mind that he would prove to be sickly, stern, and formal; and I was not to be shaken in this determination by an ease of manner, and an expression of humour about the mouth, which seemed to indicate better things. Accordingly, I addressed myself principally to Frank Kinnaid, and expressed a charitable hope that his sister was not over-tired with her journey.

"She will be quite rested to-morrow," was his answer, "and you will then be able to make acquaintance with each other,—a process which I fancy that ladies can accomplish far more rapidly than gentlemen. I think I may venture to say, that Miss Forde will find no reason to regret the kindness which has induced her to take charge of Edith,—eh, Everard?"

"Miss Kinnaid is perfectly faultless in person, manners, mind, and heart," returned the gentleman thus appealed to. "I am qualified to pronounce this opinion, for it is full twenty-four hours since I was introduced to her."

"Ah, you laugh at me," cried Kinnaid, good-humouredly; "but I have the satisfaction of feeling sure, that if you had such a sister of your own, you would be just as proud of her as I am."

"There can be no doubt of that," answered Captain Everard. "Short as our acquaintance has been, I am beginning to feel proud of her already."

"We won't attend to him, Miss Forde," exclaimed Kinnaid, turning to me; "he is an incorrigible cynic—a fellow that doesn't believe in the existence of anything good upon the face of the earth."

"A comprehensive assertion that," coolly remarked Captain Everard, by way of comment.

"But," proceeded Frank, without minding him, "I am afraid of saying too much about Edith beforehand, you know, lest you should be disappointed; and I know I may generally be supposed to be partial. I dare say she is something wonderful—much like other young ladies; but she has had many advantages in education, and she has certainly made the most of them—not that she is a blue-stocking!—(I hate blue-stockings!)—nor one of those moving automata of accomplishments that one dares not come near, for fear one should touch the spring by accident, and they should go off into a bravura, or a German drama: no, she has no pedantry or affectation about her, of any kind; but," and here he lowered his voice, and assumed a confidential air, "I can't help speaking to you as an old friend, because I have heard so much of you and yours in days long gone by. She really is a very attractive sort of girl; and when she is presented next spring, we really do expect that she will make a sensation."

"Don't be afraid of speaking too warmly to me," cried I, delighted at his animation in his sister's behalf. "I am a very old-fashioned person in most of my opinions, and I always suspect the genuineness of an affection which is afraid to show its face."

Captain Everard gave me a peculiar look, which seemed to express, "How much I *could* say in answer to that sentiment; but I am not going to say anything." (I have often observed this kind of expression in the eyes of highly argumentative persons, when their acquaintance with you is as yet too recent to justify their attacking you for every word you utter, and when, consequently, they are just endurable—which, when the compassionate restraints of good-breeding drop away, they are *not*.) He then turned to his friend, and said,—

"Miss Kinnaid is highly accomplished, I know; yet I own I did fancy that her touch on the piano—"

"I don't know what fault you can find with her touch on the piano," replied Frank, shortly. "That fellow Thalberg said it was excellent, when he heard her, and I should think he knew rather more about it than either you or I. But how absurd I am!" added he, checking himself, "or rather, how absurd you are! Why you have never heard her play at all."

"Of course not," answered Everard; "for even you would hardly reckon among her perfections the power of introducing a pianoforte into her travelling-carriage. Neither did I find fault with her touch: I only just mentioned it—and lo! you hurl aside that poor inefficient mask of polite indifference directly, and show a scowling face, with defiance in every line. And I am sure Miss Forde will approve of me for having produced this effect, for I have just heard her say that she likes affection to shew its face boldly, and go flaunting and shouting about the streets and markets to the tune of 'I love her, *how* I love her!'"

His emphasis was so gravely comic as he pronounced these words, that I could not help laughing, though it was at myself. I had no time to undertake my defence, for, at this moment, Miss Kinnaid entered, and the attention of two of the party, at least, was immediately absorbed by her.

I was absolutely astonished at the splendour of her beauty. Descriptions of person are proverbially ineffective, yet I must try to give some idea of her peculiar characteristics. I have already said that she was more than usually tall; but the moulding of her figure was at once so round and so delicate, that whilst her worst foe could not have dared to call her lanky, her most injudicious admirer would never have thought of describing her as "a fine woman." Her head was small almost to a fault, covered with that abundance of dark hair which had made such an impression upon Owen, and which was drawn back from her brow, and braided together in one interminable length of glossy plait, arranged so as to form a natural coronet. Her forehead was low and wide; the eyebrows and eyelashes nearly black; the eyes deep-set, almond shaped, and of the darkest possible gray; the nose high and exquisitely chiselled; the mouth small, full, and with that peculiar curve of lip which is almost disdainful when in repose. She moved like a queen of nature's making, and it was impossible to look at her without mentally agreeing with her brother's opinion, that a creature so gifted, both by nature and fortune, would, indeed, "make a sensation" when she should appear in the gay world for which she was intended. I found that I was losing myself in melancholy wonder whether she would not be utterly spoiled by the dangerous admiration of the multitude, and what would be her final destiny: so I shook off my meditative humour at once, and set to work in good earnest to make myself and my tea as agreeable to my visitors as I could.

We naturally fell into conversation upon Alford and its neighbourhood, Miss Kinnaid inquiring into the nature and number of its picturesque attractions, with

the eagerness of a London-bred girl, whose conceptions of country enjoyments derive their beautiful colouring from the recollection of a happy childhood spent among woods and waters, flowers and birds. This was a point on which I could be eloquent, and I counted up, with animation almost equal to her own, the walks and views to which I hoped to introduce her, lamenting all the while that her first acquaintance with the soft and various loveliness of Devonshire should be made in the leafless month of November.

"Edith does not ask you about the men and women of the place, you perceive," cried Frank Kinnaird, mockingly, yet with an evident wish to call my attention to the simplicity of his sister's tastes. "She is a very romantic young lady; all her sympathies are for hills, meadows, and waterfalls. But I—who am a matter-of-fact person, who live by eating, drinking, and talking, and am resolved to obtain as many pleasant helps to those three grand occupations as I can for the next month or two—I may perhaps be permitted to inquire what kind of society is attainable at Alford?"

"Your sister is infinitely indebted to you, Kinnaird," said Captain Everard. "She was just coming to that question. She, however, would have been compelled to ask it in a circumlocutory manner, and with an air of nonchalance, as if it dropped out by accident, so as not to incur the reproach of feeling any interest in her fellow-creatures; while you are able to obtain the information she wants openly, without the trouble of manoeuvring, or the danger of disguise. You are an invaluable friend."

"That is a part of your system of having no faith in anybody," said Miss Kinnaird, quickly.

"My system of having no faith in anybody!" repeated he, with an air of astonishment; "I did not know I had such a system. Pray how did you find it out?"

"I dare say," exclaimed she, evading the question, "you do not believe in the reality of my love of beautiful country; you think I say it for effect, and that I am ashamed to express my true opinions, and think it very fine to assume indifference to everything except the beauties of nature, and, perhaps, books. But you are quite mistaken. I am not in the least ashamed of owning that I am very fond of society; that I delight in balls, and that I shall be excessively glad to hear that there is any chance of my going to one at Alford. Only you know," she added, turning to me, "that is no contradiction to my loving a fine view, and enjoying a country walk."

"Far from it," answered I; "the more keen one's perceptions of pleasure are, the more comprehensive they are likely to be,—at least, that is my idea."

"Your system, you mean, Miss Forde," said Captain Everard. "We have all got systems, only we don't know what they are till this lady is so good as to find them out for us. If I chose, I could dispute every assertion which Miss Kinnaird made in her last speech, especially the closing one; but I am so much interested to know how she discovered my system, that I cannot rest till she has told me. You won't refuse to explain, will you?" added he, addressing himself directly to her.

The young lady blushed, but did not seem at all disposed to retreat from what she had said. "Oh," she replied, "people who have the sort of views that you have, cannot conceal them if they would. One sees it all immediately. The manner in which you listened to Frank's account of his two friends, at dinner to-day, showed me at once what you thought."

"Indeed!" said he, apparently much amused. "Miss Forde, I am afraid you will find your companion very dangerous. You will stand committed to unknown and elaborate systems, not by the words you speak, but by the manner in which you listen; and at dinner too, when one is apt to fancy that observation is at rest, and the stricter restraints of society may be a little

relaxed. You will never be safe; and I really know not what advice to give you, for the last refuge of a cautious mind—silence—is converted into an ambush of the enemy."

"Listening is often a great deal more expressive than talking," said Miss Kinnaird, with playful determination; "besides, you were not wholly silent."

"I spoke, did I?" cried he. "I feel infinitely gratified to think that my words should have made so deep an impression."

I came to Edith's assistance here, for this last stroke evidently disconcerted her a little. "What is the story of Captain Kinnaird's two friends," asked I, "which has given rise to this war of words? I cannot decide which of you is wrong till I know the whole history."

"Oh! I'll enlighten you," cried Frank: "Everard, you know, is not in our regiment now; he exchanged more than two years since, and has been to the West Indies, and had the yellow fever, &c. &c., and that is why he is down here with me, on sick leave, recruiting a little. So he was asking me after some of our old friends to-day; and, among other histories, I told him of a fellow of the name of Harrison, whom we both knew very well, and who has just sold out, and bought land in Australia. A strange fancy it is, to be sure, and he has persuaded another fellow of ours—Milford (Everard, you didn't know Milford, he was after your time)—to join him, and they sunk the price of their commissions, and such private property as they had besides, in the purchase of I don't know how many acres, somewhere beyond Sydney, and they sailed last month, and are gone to set up farming together: the only wise part of the plan seems to me to be their going together, for they were always uncommonly great cronies; and it will certainly be better for them to have each other to talk to, instead of settlers and natives, and those sort of people."

"And I believe the head and front of my offending," said Captain Everard to Miss Kinnaird, "was, that I ventured to think it the only, or the most, unwise part of the plan! Did I do anything worse than that—except listen?"

She laughed, and replied,—"Oh yes, you did much worse. When Frank told you that there was a *real* friendship between them, you said you hoped it might last."

"Upon my word, Edith," cried her brother, joining Captain Everard and myself in the laugh which these words elicited, "it was a very charitable hope of Everard's, for I am sure if it does not last, the poor fellows will be in pretty nearly the most uncomfortable situation that I can imagine. Would you have had him hope that it might not last?"

"Yes, I think I may retort upon my assailant," added Everard. "I won't be so very general in my assertion; but it is pretty evidently Miss Kinnaird's system to have no faith in me."

"Oh, the tone in which you said it!" persisted she; "it implied such a disbelief in the possibility of its lasting. You may laugh, if you please, but I am sure it did. Now, can you say—truly and honestly—that you do not expect them to quarrel almost immediately?"

"I believe, on my honour and conscience," replied Captain Everard, with solemnity, "that by this day six months—I say six months, because I like to be on the safe side—they will not be upon speaking terms."

"There!" cried Edith, in triumph. "Was I not right? But how I pity you!"

"You pity me," rejoined he, "because I have a little more experience in human nature than it is possible or natural that you should have. Well, if such experience be profitable, I will allow that it is not very exhilarating. But I have this great advantage, that I am not undergoing perpetual disappointments. Knowing the truth of that wise old saying, that 'every man has his price,'

I am neither exuberantly confident nor jealously suspicious; but I pay for what I get, and never consider myself ill-used, unless, as sometimes happens, I don't get what I have paid for."

"Is it really possible?" exclaimed Edith, casting up her eyes, while her face glowed with generous and indignant astonishment. "Can I be hearing such words said in earnest? Oh, how glad, how thankful I am that there is not one spark of truth in them—that there are such things as friendship, and honour, and nobleness—that there are, have been, and will be, men who would die sooner than do what their conscience disapproved, though they might gain kingdoms by doing it! But it makes me uncomfortable to hear it said—though I know how false it is."

She stopped, seemingly quite abashed at her own warmth. "Everard is quizzing you, Edith," said her brother; "he is only trying to put you in a passion, and I must say he has succeeded."

"He is putting me in a passion also," said I, "and I dare say that is more than he intended. Captain Everard, we cannot allow these assertions to pass. Surely you are not in earnest."

He turned to me with a half-laugh, as though he had scarcely expected me to interpose with so much animation, and felt that a little more seriousness was necessary in replying to me than he had thought it incumbent on him to assume towards the younger lady, with whose undisguised warmth of feeling he seemed to be amusing himself a little unguardedly.

"Why, I am not going to maintain," he answered, "that the *literal* sense of the words is true.—I don't say, that every man has his price actually in pounds, shillings, and pence. But I think we can scarcely confute the assertion taken in a wider signification. I don't think we find many men who can resist temptation if only it assails them on their weak point, whatever that may happen to be. Most of the instances of heroic virtue concerning which society is eloquent seem to me to resolve themselves into this, that the man was tried where he happened to be strong, and so withstood the trial easily enough. A generous man is tempted to do a mean action—tempted, that is, by some arrangement of external circumstances which makes such an action easy and profitable. He does not do it, simply because he does not feel the slightest inclination to do it, and the world cries out in admiration. But let the same man be tempted to fly into a passion, and ten to one, he yields to the impulse without a struggle. The Tempter has only to pay his price, and he wins his prey immediately."

"This seems to me sophistical," said I; "but I am not logician enough to argue with you. According to this reasoning, I suppose that a man who had so schooled his mind as to make his impulses good instead of evil, would possess no merit at all."

"Pardon me," cried he, "I was speaking of real, modern, living men, such as we see around us. The character you describe is not to be met with among them—I was speaking of a man who is governed by his temperament—I should hardly venture to speak at all of one who had learned to govern it."

"You have a bad opinion of human nature."

"I have indeed," replied he, gravely, "a very high opinion of what it might be,—a very low opinion of what it is."

"And you do not believe in friendship?" exclaimed Miss Kinnaird; "that seems to me the strangest of all your opinions. I always thought there was so much real friendship among military men; there is such close and constant companionship, such unrestrained intimacy, such mutual dependence and forbearance. Why do you smile? I am sure it is the general rule—I am sure Frank thinks so."

"And so the tie which unites two red coats is in your eyes a holy and romantic thing! Forgive me if I say that seems to me the strangest of all your opinions. I should like to hear your notions of a military life."

"I ought to know something on the subject," answered she, colouring a good deal. "I am a soldier's sister."

"In the days of chivalry—in which you *ought* to have lived (you will at least agree with me in that)—such friendships as those which you are imagining to yourself, may have been common enough," observed Captain Everard. "Men to whom the profession of arms was a sacred thing, to be entered on with fast, prayer, and vigil, who had again and again faced death side by side, not with the bravado of physical indifference, but with the reverent fearlessness of Christian faith, whose vow of brotherhood was assumed before God, and blessed by the Church—don't you think such men as these must have been very nice!" added he, with a sudden change of tone and manner, as he encountered Edith's kindling eyes.

She made him no answer at all, and after a moment's pause he proceeded, "But what do you suppose is the progress of a friendship between two knights of modern times,—degenerate creatures that they are? It begins over the mess table, when the heart is warmed by a few additional glasses, and is in the most favourable state for the reception of a deep and lasting impression; it is cemented by sympathy and mutual assistance in practical jokes, and the noble contention of singletick; and, in the higher cases, though even these are by no means rare, the *friend*, emphatically so called, seals his devotion by becoming second in that rational and Christian recreation, a duel. A bond thus hallowed may naturally be expected to outlast time itself."

"Come, come, Everard, this won't do at all," cried Kinnaird, taking up the cudgels; "why, my dear fellow, your arguments are as flimsy as possible. I'll say nothing about your knights of old, though, if they began their friendships, as I dare say they did, over noble wine of Xeres, and cemented them at tilts and tournaments, I don't see why they need despise our mess tables and singletick. But if you mean to say, that there does not often exist between brother-officers a friendship as true, as refined, and as lasting, as can ever be met with in the world, I say you are mistaken. Why, you are yourself a proof to the contrary. Think what you have been to me!"

"My dear Frank," said Everard quickly, "I am arguing with the ladies; you are not to interest yourself in the matter at all. Besides, I am quite sure that I shall have Miss Kinnaird on my side here. I know, if she will only be so charitable to confess it, that she has a much higher opinion of the knights of old than of her Majesty's army at the present day. Now have you not, Miss Kinnaird?"

"If Edith would rather have a great murdering baron who could neither read nor write, than an accomplished, educated, rational man, I can only say she is very foolish," observed Kinnaird.

"You could not possibly say anything milder under the circumstances," returned his friend. "But I see I must take you home, where we can argue the question at our leisure. We are keeping the ladies up unconscionably late after your sister's fatigue."

Frank rose at this hint, and the gentlemen took their leave. "I am afraid I go away in disgrace," said Captain Everard, as he shook hands with me, "but you have a very charitable expression of countenance, and I shall trust to you, first to forgive me yourself and then to make my peace with that young lady, with whom I can scarcely venture to shake hands."

"If I thought you were really and thoroughly in earnest," rejoined she, doubtfully, "I should think a great deal worse of you than I do."

"Then I beg you will continue to suppose me in jest," cried he, as he quitted the room.

"That is a singular person," said I, when we were left alone. "Is he a very intimate friend of your brother's?"

"The dearest friend Frank has in the world," replied Edith; "I have been hearing Captain Everard's praises ever since he got his first commission; I believe he has a great many good qualities, and he has been invaluable

to Frank—and his conversation is interesting—one could not go to sleep over it as one so often feels inclined to do with commonplace people—but I cannot say that I like him."

"I should not like him for a friend," I observed cautiously.

"I dislike him excessively," cried she, with energy. And so we parted for the night.

What a number of little worlds revolve, unsuspected, under the uniform surface of that complex and mysterious thing, Society! The only words spoken that evening which had penetrated into my heart, and which remained there, were the careless expressions of Frank Kinnaird, "that he looked upon me as an old friend *because he had heard so much of me in his childhood.*" Amid the interminable musings which arose out of this little sentence, I fell asleep.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE COUNTRY.¹

CHAP. VIII.

A RAMBLE TO THE SYKE.

"PRAY, my dear mother, where did you and Justine ramble to this morning?" asked Charles Loraine, as the party at Kirkfield Hall drew near the blazing fire, and arranged the table and working-frames for the evening; "I came in, tired to death with hard study, to propose a walk, but found the girls all busy letter-writing, and you and my cousin vanished no one knew whither. Where did you go?"

"We went as far as the Syke," replied his mother, "because I wished to show Justine a specimen of our north-country farmhouses, and had not before been to partake of good Mrs. Fielding's yule-cake and cheese. You will all be in disgrace there if you do not go soon, for she says she has looked for you every day, and has made Justine promise to visit her again with you."

"Which I did promise most readily," said Justine. "Estrange," "for I was quite taken with the old lady's hospitality and homely good humour. Not that I am sure I understood all she said, for she certainly did speak more broadly than any one I have yet met with, when she 'wondered as hoo t' young ladies hed nivver been ower ta taste t' yule-cake, an' not even Mr. Charles hed been in wi' his gun ta hev a bit o' cheese an' a sup o' Christmas yall. She really thowt it war ower bad. They might as weel hev a barghest at Syke, ye all seemed as flayed ta cum till it."

"Well done, Justine!" cried Charles, "you will speak the real Doric in time."

"Is it not a shocking corruption of language?"

"I am not quite so sure of that, Mademoiselle. Modern English you know is said to be a corruption of the Saxon, and in our dales I doubt not you will find more words of pure Saxon origin than in any other district. We must introduce you to Dr. F., who will discourse most learnedly upon this topic, and doubtless tell you an anecdote of his younger days, when, meeting in a coffee-room at Rome with another daleman, they were both so rejoiced at the encounter that they sat down together, and talked long and loudly in their broadest mother-tongue, till interrupted by a very modest yet dignified-looking personage, who introduced himself as the celebrated Signor A., and said he had believed himself master of all European dialects, and many other languages, but was emboldened to intrude upon them to ask in what language they were conversing, as all his learning had not enabled him to guess at it. Dr. F. told him it was pure and uncorrupted English, which

was still preserved in some of the secluded districts of the north. The good doctor is half inclined to uphold his assertion even yet, nor am I sure if he be in jest or in earnest when he does so. But I am glad you like our friend Mrs. Fielding; she is a great favourite with my mother."

"She is one of an old-school class, now almost extinct," said Mrs. Loraine, "and I confess a favourite of mine. I like going to the Syke. There is always a hearty welcome, and no pretension, no aiming at refinement which would be out of place. We were indeed ushered into the best parlour, which Justine might think quite Frenchified, for there stands the best bed, exhibited with as much pride as a Parisian couch with its elegant drapery, though composed of rather more solid and substantial materials. There too is the corner-cupboard of black oak, standing open to display several pieces of fine old china, and a huge chest of highly polished and inlaid walnut-wood drawers, large enough to contain her fine stock of household linen, all spun by her own hands or those of her mother and grandmother. Mrs. Fielding herself, with her dark silk-handkerchief tied in this cold weather over her close widow's cap, her grave cotton gown, and checked apron, is quite in keeping with the homely but substantial look of all about her. From her I am sure to hear the best account of all the poorer neighbours, the truest and the kindest, nor do I think there is any one more ready to relieve their wants, in which she is always aided by her son, whose farm and dairy she helps to manage; and as constable, over-keeper, or churchwarden, William Fielding has long been the most useful man in the parish."

"She chiefly won my heart," said Justine, "by her remembrance of my mother, and by telling me I was like her, and that for her sake as well as for my own she was delighted to show me the treasures of her dairy, her poultry-yard, and her garden."

"It is a bad season for the garden," said Sophia; "but in the summer it is unrivalled not only in its profusion of roses, honeysuckles, and peonies, its tall willow herb and wide-spreading mignonette beds for her bees, but for its infinite variety of pot-herbs, on which she prides herself, and which you would doubtless remark hanging in bundles innumerable from the top of the room. It is a bad season for viewing the garden."

"Not so bad, Sophia," replied Justine, "but I met with a prize growing in a warm and sheltered corner near the wall, and brought away this sprig of rosemary in full bloom as a commencement for the herbal Agnes has been persuading me to attempt under her auspices. You will help me to-morrow, Agnes, will you not? and perhaps this flower will be a theme for what Charles calls our lecture to-night."

"Did Mrs. Fielding not tell you any of its virtues?" asked Lucy.

"Indeed she expatiated greatly on its valuable properties as a comforter to the heart, a strengthener of the memory, a cure for the headache, and a wash for the hair; and told me it is the chief ingredient in the far-famed Hungary water. Nay, she would hardly believe I did not pluck this sprig to make rosemary tea, and, blaming my excessive modesty, would fain have laden me with a huge bundle ready dried for the purpose."

"I thought she would not fail to recommend its good qualities."

"And pray, ladies," asked Frederic, "did not your memories want strengthening when you omitted to add rosemary to your rose-named flowers?"

"Our memories were not at fault, I can assure you, Frederic," answered Sophia, "for this plant does not derive its name from the rose. It is properly *rus*, and comes from the same root as *drosera*, which you may remember signifies dew. Rosemary is *Ros Marinus*, or the dew of the sea; and in its native country, the South of Europe, this plant grows so close to the sea-shore that it literally seems to receive its nourishment from its exhalations."

"It is altogether a poor dull-looking plant, and would hardly have claimed our notice at any other season of the year than this, when I suppose it is valued for the scarcity of other flowers."

"It has greater claims to our notice than this, Justine," said Mrs. Martha Lorraine; "and I think there are few plants which are invested with more pensive and poetic interest. You doubtless remember Ophelia's speech, 'There's rosemary, that's for remembrance'—and the quality so generally ascribed to it of serving to strengthen the memory makes it not only a favourite flower of rustic gallantry—a sort of forget-me-not—but seems to have hallowed it in a still more tender manner. It is peculiarly the flower of the dead in the estimation of many widely-differing parts of England. Amongst the fishermen of Yarmouth and other places on the coast of Norfolk, and also in Yorkshire, I have seen it strewn over the humble coffin, and laid in profusion around the church during a funeral; and in the churchyards of Wales, so celebrated for the beautiful custom which decorates them with flowers, the rosemary is a principal favourite, and sprigs of this plant are usually worn by mourners, and thrown into the grave as a last offering of affection."

"But, my dear aunt," said Charles, "pray remember that rosemary is, or was, also a country decoration for weddings, and as such is frequently named by our old English writers. Spenser, I think, calls it 'refreshing rosemary;' so do not let Justine look upon her first attempt to form an herbal as an ill-omened beginning. Agnes, when you were a little girl,—which I dare not call you now that you reach up to the shoulder of such a grenadier as I am,—you used to repeat a great part of Shenstone's 'Schoolmistress.' Can you remember the verse in which he celebrates the rosemary?"

"Oh dear!" said Agnes, "it is a very, very long time since I repeated that task, but I will try;" and with a little recollection she repeated—

"And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts appear.
Oh wassel days! oh customs meet and well!
Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere;
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thune and lordling dwell."

"Shenstone's 'Schoolmistress' must have been an ancestress of Mrs. Fielding's," said Lucy; "since in her garden were to be found 'herbs for use and physic not a few;' but look at your flower, Justine, and see if it has not a bright edging to its dull petals, which the poet so prettily calls its glittering skirts."

"You see, Justine," said Charles, "your flower is not so despicable as you were inclined to suppose; and I dare say other quotations may be brought forward in its favour."

"I think," said Cyril, "I have read that in the Great Desert many stalks of rosemary and lavender are found, though it is not known whence they spring; and to this Moore is supposed to allude when he calls this plant—

'The humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thoughtlessly are shed
To scent the desert and the dead.'

"I was going to tell you the rosemary is a most useful plant in some parts of India, where it is commonly burnt as fuel; but I remember, in time to save that blunder, that it is a species of artemisia or southernwood which is there used, and that the strong scent and smoke were among the minor distresses suffered by the heroic Lady Sale and other prisoners during their most disastrous captivity in the Afghan war."

"Mr. Cyril," said Charles, "I will quote a still more sentimental poet than yours. Though his name is Gay, his subject is most dismal, and he quite coincides with Aunt Martha's account of the plant in his most affecting description of the funeral of Blouzelinda:—

'To shew their love, the neighbours far and near
Followed, with wistful look, the damsel's bier.
Sprigged rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dimly the parson walk'd before:
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
'The daisy, butter-flower, and endive blue.'

"Do you not think," asked Mr. Barlow, "that this custom of strewing rosemary at funerals may have arisen from the aromatic properties of the plant, which might be supposed beneficial in preventing any infection or unpleasant effluvia from the corpse? The essential oil expressed from it is peculiarly fragrant."

"Such an idea has been before suggested, and is supported by the French name *encensier*, or incense-plant," replied Mrs. Martha; "but I am always inclined to adhere to a poetical explanation, and the more so in this instance, as there seems to be some superstitious interest attached to the plant in other countries. I was struck the other day, on reading the narrative of a modern traveller in Spain, to find him mention the rosemary being worn round the hat of a Spanish contrabandista as a charm against witches or mischances on the road."

"Might not that idea of protection be suggested by its name, Mary," rejoined Mr. Barlow, "which, as applied to many flowers, shows them to have been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin?"

"Rosemary is not one of those; for, though it is supposed to have been introduced into this country by the monks of the early ages, yet, as Sophia has told us, its name has a different origin; nor has its Spanish name any connexion with the Virgin Mary. Mr. Barrow mentions it as Romero, and I believe we must trace the feeling with which it is regarded to a more remote era, for the same author expresses his belief that it is of Scandinavian descent, and may have been introduced into Spain by the Vandals."

"My dear aunt, you are carrying us far away indeed," cried Cyril. "Let me bring back the discourse at least to the middle ages, and inquire something of the many flowers which Mr. Barlow speaks of as dedicated to the Virgin?"

"I think I must refer you to Rose and Lucy," said Mr. Barlow, "for I remember they were much amused by the account they received from an old Romanist, whilst they were visiting at Clifton Park."

"Indeed the good old gentleman entered most kindly into our floral pursuits," said Lucy; "and, though no botanist, brought what he could to our common stock of amusement, by tracing the origin of many of our popular names for plants to the old monkish times, and teaching us to look back to the inhabitants of our beautiful and ruined monasteries, as in those times the preservers of science as well as of religion, and as blending the one with the other in fantastic and poetic formulae, making the flowers of the field a rural calendar of the church, by dedicating to each saint such flowers as appeared in bloom the nearest to their festivals. Even to our favourite snow-drop, he gave us a new title, and said that, in ancient days, it was known as 'the fair maid of February,' because it blows about the second of that month, which is the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, or Candlemas-day, and may well be a type of virgin purity."

"On this subject," said Rosaline, "Mr. Selby was quite an enthusiast; and, during our morning's walk to the ruins of St. Werberg's priory, was delighted to discover the Geum Nivale, or herb St. Bennet, and afterwards to point out the elegant form of its leaves, in the beautiful tracery of the capitals and other parts of the building."

"I think he was still more delighted," said Lucy, "to find a poor straggling plant of monk's-hood, or wolf's-bane, amongst the ruins, and to expatiate upon the valuable knowledge of the Benedictines, who could draw healing virtue from the most dangerous herbs, and

had applied even the monk's-hood as a remedy for some diseases."

"Oh! I remember hearing you tell us of that," interrupted Agnes; "and you know James Hamilton wrote a charade upon it. I have it just here in my scrap-book: pray let me read it to Mrs. Barlow, and Justine, and Frederic."

"I shall proclaim silence in the court whilst Agnes reads," exclaimed Frederic; "since it is avowedly for my edification." And Agnes began:—

"It is night, dusky night, and the moon shines bright
On the walls of the abbey gray;
Whence my *first* steals forth 'neath her tender light
And weids his silent way.

"His footsteps sound on the echoing ground,
As he paces the cloisters dim;
The wind whistles shrill, and he feels 'its chill
Creep over each aged limb.

"Yet he lingers there in the midnight air,
And draws my *second* down
O'er the scanty locks of snow-white hair
Which fringes his shaven crown.

"Then forth he treads, where the moonbeam sheds
Its silvery light, and pours
With the falling dew o'er the garden beds
Fresh beauty for their flowers.

"There rue and balm, in the moonlight calm,
Their fragrance distil,
And that brother's eye can well descry
Each herb of good and ill.

"With a mournful air my *whole* grows there,
Dread plant of baleful power!
Yet to gather its leaves is that brother's care
In the mystic midnight hour.

"And he crosses his brow, and murmurs low
A prayer that the holy rood
May bless the use of that dark herb's juice,
And extract from all evil good."

"Thank you, Agnes," said her cousin; "your riddle might have been more difficult to be guessed, had you not told us beforehand what gave rise to it; but let me ask Sophia what is the botanical name for this plant, and why it has acquired those of wolf's-bane and monk's-hood?"

"I need only show you my drawing, and point out the peculiarly hood-like shape of the flower, to account for one name," replied Sophia. "Wolf's-bane, I suppose, alludes to the very fearfully poisonous qualities which reside in every plant of the whole species, and are so powerful as to destroy the strongest animals; indeed old Gerarde says, the plant was anciently placed in pieces of raw meat, and laid where wolves were known to resort, in order that they might be destroyed by eating it. Gerarde also calls it the helmet-flower, and in Germany it is called Hurmhut, both which names plainly allude to the shape of the flower. Its botanical names are *Aconitum Napellus*, the former derived from the town of Acona in Bithynia where it abounds, the latter—the trivial name which distinguishes it from others of the same species—from *napus*, a turnip, because the roots resemble small turnips."

"I think, Sophia," said her father, "since you do quote old Gerarde so often, you ought to enlighten us as to the antidote he sets forth against the poison of the monk's-hood. He says cattle and other beasts will eat the grass around the roots, but never touch the herb itself, which is shunned by all living creatures, except certain flies, who feed upon it with impunity; and he recommends a dose of twenty of those flies as a remedy to those who may incautiously taste of it."

"First catch your flies, I suppose," said Charles, laughing. "For my part, I would as soon trust to the garland of rosemary as a charm against witches."

"Our friend Gerarde, whilst he warns us against the credulity of others, is certainly given to the same folly

himself; but the march of intellect had scarcely begun in his days, and he must be honoured for even the short step he has achieved."

"Sophia still stands up for her old friend, I observe," said Cyril; "but I have not yet got a list of the plants dedicated to the Virgin. Virgin's bower, I suppose, is one?"

"Yes, and we have also our lady's mantle, alchemilla; lady's traces, or tresses, *spiranthes æstivalis*; lady's slipper, *cypridium calceolus*; with others, all of which Mr. Selby told us were anciently dedicated to the Virgin."

"And to these," said Justine, "I am proud to be able to add *Les gants de Notre-Dame*, which I think is called in England the foxglove."

"The beautiful foxglove," exclaimed Rose. "I am quite glad, Justine, to have another name for it; another recollection to attach to the noble flower which always seems to me to blossom in the waste and deserted places, and erect there its stately head, as if to show that worth and beauty may be found far from the busy haunts of men; and when I have seen it bow beneath the passing gale, and then rise again with its beauty unimpaired, it has seemed a type of some noble spirit which wisely bows to the light humour of the moment, but soon reclaims its inherent superiority."

"My associations with the foxglove," said Lucy, "are not half so full of moral, but I am sure they are quite as poetical as Rosaline's, for I always think of the pretty name by which the village children call it—'fairy thimbles'—and fancy I can see the tiny elves peeping out of the bells—one hiding itself far in the interior, from the pursuit of its companions, who are flitting around in merry search; another greedy imp devouring the honey stored away in some secret cell; and a third, with the gravity of a philosopher, counting the stars, noting down on a lily leaf the number and situation of the spots which decorate its petals."

THE VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

OUR voyage across the Atlantic had been eminently prosperous. From our departure from New York, August 1, 1840, we encountered no obstruction, during the seventeen days that brought us to the Irish coast. Our good ship, the *Europe*, Captain Edward G. Marshall, surmounted the waves buoyantly, and often seemed to skim their surface, like a joyous bird. We almost imagined her to be conscious of the happiness she imparted, as seated on the deck, in the glorious summer moonlight, we saw her sweeping through the crested billows, with a pleasant rushing sound, right onward in the way she ought to go.

Thus were we cheated along our watery way; and, by making the most of the scenery without and the resources within, experienced as little ennui as could be expected, and indulged in no anticipation of evil. But that terror of mariners awaited us in St. George's Channel—a dense fog upon an iron-bound coast. We had joyfully seen the light in the head of old Kinsale; afterwards, the harbour of Cork and the mountains of Dungannon revealed themselves, and were lost. Then wrapped in a thick curtain, we went on fearfully with continual soundings. A chill rain occasionally fell; and the winds moaned and cried among the shrouds, like living creatures. The faithful and attentive Captain, oppressed with a sense of his responsibility, scarcely took refreshment or repose. At midnight, on the 19th, we heard his voice cheerfully announcing, that a bright light from Tuscar Rock was visible, that our course was right, and that all might retire to rest, free from anxiety.

As morning dawned, I lay waking, and listening to sounds that seemed near my ear, and even upon my pillow. They were like water forcing its way among obstructions, or sometimes as if it were poured hissing upon heated stones. At length I spoke to the friend who shared my state-room, of a suppressed voice of eddies and whirlpools, like what is often heard in passing Hell Gate, when the tide is low. She thought me imaginative; but on hearing that I had long been reasoning with myself, and yet the sounds remained, she threw on her dressing-gown, and ascended to the deck. The fog was still heavy, and all things appeared as usual. Soon the carpenter, being sent aloft to make some repairs, shouted, in a terrible voice, "Breakers! breakers!" The mist lifted its curtain a little, and there was a rock, sixty feet in height, against which the sea was breaking with tremendous violence, and towards which we were propelled by wind and tide! At the first appalling glance, it would seem that we were scarcely a ship's length from it. In the agony of the moment the Captain, clasping his hands, exclaimed that all was lost. Still, under this weight of anguish, more for others than himself, he was enabled to give the most minute orders with entire presence of mind. They were promptly obeyed; the ship, as if instinct with intelligence, obeyed her helm, and sweeping rapidly around, escaped the jaws of destruction. Still we were long in troubled waters, and it was not for many hours, and until we had entirely passed Holyhead, that the Captain took his eye from the glass, or quitted his post of observation. It would seem that, after he had retired to rest the previous night, the ship must have been imperfectly steered, and aided by the strong drifting of the tides in that region, was led out of her course towards Cardigan Bay; thus encountering the reef which is laid down on the charts as Bardsey's Isle.

The passengers, during this period of peril, were generally quiet, and offered no obstruction, through their own alarms, to the necessary evolutions on deck. One from the steerage, an Irishman, who had been thought, but a few days before, in the last stages of pulmonary disease, was seen in the excitement of the moment labouring among the ropes and blocks, as if in full health and vigour. It was fearful to see him, with a face of such mortal paleness, springing away from death in one form, to meet and resist him in another. Every circumstance and personage, connected with that scene of danger, seem to adhere indelibly to recollection. A young girl came and sat down on the cabin floor, and said in a low, tremulous tone, "I have loved my Saviour, but have not been faithful to Him as I ought;" and, in that posture of humility, awaited his will. A mother, who since coming on board had taken the entire charge of an infant, not a year old, retired with it in her arms to a sofa, when the expectation of death was the strongest upon us all. Masses of rich black hair fell over her brow and shoulders, as her eyes were rivetted upon the nursing, with whom she might so soon go down beneath the deep waters. He returned that gaze with an almost equal intensity, and then they sat uttering no sound, scarcely breathing, and pale as a group of sculptured marble. His large, dark eyes seemed to cast—

"Not those baby looks, that go
All unmeaning to and fro;
But an earnest gazing deep,
Such as soul gives soul at length,
When through work and wail of years
It hath won a solemn strength."

In that strange communion, was the mother imparting to her nursing her own speechless weight of agony, at parting with other beloved objects in their distant home?

Or did the tender soul take upon itself a burden, which pressed from it a sudden ripeness of sympathy?

Or was the intensity of prayer drawing the spirit of the child into that of the mother, until they were as one before God?

Strong lessons were learned at an hour like this. Ages of thought were compressed into a moment. The reach of an unbodied spirit, or some glimpses of the power by which the deeds and motives of a whole life may be brought into view, at the scrutiny of the last judgment, seemed to reveal itself. Methought the affections, that so imperatively bind to earth, loosened their links in that very extremity of peril; and a strange courage sprang up, and the lonely soul, driven to one sole trust, took hold of the pierced hand of the Redeemer, and found it strong to save. — *From Mrs. Sigourney's "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands."*

THE TRUE HEIR.

MANY centuries have passed since Theophilus was Emperor of Rome, whose Empress was Pulcheria, the beautiful daughter of the King of Hungary. Beautiful indeed in form, and engaging in converse and manner, Pulcheria was far from true and faithful to her lord the Emperor, and great and constant doubts were always entertained of the legitimacy of the four sons, the princes of the empire.

During the lifetime of Theophilus constant dissensions arose between the three elder princes, who seemed to recognise but one bond of union, hatred and opposition to their father and their younger brother Charis. He alone was dutiful and obedient to his parents. Many a war was begun between the brothers, many a hollow truce made, and many an act of treachery practised against one another, as well as against the aged Emperor. Charis alone sided with his father, and was his defender in the battle-field, his comforter in distress, his counsellor in difficulty.

At last the old Emperor died, and was buried in the sepulchre of his fathers, and no one knew who should succeed him. Hardly had the funeral procession ceased from crowding the streets of the imperial city, or the echoes of the solemn hymn died away in the sanctuary where his corpse was laid, ere the trumpets sounded to arms, and the three elder sons of the Emperor were in open warfare for his vacant throne.

Many adherents flocked to each standard, allured by the prospect of spoil and cruelty, and the empire was threatened on every side with desolation and suicidal war. The apparent equality of the contending forces, and the firm determination shown by the great and good lords of the kingdom, not to admit even the successful combatant to the crown, except under the strongest bonds for his good government, disposed the brothers to defer the question to arbitration.

On an appointed day, the three elder brothers, each accompanied by two armed followers alone, met in the great meadow of the old Campus Martius, before the assembled multitudes that stood in masses around on every side. Then the

prefect of the city advanced before the multitude, and asked them why they came.

"We are come," rejoined the brothers, "to defer our claim to the imperial crown to the judgment of the wisest man in Rome—the Senator Senex."

"There yet lacketh one among you—your youngest brother Charis."

"Let him come," rejoined the brothers—"he, too, shall abide by the judgment of Senex."

Then Charis stepped from the crowd, and joined the circle of the great men that stood with his brothers.

"Princes," said the prefect, amid a solemn silence, "are you content to swear by God's holy Gospels, that you will each and every one abide by the judgment of the Senator Senex?"

"We will," replied the princes.

"Will you promise and swear—each for himself—that if you be chosen by him as Emperor, you will faithfully fulfil the imperial duties, and honorably justly, and truly govern your people?"

"We will."

"Will you, O princes,—each for yourselves—promise and swear, that such of you as shall be rejected by the decision of Senex, will do and pay due and proper and true allegiance to that one of you who shall be chosen as Emperor?"

"Verily and truly will we," rejoined the brothers, each in his turn reverentially kissing the holy book in token of his calling God to witness his oath.

"Citizens and people," said the prefect, turning to the vast multitudes, "ye have heard the oaths of the princes, are ye content to abide by the decision of the Senator Senex, and to obey as your Emperor the prince whom he chooses?"

"We are content—we are well content," cried the people.

"Good and wise father," continued the prefect, turning to Senex where he stood by the princes, "the people and the Emperor's sons are alike content to abide by your decision. Come then, father, tell us who is the legitimate heir of the great king."

"Then," said Senex, "princes, senators, nobles, and people, hear my words: Long have we all doubted which of the Emperor's sons was his legitimate heir. Go to now—open the grave of our late lord and master, take from thence his body, and bind it to yonder tree."

A cold shudder ran through the assembly, and not a word was spoken; for they feared his words, and yet dreaded to obey them.

"Let the princes prepare each his bow and each his arrow," continued the old man, "and with his single shaft let him shoot from here at the body of his father, and he that striketh nearest to his father's heart's core—let him be king."

With a strange sense of fear, and a solemn and imposing silence, the people bowed assent to the advice of Senex, and hastened to execute his commands. The three elder brothers busied themselves about their bows and arrows, carefully examined and tried their weapons, and measured with anxious steps the distance between the tree and the spot whence they were to shoot at their father's dead body. Charis stood unmoved and rooted to the spot, and, when his servant laid his bow and arrow at his feet, he gave but one look at the weapons, and then burst into a flood of tears, and covered his face with his hands.

At length the corpse of the Emperor was borne into the midst of the assembly, and tied with cords to the tree, whilst the eldest brother hastened, with a glistening eye and nervous hand, to take his station at the appointed spot. At the given signal his arrow sped from the bow, and stood transfixed in the right hand of his father's corpse. With a shout, the fickle crowd celebrated his success, and hailed him as their new Emperor.

But the second son now hastened to the spot, and carefully assayed himself to the horrible trial. Anon his bow twanged, and the arrow flew towards the tree, and the plaudits of the crowd hailed his success, when its slender reed quivered in the very breast of his father.

The third son moved forward; his look was calm and determined, as with care he scanned the object of his mark, and poised his bow, and glanced along his arrow to the maimed body. At the given signal the arrow flew, and the very heart of his father was cloven by its head. Little doubt could there now be of his success, and again and again the crowd hailed him as Emperor.

With his head bowed to his breast, his eyes drowned with tears, and his bow trembling in his hand, Charis crept towards the appointed spot, amid the jeers of the people, and the regrets of the wise and good among the senators and nobles. For a few moments he stood erect, looked upon his father's mangled body, poised his bow and fitted his arrow to the string. But the effort was but momentary, again his hands dropped helpless by his side, and his head declined on his youthful breast.

"Prince Charis," said the prefect, "the trial awaits you,—are you prepared?"

One look Charis turned towards the prefect, one look he turned towards the fatal tree, and then, with a cry of agony, casting away his bow and arrow, he sprang towards it, clasped the corpse in his arms, drew the arrows from the flesh, and bathed the wounds with repeated kisses.

"Prince Charis,—Prince Charis," again repeated the prefect, "the trial awaits you." But his words were unheeded.

"Oh, my father," exclaimed the prince, standing reverentially before the corpse, "My father!—my poor father!—have I then lived to see you the victim of an impious contest? What! can thine offspring lacerate their father's flesh?—far, oh far be it from me, to raise my hand against thee alive or dead!"

"The right heir!—the true king's son!—he is our Emperor," burst on all sides from the people; "away with the others—away with them—he is our Emperor."

"Romans," said Senex, waving with his hand to command silence—"my device has succeeded—the right heir is found—he is your Emperor."

There was no one to gainsay the people's choice and the people's judgment. The three elder brothers were seized and hurried to prison, there to atone in solitude and misery for their sins; whilst Prince Charis was hastily borne on an uplifted shield towards the capitol, and enthroned as Emperor, amid the joy and plaudits of his people.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE FRIAR.

From the German:

THIR convent bell hath summoned
The father to the gate,—
"Who stands without, disturbing
Our rest at hour so late?"
A youth is humbly kneeling,
"God grant thee, father, peace!
I seek thy holy dwelling,
Here may my sorrows cease!"
"The world which I am leaving,
Is never free from care;
The thorn, the yew, the cypress,
Cast gloomy shadows there;
Scorn, hatred, and repining,
Have long my soul possessed;
Flying earth's baneful circles
I come to thee for rest."

FATHER.

"Not so, pale youth, this yearning
Is but befitting those,
Who, faint from life's long journey,
Covet the grave's repose.
Thy path is upward tending,
Through sunshine and through shade;
By such unmanly weakness
Let not thy steps be stayed."

YOUTH.

"My parents both are sleeping
Beneath the earth's green breast;
Would that I lay beside them,
A sharer in their rest!
The friend I deemed most faithful
The holiest trust betrayed;
And she I loved so fondly
With scorn that love repaid.
Hope's violet hue hath faded
'Neath sorrow's scorching sky;
Stained is the lily's whiteness
'Mid earth's impurity;
Joy's brightest rose hath withered,
Nought leaving but the thorn;
O close not thou thy portals
Upon a wretch forlorn!"

FATHER.

"Nay, wherefore thus despairing?
The faded flowers rebloom;
Deem not the chequered sunshine
An everbiding gloom;
Evil and good are blended
By Him who reigns on high;
Then strive not thou, rebellious,
A mortal's lot to fly."

YOUTH.

"I know that light unfading
May not on mortals shine;
But, ah! their darkest portion,
Unbroken night, is mine!
Within this sacred cloister,
Hope's star may yet appear,
For clouds of earthborn sadness
Cannot obscure it here."
Yet still the old man firmly
The youth's request denied,
And to his pleading urgent
He ever thus replied:—
"God hath thy sphere appointed,
He doth thy lot dispose,
He knoweth well thy weakness,
And he can grant repose."

(1) See Illustration, p. 257.

"Then strengthen thou thy spirit,
And to the world return,
Thy duty lies before thee,
Patience and faith to learn;
And when thy task is over,
And thy last sleep is slept,
What will it then betide thee,
That thou hast smiled or wept?"

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

ARDEN AND PITT.

IN private life Lord Alvanley appears to have been an object of general affection and esteem. The absence of all pretension and reserve, which made his appearance in public to be, as it were, in undress; his openness and simplicity; the warmth with which he espoused the interests of his friends, and the heartiness which he threw into all social pleasures, could not but place him high in favour with the domestic circle. *J'aime ce joli musique*, seemed to be his motto, even when his own peccadilloes or mishaps might form the subject of merriment. His manners were neither flippant nor inelegant in private society. He had an exuberance of spirits; and his conversation is described to have been so entertaining, that Pitt rarely dined at a party when Arden was there without making a point of sitting next to him at dinner. We may well fancy how much the minister, who generally spoke in the state-paper style, and conversed in periods—diffident, proud, and reserved—must have enjoyed the force of contrast in his rattling, careless negligence, and that the discords, taken together, "discoursed most eloquent music." With such a companion (we are assured by one who knew Pitt well,) free from shyness, and throwing off restraint, he was the wittiest companion, and the soul of merriment; "one of a joyous party who went to spend an evening at the Bear's Head, Eastcheap, in memory of Shakspeare, the readiest and most apt in the required allusions." How little could members of the House of Commons imagine that the precociously grave premier, who strode to his seat with chin erect and haughty sternness, could, with his friends, be guilty of sowing garden-beds with the fragments of a friend's dress opera-hat; or, armed with billhooks, cutting avenues through the coppice, and making the woods ring again to the merry laugh of the woodman. It required the revelations of lady Stanhope, the memoirs of Wilberforce, and the diaries of Lord Malmsbury, to make posterity render a tardy justice to the social excellencies of Pitt.—*Townsend's Lives of Eminent Judges.*

N.B.—The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; Covers for binding, with Table of Contents, may be ordered of any Bookseller.

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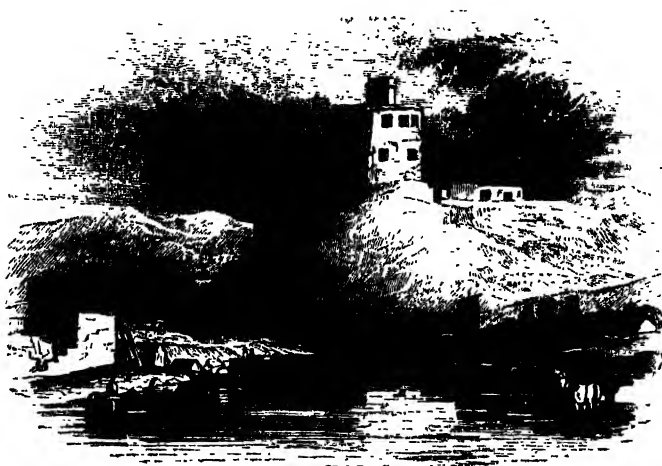
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Norham Castle.

BERWICKSHIRE, as might be expected from its position as a border county, has been the scene of much predatory warfare; and many are the tumuli, cairns, military stations, and ruined castles, to be found in its various parishes. It is interesting to wander among such memorials of the past, if it have but the effect of bringing the distractions of war in distant ages, in contrast with the blessings of our own pacific times. Crumbling ruins are, indeed, the keystone, the dry bones, of history, which it requires but the power of association to invest with new life, and to clothe with almost illimitable interest.

Of all those border antiquities, "Norham's castled steep" is one of the most picturesque, as well as important. This ruinous fortress is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. There is not, perhaps, more memorable battle-ground in the kingdom than this spot; and how grateful to the well-regulated mind is it to reflect, that whilst man's strife has swept away thousands of his species, and dyed with his blood the waters of

"Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,"

the stream has held on its course, mirroring on its surface the ruins which time has spared from the great wreck, and presenting to the student of humanity an emblem of his fleeting life, and the rapidity with which it passes to the sea of eternity.

The extent of the ruins of the Castle of Norham,

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(anciently called Ubbanford,) as well as its historical importance, show it to have been a place of magnificence, as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and re-taken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, scarce any happened in which it had not a principal share. It is situated on a steep bank, which overhangs the river. The repeated sieges which it had sustained, rendered frequent repairs necessary. The present castle was commenced by Ranulph, bishop of Durham, in 1121. In 1170—1174, it was strongly fortified by Hugh du Puiset, another bishop of Durham; and some circumstances relating to the work and the architect will be found in *Reginald of Durham*, capp. xlvii. and liv. This bishop added the huge keep; notwithstanding which, King Henry II. in 1174, took the castle from the bishop, and committed the custody of it to William de Neville. After this period, it seems to have been chiefly garrisoned by the king, and considered as a royal fortress.

In the reign of Edward the Second, was performed before Norham Castle that chivalrous feat which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful ballad, "the Hermit of Warkworth." The story is thus told by Leland:—

"The Scottes came yin to the marches of England, and destroyed the castles of Werk and Herbol, and overran much of Northumberland marches:

"At this tyme, Thomas Gray and his friendes defended Norham from the Scottes.

"It were a wonderful processe to declare what mischiefs came by hungere and asseges by the space of xi yeres in Northumberland; for the Scottes became so proude after they had got Berwicke, that they nothing esteemed the Englishmen.

"About this tyme there was a greate feaste made yn Lincolnshire, to which came many gentlemen and ladies; and amonge them, one lady brought a heaulme for a man of were, with a very riche creste of gold, to William Marmion, knight, with a letter of commendment of her lady, that he should go in to ye daungerest place in England, and ther to let the heaulme to be seene and known as famous. So he went to Norham; whither, within four days of cuning, cam Philip Moubay, guardian of Berwicke, having yn his hand 40 men of armes, the very flour of men of the Scottish marches.

"Thomas Gray, captayne of Norham, seynge this, brought his garrison afore the barriers of the castel, behind whom cam William richly arrayed as al glittering in gold, and wearing the heaulme, his lady's present.

"Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, 'Sir Knight, ye be come hither to fame your helmet: mount up on your horse, and ryde lyke a valiant man to your fecs, even here at hand; and I forsake God if I resene not thy body dende or alyve, or I myself wyl dye for it.'

"Whereupon he toke his cursere and rode among the throng of cunemyes; the which layed sore stripes on him, and pulled him at the last out of his sadel to the grounde.

"Then Thomas Gray, with al the hole garrison, lette prick yn among the Scottes, and so wondid them and their horses, that they were overthrowan; and Marmion, sore betan, was horsid agayn, and with Gray, persewed the Scottes yn chase. There were taken fifty horse of price; and the women of Norham brought them to the foote men to follow the chase."

The Grays of Chillingham castle were frequently the castellans or captains of the garrison. Yet, as Norham was situated in the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, the property was in the See of Durham till the Reformation. After that period, it passed through various hands.

At the union of the crowns, it was in the possession of Sir Robert Carey, (afterwards Earl of Monmouth,) for his own life, and that of two of his sons. After King James's accession, Carey sold Norham Castle to George Holme, Earl of Dunbar, for 6000*l*.

We now approach an era in the history of the castle, which poetry has invested with interest of no common order; we mean, in Sir Walter Scott's vivid romance of "Marmion," a tale of Flodden Field, the fate of the hero being connected with that memorable conflict. Lord Marmion, the principal character of the poem, it is true, is entirely a fictitious character; but nothing can be more strikingly picturesque and life-like than the two opening stanzas of the romance, in which the feudal fortress is thus painted:

"Day set on Norham's castle steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

St. George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was hung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.

The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warrior kept his guard,
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient border-gathering song."

In the first canto of the poem, various other features of the frowning fortress are glanced at, thus:

"Beneath the sable palisade,
That closed the castle barricade;"

and—

"Then to the castle's lower ward,
Sped forty yeomen fall,
The iron-studded gates unbarr'd,
Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,
And let the drawbridge fall."

We now return to matter-of-fact record. According to Mr. Pinkerton, there is, in the British Museum, a curious memoir of the Dacres on the state of Norham Castle in 1522; not long after the battle of Flodden, fought on the banks of the Till, near Branxton, where the Scottish king was encamped before the action. In the above memoir, the inner ward and keep are represented as impregnable; and we find the following note of the interior economy: "The provisions are, three great vats of salt cels, forty-four kine, three hogsheds of salted salmon, forty quarters of grain, besides many cows, and four hundred sheep lying under the castle-wall nightly; but a number of the arrows wanted feathers, and a good Fletcher (i.e. a maker of arrows) was required."—*History of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 201, note.

The ruins of the castle are at present considerable as well as picturesque. They consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, and fragments of other portions, enclosed within an outward wall of great circuit.

As Norham castle was built between 1121 and 1171, it must have presented a fine specimen of the Anglo-Norman fortress; though Bishop Puiset's addition carries us on to the reign of Henry II., one of whose first acts was to prohibit the erection of any castles without a licence. The Norman Conqueror, to secure his newly-acquired dominions, as well against invasions from without as rebellions within, lost no time in erecting strong castles in all the principal towns of his kingdom; and William's followers, to protect themselves against those whom they had despoiled of lands, imitated their master's example, by building castles on their estates. The turbulent and unsettled state of the kingdom during the succeeding reigns, caused the rapid multiplication of these strongholds; so that, at the latter end of the reign of Stephen, there are said to have been no fewer than 1115 castles completed in England alone. "The whole kingdom," says the author of the Saxon Chronicle, "was covered with them, and the poor people worn out with the forced labour of their erection." It was soon found that they were likely to be no less inconvenient to the sovereign, enabling a cabal of barons to beard the power of their liege lord; and hence the prohibitive enactment by Henry II.

"Many of the castles of this age," says an ably-written paper in the *Quarterly Review*, (attributed to Sir Walter Scott,) "were of great size, and possessed a certain rude grandeur of design. To the single keep-tower of earlier date, several other towers, both round and square, were added, united by flanking walls, so as to enclose a polygonal court yard, the entrance to which was usually between two strong contiguous towers. An outwork, called the barbican, often still further defended the approach, as well as a moat and drawbridge. Plates of iron covered the massive doors, in front of which the grated portcullis was let down through deep grooves in the stone-work; and overhead projected a parapet resting on corbels, between which were the openings called machicolations, from which

melted lead, hot water, and stones could be thrown on the heads of the assailants who should attempt an entrance by forcing, or, as was the usual mode of attack, firing the doors. The keep, or stronghold, (such as that added by Bishop Puiset, at Norham,) rose pre-eminently above the rest, and generally from an artificial mount. It contained the well, without which the garrison would not have been able to hold out in this their last place of refuge; *the donjon, or subterranean prison, the name of which was often extended to the whole keep*; and several stories of apartments, which were probably not occupied by any but retainers, except during a time of siege."

Sir Walter Scott, as we have seen, uses the term "donjon keep" and "donjon tower," in "Marmion," and we subjoin the following note:

"It is perhaps unnecessary to remind my readers, that the *donjon*, in its proper signification, means the strongest part of a feudal castle, a high square tower, with walls of tremendous thickness, situated in the centre of the other buildings, from which, however, it was usually detached. Here, in case of the outward defences being gained, the garrison retreated to make their last stand. The donjon contained the great hall and principal rooms of state for solemn occasions, and also the prison of the fortress; from which last circumstance we derive the modern and restricted use of the word *dungeon*. DuCange, (*voce* Dunjo,) conjectures plausibly that the name is derived from those keeps being usually built upon a hill, which in Celtic is called *Dun*. Barlowe supposes the word came from the darkness in the apartments in these towers, which were thence figuratively called dungeons; thus deriving the ancient word from the modern application of it."

Still, we find the word thus used by Spenser:

"Then up he took the slumber'd senseless corse,
And, ere he could out of his swoon awake,
Him to his castle brought with hasty force,
And in a dungeon deep him threw without remorse."

The application of the term *donjon* exclusively to the tower portion of the castle is strangely at variance with the French explanation. Baye defines *donjon* to signify, "*la partie la plus élevée d'un château*; a tower or platform in the midst of a castle; *espèce de cabinet dans les bâtimens particuliers au-dessus de la couverture*; a turret or closet, raised on the very top of the house; or what is commonly called the lantern. Walpole has used the word in this sense, in his "Anecdotes on Painting;" when mentioning the state of painting from the reign of Henry III. to the end of Henry VI., he says, "No wonder that a proud, a warlike, and ignorant nobility encouraged only that branch, (of painting on glass,) which attested their dignity: their *dungeons* were rendered still darker by their pride;" Walpole evidently intending to have written *dungeons* or *donjons*. (See *Lemon's English Etymology*.)

THE BLACK POTATOES.

An Irish Tale.

BY MRS. HOARE.

In former years it was a pleasant thing to take a summer ramble through the shamrock-covered fields, and among the wild mountain districts, of the green isle. To be sure, the features of the scenery were not so bold and striking as those of the Scotch Highlands, nor did the country present that aspect of rich and high cultivation that distinguishes the rural districts of "Merrie England" from those of all the world beside: yet many and abounding were the points of interest that caught the tourist's attention, including the humours of the light-hearted Irishman, as well as the romantic beauties of his land.

Among the more homely and characteristic charms of the latter, the stranger seldom failed to notice wide

districts covered with the rich green leaves and star-shaped purple-and-white flowers of the potatoes, which, in the months of August and September, were wont to render the island one fragrant garden, and hold out the prospect of winter plenty to the poor dwellers in the road-side cabins, whose most valuable possession was frequently the large iron pot, in which they boiled their sole and simple food.

But what a change has the present year¹ brought! Nothing in autumn was to be seen save black withered stalks, exhaling a most offensive odour. I have been lately sojourning in a remote district of Munster, and there I have seen a ghastly famine-stricken figure, feebly wielding a spade which, after hours of toil, would not dig out a sufficiency for one meal, of such roots as an English pig would turn away from in disgust. I have entered the cabins where working men were seated at their dinner, consisting of potatoes, a great proportion of which were about the bigness of marbles, the larger ones not much exceeding the size of a walnut. Happy the labourer who could obtain in addition a small quantity of thick milk: for to many of the poor it is an unwonted luxury. Before the time arrived for digging the miserable crop, Relief Funds, supported partly by a government grant, and partly by liberal subscriptions from the landlords, were established through the country. The committees appointed were enabled to sell yellow Indian meal at one shilling for fourteen pounds: and great was the delight with which the poor women, whose husbands and sons were working on the roads for eightpence a day, would walk a distance of six, eight, and sometimes ten miles, to purchase the meal and carry it home on their backs. About the end of August this seasonable supply was obliged to be stopped, and the poor were thrown on the resources afforded by their miserable gardens.

Then I have seen the labourer, his once stout limbs reduced by the presence of famine to the semblance of a skeleton's bones, standing in the furrows of an apparently empty field, languidly trying to strike his spade into the brown parched earth, and turn out the unripe blasted roots, which for many a long autumn day were to form his and his family's sole sustenance. His wretched ill clad wife, standing beside him with a kish to receive the black unwholesome food, looked first on the ground, and then, glancing upwards with such a look of patient death-stricken anguish as Englishmen seldom see, said, "Well! God Almighty look down upon us! What will become of us at all, at all!" The children, poor little things! once, even in the midst of rags and filth, so ruddy and happy, now wanting the accustomed mealy potato, which, evermore grasped in the tiny hand, and defended from the encroaching pig by many a sturdy cuff bestowed on his inquisitive snout, afforded healthy nourishment, are become pale, spiritless, and hollow cheeked; eagerly devouring blackberries and the fruit of the mountain ash, to stay the fierce cravings of hunger.

This is no exaggerated picture: it falls indeed far short of the truth. To our poor people the potato was all in all; it formed the sole food of the labouring classes, and the refuse skins and small potatoes served to fatten a pig, on the price of which his owners chiefly depended for their rent and clothing. But this year pigs and potatoes are alike gone, and the small modicum of meal which the labourer can procure for his wages of eightpence a day, scarcely serves to sustain life in a family of eight or ten persons. In one district of the south-west of Ireland, upwards of one hundred deaths are ascertained, on unquestioned authority, to have been caused by starvation, during the month of October and first fortnight of November. The famine is indeed "sore in the land;" and, to use the emphatic language of Scripture, "all faces gather blackness."

Instead of dwelling longer on an abstract view of the subject, let me relate a little narrative which may serve,

(1) 1846.

in some slight measure, to illustrate the sufferings of the poor; and I trust, on their behalf, to awaken the efficient sympathy of our kind English and Scotch fellow-subjects.

In a mountainous part of the south-west of Ireland lived Tade Mahoney, his wife, and six children. He was a labourer employed on the ground of a middle-man, who rented a farm on the estate of a rich absentee landlord. Tade was an honest, industrious, poor fellow, who, at the age of twenty, had married a blooming girl of sixteen, possessing the considerable fortune of a feather-bed, a dresser, two goats, and a lamb.

He had a brother who was usually described by the neighbours as "a wild young devil that wouldn't be sed nor led by the priest himself," and to whom even his best friends could not deny the possession of that "truant disposition" which better befits the Prince of Denmark's favourite on the stage, than the son of a poor Irish labourer in real life. Yet the lad, whose name was James, possessed a fund of native untaught energy that seemed to promise no common results; and when, at the age of nineteen, on the death of his father, he sold his share of the patrimonial goods and chattels and set sail for America, to seek his fortune, the old village schoolmaster shook his head and said, "Well, there goes the 'cutest lad and brightest scholar that ever thumbed a Voster in my siminary. If his heels don't car him off from the work that his hands know well how to do, and his head to plan, the never a fear but he'll be coming back to us a gentleman one of these days."

After some time a letter arrived from him, to say that he had got into excellent employment in New York, and hoped soon to send for his brother. But after this no more was heard of him, and his friends, after making many fruitless inquiries, came to the conclusion that he must be dead.

Meantime, Tade and his wife lived happily, though poorly, in their humble cabin. In the course of twelve years, six rosy brats might be seen about the door, wading through the pool of stagnant green water which, in imitation, no doubt, of the ancient moat, forms an exterior defence to our Irish cabins. Tade worked for his master, a "strong farmer," on the usual terms. Throughout the year he worked for him four days in each week, and received in return a cabin rent free, an acre and a half of potato ground, and grass for a few sheep and goats. He had also a pig; and his wife Jude reared hens, and sold the eggs and chickens at the next market town; so that on the whole they were tolerably comfortable, and more contented under their narrow straw roof, and seated round their supper of potatoes and goats' milk, than many a nobleman partaking of seasoned dainties in his gilded hall.

But this was not to last; the summer of 1846 came, and with it a blight on the food of the poor. Never was Egyptian plague more swift and noiseless, and deadly in its effects than the fearful "potato cholera." One by one their scanty articles of furniture, and then their goats and sheep were sold by the Mahoneys, to procure food for their starving children; and this resource would soon have failed, had not public works been established in the beginning of August. Until the funds of the relief committees were exhausted, most of the men in the country were employed on the roads at eightpence a day; poor wages, indeed, yet hailed by the perishing people as a blessed boon.

One wet day, towards the end of last August, Tade Mahoney returned to his cabin about six o'clock, faint and weary, after a day's work, which he thought himself only too fortunate to have obtained. He had tasted nothing since the previous evening, save a small piece of Indian meal cake, and a draught of water; and yet he did not feel hungry. His head was dizzy, his hands hot, and burning pains darted through his frame. He entered the cabin, and throwing his hat on the floor, sank heavily on a wooden stool placed near the small turf fire. His eldest daughter, a fair blue-eyed child of

ten years old, ran up to him, and, putting her little hand in his, said joyfully,

"Ah, daddy, we're to have a fine supper to-night, for mammy went to I—— for the male! And she brought home a bagful of it on her back; and see what a potful of it there's down for us all. She left Johnny and me to stir it, while she'd be out to look for a dhrop of milk."

The father tried to smile, as he replied in a tone of sorrow,

"I'm proud to hear it, Mary; 'tis long since ye had yer 'nough to ate, *ma colleen bawn*."

Just then Jude entered with an empty wooden can in her hand.

"Well, Tade," she said, "I thought to have a dhrop of milk for yer supper, so I went to Mrs. McCarthy to ax it; and I tould her I'd pay her in fresh eggs when the hens would lay to-morrow: but she said she had none for me, and so we must ate the biled male dry—thanks be to God for giving us that same. But, Tade, *a chree*, what ails you? You look very white, and there's a thrimblin' over you."

"'Tis only a sudden hate and pain in my heart I got, Jude; plaze God 'twill be nothing. I'll go to bed, and I'll be well waunst I'm asleep."

"And daddy, won't you ate any supper?" said little Mary and Johnny together, while his wife, laying one hand on his, and pressing his forehead with the other, looked anxiously in his face.

"I couldn't ate any thing, childher," he said, "if I was paid for it; and sure there'll be the more left for yees all tomorrow. Give me a dhrink of wather, Jude," and, rising with difficulty, he went towards a bundle of straw, which, scattered on the damp floor, formed, with an old rug, and the tattered remnant of a blanket, the only sleeping place for the whole family. The children felt frightened, they knew not why; yet the healthy appetite of their age prevailed, and they made a hearty supper on the Indian meal stirabout. Very little, however, did their poor mother swallow; her heart, as she expressed it, "rose to her mouth," when she thought that perhaps her husband was struck with "the sickness," as the poor people emphatically designate typhus fever, the plague that in wet and scarce seasons is wont to desolate the country. With a heavy heart she took a little straw, and placed it for the children as far as she could from the spot where their father lay, and then tried in vain to cover them with a few torn rags, in addition to their own miserable clothing. She lay down near her husband, whose burning skin, heavy breathing, and restless tossing to and fro, showed too plainly that her fears were well-founded. In the morning his illness had greatly increased; he called incessantly for water, and soon became quite delirious.

It was dispensary day in the next village of I——, and Jude, having settled her husband's miserable bed as comfortably as she could, and left the two elder children to watch him, and mind the younger ones, set out on her walk of six miles to procure medicine and advice. I—— lies in the centre of a populous district, and, the physician's attendance at the dispensary being limited to one day in the week, there is always a large crowd of country people assembled to watch for his coming; some really ill, and greatly requiring attention, others afflicted with none but imaginary maladies, yet demanding physic with the utmost eagerness; for the Irish peasant (when he can be supplied with them gratis), is quite as fond of swallowing drugs as any titled lady in London can be, when suffering from an attack of the nerves. Certainly, the parallel would scarcely hold good as to the nature of the symptoms, or the manner of describing them; and I fancy her Majesty's physician in ordinary would feel quite as much puzzled as I did at the conclusion of the following dialogue, which I write verbatim.

I one day met a man whose wife had been long

afflicted with an inward disease, about which she had consulted many physicians, as well as country quacks and *chamners*.

"Well, Jack," I said, "how is your wife to-day?"

"She's a dale better, Ma'am, thank your Honour. Dr. B. was up here yesterday hunting in the glen, and like a good gentleman as he is, God bless him, he came into our place to see Kitty, and he found out at wanst what ailed her."

"And what is it, Jack?"

"He says, Ma'am, there's something across her lungs that purvints the drink from straining through her, and whin he puts her through a *coorse* she'll be well in less than no time."

Now the fact was, the poor creature had an abscess on the liver, which, in spite of the medical skill employed, soon terminated her existence; but Jack felt perfectly sure that he had given a lucid explanation of her illness.

On the day in question, when Dr. — had disposed of about half his patients, kindly and skilfully prescribing for those who really needed his care, and dismissing somewhat summarily those whose maladies were of an infinitesimal a nature as the Homoeopathic doses, which, did their rank in life permit, the genius of quackery would certainly have doomed them to swallow, Jude Mahoney advanced and said: "Plase your honour, it's what I wanted to ax you about my poor man. He was taken very bad last night with pains through his bones, and a splitting in his head, and to-day he's worse, and out of his mind entirely."

Dr. — made some inquiries, and, finding from Jude's answers that her husband's disease was certainly typhus fever, he gave her the proper medicines, with directions how to use them, and promised to visit him as soon as he could. On her return she found the poor man in a paroxysm of delirium, and it was with much difficulty she could prevent his rushing out of doors. After a time she induced him to swallow the medicine, but no refreshing drink could she procure to allay his raging thirst—nothing but cold water. The next day a kind neighbour, almost as poor as themselves, brought a little milk, and another a handful of meal, "to make a bit of stirabout for the crathurs of childher;" but Tade grew worse and worse: and when, after some days, the doctor, whose professional engagements, extending over a wide district, had hitherto detained him, came to the cabin, he saw at once the case was hopeless.

Heart-rending were the lamentations of poor Jude, when, on the tenth day of his illness, she saw him, who was indeed the "delight of her eyes," stretched before her cold and lifeless as the clay on which he rested. Her neighbours flocked in, and, regardless of danger from infection, crowded the house for two days while the body was "waked." Part of that time the widow was seated on the ground, rocking herself to and fro, in the stupor of grief; and, when occasionally she was roused to a full consciousness of her loss, she would pour forth a torrent of that eloquent heart-felt lamentation, which is seldom heard out of Ireland—calling on her husband to return to her and to his "fair-haired jewels," and almost cheating herself into the belief that he could indeed hear and answer her entreaty.

It was the evening after poor Tade's funeral, and the widow sat down with her six little orphans in their lone and desolate cabin. Everything, even to the griddle on which she baked their meal-cakes, had been sold to defray the expense of burying her husband "decently;" for this the Irish think much more needful than procuring comforts for the living, and, to secure a handsome "berrin" for a dead relative, they will literally take the bread from the lips of the survivors. On this evening, therefore, when Jude Mahoney looked round the four bare walls of her cabin, she could see nothing in prospect but the starvation that awaited her and her helpless ones. She collected a few crusts which had been left from the entertainment of the "wake," and, after dividing them among the children, she knelt down, and in simple

uncouth language implored the protection of Him in whom the widow and orphan are invited to trust, and who hears the petitions that arise from a clay-built hovel, as well as the proud anthems of praise that swell through the cathedral's fretted aisles. They then lay down on the floor, where the children slept, and the mother watched till morning.

Soon after sunrise they prepared to set out on their mournful journey; for nothing was left for them but to travel, that is, to wander about the country, calling at every house they passed, and subsisting on the charity which is never withheld from the beggar, by those who are themselves but a few degrees better off. Jude had told the farmer for whom her husband had worked, that she would surrender her house and now worthless garden; and this day he was to take possession. With a bursting heart the poor woman set out, carrying her youngest child of a year old on her back, and leading the next little creature of three by the hand; the others walking on. She carried nothing with her save an empty bag, which Johnny bore across his shoulder, and in which they meant to deposit any donation of meal, bread, or black potatoes, which they might receive.

They had not gone far when they were met by two men, whom Jude recognised as distant cousins of her husband, and who were themselves poor labourers living in the county of Kerry, about thirty miles from the village of I—.

"God save you, Jude," said the elder of the two, "'twas only yesterday we heard of your trouble, or else we'd have come to poor Thady's 'berrin;' and thinking that, now your provider is gone from you, and the times so bitter, y'd have nothing to do but to take to the road with the *grawls*, we settled with our women that, if 'tis plasing to you, we'll ache take one of the young things from you, and give it the run of the cabin along with our own, till such time, plase God, as you'll be up in the world again."

The widow's eyes filled with tears; gratitude to the kind-hearted speaker mingled with reluctance to part from her little ones, yet she knew that in her situation it would be madness to hesitate; so she answered: "God for ever bless you, Denis and Jerry, for thinking of me and mine in our desolation; and sure, though it tears the sore heart within me to part with them that I bore and suckled at my breast, 'tis all for the best, and may be I'll be able sometime or other to travel into your parts, and get a sight of the crathurs that ye're taking now for the love of God."

"Then 'tis you that will be kindly welcome," said the man, rubbing the back of his hand across his eyes, "'tis little we have to give, because 'tis little we have for ourselves, but little or much, your *lanuveens*! shall share the bit and sup with our own. Which of them will come with us, Judy?" he continued, in a more cheerful tone. The mother hesitated, but at length it was decided that the youngest boy and girl should be taken, as being the least able to bear the hardships of a wandering life; and, with mingled tears and blessings, Jude gave them into the hands of their relatives, to whom feeling hearts had taught more true tenderness than dwells under many a smooth aspect and jewelled robe. She watched them on their homeward path, till a turning in the road hid them from her view, and then with the other children she resumed her weary journey.

It would be tedious and harrowing to the feelings to accompany this poor family through their wanderings for the next month. Sometimes they got a night's shelter and a piece of bread in the house of a farmer; often they had to sleep under an open shed, or behind a haystack; and their fasts were frequently prolonged for twenty-four hours. Yet Jude preferred undergoing these sore privations to seeking admission into the overcrowded pestilential precincts of the workhouse.

where she would be separated from her children. They travelled, as the poor little ones' failing strength would admit, over a distance of many miles. One evening at sunset they stopped at a cabin, a little removed from the high road, to ask for a night's lodging. They had travelled all day without food, save a few fragments of hard oatmeal cake, given them the night before by a farmer's wife: they were now therefore faint with hunger, and the poor children's blistered feet refused to carry them farther. The youngest boy, of six years old, a fair-haired child with regular features and soft intelligent eyes, showed symptoms all day of heavy sickness. He did not complain, but, whenever they sat down for a brief rest, his head was nestled in his mother's bosom, his little hot hand stole round her neck, and his white lips (once so rosy) asked plaintively for "water, mammy! more water!" She carried him in her arms, or on her back, as long as she could; for their path lay over a desolate mountain, where, for many a mile, no human habitation was to be seen; but for the last hour the little fellow insisted on trying to walk, saying,

"You're wake, mammy, and 'tis worse to me to be tiring you than to walk myself."

But now his emaciated limbs failed, and, when they were within a few steps of the cabin, he sank on the ground.

"God Almighty help my child, and look down on him," said the poor mother, raising him in her feeble arms; and, entering the cabin with the customary salutation, "God save all here," she asked a woman who was seated inside the door, to give a night's lodging to her "*lanuv brotha*."¹

"You shall have that same," replied the woman, "but 'tis little else I have to give. Look here"—and she took from the shelf a wooden can, containing about a pint of coarse flour. "My husband," she continued, "is working on the Caherah road since yesterday week without getting a penny wages: he went there to-day without breaking his fast, except with a drink of water and a small taste of cold cabbage; and now that's all I have to cook for him and five of us besides, for this night and the whole of to-morrow."

Famine, with his stern graving tools, had indeed carved deep lines in the haggard countenances of the two women; and the miserable children of the wanderer, when mingled with those of the dweller in the cabin, presented a lamentable picture of premature decay.

The husband soon came in, and the meal, if such it could be called, was prepared for him. He just tasted it, and then, calling his wife and children, insisted on their sharing the morsel; he even offered some to the poor travellers, and the three elder children ate a scrap each; but the widow thanked him and refused to touch it. Her heart was full, and her eyes were fixed on the heaving chest and clammy forehead of her dying child; for it was evident that the sorrows of the little wanderer were nearly ended. She watched him through the night while he lay insensible; towards morning he gave a few convulsive sobs, and then, with one long sigh, the gentle spirit was released.

I will not try to paint the mother's anguish; nor what she felt when, on that day week, another child was taken from her—her dark-eyed smiling little Ellen. In the midst of her sorrow she knew they were at peace.

"And oh! darlings of my heart," she said, "'tis hard to part ye, but 'twas harder still to feel the parched lip and not have a drop of milk to wet it, and to see the very life draining away for want of the bread that I'd give my heart's blood to buy for ye. But now 'tis all over, and only for them that are left me still, I'd be glad to lie down beside ye."

At length the widow's wanderings brought her back to her former abode. The cabin had not been since inhabited, and beneath its desolate roof she and her

two remaining children prepared one night to take up their lodging. They had a few turnips and a bit of barley bread to eat, and they had collected a bundle of fern and heath to sleep upon. They were all ill and feeble, but Jude had, as she expressed it, "a weight of sickness on her heart," that she felt would soon terminate her earthly sorrows.

Johnny closed the door, they lay down on the ground, and were trying to sleep, when a loud knocking outside aroused them.

"Who's there?" asked Jude, starting up.

"Is it here," said a voice, "that Tade Mahoney lives!"

"God help me, 'tis here he did live, but he's gone to his rest these six weeks."

An exclamation of surprise and sorrow was the answer, followed by a request for admission. Jude hesitated, but at length opened the door. There was no light in the cabin, save that afforded by a few turf embers, but she lighted a splinter of bogwood which happened to have remained on the ground, and the uncertain flame shone on the person of her visitor. He was a tall good-looking man, well dressed, more in the fashion of a town than in that of the country; and there was an expression in his countenance of amazement, almost horror, as he looked on the cabin and its inhabitants.

"Can you," said he, "tell me any thing of Tade Mahoney's family?"

"I'm his wife," replied the poor woman, "and these are his children. I buried two more of them since the light of my eyes was taken from me, and there are two living with his cousins."

The man seemed deeply moved; he trembled as he asked in a faltering voice—

"Don't you know me, Judy? I'm James, your husband's brother, and little I thought to find you this way on my return. My poor Thady! many's the time I longed for a warm shake of your hand, and a welcome home from your pleasant voice."

He could say no more, but, turning towards Mary and Johnny, he clasped them both in his arms.

After some time he continued:—

"Now, Judy, you must not be this way any more; I'm well to do in the world, for when I left New York, I got a fine farm far up the country. There I married an English girl, whose family are settled near me, and a good wife she makes. I often wrote to Thady, but never got an answer."

"We never heard from you," said Judy, "and so we thought you were dead."

"Letters often miscarry in those remote places," answered James, "and I suppose it happened that way. At all events, I came over now, intending to take you all out with me; and rely on it, Judy, I'll do as much for you and the children as if my poor brother was alive."

The widow burst into tears—"God for ever bless you, James," she said, "and sure 'twas He sent you here to us, when I didn't know where to get another bit to keep life in my perishing orphans. For myself it doesn't matter: the hand of death is on me, and soon I'll be where hunger and thirst and nakedness won't part me from them that were more to me than life itself. My blessing be ever on you and about you, and keep you and yours from harm and loss. I know you'll be a father to them two darlings, and to the other two weeny ones that I'll never see more in this world."

James could no longer restrain his emotions; he sobbed like a child, and, pressing the wasted hand of his sister-in-law, he could only say—

"May God protect and bless them, Judy—I'll do for them as if they were my own. My wife has a tender heart, and I'll answer for her she'll be a mother to them."

In a fortnight after the scene I have described, the widow breathed her last in a comfortable lodging in

(1) Sick child.

Cork, whither her brother-in-law had removed her. In the mean time he went into Kerry, and rewarded the kind-hearted Denis and Jerry for the care of the little orphans, who were brought to receive their mother's last blessing. In accordance with her wish, he arranged to pay their protectors liberally for their board and lodging, until they should be old enough to cross the Atlantic. After a little time he succeeded in calming the wild grief of Mary and Johnny, and reconciling them to going with him. He now only waits the approach of spring, to engage a passage for himself and them in a packet bound for America.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

By F. E. S.

CHAP. VIII.

TURNING THE TABLES.

ABOUT a week had elapsed after the events which I have just recorded, when one morning, shortly before my return to Cambridge, I received a letter from Coleman, detailing the finale of the bell-ringing affair—it ran as follows.

MY DEAR FRANK.—Doubtless you are, or ought to be, very anxious to hear how I contrived to get out of the scrape into which you and the Honourable George managed to inveigle me, having previously availed yourselves of my innocence, and succeeded, through the seductive medium of oysters and porter, in corrupting my morals, and then leaving me, poor victim! to bear the blame and suffer the consequences of our common misdemeanour. However, mine is no pitiful spirit to be quelled by misfortunes, and, as dangers thickened around me, I bore up against them bravely, like—like—(was it Julius Caesar or Coriolanus who did that sort of thing! but never mind)—like a Roman brick, we'll say; the particular brick is quite immaterial, but I must beg you to believe the likeness was something striking. To descend to particulars.—Hostilities were commenced by that old ass Mayor Dullmug, who took out a summons against me for creating a riot and disturbance in the town, and, the first day the Bench sat, I was marched off by two policemen, and locked up in a little dirty room, to keep cool till their worships were ready to discuss me. Well, there I sat, kicking my heels, and chuckling over a heart-rending little scene I had just gone through with my mother, whose dread of the terrors of the law was greatly increased by the very vague ideas she possessed of the extent of its powers. The punishment she had settled in her own mind as likely to be awarded me was transportation, and her farewell address was as follows.—“If they should be cruel enough to order you to be transported for fourteen years, Freddy my dear, I shall try to persuade your father (though he's just like a savage North American Indian about you) to get it changed 'for life' instead, for they always die of the yellow fever for the sharks to eat them, when they've been over there three or four years, and four years are better than fourteen, though bad's the best, and I'm a miserable woman.—I read all about it last week in one of Captain Marryatt's books, and very shocking I thought it.”—Having ventured to hint that, if I was carried off by the yellow fever at the end of a year or two, the length of my sentence would not signify much to me when I was dead, I was rebuked with, “Don't talk in that shocking way, Frederic, as if you were a heathen, in your situation, and I hearing you your Collect every Sunday, besides Mrs. Hannah Moore, who might have been a saint if ever there was one, or any thing else she liked with her talents, only

she was too good for this wicked world, and so she went to a better, and wrote that charming book ‘Celebs in search of a Wife.’” Oh! my poor dear mother's queer sentences! I was becoming shockingly tired of my own company, when it occurred to me that the correct thing was to carve my name on the Newgate stone, à la Jack Shepherd, and I was just putting a few finishing strokes to the N of Coleman, wherewith, in characters at least six inches long, I had embellished a very conspicuous spot over the chimney-piece, when I was surprised “with my chisel so fine, tra la,” (i.e. with a red hot poker which I had been obliged to put up with instead, it being the only implement forthcoming,) by the officials who came to summon me, and who did not appear in the slightest degree capable of appreciating the beauties of my performance. By them I was straightway conducted into the awful presence of sundry elderly gentlemen, rejoicing in heads all more or less bald, and faces expressing various degrees of solemn stupidity, who in their proper persons constituted “the Bench.” Before these grave and reverend Signiors did Master Dullmug and his satellites

“Then and there
Rehearse and declare”

all my heinous crimes, offences, and misdemeanours; whereupon the aforesaid Signiors did solemnly shake their bald heads, and appear exceedingly shocked and particularly puzzled. Well, at last I was called upon for my defence, and, having made up my mind for some time what line I would take, I cut the matter very short by owning to having assisted in ringing the bells, which I confessed was an act of folly, but nothing more, and that the idea of its constituting an offence punishable by law was absurd in the extreme. This sent them to book, and, after turning over sundry ponderous tomes, and consulting various statutes of all sorts and sizes, besides whispering together, and shaking their heads once and again, till I began to fear that their necks must be in jeopardy, they arrived at the conclusion that I was right, or thereabouts. This fact, the eldest, most bald, and most stupid of the party, chosen by common consent, doubtless in virtue of these attributes, as spokesman, proceeded to communicate to me, in a very prozy harangue, to which he appended a lecture (a sort of stock article, which he evidently kept constantly on hand, with blanks which could be filled up to suit any class of offender), in which he pointed out the dangers of juvenile indiscretions, and the evils of dissipation, winding up with the assurance that, as I seemed deeply sensible of the error of my ways, they, the magistrates, would, on my making a suitable apology to that excellent public functionary the Mayor of Hillingford, graciously deign to overlook my misconduct. During his long-winded address, a new idea struck me, and, when he had concluded, I inquired with all due respect whether “I was to understand that it was quite certain I had committed no offence punishable by law?” To this he replied, “that I might set my mind completely at ease upon that point; that, though morally speaking I had been guilty of a very serious misdemeanour, in the eye of the law I was perfectly innocent.” “In that case, gentlemen,” replied I, “the liberty of the subject has been infringed; I have been kept in illegal confinement for some hours, and I believe I have my remedy in an action for false imprisonment against Mr. Dullmug, does not the law bear me out in what I state?” Again they had recourse to their books, and were unwillingly forced to confess that I was right in my law. “Then,” continued I, “so far from making any apology to Mr. Dullmug, unless that gentleman consents to beg my pardon, and give me a written apology for the unjust and illegal persecution to which he has subjected me, I shall at once take the necessary steps to proceed against him immediately.”—Oh! Frank, what would I have given for you to have been there, when I announced this deter-

mination! there was such a shindy as I never before witnessed: old Dullmug was furious, and said he'd never apologize: I declared, if he didn't, nothing should prevent me from bringing my action; the magistrates tried to persuade me, but I was inflexible; and (by Jove! I was very near forgetting the best part of it all) my governor, who was in Court, the moment he found the law was on my side, turned suddenly round, vowed I had been shamefully used, and that, if it cost him every farthing he possessed in the world, he would see justice done me. So the end of it was, that old Dullmug was forced to write the apology; it now lies in my writing desk, and I look upon it as one of the proudest trophies man ever possessed. So, Master Frank, considering all things, I think I may reckon I got pretty well out of that scrape. Ever your affectionate, F.C.

P.S.—What have you said or done to render old Vernon so bitter against you? Clara Saville tells Lucy, that, when she informed him of her having met and conversed with you alone in the Park that day, he flew into such a rage as she had never seen him in before, and abused you like a pickpocket, and she says she feels certain that, from some cause or other, he entertains a strong personal dislike to you. *Entre nous*, I don't think the fair Clara seems exactly to sympathize with him in this feeling. Considering that you had somewhat less than half an hour to make play in, from Lucy's account you do not seem to have wasted much time. Ah! Master Frank, you are a naughty boy; I can't help sighing when I reflect, how anxious your poor dear mother must feel about you, when she knows you're out.

"Still the same light-hearted merry fellow as ever," exclaimed I, as I closed the letter, "how long, I wonder, will those buoyant spirits of his resist the depressing effect which contact with the harsh realities of life appears always sooner or later to produce? Strange, what he says about that Mr. Vernon; I am not conscious that I ever met the man till the evening of the ball, and yet I fancied there was something which seemed not utterly unfamiliar to me in the expression of his face. Vernon! Vernon! I don't believe I ever heard the name before—it's very odd. Of course what he says about Miss Saville is all nonsense; and yet there was something in her manner, which made me fancy, if I had time and opportunity—psha! what absurdity, I shall have enough to do if I am to imagine myself in love with every nice girl who says 'Thank you' prettily for any trifling service I may chance to render her—I am sure she is not happy, poor thing! seriously, I wish I were sufficiently intimate with her to be able to afford her the advice and assistance of a friend, should such be ever required by her. I should take the liberty of asking old Vernon what he meant by his extraordinary behaviour towards me, were I to see much more of him; there's nothing like a little plain speaking. But I need not trouble my brains about the matter; I shall probably never meet either of them again, so what does it signify?—she certainly is the loveliest girl I ever saw though! heigho!" and, with a sigh for which I should have been somewhat puzzled rationally to account, I took up my gun, and set off for a day's shooting with Harry Oaklands.

Time, that venerable and much vituperated individual, who, if he has to answer for some acts savouring of a taste for wanton destruction,—if he now and then lunches on some noble old Abbey, which had remained a memorial of the deep piety and marvellous skill of our forefathers,—if he crops by way of salad some wide spreading beech or hoary patriarchal oak, which had flung its shade over the tombs of countless generations, (and, as it stood forming a link between the present and the past, won men's reverence by force of contrast with their own ephemeral existence), yet atones for his delinquencies by softening the bitterness of grief, blunting the sharp edge of pain, and affording to the broken-hearted the rest, and to

the slave the freedom, of the grave;—old Time, I say, who should be praised at all events for his perseverance and steadiness, swept onward with his scythe, and cutting his way through the frost and snow of winter, once more beheld the dust of that "brother of the east wind," March, converted into mud by the showers of April, and the summer was again approaching. It was on a fine morning in May, that, as Oaklands and I were breakfasting together in my rooms at Trinity, we heard a tap at the door, and the redoubtable Shrimp made his appearance. This interesting youth had, under Lawless's able tuition, arrived at such a pitch of knowingness, that it was utterly impossible to make him credit anything; he had not the smallest particle of confidence remaining in the integrity of man, woman, or child; and, like many another of the would-be wise in their generation, the only flaw in his scepticism was the bigoted nature of his faith in the false and hateful doctrine of the universal depravity of the human race. He was the bearer of a message from his master, inviting Oaklands and myself to a wine party at his rooms that evening.

"I suppose we may as well go," said Oaklands; "I like a positive engagement somewhere,—it saves one the trouble of thinking what one shall do with oneself."

"You can accept it," replied I, "but it would be a waste of time which I have no right to allow myself; not only does it make one idle while it lasts, but the next day also, for I defy a man to read to any purpose the morning after one of Lawless's symposia."

"My dear boy," returned Oaklands, stretching himself, "why do you take the trouble to use a long word, when a short one would do just as well? If I could but get you to economize your labour, and take things a little more easily, it would be the greatest advantage to you; that everlasting reading too,—I tell you what, Frank, you are reading a great deal too hard; you look quite pale and ill. I promised Mrs. Fairleigh I would not let you overwork yourself, and you shall not either—come, you must and shall go to this party, you want relaxation and amusement, and those fellows will contrive to rouse you up a bit, and do you good."

"To say the truth," I replied, "that is one of my chief objections to going. Lawless I like, for the sake of old recollections, and because he is at bottom a well-disposed good-hearted fellow, but I cannot approve of the set of men one meets there,—it is not merely their being what is termed "fast" that I object to, for, though I do not set up for a sporting character myself, I am rather amused than otherwise to mix occasionally with that style of men; but there is a tone of recklessness in the conversation of the set we meet there, a want of reverence for every thing, human and divine, which I confess disgusts me,—they seem to consider no subject too high or too low to make a jest of."

"I understand the kind of thing you refer to," answered Oaklands, "but I think it's only one or two of them who offend in that way; there's one man who is my particular aversion; I declare, if I thought he'd be there to-night, I would not go."

"I think I know who you mean," replied I; "Stephen Wilford, is it not? the man they call 'butcher,' from some brutal thing he once did to a horse."

"You're right, Frank; I can scarcely sit quietly by, and hear that man talk. I suppose he sees that I dislike him, for there is something in his manner to me which is almost offensive; really sometimes I fancy he wishes to pick a quarrel with me."

"Not unlikely," said I, "he has the reputation of being a dead shot with the pistol, and on the strength of it he presumes to bully every one."

"He had better not go too far with me," returned Oaklands, with flashing eyes, "men are not to be frightened like children; such a character as that is a public nuisance."

"He will not be there to-night, I am glad to say," replied I, "for I met him yesterday, when I was walking with Lawless, and he said he was engaged to Westworth

this evening; but, my dear Harry, for heaven's sake avoid any quarrel with this man; should you not do so, you will only be hazarding your life unnecessarily, and it can lead to no good result."

"My dear fellow, do I ever quarrel with any body? there is nothing worth the trouble of quarrelling about in this world; besides, it would be an immense fatigue to be shot," observed Harry, smiling.

"I have no great faith in your pacific sensations, for they are nothing more," rejoined I; "your indolence always fails you, where it might be of use in subduing (forgive me for using the term) your fiery temper; besides, in allowing a man of this kind to quarrel with you, you give him just the opportunity he wants; in fact you are completely playing his game."

"Well, I can't see that exactly; suppose the worst comes to the worst, and you have to fight him, he stands nearly as good a chance of being killed as you do."

"Excuse me, he does nothing of the kind; going out with a professed duellist is like playing cards with a skilful gambler; the chances are very greatly in his favour; in the first place, nine men out of ten would lose their nerve entirely, when stationed opposite the pistol of a dead shot; then again there are a thousand apparent trifles, of which the initiated are aware, and which make the greatest difference, such as securing a proper position with regard to the sun, taking care that your figure is not in a direct line with any upright object, a tree or post for instance, and lots of other things of a like nature which we know nothing about, all of which he is certain to contrive to have arranged favourably for himself, and disadvantageously for his opponent. Then, having as it were trained himself for the occasion, he is perfectly cool and collected, and ready to avail himself of every circumstance he might turn to his advantage—a moment's hesitation in pulling the trigger, when the signal is given, and he fires first—many a man has received his death wound before now, ere he has discharged his own pistol."

"My dear boy," said Harry, "you really are exciting and alarming yourself very unnecessarily; I am not going to quarrel with Wilford, or any body else; I detest active exertion of every kind, and consider duelling as a fashionable compound of iniquity, containing equal parts of murder and suicide—and we'll go to Lawless's this evening, that I'm determined upon—and—let me see—I've got James's new book in my pocket. I shall not disturb you if I stay here, shall I? I'm not going to talk."

Then, without waiting for an answer, he stretched himself at full length on (and beyond) the sofa, and was soon buried in the pages of that best of followers in the footsteps of the mighty genius of the North, Walter Scott—leaving me to the somewhat less agreeable task of reading *Mathematics*.

ON THE TEMPERATURE OF THE BEE-HIVE IN WINTER.

WHEN those interesting and laborious little creatures, the bees, have completed their labours for the year, and having harvested the last drop of honey from the flowers of autumn, retire to their hives to sleep away the winter, we feel curious to know how they bear the severities of the season, and what means, if any, are employed to keep out the cold.

Upon this subject naturalists have differed greatly in opinion. Réaumur states, that, during the season when the country furnishes no food for bees, they do not require to eat: the cold, which deprives our fields and gardens of their flowers, renders the bees torpid, in which state no transpiration takes place. Swammerdam, Huber, and others state, on the contrary, that

bees do not become torpid in winter, but that even in frosty weather a full hive can maintain a temperature of 86 or 88 degrees Fahrenheit.

This interesting question remained in this condition until a few years ago, when Mr. Newport (who has enriched the science of Entomology with some splendid discoveries) instituted an extensive and profound inquiry into the subject of the temperature of insects. He had long suspected of incorrectness the opinion that the hive is able to maintain a high temperature in winter, a circumstance so much at variance with the habits of insects in this country that, were it so, the hive bee would form a singular exception to the general economy of British insects. The only method, as it seemed to Mr. Newport, of arriving at the truth, was to make such arrangements as would enable him at any time, during many months, to ascertain at a glance the internal temperature of the hive. He placed a common straw hive with its entrance hole in the direction of another wooden hive, which was standing beside it in a bee-house so constructed that the whole of the back part of the house could be removed or closed at pleasure. The proper entrance for the bees at the front of the bee-house was directly into the wooden hive, from the side of which there was a little covered communication with the entrance hole of the straw hive, to serve as a passage for the bees, and a connexion between the wooden and straw hive. The object of this was to prevent any sudden effect upon the temperature of the hive by changes which might occur in the temperature of the air without. The interior of the straw hive was thus subjected as little as possible to the variations in the open atmosphere, since the bees were obliged to pass through the empty wooden hive before they could reach the open air. In order to make the experiment with the greatest accuracy, it was necessary that the bees should never be disturbed while making an observation, and therefore a small thermometer, with a long free bulb, was passed through a hole just large enough to admit it in the top of the straw hive, about eight inches from the centre, and retained there during the whole of the subsequent observations without being removed or touched. The bees at first seemed a little inconvenienced by its presence, but within two or three days they became accustomed to it, and removed the comb and wax from around it, so that the bulb of the instrument was remaining about an inch within the free space of the hive, and the observations were then made at intervals with the greatest accuracy. The temperature of the atmosphere was taken with a thermometer similar to the one used for the hive. It was thus only necessary to notice, from time to time, the rise and fall of each thermometer, and the difference between them, the temperature of the air being of course taken in the immediate vicinity of the bee-house.

By this course of observation it was found that the hive bee during winter does not become absolutely torpid; but, if left entirely undisturbed, it passes into a condition in which its temperature of body and amount of respiration become very greatly diminished,—a state of deep sleep in the combs, from which, by a beautiful provision of nature, it is roused by great cold. As soon as the temperature falls considerably, the insect shakes off its torpor and commences breathing with energy, by which an amount of animal heat is produced which exerts its salutary influence on the air of the hive. It is only at a moderate temperature that the insects continue torpid, and, when in this state, it is very easy to rouse them from it by gently shaking or tapping the hive. When this is done in winter the bees wake up, become excited, and soon by the rapidity of their respirations raise the temperature of the hive to a great height. In the case of Huber and others who did not observe the scientific precautions of Mr. Newport, the thermometer was introduced into the hive at the time of making the observation, thereby disturbing the

bees, and exciting them to increased vital energy, and consequently to increased animal heat. The effect of a sudden disturbance of bees is strikingly shown in the following observation. On the morning of the 2d of January, 1836, at a quarter past seven, A.M.; when there was a clear intense frost, and the thermometer in the open air stood a little above 17 degrees, that in the hive marked a temperature of 30 degrees; that is, actually two degrees *below* the freezing point. The bees were roused by tapping on the hive, and in sixteen minutes the mercury rose to 70 degrees, or 53 degrees above the external air.

It was found by a long course of observation that the temperature of the hive, when the bees are in a state of repose, varies with that of the atmosphere; but that the change within the hive is never so rapid as in the atmosphere, unless the bees have been disturbed. When the external temperature rises very suddenly, it never exceeds that of the hive by more than one or two degrees, provided the bees are in a state of absolute rest: but if, on the contrary, the temperature of the atmosphere be suddenly diminished, that of the hive will subside also, but much less rapidly. Sometimes the two thermometers stand exactly equal to each other. On the other hand, when the bees are active and respiring quickly, the hive is even then affected in the winter months by great changes in the temperature of the external air, particularly if such changes occur late in the autumn, or at the beginning of winter.

But a change in the atmosphere in summer does not so readily affect the temperature of the hive, because in summer, when the general warmth of the atmosphere ranges from 45 degrees and upwards, the bees are always active, and are not themselves so readily affected by sudden changes; while in winter, when the temperature ranges from 45 degrees downwards, the bees are very soon affected by diminished heat, and become disposed to pass into the torpid state, in which scarcely any respiration takes place, and the temperature of the little animals sinks down, or nearly so, to that of the medium in which they are placed, and even to that of the external atmosphere, if there is communication with it. Each bee is probably, in general, from 10 to 15 degrees warmer than the medium in which it lives when in a state of moderate excitement, but its heat is liable to be greatly increased from causes which will be noticed in another article, on the temperature of the hive in summer.

It has been already shown, that a surprising amount of heat may be suddenly developed in the hive even in mid-winter, by exciting the bees. In a second straw-hive, which Mr. Newport had exposed to the open air like the common cottage-hives, the internal temperature at 10 o'clock, A.M. of the 2d February, was a little over 48 degrees, being only 14 degrees higher than that of the external atmosphere. On disturbing the hive by tapping, the mercury rose to 102 degrees, or 68 degrees above the temperature of the surrounding air. When the heat is thus suddenly increased during the earlier or latter part of winter, it becomes intolerable to the bees, and they immediately endeavour to reduce it by ventilation, provided the outer cold be not too severe to prevent their assembling near the entrance of the hive. At about 40 degrees, the temperature of the hive is quickly modified by the assiduity of the bees; "I have often," says Mr. Newport, "been amused by observing them after the hive has been disturbed for a short time, although but a few minutes before there was not a single bee on the alighting board, come hastily to the entrance of the hive, and having arranged themselves within three quarters of an inch of the doorway, begin to fan with their wings most laboriously, to occasion a current of cool air through the interior of the hive." On one occasion, when the temperature of the hive had been raised to about 70 degrees, the external

air being at 40 degrees, the bees at mid-day maintained the temperature steadily at 57 degrees by their mode of ventilation, the hive continuing all the time to be excited.

Although the hive be very much disturbed, and its temperature become greatly increased by exciting the bees in mid-winter, it will soon become quiet again, and its temperature be again reduced to within 10 or 12 degrees of the temperature of the atmosphere within about ten hours.

HISTORY OF THE COTTON MANUFACTURE.¹

THE mule had not more than thirty spindles at first, but this number was rapidly increased, and double-frames and spindles introduced, so that Manchester can now show some machines with more than two thousand spindles. What a contrast between such engines, each forming two thousand threads of cotton at the same time, and the simple spinning-wheel, with its one spindle, which was upset in the cottage of Hargreaves. Startling, too, is the difference between the tall seven-storied factory, re-echoing with the busy life and ceaseless din of multitudes, and the lone cottage of the spinner, placed on the verge of some Lancashire moor, or in the tranquil depths of a Derbyshire fell.

This invention of Crompton gave a mighty impulse to the cotton trade, and enabled the English manufacturers to produce the fine muslins which now vie with the once famed products of the East. The inventor of the mule took out no patent, and sought no exclusive privileges; thus presenting a remarkable contrast to others, whose fierce rivalry attracted the attention of the whole kingdom. He therefore amassed no fortune, and was even compelled to subsist in his old age upon a small yearly pension of sixty-three pounds, raised by the subscriptions of those who saw the brilliant results which had followed the labours of Crompton. Not that the nation was wholly unmindful of its benefactor, as parliament voted the sum of 5,000*l.* in 1812, to the inventor of the mule-jenny. This grant was not productive of much happiness to Crompton, who, attempting to establish his sons as cotton manufacturers, saw the 5,000*l.* rapidly sunk in the vortex of unsuccessful trade.

He lived to the year 1827, witnessing the accumulating fortunes made by means of his invention, and gazing from his lowly condition on the honours surrounding an Arkwright, or a Peel; whilst to him the sixty-three pounds alone appeared as the small reward of a great discovery.

The mechanical improvements of Crompton did not terminate invention in this department, others having still further developed the powers of the mule.

Mr. William Strutt, of Derby, introduced the *self-acting mules*, which may be almost said to execute their varied tasks without the aid of man, requiring but his word of command when to begin, and how long to work. The multiplicity of their operations, the skilful devices necessary for accomplishing rightly some of the simplest results, and the marvellous order apparent amidst such complexity, are fitted to astonish even the scientific mechanists; and few besides can fully comprehend the beauty of such machines. The lady who unrolls a yard of sewing-cotton from the reel, may not observe the regularity with which the thread is wound upon the bobbin, so that one turn is laid *by the side* of another all along the whole length, one never falling *upon*, but next the other. Was not this a simple operation? Far from it; some of the nicest arrangements were essential to secure such a regulated *side-movement*. The

(1) The curious subject of the ventilation of the hives by the bees, will be fully noticed in the article on the temperature of the hive in summer.

finest mechanical appliances, fruits of many a studious hour, produced that even reel of cotton which the lady has in her work-box. Let this one example suffice to suggest some notion of the numerous and diversified movements in the self-acting mules, which, as improved by Mr. Roberts of Manchester, present the singular spectacle of thousands of spindles whirling in a vast hall, where human hands have nought to perform. The last-named gentleman took out a patent for his design in 1825; and others are still bent upon advancing, to a higher perfection, the works left to England by Wyatt, Hargreaves, Arkwright, and Crompton.

Here our observations on the cotton manufacture might terminate, were *spinning*, and its connected operations, alone regarded. But it seems necessary to note a few important facts in the history of those machines by which the cotton thread is *woven* for our use. To enter into any general description of looms is foreign to our present purpose, a few observations on the *power-loom*, and weaving by steam, being all which is now contemplated.

When the spinning-jennys and mules came into full operation, many became apprehensive of the results, and feared lest England should be merely providing foreign nations with superior yarns, from which those rivals might form materials of a quality superior to our home productions. It was clear that the hand-loom could not use up *all* the twist which the machines of Arkwright and Crompton were able to produce; and, therefore, the surplus must go to the foreign manufacturer.

Some now began to speculate on the possibility of moving a number of looms by machine power, and thus creating a means of manufacturing in England the enormous amount of material produced in the spinning factories. Several ingenious persons had experimented on the possibility of producing such a mechanism for weaving, before the time of Dr. Edmund Cartwright, who was the inventor of the power-loom, but their plans led to few beneficial results.

Thus, in the reign of Charles II., M. de Yennes invented a loom moved by water-power; but it was regarded rather as a scientific curiosity for the speculation of the studious, than as the element of a vast national power; and was, therefore, neglected. The Royal Society, before which the paper describing the principles was read in 1678, might discuss and argue respecting the details of the new engine "to make linen cloth without the aid of an artificer, by M. de Yennes," but the age was not yet fitted to receive the offered gifts. Still the idea of a power-loom did not disappear from the minds of men; and, in the year 1750, M. Vaucanson contrived one to move by the action of swivels. The age had now become more sensible of the advantages to be derived from machinery; the device of Vaucanson attracted attention; and a factory for such looms was erected in Manchester by a Mr. Gartside. But of what use was a power-loom, whilst the old-fashioned spinning-wheel refused to furnish more than its very limited quantity of twist, for which even the hand-weaver had frequently to wait? and the power-loom had, therefore, little prospect of more than half work. It was folly, then, to call up a giant to perform the work which ordinary mortals could accomplish by the ancient methods. Besides, these swivel-looms were not attended with any material diminution of human toil, one man being required for the management of each; a fact by no means likely to satisfy those who had fixed their hearts upon machine power as the creator of new wealth and prosperity.

Many were disposed to question the possibility of constructing power-looms; and such was the prevailing opinion in the year 1787, when the busy engines of Arkwright were producing cotton twist by miles, in place of yards. In that year Dr. Cartwright and some gentlemen were eagerly discussing the results likely to follow from the recent introduction of the jenny, water-

frame, and mule, during which conversation some one casually remarked, that hands would never be found to weave the cotton produced by Arkwright's mill only; to which Cartwright, smiling, replied, that the great spinner must contrive a *weaving-mill* to use up his productions. All declared that such an invention was *impossible*; and several persons, well acquainted with the weaving process, entered into minute explanations to convince the Doctor of the utter hopelessness of the attempt. He understood little of weaving, and was unable to answer the technical arguments brought forward, but remarked that he did not consider a power-loom of more difficult construction than the automaton chess-player, which had been lately exhibited in London. He enlarged upon the difficulties which must have been overcome before a number of wires, wheels, and bits of wood could be so arranged as to play through the most complicated games; and, therefore, concluded that the power-loom was not an *impossible* machine.

After the party separated, Cartwright could not forget the nature of his own arguments; thoughts of their truth or falsehood were continually present; and he resolved himself to test the difficulties said to be so insuperable. He saw that in all weaving *three* different movements were repeated, over and over, till the work was complete. The warp was opened, the shuttle thrown, and the batten, descending, struck home the weft. Surely, thought he, it cannot be *impossible* to produce three different motions, nor to repeat them as often as necessary. With these reflections he commenced his experiments, and at last finished a machine which seemed likely to effect the intended object. As he understood nothing of weaving, a man well skilled in the whole process was engaged to set the machine to work. Operations began, and, to the delight of Cartwright, proceeded so satisfactorily, that a piece of stout sail-cloth was produced, as the first fruits of the device. But, however pleasing the result might be to Cartwright, he could not fail to note how little the man engaged to superintend the loom seemed to think of its power.

Nor was this surprising, every part being constructed upon a mistaken notion of the *force* requisite in weaving, which he had so over estimated, that all the springs and movements worked with a power far exceeding that which was requisite in an operation demanding more of lightness and regularity of action than power. His newly-produced loom was sadly deficient in these qualities, working with such violence, that two strong men were soon exhausted in the effort to direct its action. This would never do, as a little practical knowledge might have convinced Cartwright. He was, however, so delighted with his success, that a patent was taken out in April, 1785, for working the invention. Prudence now obtained a hearing, and strongly urged upon the exulting patentee the duty of acquiring some further knowledge of weaving before he committed himself to the manufacture of machines which might be utterly useless to practical men. Cartwright, therefore, began to study the mysteries of warp, weft, and shuttle; and quickly discovered that his invention was, in its present state, little better than a toy. He saw at the same time the source of its defects, and commenced a re-arrangement of the different parts, and an alteration of their form and size. In two years a new patent was taken out; and the inventor, who had now demonstrated the possibility of the power-loom, prepared to seek some solid advantages from his discovery. A weaving-mill was erected at Doncaster; but the perseverance of the discoverer was not united, in Cartwright, with the knowledge and habits of the trader; the undertaking, did not, therefore, lead to fortune, or even moderate advantages. The truth is, that the new invention required further development and modification, before it could supply the manufacturer with the desired power; and Cartwright was but another instance of a discoverer bringing his schemes into operation before

they had received that finish so essential to the profitable working of machinery. Still he was the first to demonstrate the facilities with which the power-loom could be worked, and to create an unceasing auxiliary of the spinning engines. No fear was henceforth expressed of a too abundant manufacture of yarn, for close at hand stood the loom to receive all that the engine could produce. So sensible was the nation of the great services performed by Cartwright, that Parliament voted him, in 1809, the sum of £10,000, as some compensation for his labours and efforts to develop the idea of the power-loom.

Cartwright, as some of our readers are doubtless aware, was distinguished in many respects for his mechanical genius, which was by no means limited to experiments on the loom; but extended to the production of locomotive carriages, and the propulsion of vessels by steam. In these absorbing and useful pursuits, Edmund Cartwright passed his life, far from the exciting and tumultuous scenes in which his brother, Major John Cartwright, was ever engaged. Both were distinguished for a mechanical genius; nor could the political struggles of the major wholly restrain him from such pursuits. The inventor of the power-loom died in 1824, at the advanced age of eighty-one, leaving to his country a power which has, next to the jenny and the mule, advanced the manufacturing strength of England.

Since the time of Cartwright, the power-loom has advanced with a rapidity which few could have predicted; for, whilst in 1820—four years before the inventor's death—the number at work was about 14,000, in thirteen years after no less than 100,000 of these machines made the land, as it were, to echo with their ceaseless din. Nor is the increase of number the chief point calling for attention, the command obtained over the engines, and the ease with which they are worked, being even more remarkable.

From this perfection of machinery arises that cheapness of cotton productions, which enables the Lancashire manufacturer to sell his goods in the distant provinces of India at a less rate than the native can produce them himself, though having the cotton on the spot, and few expenses by which the cost of his work can be increased. The mule and the power-loom, uniting their energies to the might of steam, have accomplished such results, and now startle the distant Hindoo weaver on the banks of the Ganges, by bringing to his hut a material to supersede the product of his own rude loom.

A good hand-loom weaver seldom produced more than forty-eight yards of cotton in a week, but a steam-loom weaver is able, with the assistance of a boy, to manufacture nearly four hundred and fifty yards; and this increased quantity shall also, in many cases, be of a quality superior to hand made goods. This result may surprise those who regard the human hand as the most delicate of instruments, not to be equalled, much less surpassed, by any machinery, however perfect. But we must remember, that in the operation of weaving one great essential is *uniformity* of action, that all strokes upon the web shall be of the same force, otherwise the cloth will vary in thickness, and want that even beauty so attractive in the most highly finished pieces.

It is precisely this uniformity which machinery alone can secure; for that, never tiring, performs its task with the regularity which can only be expected from an engine. Where such regularity is required, the hand being affected by the thousand muscular agencies of the body, and the emotions of the mind, can never rival the uniformity of the steam engine's stroke. Various improvements have been made in the power-loom since the days of Cartwright, but these, though important to the manufacturer, are too much involved in minute and technical details for discussion in these pages.

Here, therefore, our notice of the more important

steps in the history of the cotton manufacture must end, omitting the various processes of printing, dyeing, &c., which are rather consequent upon, than parts of, the cotton-making art. The much disputed question respecting the advantages or disadvantages of machinery to society, is one into which it would be useless to enter, our object being not to weave theories, but present the facts which have had a commanding influence on human institutions.

The factory system does undoubtedly demand the utmost watchfulness and prudence, lest it should issue in the mischief predicted by its opponents; but surely such a moral controul may be applied to those busy human groups crowded in the great hives of labour, as to prevent the disastrous consequences apt to arise from neglected masses of untaught men.

Many devices have been adopted in the large factories by which injury to human health is avoided, as may be exemplified in the improved *batting machines*, which prevent the dust from the beaten cotton escaping into the work rooms; and surely the skill of wise, christian-hearted men, can devise some means for preventing much of that moral evil, which has so justly been complained of in our factories. The old quiet life of the spinner and weaver is gone, probably for ever, since the vast combinations of machinery require the grouping of men in one spot; let us then take the factory system as a thing settled amongst us, and aim to bring it within the influence of sound moral principles. Then we may contemplate with pleasure the tall factories of the North, and view with delight the results of those inventions which will through many an age preserve the names of Wyatt, Hargreaves and Arkwright, with his who called up the mighty power-loom to receive the products of the jenny and mule.

Food and clothing are the two great physical wants of man: let us hope that the skillfully contrived machinery which provides the one, may not be a source of evil to rich or poor, to England or the world.

LIBRARIES.

THE newspapers have lately announced the death of Mr. Grenville, a statesman whose name is associated with some of the most momentous events in the modern history of the country, at the extraordinary age of upwards of eighty. And this announcement was followed in a few days by another, that he had bequeathed his splendid library to the British Museum. The circumstances under which the bequest was made are of considerable interest. Mr. Grenville, after having filled several important diplomatic appointments, lived for many years in the enjoyment of a sinecure office, the whole income of which, amounting to a considerable sum, he regularly devoted to the formation of a library, which many years before his death had become one of the most valuable collections ever made by any private individual. Its present value is estimated at £42,000; but the sum which must have been laid out in its collection, it cannot be doubted, must have been considerably greater.

It is difficult to conceive a more appropriate use of an income so derived. If Mr. Grenville received the public money without rendering any direct services in return, he at least made no selfish use of the acquisition. He was in fact a trustee for the nation, regularly and voluntarily applying a portion of the public funds to a purpose of great interest and importance, which, if left to the public itself, would certainly have been neglected. If sinecures generally led to such results, we should not be disposed very severely to censure the system.

An article in the *Quarterly Review* for May 1843, has

the following notice of the library which the nation has thus unexpectedly acquired. "The library of Mr. Grenville is in its way unique: formed regardless of cost, elegant in taste and objects, choice in editions, with just so much of rarity as makes us esteem a picture by a master whose works are numbered by tens, more than a picture of equal merit by a painter whose canvas may be estimated by acres; there never was a library more complete, in proportion to its extent, than that of this venerable statesman and scholar. In making known his treasures, which are unreservedly opened to any one who appears likely to profit by the use of them, Mr. Grenville has had the good taste, as it might be expected, to abstain from telling the world that he possesses 'a well selected library including Hume, Smollet, Gibbon, and Robertson, &c. &c.' the 'tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff,' of the retail dealers in literature, and the auctioneers. He has had compiled a catalogue of his rarer or more valuable books, with a few short descriptive notices, often drawn from the small notes placed loosely in his volumes, which those of his friends who are happy enough to use his books, value for the information so tersely given in them."

There is, to a real lover of books, a charm in the collecting of a library, such as scarcely can be found in the acquisition of any other description of treasure. Few can indulge the taste in the princely fashion of Mr. Grenville; but, with even the most moderate income, a small sum may be set aside yearly for the purpose, which, if judiciously employed, in an earnest spirit, and with a heart set upon the pursuit, will very soon accumulate upon the modest book-shelf such a collection of curious and valuable treasures of literature, as the collector, if told of it beforehand, could scarcely have believed possible. To accomplish this there must undoubtedly be much care and discrimination exercised in selection, some self-denial in the indulgence of other tastes, and, above all, an earnest devotion to this one pursuit, giving it almost the place of a religion—such as will make the expenditure of every shilling on other objects of gratification a debated question before the court of conscience, involving the most scrupulous inquiry into the necessity for incurring it. But with these qualifications it is wonderful how much can be done. (If two men, both enjoying the same income, and with the same apparent demands upon it, we shall find one puzzled enough to make both ends meet, and finding the purchase of a newspaper and a cheap magazine quite as much in the way of literary luxury as he can indulge himself with; while the other not only keeps himself well up with the current literature of the day, but quietly adds volume after volume of the rarer and more curious occupants of the library shelf to an already tolerably valuable store; because the numberless unconsidered shillings and sixpences which the one pays away—he cannot well tell, at the year's end, for what,—are by the other religiously preserved and held sacred to this one object.

We have frequently been struck with it as a remarkable fact, with what speed and certainty books find their way, in spite of the most apparently insurmountable obstacles, to the place where there is a demand for them. We well recollect how, when at school, notwithstanding the utmost vigilance of a sufficiently severe master, who was a determined foe to all contraband contrivances for smoothing the ascent up the hill of learning, there was, among a certain set of boys—not the really good scholars, who would have scorned shirking their difficulties as a foxhunter would scorn riding round a field to avoid a stiff fence, nor the downright dunces, to whom everything was alike difficult and incomprehensible—but those whose deficiency consisted rather in want of relish than want of capacity for learning, and who, though indifferent scholars, were capital hands at finding birds' nests, a continual undercurrent of keys and translations, how procured no one could tell; for there was no shop in the town, nor within many

miles of it, where they were known to be sold. We never find, in the most remote localities, a man of a depraved or prurient taste, or of a tendency to infidel speculation, who does not manage to possess, by some inexplicable means, books fitted to minister to the gratification of such taste or tendency. And in like manner a man really possessed with an ardent thirst for knowledge, set him down in what remote and inaccessible place you will—far from any large library, and with but limited means of purchasing books, still will somehow or other manage to collect about him not merely the standard classics in that department of knowledge towards which his taste especially tends, but some books which are not to be found even by the wealthy without trouble and research. We ourselves know instances of men, in the humbler walks of life, living in small country towns, where the largest library in the neighbourhood could be hived in a single glass case, and pressed by the unintermitting calls of a toilsome occupation, who yet, by dint of an unwearying pursuit of knowledge wherever a glimpse of it could be caught, have come to acquire an amount of information on historical and literary subjects which would shame many professed scholars, and are able to boast of a familiarity with authors of whose writings the general herd of readers of books are entirely ignorant.

There is a very pleasant passage in one of Charles Lamb's delightful essays, in which, hovering, as usual with him, between jest and earnest, he enumerates the disadvantages of coming to be in easy circumstances in the case of a man who had long struggled with a limited income. He mourns over the loss of that exquisite relish, with which certain small luxuries—valued the more that the indulgence in them rather verged upon imprudence—were then enjoyed, as contrasted with the languid feeling of gratification they excited when their acquisition involved no struggle between prudence and desire. In particular he recalls to memory the purchase of one quaint old book, bought in the days of his poverty, Sir Thomas Browne's Works, or Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, or some book of that sort; its price somewhere about sixteen shillings; long regarded with covetous eyes as he passed and repassed day after day the window in which it was displayed; and, when at last he screwed his courage to the sticking place, and actually made the purchase, the tremulous feeling of delight with which he felt, as he carried it home under his arm, that he was at last the owner of the long coveted treasure; the affectionate tenderness with which he handled it when he got home, dipping here and there into its pages, and extracting a choice morsel from each, but unable from mere agitation of delight to dwell upon any; and the pride with which he displayed it to his excellent sister, whose gentle smile expressed her full sympathy with his joy, while the slightest possible shake of her head intimated her fear that he had been extravagant. The feelings which Lamb thus portrays in his own inimitable style—a style which always suggests to us the idea of 'a smile on the cheek, and a tear in the eye,'—must be recognised as exquisitely true to nature by almost every poor lover of books.

The article in the Quarterly Review to which we have already referred contains a good deal of very interesting information on the subject of libraries, library collectors, and books. On the subject of British libraries the author says, "The Bodleian and other libraries of Oxford, the libraries at Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin, will rank with many of the continental collections. The Harleian library of printed books, formed by Lord Treasurer Oxford, and his son the second earl, has, like the library formed by the Duc de la Vallière in France, been dispersed, but the catalogues of each remain to testify to their merits. The Sunderland Library, so rich in vellum copies of *Éditiones Principes*, is still preserved at Blenheim; and the truly regal collection formed by King George III. out of his privy purse, and so munificently presented to the British nation by

King George IV. is kept intact at the British Museum. Immediately upon his accession to the throne, King William IV. commenced the formation of a new library; various collections belonging to the crown were brought together and amalgamated; many deficiencies have since been supplied by judicious purchases silently and unostentatiously made; and already Her Majesty and her illustrious consort appreciate and enjoy at Windsor Castle a splendid library of 35,000 volumes, occupying the whole of Queen Elizabeth's Gallery, and King Henry the Seventh's and King Charles the Second's rooms; to which library is attached an almost unrivalled collection of drawings by the ancient masters, including that of Cardinal Albani. The Roxburghe collection has, by its dispersion, enriched the noble libraries of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Spencer, and Mr. Grenville, all of them, but particularly the last, formed with regard to the value of the books, and not the number of the volumes, numerous though they be. We doubt if all Europe could produce another individual gentleman who in his ardour for collecting books and manuscripts, has disbursed, like Sir Thomas Phillips £100,000, or 2,500,000 francs."

On the effects upon literature of the book-collecting mania, the writer of the article thus remarks:—"The passion for collecting books which many individuals have displayed has, all things considered, worked well for literature; to the credit of book-collectors it must be said, that in general their stores have been available to the use of others. Some collections formed by distinguished bibliomaniaes, to use Dr. Dibdin's phrase, yet remain entire; others dispersed after their owner's death, have enabled many a student to obtain some rare volume necessary to the perfection of his subject. Roscoe acknowledges his obligations on this account to the Crevenna and Pinelli sales. Of the libraries so dispersed some are on record in a good catalogue, whilst others perhaps of greater merit are almost forgotten, '*carere quia vate sacro*.' The late Mr. Heber accumulated a vast library, or rather, a chaotic mass of books, which, certainly from no want of liberality in the possessor, but from various circumstances, produced in his lifetime little good. He had some few favourite classes of literature which he endeavoured to complete; but in general all books were books to him, and greedily purchased. He stopped not at duplicates, nor triplicates, nor at a tenth copy. Of this library, the labour of a life, the expenditure of a fortune, what remains? Some fifteen auction catalogues, with several alphabets in each, all drawn up in haste for the merely temporary use of vendor and purchasers, and for all purposes of consultation perfectly useless. The late Frederick, Earl of Guildford, began early to collect books, and after his return from the government of Ceylon, indulged his penchant largely in the literature of Southern Europe. During his visits to the Continent he purchased the entire libraries of convents; and his collection was singularly rich both in printed books and manuscripts of Italian and modern Greek literature. His aim was to found a university in Corfu, and to deposit there his library. However, upon the earl's death it was dispersed by auction, and like Mr. Heber is now known only by three or four meagre and ill-digested sale lists. The greater portion of his MSS. are in the British Museum and in Sir Thomas Phillips's library."

We have in the same article an interesting statement of the number of books contained in the principal libraries of Europe. "The number of volumes claimed to be possessed by the twelve greatest libraries of Europe is as follows (quoted from the Appendix to the Parliamentary Report on the British Museum). The *Bibliothèque du Roi*, at Paris, 650,000; Munich, 500,000 (of which one fifth at the least are duplicates); Copenhagen 400,000; St. Petersburg 400,000; Berlin 320,000; Vienna 300,000; the British Museum 270,000; Dresden 250,000; the *Bibliothèque de l'Académie*, at Paris, 200,000; the *Bibliothèque de St. Genevieve*, at Paris, 200,000; the

Brera library, at Milan, 200,000; Göttingen 200,000." The accuracy of these numbers, however, is very uncertain. It is not clear that the numbers of volumes in those libraries have ever been actually counted, nor that the same principles of enumeration have been adopted, so that those libraries to which the largest numbers are attached may not be really so much larger than some of the others as would at first sight appear. It has been calculated that the printed books in the British Museum Library occupy ten miles of shelf. It contains 60,000 pamphlets on the subject of the French Revolution alone.

One of the greatest difficulties connected with the management of a library, is the preparation of proper catalogues. It is somewhat amusing to see how the difficulty has been increased by the practice so common among authors of disguising their real names. "Besides the frequent solecisms which are found in alphabetical catalogues, arising from the compiler's misapprehension of the meaning of a title, such as the '*Relatio felicitis agonis*' of certain martyrs, being entered as a work by Felix Ago, various difficulties are caused by the fond fancies of authors in translating or euphonising their names. The variety of modes by which names are altered and disguised is great; those which sound harsh or too familiar in their vernacular form are often euphonised by being turned into well sounding Greek: thus, Melancthon, Capnio, Xylander, Ecolampadius, Metastasio, represent Schwartzerd, Reuchlin, Holtzman, Hausschein, and Trapassi; Sophocardius is Wishart, or Wiseheart; and Hylacomylus, who first gave the name of America to the then newly discovered continent, is only Martin Waldseemüller, a schoolmaster at the little town of Saint Die, in the department of the Vosges. But one version does not always suffice: Giovanni Vittorio de Rossi, Johannes Victorius de Kubeis, and Janus Nicius Erythreus, are all one and the same person, who writes under the three names. Sometimes a Latin form is taken, or an equivalent it may be: thus Bevilacqua, or Drinkwater is Abstemijs, Bridgewater is Aquepontanus, Torquemada is Turrocremata, Smidt is Vulcanus, Leger Duchesne is Leodegarius a Queren, or Quercetanus, and Vander Bycken is Torrontius. If without meaning, or almost incapable of being tortured into meaning, the cacophonous name is made to sound like Latin: Van der Does is Douas, Roscoe is Roscius, Owen is Andoenus, and Wilson Volusenus. In English a somewhat similar process is adopted in order to get rid of an objectionable name: for instance, Abraham is made Braham, Israel d'Israeli, Bernales Bernal—and a total change of name is not unfrequently resorted to for the same purpose. The number of writers of one and the same name is another source of error; it would be no easy task to discriminate accurately between all the John Smiths, the Thomas Browns, and the William Allens. These difficulties have caused some writers, such as Fabricius and Nicolas Antonio, who have cast their works into an alphabetical form, to arrange their matter under Christian or first names; but here a new class of obstacles arises, whether John shall be Johannes, Heri-Gratia, Theocharis, Giovanni, Jean, Johann, Juan, Joao, Joan, Jonas, or Hans—whether we shall say Egdius or Giles, Ludovicus or Lewis or Louis, Elizabetha or Isabella, Wilbott or Bilibaldus."

Another source of error and confusion in assigning books to their true authors arises from the practice of authors concealing their names in acrostics and similar puzzles. Of these one of the most curious was the following. "Th—s Cl—s: Midras *Iacoeus*." This might have puzzled Oedipus himself, had the author not furnished the key to his meaning. The word *Midras* he says, is to be read by the word Iacous: then as i is the third vowel, a the first, o the fourth, e the second, and u the fifth, M. i. d. r. a. s. will be transposed into I. R. M. D. A. S. which initials stand for Johannes Robertson, Medicine Doctor, Abredonensis Scotus:—the Th—s Cl—s being not Thomas Clowes, nor any

relative of our printer, but Theodoris Cleobulides, which purports to be a translation of John Robertson."

The article goes on to enumerate other curious sources of mistake arising from the ignorance of editors and bibliographers. One editor, out of King James's Doron Basileon, creates an author, Dorus Basilicus; Bishop Walton, editor of the Polyglott Bible, out of the title of the great Arabic dictionary, the Kamos, or "Ocean," makes an author, whom he calls Camus. The Centones Virgiliani of Proba Falconia, were printed in 1509 at Paris, as by Proba Falconia Centona; and the Catalogue of the Barberini Library, turns the German *weiland* into an author of the same name.

Some ages hence, if the favourites of the present day live so long, similar confusion may arise from the practice now prevailing of adopting pseudonyms. There will be no difficulty about Sir Walter Scott, so long as our language survives; the most ignorant catalogue-maker will scarcely attribute any of his works to Waverley, Dr. Dryasdust, or Jedediah Cleishbotham; but we should not wonder, if some difficulty did arise in adjusting the respective claims of Wilson and Christopher North, Dickens and Boz, Procter and Barry Cornwall, or Thackeray and Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

INUNDATION OF THE VALLEY OF BAGNE.¹

The valley of Bagne, long, narrow, unequal in breadth, and confined by high mountains, is situated in the canton of Valais, on the left side of the Rhone; and it is remarked of the simple and industrious race who inhabit it, that for a century past there has not been a punishable crime committed among them, nor even a law-suit. The torrent of the Dranse, issuing from the glacier of Chermontane, at the upper extremity of this valley, forms one of the outlets of that series of glaciers, forty leagues in length, which extend from Mont Blanc to the sources of the Rhone; almost dry in winter, it becomes swollen during the spring, by the melting of the snow. The people of the valley, surprised to see it always so low during the month of April last, and suspecting something extraordinary, ascended to its source, and found that an unusual quantity of ice, fallen from the glacier of Getroz, on Mount Pleureur, blocked up the valley, and that the waters of the Dranse, accumulated behind this dyke, already formed a large lake. Upon their report, the alarm was spread, not only throughout the canton of Valais, but even in Italy; travellers feared to take the route of the Simplon, being aware that when the ice gave way there would be a sudden inundation, which would overflow the whole country. The government sent an engineer, who found that the dyke across the valley was six or seven hundred feet in length, four hundred feet high, and three thousand feet broad at its base; the lake was seven thousand two hundred feet in length, and six hundred in breadth, and had already risen to half the height of the dyke, that is, to two hundred feet. He decided upon opening a gallery through the ice, beginning fifty-four feet above the actual level, to give himself time to finish the work before the lake rose up to it; its daily increase being from four to five feet, according to the temperature. On the 11th of May he began to work at the two extremities of the gallery, fifty men, relieving each other alternately, laboured night and day, in continual danger of being buried alive in their gallery by some of the avalanches, which fell at short intervals; several were wounded by pieces of ice, others had their feet frozen, and the ice was so hard as to break their tools. But, notwithstanding all these difficulties, the work advanced rapidly. On the 27th of May, a large portion of the dyke rose upwards, with such a frightful noise, that the workmen believed the whole was giving way, and fled precipitately, but soon returned to their labour.

(1) From Simond's Switzerland.

This accident happened several times afterwards; some of the floating pieces of ice, to judge from their height out of the water, must have been seventy feet thick beneath the surface. The 4th of June the gallery, six hundred and eighty feet long, was completed, but, as it was twenty feet higher in the middle. It was necessary still to level it. The weather had been very cold, and the lake had not yet reached the height of the gallery; the labourers, therefore, continued lowering it till the 13th, when, towards ten at night, the water began to flow through. The lake continued to rise during several hours; but the next day, at five o'clock in the evening, it had fallen one foot; the morning on the 15th, ten feet; the 16th, thirty feet.

At two o'clock on that day, the length of the lake was diminished one thousand nine hundred and fifty feet; for the gallery wearing down as fast as the lake lowered, the water ran freely, but without the Dranse overflowing; and a very few days would have sufficed to drain this great reservoir. Loud explosions, however, announced that large masses of ice were loosened from the dyke by their specific lightness diminishing its thickness towards the lake, while the current, as it flowed from the gallery, wore away this same barrier on the opposite side, and threatened a sudden rupture. The danger increasing, the engineer sent, from time to time, to warn the inhabitants to be on their guard. As the water began to make its way under the ice, the crisis appeared inevitable, and not far distant. At half-past four in the evening a terrible explosion announced the breaking up of the dyke; and the waters of the lake rushing through, all at once formed a torrent, one hundred feet in depth, which traversed the first eighteen miles in the space of forty minutes, carrying away one hundred and thirty chalets, a whole forest, and an immense quantity of earth and stone. When it reached Bagne, the ruins of all descriptions carried along with it formed a moving mountain, three hundred feet high, from which a column of thick vapour arose, like the smoke of a great fire. An English traveller, accompanied by a young artist, Mr. P. of Lausanne, and a guide, had been visiting the works, and on his return was approaching Bagne, when, turning round by chance, he saw the frightful object just described coming down, the distant noise of which had been lost in the nearer roar of the Dranse; he clapt spurs to his horse to warn his companion, as well as three other travellers who had joined them; all dismounting, scrambled up the mountain precipitately, and arrived in safety beyond the reach of the deluge, which, in an instant, filled the valley beneath; however, Mr. P. was no longer to be found; during several hours they believed him lost, but they learned afterwards that his restive mule, turning at the sight of an uprooted tree, perceived all at once a still more threatening sight, and dashing at once up the mountain, had carried him beyond the reach of danger.

From Bagne the inundation reached Martigny, four leagues in fifty minutes, bearing away in that space thirty-five houses, eight wind-mills, ninety-five barns, but only nine persons, and very few cattle; most of the inhabitants having been on their guard.

The village of Beauvernier was saved by a projecting rock, which diverted the torrent; it was seen passing like an arrow by the side of the village without touching it, though much higher than the roofs of the houses. The fragments of rocks and stones deposited before reaching Martigny, entirely covered a vast extent of meadows and fields. Here it was divided, but eighty buildings of this town were destroyed and many were injured; the streets were filled with trees and rubbish, but only thirty-four persons appear to have lost their lives at Martigny, the inhabitants having retired to the mountains. Below Martigny, the inundation spreading wide, deposited a quantity of slime and mud, so considerable, as it is hoped will redeem an extensive swamp. The Rhone received it by degrees, and at different

points, without overflowing, till it reached the lake of Geneva at eleven o'clock at night, and was lost in its vast expanse, having gone over eighteen Swiss leagues in six hours and a half, with a gradually retarded movement. The bridges having been carried away, all intercourse was interrupted during several days, between the inhabitants of the opposite banks of the Dranse, whose only means of conveying intelligence of their misfortunes to one another, was by throwing letters fastened to stones. This is not the first accident of the kind; there are traces of others, and one is supposed to have taken place in the year 1595, a beam in the ceiling of a house at Martigny, bears the following initial inscription:—M. O. F. F. 1595, L. Q. B. F. I. P. I. G. D. G. of which the following ingenious explanation was given:—Maurice Olliot fit faire, 1595, lorsque Bagne fut inondé par le glacier de Getroz.

It is somewhat remarkable that an old man, ninety-two years of age, saved himself by ascending a mound, supposed to have been formed by the former inundation; the present one pursued him to the summit, where he maintained himself by the aid of a tree, which was not carried away.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE DEAD MAIDEN.

W. BRAILSFORD.

STREW flowers here,
Never mourn beside her bier;
She was very young and fair,
Small communion had with care;
In her blue eyes dwelt such love
Of the glorious heavens above,
That she seemed a worshipper
Of each brightly beaming star;
Woods, and fields, and leafy dell,
Shaded lane, and mossy cell,
To her simple heart were dear,
Loving in its own sweet sphere.
Do not weep
For this angel so asleep!
See! a smile is on her face,
As it found her praying grace;
Never sorrow came a-near,
Never anguish caused a tear;
But the flowers of her mind
Were of life's first hues combined;
Blooming, fresh, and very fair,
As these stainless features are;
Oh, be sure a living Spring
Quickened in this silent thing.
Never sigh,—
It was best that she should die;
So to perish, so to part,
With the *godlike* in her heart;
So to leave the world beneath,
Fearless at the touch of Death;
But with thoughts of calm repose,
As the summer flowers close,
Silently her life has past—
We have loved her to the last;
O'er her calm and tranquil end
Maidhood in its pride might bend.
Never turn
From these cold remains, but learn
How her gentle life was spent,
In a short embodiment
Of all sweetest nature, lent
With a blessed true content.
Earth hath lessons yet to spare,
Stored greatness over there,
But this cold unparted eye
Highest teaching can convey.
Never weep, or weep, or sigh;
Let her slumber quietly.

Miscellaneous.

WHEN the British finally took possession of Kandy, in February 1815, shortly after the tents had been pitched, in the immediate vicinity of the capital, Mr. Marshall, who was staff-surgeon with the army, "was addressed in English by a brown-coloured man in the native costume. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that his name was Thomas Thoen, a German by birth; that he belonged to the Bengal artillery, and accompanied the expedition to Kandy in 1803, and that he was a patient in the hospital when Major Davic capitulated to the Kandians, on the 24th June. When he was asked how he had retained a knowledge of the English language, having for such a number of years associated with Kandians only, 'I being a foreigner,' said he, 'never could speak the English language correctly; but having found a few leaves of an English Bible belonging to one of the soldiers, I read them occasionally, and by that means preserved some acquaintance with the language.' The writer conducted him to Major Hook, by whom he was conveyed to head-quarters, and introduced to his Excellency.

"Of the sick who were left in the hospital on the capitulation of Kandy, in June 1803, Thomas Thoen was the only one who escaped with his life. Along with the other patients, he received a blow with the butt-end of a musket, which felled him senseless to the ground, and he was thrown among the dead. Having recovered from the effects of the blow, he crawled to a place of concealment in the neighbourhood, but being discovered next day, was hung up to the branch of a tree. The rope, however, broke, and he fell to the ground; he was again suspended, the people left him, and again the rope broke. He contrived to find his way to a hut at no great distance, where he continued for ten days, with no other sustenance than the grass which grew near the door of the hut, and the rain which dropped through apertures of the roof. At the expiration of the above period, an old woman entered the hut, but, seeing Thoen, instantly disappeared. To his great surprise she soon after returned, bringing with her a dish containing a quantity of dressed rice, which she left on the ground, and went away. Next morning Thoen was taken before the king, who, struck with the singularity of his fate, observed, that it was not for man to injure one who was so evidently the favourite of Heaven. The king then ordered that he should be supplied with food, giving him at the same time in charge of one of the chiefs, with strict injunctions to treat him with kindness and attention. A house was allotted to him in Kandy; and he, after some time, married the daughter of a Moorman, a circumstance which, he told the writer, contributed greatly to his comfort. General Brownrigg appointed Thoen to a suitable situation in Galle, where he soon after died."—*Marshall's Description and Conquest of Ceylon*, p. 155.

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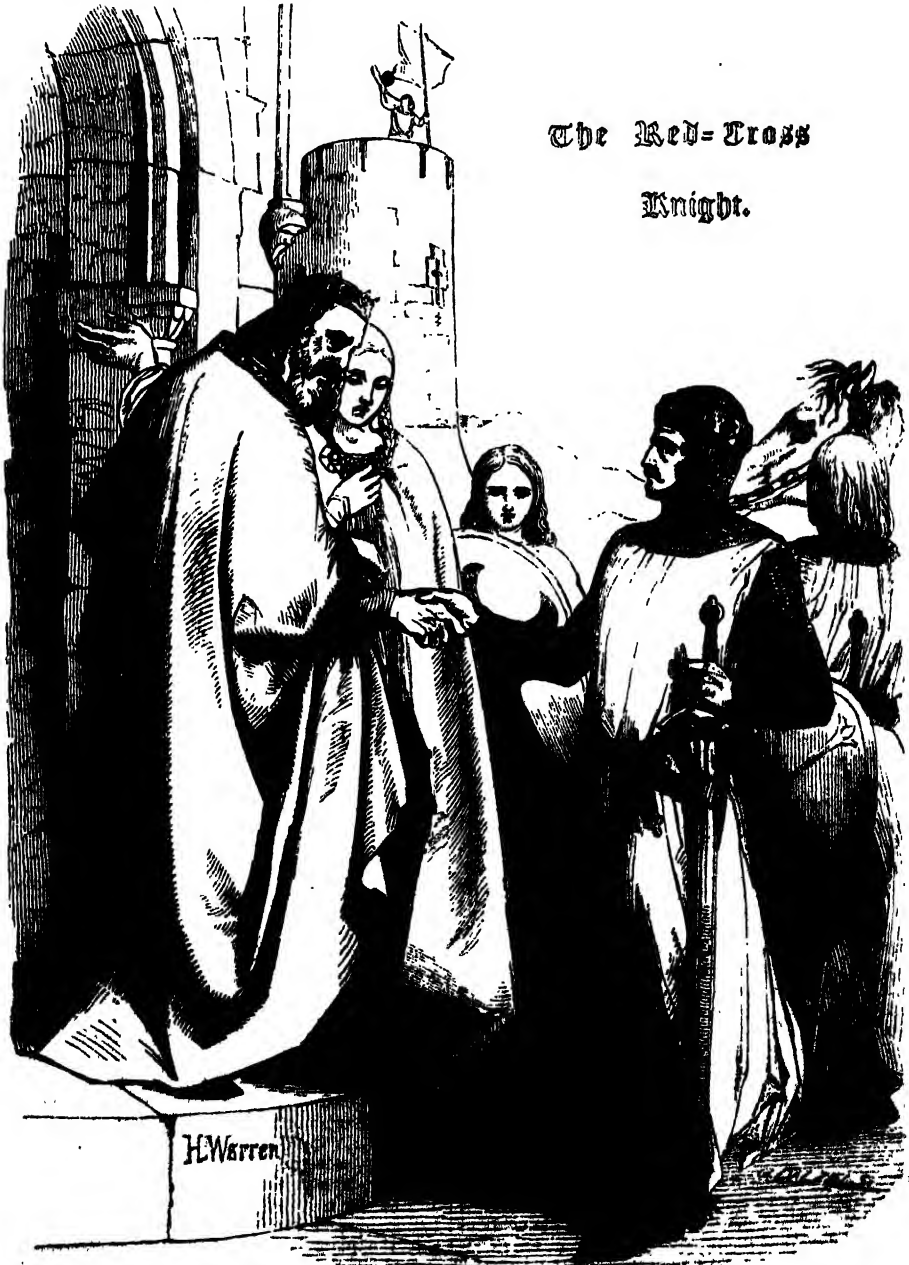
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The Red-Cross
Knight.



THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

"Blow, warder, blow thy sounding horn,
And thy banner wave on high!
For the Christians have fought in the Holy Land,
And have won the victory."

Loud, loud the warder blew his horn,
And his banner waved on high;
Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast eat merrily.

The warder look'd from his tower on high,
As far as he could see:

"I see a bold knight, and by his red cross,
He comes from the east countree."

Then loud the warder blew his horn,
And call'd till he was hoarse:

"I see a bold knight, and on his shield bright
He beareth a flaming cross."

Then down the lord of the castle came,
The Red-Cross Knight to meet,
And when the Red-Cross Knight he espied,
Right loving he did him greet.

"Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red-Cross Knight,
For thy fame's well known to me;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And we'll feast right merrily."

"Oh, I am come from the Holy Land,
Where saints did live and die;
Behold the device I bear on my shield,
The Red-Cross Knight am I!

"And we have fought in the Holy Land,
And we've won the victory;
For with valiant might did the Christians fight,
And made the proud Pagans fly."

"Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red-Cross Knight,
Come, lay thy armour by:
And for the good tidings thou dost bring,
We'll feast us merrily.

"For all in my castle shall rejoice
That we've won the victory;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And the feast eat merrily."

Evans' Old Ballads.

THE SHAWL MANUFACTURE OF PAISLEY.

THE stranger in Paisley, while he gazes with mingled awe and admiration on the great roof of the ancient abbey, can scarcely fail to ask with surprise what large modern roof it is that aspires, in the immediate vicinity of the venerable fane, to rival its large and looming bulk. He is speedily informed that this last is the factory of Mr. Robert Kerr, at Seedhills, dedicated, along with Mr. Kerr's other extensive premises in Thread-street, to the great shawl trade of Paisley; and forming together, these magnificent ranges of buildings, the largest shawl manufactory in the town. Those who possess interest sufficient to get themselves conducted over these works, which is, necessarily, no easy matter to accomplish, need go no further into the details of local industry in Paisley, as they will find them all represented here—not in epitome, but on the grand scale.

Mr. Kerr's great factory at Seedhills, over which we were first conducted, on occasion of a recent tour, through his shawl manufactory, forms an oblong square, one end and side of which are enclosed by a superb new building of four spacious floors, ranging about 330 feet from end to end;—the other sides of the square are hemmed in by the dye and print-works, and relative departments.

Immediately at the gate is the print-dye work, a branch about to be newly undertaken by Mr. Kerr, he having many years ago introduced the printing of the warps of a description of goods called *Chinies*, of which the warps were printed, and the wefts not, and which goods were, for a time, highly popular. We found the house in which the preparation of the dyes for printing takes place, stored with all descriptions of chemical or dyestuffs' materials, amongst which we may enumerate sal ammoniac, logwood, indigo, oxalic acid, crystals of tin and ammonia, cream of tartar, alum, Persian and Turkey berries, double muriate of tin, prussiate of potash, red prussiate of potash, sulphuric acid, gums, and gum substitutes. The different colours for printing upon cloth are produced and fixed by the use of these and similar ingredients in several combinations; some of which exhibit very pleasing and amusing chemical transformations of colour. The facts connected with the chemical combinations of colour, are generally known to artists and men of science; but the great secret in laying in colours in printing upon cloth,

consists in the previous preparation of the cloth itself.

Passing forth from this place of drugs and dry-salts, we alighted on a magazine of fuller's earth, used for cleaning tartans; which recalled to our recollection a patent lately taken out by Mr. Kerr for a process devised by one of his workmen, whereby, instead of one shawl or piece of cloth, several may now be full'd at a time. Alive to the immense facility thus afforded, Mr. Kerr instantly secured the invention by patent, and handsomely rewarded his workman for his ingenuity.

The block-cutting apartment, which we entered next, presented the usual features of engraving on wood—the pattern being first drawn in bright red upon the block, and the figure raised in relief by cutting away the blank portion: the wood used is what is popularly termed plane tree, or American maple, in the superficies of which the figures are raised in relief, to the height of fully one-eighth of an inch. As many as nine or ten dozen differently shaped tools are required in block-cutting, owing chiefly to the diversity of angles that occur: seven dozen of these tools are commonly gouges; the rest, pinkers, files, twistern, cruikeys, &c., employed respectively in the cutting and picking out of the figures;—a small instrument called a gauge, (from its measuring off thicknesses by means of screws) containing relative screw-pins, vices, saws, cutters, &c., is used for taking the sizes to which bits of copper are sawn, when, as is sometimes the case, these are introduced in relief upon the face of the block instead of leaving the figure in wood. These figures of copper, which, after being thus cut, are knocked as far into the block as they project from it, are employed to produce a finer and sharper mark in printing, and are chiefly adapted to calico or cotton printing, woollen cloths presenting a rougher surface, and neither requiring nor admitting of very fine outlines. Figures for insertion in the blocks are sometimes also formed of brass wire; and this is accomplished, not with the peculiar instrument above named, but by pressing the pieces of wire while red hot through a steel plate, in which the proposed figures are first formed by a punch representing them, hardened or tempered, and struck into the plate while soft. In this way the plate is perforated so as to represent the required figure graduated down to the exact given size. The plate itself being then tempered or hardened, the

brass wire while heated is forced through the figure-holes of one size after another, till brought to the exact size required. This art of making printers' blocks, is, like many other departments, a branch of art completely by itself; and demands an apprenticeship of seven years to acquire it; and even that is no more than sufficient to render the cutter fully skilled in his art.

Proceeding next to the Yarn Dyeing House, the eyes and olfactories are here at once saluted with a peculiar contrast of sights and smells; all that is bright and beautiful in colour, from the deepest blushing crimson to the divinest blue, seems to indicate, that the ancient ambition of man to rival the plumage of the feathered creation, and array himself in Tyrian dyes, is not yet extinct. The range of this large dyeing house is at least 150 feet long, beneath one roof, and not including the adjacent warehouse, colouring store, &c. Streams of liquid dyes discharged from the numerous vats are constantly pouring along the centre of the floor. With regard to the process which the yarns here undergo; woollen yarns are first scoured in ammonia, soap, &c. Some colours also demand the yarns to be previously prepared for their reception: and, in general, cotton yarns are previously boiled in water; spun silks tossed in boiling water; and tram silks boiled in soap to extract the gum. The skeins of yarn are then hung upon dyers' pins, and dipped in the vats or boilers. These vats are of cast iron, six and a half feet deep; some of them, for hot dyes, have a flue passed through them. Scarlet yarn is dyed in one hour, one man at each side of the boiler turning over the skeins. Some colours require a greater length of time. The woollen yarns are all done warm; the cottons all cold; and the latter require several dippings, which is sometimes even the case with the woollens, as in dyeing wood-blue, which we saw in process, requiring two or three dippings. In these last instances the dyer keeps advancing from the weaker to the darker colour until the full shade is obtained. After being dipped in the dye, the yarns are washed, mostly in cold water we believe, although here (in Mr. Kerr's) warm water is generally used. Most yarns require immediate washing, excepting such colours as improve by an access of oxygen from the atmosphere. When the dyeing is finished, each skein is wrung well out on the dipping pins, and thus becomes ready for the drying stove, where it remains hanging upon poles usually from afternoon till next morning, subjected to a temperature of 100°, 110°, or 120° Fahr. Nothing more remains to be done with the yarn in this department than making it up into bundles.

A description of the factory will show, without entering into the intermediate details, how these brilliant yarns are ultimately disposed of. The factory consists of four floors, three of which are filled with double rows of the most splendid and substantial, we could even add elegant, looms; the fourth is for the beaming house and flower lashers, and thither we shall first proceed, as it is there that the yarns are adapted for the loom.

The flower-lashing is done by men and girls; and the patterns drawn upon design paper being put down before them on a frame, exhibit at a glance the distinct colour of every thread. Upon this frame are stretched cords called simples, one for every thread, whatever its colour, represented in the pattern. A twine called a lash twine is passed through amongst the "simples" on the frame, so as to isolate each one of the same colour from the general mass. The "tacks" or "lifts" of each distinct colour are afterwards assembled together into one "lash;" so that, when this lash is pulled by the draw-boy at the loom, or at the card punching machine, the whole of one particular colour in the portion of the pattern at which they have arrived can be thrown into the web by the weaver's shuttle, or represented by the punching machine upon the card. These cards are cut by a punching machine, mounted in exact conformity to the harness of the weaver's loom, so as to supersede the action of the draw-boy. The card punch-

ing machine is itself worked by the aid of a draw-boy, and holes corresponding to the different colours representing the weaver's "shots" are thereby punched out upon the cards successively. The cards being put together in order, are deposited at the side of the loom, mount one by one to the top of it, and there becoming for a moment fixed upon pins, each in its turn admits of the portions of a particular colour represented by its perforations, somewhat as musical notation represents sounds, being communicated to the fabric in process.

We entered one of the other three floors of this huge factory, on one side of which we observed a range of upwards of thirty plain looms in full operation upon tartans, &c.; the rest, upon the other side, and we believe also on the other two floors, were Jacquard harness looms, or simply Jacquard looms. Each weaver had suspended at his handsome loom a large hand-fan of quills, used for drying the dressing put upon the web. This is the old form of fan, which has been reverted to; at one time a circular revolving fan was attached to the side of the loom. Here shawls of all kinds were in process of being woven.

We were very much interested in observing Mr. Kerr's patent double shawl in progress at several of the Jacquard looms. It was worked with as much apparent ease as the single fabric, although by this wonderful invention two complete and entirely different shawls were worked off at one and the same time. We understand that the weaver is paid considerably higher in consequence of having to go through more material, and harder work. There is a machine for splitting, or cutting separate the two shawls, which are thus woven back to back. And it is not a little remarkable to observe, on comparing what ought to be the corresponding portions of each shawl, that their colours are relatively reversed. Thus the white of the one, which we saw finished at the loom, is represented by amber colour in the other; the scarlet by black; the dark blue by light blue; and the light blue by green! These are triumphs of textile skill, which Mrs. Arachne, when "her many-coloured web she wove" in competition with Minerva, dreamt not the goddess of invention had in store against her, else she never would have made the rash attempt.

Every body has heard of Mr. Kerr's production of a beautiful portrait of Louis Philippe, King of the French, in silk, by the loom, which the connoisseur of the fine arts can hardly distinguish from the finest line engraving. We need not therefore repeat that this is effected just as any other pattern, perhaps less complicated, would be interwoven in a shawl. The principle involved in this production has since been carried out by Mr. Kerr in a magnificent vest-piece, which we have seen.

But amidst these triumphs of our native art there was one feature of this busy hive of industry indelibly impressed upon our mind. It was the abundance of employment that the enterprise of one individual thus scattered around him; and we came away, saying of him, what the visitor of St. Paul's ejaculates respecting its architect, "*Si monumentum quaris, circumspice.*"

The warehouse and relative works of Mr. Kerr, in Thread-street, occupy a front range of building, comprising four floors, with several additional houses in the rear. On entering by the front, you gain the counting-house, the service rooms, the sale rooms, and green store rooms, all on the ground-floor. The service rooms are interesting, as being the places where goods are taken in from the weavers, and wett given out to them. The rooms for green stuffs are where undyed stuffs of all sorts are kept. Immediately above, up-stairs, are stuff-rooms for dyed yarns, having hatches communicating with the service rooms below, and a hatch in the lobby, to receive up the stuffs from the dye-house.

In a part of these last rooms, intended to be laid off exclusively for a pattern-room, we observed *Grillet's Patent Transfer Machine*, a French invention. It consists merely of a strong reflector, which, throwing

the pattern painted on oil paper down upon design paper, placed below, enables the pattern, magnified to such extent as may be desired, to be retraced anew by the hand. The scale of magnitude is graduated by the distance apart of the pattern and shadow. In the adjoining chambers numerous pattern-drawers and designers are at work, producing, transferring, or filling in, the colours of patterns on design paper.

Returning to the service rooms, we were shown many bundles of patterns, either in actual use, or newly introduced and about to be used. They were all excellently conceived.

Before trusting ourselves amidst the dazzling "field of the cloth of gold," which we were aware was near at hand, displaying the *Paisley Manufactured Shawl* in all its variety, beauty, and magnificence, we thought it proper to investigate minutely the mode in which a single shawl is made up.

Tabular views of the intended succession of colours in a shawl are first drawn upon paper in what are termed "weavers' tickets," showing at a glance the procession of the colouring each way, lengthwise and breadthwise, from end to end and from side to side of the shawl. Calculated in splits of two threads each, these "weavers' tickets" exhibit the exact way in which the dyes throughout the shawl are to occur when woven. To furnish an idea of the minuteness of these "tickets," or tables, we may mention having examined a shawl of 1600 splits down and up, i. e. 3200 splits or 6400 warp threads in all. The "ticket" commenced with dividing off ten of these "splits," to be dyed in a particular manner, viz. ten inches of them *black*, seventy-two inches *maroon*, and ten inches *black* again, making up the full length of the shawl, including its fringes. There were thirty changes different from the down and up, or sixty such changes in all, in the breadth of this web. And so minute were all these subdivisions of colouring, that, for example, the ten splits above-mentioned, when put together, formed, in a web of this fineness, not exceeding a quarter of an inch of one colour in the width of the cloth. Some portions of one colour were more extensive, varying, perhaps, from eighty and 100 to 350 splits. The card or "weavers' web draft," being thus concocted from the pattern peculiar to a shawl, the necessary yarns are next given to the warper, by whom the web is thereupon warped wholly in white—only the warper previously measures off, knots upon a thread, and ties with a coloured string, the different measurements of colour indicated on the "draft." By this means the warper is enabled to warp off each proposed colour into a chain by itself, and not only so, but to keel or mark upon that chain, each termination of that succession of colour, being the number of races or times this one colour runs up and down through the whole web. The yarns in coming from the warper are arranged and screwed down into the slides of a machine or frame, and dyed accordingly; each warper's chain of yarn being dipped as many times as it represents different colours or grounds throughout the length of the shawl—those in the width of it being separated, as already intimated, in order to be dyed into different colours. It will readily be believed after this, that the value of the preparing up to this stage is actually equal to the value of the silk itself.

We may now venture in amongst the "bright tissues" themselves. Nature has set the example in almost every branch of art, and in none more explicitly than in weaving.

"The web in the leaves,
Which the spider weaves,"

is certainly an ingenious fabric; but man, the most ingenious of fabricators, is not to be outdone by it. To the rainbow tints which are sometimes shown in the web of nature—the prismatic refractions of the simple ray of light—man has superadded the exquisite art of design, which in the composition of curves to please, arrest, and satisfy the eye, as well as in the blending

the contrast and shading of hues, is really worthy of "the paragon of animals." In Mr. Kerr's warehouse,—the undoubted fountain-head of beauty and elegance in Paisley manufacture,—we anticipated an ample illustration of this, and could not help demanding as we entered—

"Come show us the rose with a hundred dyes,
The lily that hath no spot,
The violet deep as your true love's eyes,
And the little forget-me-not."

We beheld, and were astonished! Decided figures, it is true, are what the art of textile design delights not in. The graceful curvature of its pines, where alone of all figures yet invented the requisite symmetry and decision are combined, give the only certain decision of character that can almost be ventured upon in the shawl pattern, and can hardly be dispensed with; although we certainly met with elegant patterns entirely destitute of the pine curve, amongst those superb products of the loom we had the pleasure of inspecting; and we observed, also, that at this establishment considerable grace has been added to the shawl pattern, not only by a freer disposition of the pines themselves, but by sometimes enlarging the pattern, or pursuing the idea of a design beyond the circumscribed limits to which it has hitherto been restricted, and running it in a belt through some extent of the fabric. The effect and felicity of this idea is inconceivable to such as have not examined shawls into which it has been introduced.

Our eye first lighted on some rich *White Crape Shawls*, woven plain, but subsequently embroidered by the hand in the adjacent county. Some of these shawls were of great value; and the embroiderers alone would receive sometimes as much as five or six guineas for a single shawl. We saw one, the embroidery of which cost 110 shillings. Besides these handsome white shawls of flowered embroidery, there were crimson and coloured shawls of the same description. All, in fact, that the French have done in crapes has never, to this day, come up to what is done in Paisley. Even the China crapes are approached nearest by those of Paisley. The fringe of one of these shawls is of about 17. in value. The manufacturers receive for them as high as twelve guineas from the retailer; who, of course, sells them much higher. It is about twenty-five years since the making of these crapes was first introduced into Paisley, where a capital trade in them subsisted for some years, but afterwards declined; and an effort, which we trust may prove successful, is at this moment making to revive it. The beautiful shades before us evince that that effort is no unworthy one; and in this instance the entire manufacture, from the raw material to the finished shawl, is done upon the premises—the silk being "thrown," wholly prepared, woven and finished, from the first stage to the last, all within the house!

Silk Gauze Shawls, of bright streaming colours; a well known branch of Paisley trade, under which exclusively Fulton's house flourished for an entire century, while the town at large produced little else, are still made in great delicacy and splendour. A specimen termed "Aerial," shown at the Corn Law League Bazaar, in Covent Garden Theatre, attracted great admiration.

Figured Satins, even, are worked in Paisley. These exhibited the novelty of having the colour thrown in upon the ground, so as to disguise it in the centre in the same manner as in the border of the shawl. In one shawl which we saw, the ground was in reality black, but had been woven over with blue; the bordering included four distinct colours.

A most gorgeous variety of *Lace Shawls embroidered* in colours, were shown us; not only in black lace, but in crimson, and all varieties of ground. The splendid embroidery on these was diversified to the extent of eighteen or twenty colours to a shawl. It is gratifying and interesting to know, that it is executed exclusively

in Renfrewshire, generally in the country around Paisley; as, for instance, in the rural village of Kilbarchan and its vicinity. Instead of drawing off the female portion of the rustic community from domestic avocations, as it has sometimes been alleged manufactures tend to do,—it is pleasing, and in some shape astonishing, to find the very girls engaged in this magnificent handiwork, which the Scriptures of old assigned to “kings’ daughters,” and in which the aristocratic recluses of the ancient nunneries revelled, frequently called upon to lay it aside for the more pressing emergency of proceeding—to *milk the cow!* And yet these shawls are, as we state, brilliant, splendid, gorgeous, in the full flush of natural colouring—if not something beyond—for art, we well know, is permitted to exaggerate. For these few years the French have tried this branch of art; but still we can manage to compete with them, notwithstanding its congenial character, and—the low duty.

Barege Shawls are entirely woven, being a species of gauze. They are made both in squares and long, and of various colours. Through the black ground of some of them a finely-wreathed flowery pattern of white is run, like a “sable silver’d.” They are very handsome of any colour, whether white with black, light blue with white, or whatever contrasts will correspond with the style.

Some massive *Harness-wove black satin shawls*, it surprised us to learn, were all done in the loom,—including even one isolated figure raised in embroidery! This figure is literally sewed in the harness-loom by the shuttle, and we were told consisted all of one thread.

There were also very rich and very handsome “*Eighty-hundred satins*,” done with alternate stripes of primrose and lavender, or of crimson and green, interspersed by similar interspaces of a black ground, in fine combination.

Some very curious *striped silks* were in alternate brilliant stripes of plain ground and figure, in which a substitution of warp actually takes place in working the figured stripes. The plain warp behind the figures is in this case never interfered with, for the figured stripes receive warps of their own, and the plain warp behind, at these parts floating loose, is afterwards cut away! The figured stripes generally present a diversity of eight colours, and are very gay.

Figured Bareges have generally a strongly contrasted plain pattern, as white upon black, &c.

We saw *Crape Shawls*, elegantly contrasted in the same way, having raised on their surface an embroidered figure done in the web.

The scarfs called *Grecian Scarfs* are exceedingly brilliant, and rich in their shapes; we had almost said in their *plumage*.

Oswegan’s, again, have a red ochery ground, and simple blue or yellow stripes, with a singularly wild and transatlantic effect.

The *Satin Crapes* are still finer in the double combination of these simple figured stripes; the length of line and tenuity of breadth alone giving grace and character.

Indianas in the shape of *gentlemen’s plaids*, with a manly substantiality of texture, combine such enduring hues as woad-blue, in a subdued white diamonded pattern, or as the homely shepherd’s plaiding itself. This description of goods is homespun-like, but comfortable looking.

For the ladies, however, the *Tartan plaids*, in endless combinations of Scotia’s immortal chequering, are very different articles, being, one and all, fine in texture to an extreme.

We next came to the principal and staple commodity of Paisley manufacture—*The Wove Shawls* of Paisley; but they merit an article to themselves.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SENSES.

By F. E. S.

CHAP. IX.

THE WINE PARTY.

LET the reader imagine a long table covered with the remains of an excellent dessert, interspersed with a multitude of bottles of all shapes and sizes, containing every variety of wine that money could procure, or palate desire; whilst in the centre stood a glorious old China bowl of punch, which the guests were discussing in tumblers,—wine-glasses having been unanimously voted much too slow. Around this table sat there he seated from fifteen to twenty men, whose ages might vary from nineteen to three or four and twenty; some smoking cigars, some talking vociferously, some laughing, some, though they were decidedly the minority, listening: but all showing signs of being more or less elated by the wine they had taken. Let the reader imagine all this, and he will have a pretty correct idea of Lawless’s wine-party as it appeared about ten o’clock on the evening subsequent to the conversation I have just detailed.

“Didn’t I see you riding a black horse with one white stocking, yesterday, Oaklands?” inquired a young man with a round jovial countenance, which might have been reckoned handsome, but for the extreme redness of the complexion, and the loss of a front tooth, occasioned by a fall received in the hunting field, whose name was Richard, or, as he was more commonly termed Dick, Curtis.

“Yes,” replied Oaklands, “I dare say you did; I was trying him.”

“Ah! I fancied he was not one of your own.”

“No: he belongs to Tom Barnett, who wants me to buy him; but I don’t think he’s strong enough to carry my weight; there’s not substance enough about him; I ride nearly eleven stone.”

“Oh! he’ll never do for you,” exclaimed Lawless. “I know the horse well; they call him Blacksmith, because the man who bred him was named Smith; he lives down in Lincolnshire, and breeds lots of horses; but they are none of them, at least none that I have seen, what I call the right sort; don’t you buy him,—he’s got too much daylight under him to suit you.”

“Too long in the pasterns to carry weight,” urged Curtis.

“Rather inclined to be cow-hocked,” chimed in Lawless.

“Not ribbed home,” remarked Curtis.

“Too narrow across the loins,” observed Lawless.

“And so he’ll never carry much flesh,” continued Curtis.

“Therefore it’s useless to think of his jumping; he’ll never make a hunter,” said Lawless.

“Only hear them,” interrupted a tall fashionable-looking young man, with a high forehead, and a profusion of light curling hair, “Now those two fellows are once off, it’s all up with anything like rational conversation for the rest of the evening.”

“That’s right, Archer, put the curb on ’em; we might as well be in Tattersall’s yard at once,” observed another of the company, addressing the last speaker.

“I fear it’s beyond my power,” replied Archer; “they’ve got such an incurable trick of talking equine scandal, and taking away the characters of their neighbour’s horses, that no one can stop them except Stephen Wilford.”

The mention of this name seemed to have the effect of rendering every one grave, and a pause ensued,

during which Oaklands and I exchanged glances. At length the silence was broken by Curtis, who said,—

"By the way, what's gone of Wilford? I expected to meet him here to-night."

"He was engaged to dine with Wentworth," said Lawless; "but he promised to look in upon us in the course of the evening; I thought he would have been here before this."

As he spoke, a tap was heard at the room-door.

"Well, that's odd," continued Lawless; "that's Wilford, for a ducat; talk of the devil,—eh, don't you know? Come in."

"You had better not repeat that in his hearing," observed Archer, "though I believe he'd take it as a compliment on the whole; it's my opinion he rather affects the antic."

"Hush," said Curtis, pressing his arm, "here he is."

As he spoke, the door opened, and the subject of their remarks entered. He was rather above the middle height, of a slight, but unusually elegant figure, with remarkably small hands and feet, the former of which were white and smooth as those of a woman. His features were delicately formed and regular, and the shape of his face a perfect oval; strongly marked eyebrows overshadowed a pair of piercing black eyes; his lips were thin and compressed, and his mouth finely cut; his hair, which was long and most scrupulously arranged, was jet black, as were his whiskers, affording a marked contrast to the death-like pallor of his countenance. The only fault that could be found in the drawing of his face was, that the eyes were placed too near together; but this imparted a character of intensity to his glance, which added to, rather than detracted from, the general effect of his appearance. His features, when in repose, were usually marked by an expression of contemptuous indifference; he seldom laughed, but his smile conveyed an indication of such bitter sarcasm, that I have seen men, whom he chose to make a butt for his ridicule, writhe under it as under the infliction of bodily torture. He was dressed, as was his wont, entirely in black; but his clothes, which were fashionably cut, fitted him without a wrinkle. He bowed slightly to the assembled company, and then seated himself in a chair, which had been reserved for him at the upper end of the table, nearly opposite Oaklands and myself, saying as he did so,—*"I am afraid I'm rather late, Lawless, but Wentworth and I had a little business to transact, and I could not get away sooner."*

"What devil's deed have they been at now, I wonder," whispered Oaklands to me.

"Murder, probably," replied Archer, (who was seated next me, and had overheard the remark,) "Wilford appears so thoroughly satisfied with himself; that was just the way in which he looked the morning he winged Sherringham, for I saw him myself."

"Send me down the claret, will you, Curtis?" asked Wilford. "Punch is a beverage I don't patronize; it makes a man's hand shaky."

"If that is the case," returned Archer, "you ought to drink it for the good of society, my dear Wilford; let me help you to a glass."

"Nonsense, Archer, be quiet, man; here, taste this cool bottle, Wilford: claret's good for nothing if it's at all flat," exclaimed Lawless, drawing the cork of a fresh bottle as he spoke.

"I differ from you in that opinion, Archer," returned Wilford, fixing his keen black eyes upon the person he addressed with a piercing glance, "society is like the wine in this glass," and he filled a bumper to the brim with claret as he spoke; "it requires a steady hand to keep it within its proper bounds, and to compel it to preserve an unruffled surface," and so saying he raised the glass to his lips without spilling a drop, still keeping his eyes fixed upon Archer's face with the same withering glance.

"Well, I have often heard of looking daggers at a

person," continued Archer, who had been drinking somewhat deeply during the evening, and now appeared possessed by a spirit of mischief leading him to tease and annoy Wilford in every way he could think of, "but Wilford does worse, he positively looks pistols,—cocked and loaded pistols—at one. Fairleigh, I shall screen myself behind your broad shoulders; I never could stand fire." So saying, he seized me by the elbows, and, urging me forward, crouched down behind me, affecting the extremity of terror.

The scowl on Wilford's brow deepened as he spoke, but, after a moment's hesitation, apparently considering the affair too absurd to take notice of, he turned away with a contemptuous smile, saying, "You make your punch too strong, Lawless."

Archer instantly recovered his erect attitude, and with a flushed face seemed about to make some angry reply, when Lawless, who appeared nervously anxious that the evening should pass over harmoniously, interposed. "Archer, you're absolutely incorrigible; keep him in order Fairleigh, eh? give him some more punch, and fill your own glass,—it has been empty I don't know how long. I'll find a toast that will make you drink,—bumpers round, gentlemen, 'to the health of the prettiest girl in Hertfordshire.' Are you all charged? I beg to propose——"

"Excuse my interrupting you, Lawless," exclaimed I,—for I felt certain who it was he was thinking of, and the idea of Miss Saville's name being mentioned and discussed with the tone of licence common on such occasions, appeared to me such complete profanation, that I determined, be the consequences what they might, to prevent it—"Excuse my interrupting you, but I should feel greatly obliged by your substituting some other toast for the one you were about to propose."

"Eh, what! not drink the young woman's health? why I thought you admired her more than I do; not drink her health? how's that, eh?"

"I shall be most happy to explain to you the reasons for my request at some other time," replied I, "at present I can only add that I shall consider it as a personal favour if you will accede to it."

"It does not appear to me to require an *Edipus* to decipher Mr. Fairleigh's reasons for this request," observed Stephen Wilford, "he evidently does not consider the present company deserving of the high honour of drinking the health of a young lady, whom he distinguishes by his admiration."

"Not over flattering, I must say," muttered Lawless, looking annoyed.

"I suppose he's afraid of our hearing her name, lest some of us should go and cut him out," suggested Curtis in an under tone, which was, however, perfectly audible.

"In the meanwhile, Lawless, I hope you're not going to indulge your friend's caprice, at the expense of the rest of the company," resumed Wilford; "having raised our expectations, you are bound to gratify them."

Lawless, who evidently hesitated between his desire to assert his independence, and his wish to oblige me, was beginning with his usual, "eh? why, don't you see,"—when I interrupted him by saying, "Allow me to set this matter at rest in a very few words. Lawless, I hope, knows me well enough to feel sure that I could not intend any disrespect either to himself or his guests—I believe it is not such an unheard-of thing for a gentleman to object to the name of any lady whom he respects, being commented upon with the freedom incidental to a convivial meeting such as this is—however that may be, I have asked Lawless as a favour not to drink a certain toast in my presence; should he be unwilling to comply with my request, as I would not wish to be the slightest restraint upon him at his own table, I shall request his permission to withdraw: on this point I await his decision. I have only one more observation to make," continued I, looking at Wilford, who was evidently preparing to speak, "which is, that

if, after what I have just said, any gentleman should continue to urge Lawless to give the toast to which I object, I must perforce consider that he wishes to insult me."

As I concluded there was a murmur of applause, and Archer and one or two others turned to Lawless, declaring it was quite impossible to press the matter further, after what I had said; when Wilford, in a cold, sarcastic tone of voice, observed, "I am sorry Mr. Fairleigh's last argument should have failed in convincing me, as easily as it seems to have done some others of the party; such, however, unfortunately being the case, I must repeat, even at the risk of incurring a thing so terrible as that gentleman's displeasure, my decided opinion that Lawless, having informed us he was going to drink a particular toast, should not allow himself to be bullied out of it, in compliance with any man's humour."

This speech, as might be expected, produced great excitement: I sprang to my feet, (an example followed by several of the party,) and was about to make an angry reply, when Oaklands, who up to this moment had taken no part in the discussion, but sat sipping his wine with his usual air of listless contentment, apparently indifferent to, if not wholly unconscious of, all that was going on, now rose from his seat, and having obtained silence said, "Really, gentlemen, all this confusion appears to me very unnecessary, when a word from our host will end it. Fairleigh has asked you not to propose a certain toast; it remains for you to say, Lawless, whether you intend to do so or not."

Thus urged, Lawless replied "Eh? no, certainly not; Frank Fairleigh's a trump, and I would not do anything to annoy him for more than I can tell: besides, when I come to think of it, I believe he was right, and I was wrong--but you see women are a kind of cattle I don't clearly understand--if it was a horse now--"

A burst of laughter at this characteristic remark drowned the conclusion of the speech, but the announcement that the toast was given up appeared to produce general satisfaction: for, since I had spoken, the popular opinion had been decidedly in my favour.

"The cause of this little interruption to the harmony of the evening being removed," resumed Oaklands, "suppose we see whether its effects may not as easily be got rid of. Every man, I take it, has a right to express his own opinion, and I think Fairleigh must allow that he was a little hasty in presupposing, that by so doing, an insult was intended--this being the case, he will I am sure, agree with me that he ought not to take any notice of Mr. Wilford's remark."

"Yes, to be sure, that's it--all right, eh?" exclaimed Lawless, "come Fairleigh, as a favour to me, let the matter end here."

Thus urged, I could only reply, that "I was quite willing to defer to their judgment, and do whatever they considered right"--and as Wilford, though I could see that he was annoyed beyond measure at having failed in persuading Lawless to drink the toast, remained silent, merely curling his lip contemptuously when I spoke; here the affair ended.

As soon as the conversation became general, Oaklands turned to me with a mischievous smile, and asked in an under tone, "Pray, Master Frank, what's gone of all the wisdom and prudence recommended to me this morning? I am afraid you quite exhausted your stock, and have not reserved any for your own use; who's the fire-eater now, I wonder?"

"Laugh away, Harry: I may have acted foolishly, as is usually the case, where one acts entirely from impulse; but I could not have sat tamely by, and heard Clara Saville's name polluted by the remarks of such men as Curtis and Wilford--I should have got into a row with them sooner or later, and it was better to check the thing at once."

"My dear boy," returned Oaklands, "do not imagine for a moment that I am inclined to blame you; the only

thing that I could not help feeling rather amused at, was your throwing down the gauntlet to the gentleman opposite, when I recollected a certain lecture on prudence, with which I was victimized this morning."

"As you are strong, be merciful," replied I, "and, whenever I do a foolish thing, may I always have such a friend at hand to save me from the consequences."

"That's a toast I will drink most willingly," said Oaklands smiling, "the more so, as it reverses the position in which we generally stand with regard to each other, the alteration being decidedly in my favour--but," he continued, interrupting himself, "what on earth are they laughing at, and making such a row about?"

"Oh, it's merely Curtis romancing with the most unmitigated effrontery, about something that neither he, nor any one else, ever did, out hunting," replied Archer, "a tremendous leap, I fancy it was."

"Do not be too sure that it is impossible," replied I, "a horse once cleared the mouth of a chalk-pit with me on its back, when I was a boy; Lawless remembers it."

"Eh! what? Mad Bess!" returned Lawless, "I should think I did, too; I rode there afterwards and examined the place--a regular break-neck looking hole as ever I saw in my life--tell 'em about it, Frank."

Thus called upon, no choice was left me but to commence the recital, which, although there are few things to which I have a greater objection than being the hero of my own story, I accordingly did. Several remarks were made as I concluded, but, owing either to my well known dislike of exaggeration, or to the air of truthfulness with which I had told the tale, nobody seemed inclined to doubt that the adventure had occurred in the manner I related, although it was of a more incredible nature than the feat Curtis had recounted. This fact had just excited my attention, when Wilford, turning to the man on his right hand, observed, "It's a great pity that some one hasn't taken notes of this evening's conversation, they would have afforded materials for a new volume of the adventures of Baron Munchausen."

My only answer to this remark, which was evidently intended for my hearing, was a slight smile, for I had determined I would not again be betrayed into any altercation with him, and, being now on my guard, I felt pretty sure of being able to maintain my resolution. To my annoyance, Oaklands replied, "If your remark is intended to throw any discredit upon the truth of the anecdote my friend has related, I must be excused for observing that Lawless and I, though not actually eye-witnesses of the leap, are yet perfectly aware that it took place."

"Was that remark addressed to me, Mr. Oaklands?" enquired Wilford, regarding Oaklands with an insolent stare.

"To you, sir, or to any other man who ventures to throw a doubt on what Fairleigh has just stated," replied Oaklands, his brow flushing with anger.

"Really," observed Wilford with a contemptuous sneer, "Mr. Fairleigh is most fortunate in possessing such a steady and useful friend; first, when he dictates to Lawless what toasts he is to propose at his own table, and threatens the company generally with the weight of his displeasure, should they venture to question the propriety of his so doing, Mr. Oaklands kindly saves him from the consequences of this warlike declaration, by advancing the somewhat novel doctrine, that his friend, having spoken unadvisedly, ought not to set up to the tenor of his words--again, Mr. Fairleigh relates a marvellous tale of his earlier days, and Mr. Oaklands is prepared to visit the most trifling indication of disbelief with the fire and fagots of his indignation--Gentlemen, I hope you are all good and true Fairleighites, or you will assuredly be burned at the stake, to satisfy the bigotry of Pope Oaklands the First."

During this speech, I could perceive by the veins on his forehead, swollen almost to bursting, his firmly-set

teeth, and his hands clenched till the blood was forced back from the nails, that Oaklands was striving to master his passion; apparently he succeeded in great measure, for, as Wilford concluded, he spoke calmly and deliberately, "The only reply, sir," he began, "that I shall deign to make to your elaborate insult is, that I consider it as such, and shall expect you to render me the satisfaction due to a gentleman."

"No, Harry," exclaimed I, "I cannot permit this: the quarrel, if it be a quarrel, is mine; on this point I cannot allow even you to interfere—Mr. Wilford shall hear from me."

"No, no!" exclaimed Lawless, "I'm sure you must see, Wilford, that this is not at all the sort of thing, eh? recollect Oaklands and Fairleigh are two of my oldest friends, and something is due to me at all events, eh? —Archer—Curtis—this cannot be allowed to go on."

By this time the party had with one accord risen from their seats, and divided into groups, some collecting round Wilford and Lawless, others about Oaklands and myself, and the confusion of tongues was perfectly deafening. At length I heard Wilford's voice exclaim "I consider it unfair in the extreme to lay all this quarrelling and disturbance to me, and, as it is not at all to my taste, I beg to wish you a very good evening, Lawless."

"You will do no such thing," cried Oaklands, and, bursting through the cluster of men who surrounded him and endeavoured to detain him, he sprang to the door, double-locked it, and, placing his back against it, added "no one leaves the room till this affair is settled one way or other." The action, the tone of voice, and the manner which accompanied them, reminded me so forcibly of a deed of a somewhat similar nature at Dr. Mildman's, when Oaklands first heard of the loss of his letter containing the check, and began to suspect foul play—that for a moment the lapse of years was forgotten, and it seemed as though we were boys together again.

Whenever Oaklands was excited by strong emotion of any kind, there was a proud consciousness of power in his every look and motion, which possessed for me an irresistible attraction; and now, as he stood, his noble figure drawn up to its fullest height, his arms folded across his ample chest, in an attitude of defiance a sculptor would have rejoiced to imitate; his head thrown slightly back, and his handsome features marked by an expression of haughty indignation; when I reflected that it was a generous regard for my honour which excited that indignation,—I felt that my affection for him was indeed "passing the love of women;" and that he was a friend for whom a man might resolve to lay down his life willingly.

While these thoughts passed through my brain, Lawless and several of the more influential members of the party had been endeavouring to persuade Wilford to own that he was in the wrong, and ought to apologise, but in vain; the utmost concession they could get him to make was, that "he was not aware that he had offered any particular insult to Mr. Oaklands, but that if that gentleman chose to put such a construction upon his words, he could not help it, and should be ready to answer for them, when and where he pleased."

They were then, as a last resource, about to appeal to Oaklands, when I interfered by saying, "that the insult, if insult it was, had originated from the part I had taken in the proceedings of the evening, and was directed far more against me than Oaklands; that under these circumstances, it was impossible for me to allow him to involve himself further in the affair. If my honour were impugned, I was the proper person to defend it; there could be but one opinion on that subject."

To this they all agreed, and at length Oaklands himself was forced reluctantly to confess he supposed I was right.

"In this case, gentlemen," I continued, "my course is clear; I leave my honour in your hands, certain that,

in so doing, I am taking the wisest course; Honourable men, and men of spirit like yourselves, will, I feel certain, never recommend anything incompatible with the strictest regard for my reputation as a gentleman; neither will you needlessly hurry me into an act, the consequences of which might possibly embitter the whole of my after life. In order that personal feeling may not interfere any more with the matter, my friend and I will withdraw; Lawless will kindly convey to me your decision, on which, be it what it may, I pledge myself to act; I wish you a very good night."

Then telling Lawless I should sit up for him, and shaking hands with two or three members of the party, with whom I was most intimate, I drew Oaklands's arm within my own, and unlocking the door, left the room, Wilford's fierce black eyes glancing at us with a look of disappointed fury such as I have witnessed in a caged tiger, being the last object I beheld.

THE ORPHANS OF ST. GRATIEN;

OR,

FANCHETTE BRULARD.

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas Eve, and already night had fallen. The snow fell in large flakes, and the wind howled in the loose rafters of a cabin of St. Gratien, not far from the valley of Montmorency; but the bad weather outside was nothing in comparison to the desolation which reigned in the interior of this wretched cabin.

Upon a truckle bed, with but scanty covering, lay a sick woman. She was still young; her thin pallid features seemed altered rather by grief and misery than by age; she was evidently dying. At the foot of the bed two children were asleep in a cradle; and by the bed-side a young girl, of about twelve years old, was kneeling and weeping.

A silence almost to be felt pervaded this miserable chamber. In the interval of every gust of wind which shook the door and window, making them creak on their rusty hinges, no other noise was heard save that which the sick woman made in tossing on her hard couch, and the gentle equal breathing of the two children. As to the young girl, she might have been taken for a statue, had it not been for the looks that now in apprehension she cast on her mother, as if half doubting that she would again awake, and now raised imploringly to heaven.

A tallow candle, burning in a brass candlestick, which, though much worn out, was as brilliant as gold, shed light over this gloomy scene.

But soon the sick woman, who for three days had been unable to speak, suddenly sat up in her bed, and distinctly pronounced the name of "Fanchette."

"Here I am, dear mother," said the young girl.

"You are not yet gone to bed, my child," said she, in a weak faint voice.

"I do not feel sleepy, mamma," replied Fanchette, endeavouring to appear calm and tranquil.

"What is the hour now?"

"The clock of St. Gratien has just struck eight."

"Sit down beside me; I want to speak to you, Fanchette."

And the young girl silently seated herself; for there was something grave and solemn in the accents of the dying mother, like the sound of a beloved voice which is heard for the last time. The poor woman continued, "To-morrow, my daughter, is Christmas day; you will go to divine service, will you not?... you will take your brother and sister there.... no matter what happens.... if even I should be...." she hesitated,

then said, "much worse..." but it was easy to see that this was not the expression of her thoughts. Fanchette understood but too well, and a sob escaped from her.

A tear flowed slowly down the emaciated cheek of the poor woman, and raising her eyes to heaven, she said:—

"My God! I confide them to thee.... My God! do not abandon my poor children!" and then perceiving that Fanchette could no longer restrain her tears, she added: "God is great, my daughter; let us respect the decrees of his holy providence! To murmur is a crime.... He who trusts in Him shall never be confounded, says the Scripture.... and now, whilst I have strength enough to speak, listen to me."

Fanchette answered not, but, with heaving bosom, made an effort to restrain her grief whilst listening to the words of her mother.

"Poor child!" said the dying woman, passing her thin burning hand through the beautiful black hair of her daughter. "You have been for six months your poor mother's nurse, and almost that of your brother and sister.... you may very well be weary!...." And the mother tenderly regarded the already faded cheek of the young child, whence continued watchings and labour had banished the bright tint of health and youth.

"Weary!" repeated Fanchette, passionately embracing the hand of her mother, which she drew down from her head to her lips. "Oh! my mother, can one be weary when they are taking care of a mother?"

"My darling!.... how like your father!.... my poor Brulard.... in everything.... as good a daughter as he was a son.... for he also took care of his poor old mother.... until the hour of her death.... He soothed her last moments, as you now soothe mine.... Poor Pierre!.... I married him then. We lived happily for six years!.... six years!.... My God, I thank thee for these six years' happiness.... No doubt we then committed some fault which drew down Thine anger upon us.... Let it fall heavily on me, O my God! but have mercy on my children!" The fervour with which the widow Brulard pronounced these words having exhausted her, she remained silent for a few moments. Fanchette unceasingly bent over her.

"Mother," said she, "will you have a spoonful of your draught?"

And as the sick woman made a sign of acquiescence, Fanchette ran to a phial, and, pouring the contents into a pewter spoon, returned to the bed, and assisted her mother to raise herself a little with the hand which was free, while with the other she held the spoon to her lips.

"Thank God," said Fanchette, "it seems to revive her," as the dying woman continued in a clearer and stronger voice: "The rain and hail destroyed our crops, and we were about to fall into the most abject poverty.... One day.... I remember it well, you were five years old, Fanchette, you were playing near me, I was nursing little Pierre, and was in the family way with Lazette, Brulard entered the cottage, his face pale and agitated; he threw a purse into my lap.

"Wife," said he, "that is from the Emperor."

"And what have you given in exchange?" I inquired.

"A thing of little value," replied he; "a body and two arms, become useless upon a soil upon which the curse of God has fallen, otherwise our crops would have been blest to us.... I set out to-morrow to join the army at Erfurth."

"This was the 2d of September, 1808.... The 7th of July, 1809, I read his name in the list of the killed at the battle of Wagram...."

The dying woman again paused, overcome either by her weakness, or by so painful a remembrance.

"Since then.... I have known nothing but suffering!.... Had even health been left to me!.... but no, I received a mortal blow on reading that fatal list.... I never recovered it.... grief and hard labour have heated my blood.... I am dying, Fanchette.... It is in

vain that I would wish to disguise it from you, my poor child! I must tell it to you.... do not weep.... I have a charge to entrust to you.... a sacred and a noble charge.... To you, who are not yet twelve years old,—to you who are yourself a child,—and who as such should know life only in its smiles and in its joyousness:—to you, Fanchette, I bequeath your brother and sister.... be to them a mother.... my child.... teach them to pray to God.... Tell your brother to be an honest man.... Teach wisdom to your sister.... Be all three honest and virtuous, and when I am no more.... come sometimes to pray over my grave."

Here the poor mother was obliged to stop; a profound silence succeeded to the sound of the dying woman's voice, which was only interrupted by the convulsive sighs of poor Fanchette, who felt as if dying with her mother, and who, by burying her face in the bed-clothes, sought to stifle her cries and sobs.

"Fanchette, Fanchette," soon murmured the sick woman, "where are you?.... my daughter.... is the light out, that I cannot see you?"

Almost cheating herself into the belief that it was so, Fanchette lighted another candle, though her heart told her that it was the shades of death that were darkening those eyes, which when she again took her place beside the bed were fixed and glassy.

"Mother!.... mother!" cried the unhappy child. Obtaining no answer, and perceiving that the breathing of her mother was becoming more laboured, Fanchette believed she was going to die, and this idea filled her with terror. Nevertheless the resolute child did not lose her presence of mind: her mother must have a doctor, and, without considering the advanced hour of the night, or the dreadful weather, she rushed from the cottage; then, without covering on her head, without shoes, feeling neither the snow which fell around her, nor the ice which crackled under her feet, insensible to the sharpness of the cold at twelve degrees, she flew with the rapidity of an arrow from a bow over the distance which separated her cabin from the abode of the doctor.

It was ten o'clock when she knocked at the door. The doctor was going to bed; he was in his dressing-gown, and had only to take off his stockings when Fanchette arrived. "My mother is dying!" This was all the poor child could say; and, indeed, this was enough to explain the unseasonableness of her visit.

For a long time, the doctor, a respectable old man, had divided his practice between his son and son-in-law; yet reserving to himself the poor of his district, he knew of the illness of the widow Brulard—he knew that she had reached the last stage of her sufferings; and though he was fully persuaded of the uselessness of his visit, he did not the less quickly dress himself to go to her.

"Come near the fire," said he to Fanchette, whose teeth chattered with cold, and who was shivering in every limb; "warm yourself, I will be soon ready, and we can go together."

"Oh! excuse me, sir," said Fanchette, "but perhaps at this moment my mother may want me.... she is alone.... and dying, sir."

"But you are frozen," said the doctor, taking her little hand in his, which was like an icicle.

"Frozen!" said Fanchette, disengaging her hand—"on the contrary, I am burning, sir.... You will excuse me, will you not?" added she, in a suppliant voice, as she gained the door. Then, taking advantage of the silence of the doctor, who was looking for his boots, the young girl stole away, and returned home at full speed.

The same silence reigned in the cabin. Fanchette flew towards the bed; her mother's eyes were closed, her breathing was slow and gentle, her hand had lost its stiffness, but was heavy, damp, and cold. Fanchette took it in hers, in order to warm it.

The doctor found her thus.

"Hush! she is asleep," said she, as she perceived him. "Ah! you have awoke her!..."

And indeed, at the moment that he approached the bed, the dying woman opened her eyes, turned them on Fanchette, and from her on the cradle where the two other children were asleep, and she breathed a sigh—a very faint sigh. The doctor saw it was the last; as for Fanchette, she still had hopes.

"Mamma!" said she, with a tender caution, almost maternal: "mamma, it is the doctor; how do you feel? ... tell him.... he has left his bed to come to you.... Mamma, will you not answer me?..."

But perceiving that her mother was motionless, and that her voice had no power to rouse her, and feeling the trembling hand of the doctor, who endeavoured to remove her from the bed, she uttered a fearful cry, and clung more closely to her mother.

"Mother!" cried she, in despair. "Oh! my God, have I no longer a mother!"

These cries awoke the two children, who called her. Fanchette turned towards them, and, in a tone impossible to describe, she cried,

"You are orphans!"

CHAPTER II.

THE rays of the sun shining through the lattices of the little cabin of St. Gratien fell upon the poor Fanchette as she still knelt beside the bed, and, with despairing sobs, called upon her mother, while the two children, seated in the cradle, were gazing with bewildered looks on their sister, and upon the bed where they no longer saw their mother's face.

And thus the day was passed. Fanchette never left her place, save at short intervals, either to give the children something to eat, or to render them any little service of which they might stand in need; but she did not take them up. They were too young to know the loss they had sustained; and they might perhaps have gone out to play..... To play!.... whilst the body of their mother yet lay extended on her couch of suffering! The young girl felt all that there would be painful and incongruous in this childish thoughtlessness at such a time. As to her, she took nothing; not because she considered it a duty to abstain, nor because she supposed that it would be a sacrilege to eat with the body of her mother before her, but simply because she did not think of it. Her loss absorbed her every faculty, and left her but one other thought—that of watching over the precious deposit which a dying mother had bequeathed to her.

The sad rites that complete bereavement were now over. The body of her mother was hidden from her eyes, and borne to its last resting-place, and Fanchette felt that she was now indeed alone. On that night the young girl for the first time for six months took off her clothes to lie down. Her first thought on awaking next morning was of her mother. It was so short a time since she had been nursing her, that she rose hastily, as if by instinct, to nurse her still; but the empty couch of her mother recalled her to sad reality, and her tears flowed afresh.

Then the children awoke: and, like Fanchette, their first word was—"Mamma!"

Fanchette ran to them, took them in her arms, and tenderly embracing them, said:

"I am your mother now, my dear children; you have no other.... Call me mamma; I will love you, I will care for you like a mother.... You must love me dearly, to console me for her loss; and I will love you, so as to make you forget that you have lost her.... Pierre.... Lazette.... kiss me."

"But where is mamma!" demanded the children.

"She is gone on high, to rejoin our father," replied Fanchette.

"And shall we never see her again?"

"Never again!" replied Fanchette; and this sorrowful remembrance renewed her tears.

However, calming her grief, lest she might sadden too much these orphans, who were too young to feel how irreparable is the loss of a mother, she dried her eyes, dressed the children, and brought them to the door of the cabin.

She was seated on a stool, with Lazette before her, and holding her arm round Pierre, who kept on saying—"You are our mamma, then!" when a young lady, mounted on a donkey led by a little boy, arrived at the cottage.

Fanchette at once recognised the doctor's daughter, and rose.

"Poor children!" said the young lady, seating herself on the chair which Fanchette presented to her, and taking on her knee the little Lazette, who stretched out her arms to her. "My father has told me of your sorrows."

Then gently and kindly motioning to Fanchette to sit down opposite her, she added—

"I have been thinking of you, Fanchette, and of your little family; and this morning very early I have gone all through St. Gratien on your account. You are much beloved in the country, my little one, and I scarcely needed to say a word, when every one pressed upon me an offering.---Look," continued the young lady, as she took from a little basket which she had laid on the ground a purse full of money, which she presented to Fanchette, who drew back in astonishment.

"For me! madame!" cried she.

"Yes, child; but why do you not take it?"

"For me!" again repeated Fanchette, whose cheeks were covered with blushes. "You are very kind, madam.... indeed.... I do not know how to thank you for so much kindness.... but.... my mother always told me never to receive money which I had not earned.... and I have not earned this, madam."

"Your mother is no more, child; whilst she was alive, she was able to provide for your wants, but now.... we must think of that for her."

"But I am not in want of anything," replied Fanchette, with a modest pride. "I have still a little money for my housekeeping. My parents, unfortunate as they have been, have never begged; and, whilst I have health and hands, I hope I shall never have need of alms to assist me in the care of my dear little family...." And then fearful of having given offence, she added—"There are so many poor here, my good lady, on whom you might better bestow your money; as for me, I would ask one favour of you, if you will have the goodness still to interest yourself for me: it is to recommend me to some of your acquaintances, so that I may not be left without work."

"Charming, noble child!" exclaimed the young lady, unable to repress her tears. "No—I will not insist on your keeping this money; you wish to earn it, and you shall earn it, my girl.... Farewell.... Take care of your health, and always be assured of the friendship of those who have hearts to feel." Saying these words, the young lady tenderly embraced Fanchette and the children, again mounted the donkey, and went away.

Fanchette was able to darn stockings, and did plain work very well. It is easy to guess that all the inhabitants of St. Gratien, of Enghien, Montmorency, and the neighbourhood, who had contributed to the collection made by the doctor's daughter, were still more ready when their money was returned to send work to the orphan girl; and it is not less easy to conceive that they did not bargain with her, but even wished to give her more than she asked, but this was impossible; they dared not propose it to her.

The orphan of St. Gratien soon furnished an example of what order and economy can accomplish, united to resolution. Rising at four in the morning, the diligent girl began to work. At seven o'clock in summer, and eight in winter, she awoke the children, took them up, washed them, dressed them, kissed them, and gave them their breakfast; then she prepared pre-

visions for the rest of the day, and arranged her house, which was always remarkable for its order and neatness.

About noon, if the weather was fine and dry, she took the children into the neighbouring woods, and whilst they ran about, collecting dry sticks, moss or withered leaves for fuel, she sat down on the ground, at her needle-work. If the weather was bad, the children played near her in the cottage.

On her return from these little walks, an exercise as healthful for her as for the children, she set to work again till nightfall, when she put the children to bed. There was much more to be done. This interesting orphan did not think her task completed; nor did she go to bed until she had brushed, washed, and mended the clothes, now rather old, of Pierre and Lazette. These cares fulfilled, Fanchette retired to rest. What mother could have been more tender or more devoted?

In proportion as Pierre and Lazette grew up, their wants increased, and became more difficult to meet; but Fanchette also grew taller and stronger. Certain it is that her zeal increased with the wants of her little family. These three orphans were very poor, indeed; their destitution was extreme. Their breakfast consisted of a bit of dry bread; and a milk or vegetable porridge was all their dinner. Sometimes there was something left for supper, but very rarely. They ate meat only on holidays; and yet never were they seen dirty, or in rags; the patches on their clothes were always of the same colour and same material with the dress; but they all three went barefoot in the summer.

At last the time came when Pierre and Lazette must be sent to school. Well, Fanchette, by her labour and economy, found means to meet this new expense; but, alas! how many hours more of watchfulness and labour did she undergo in order to earn the necessary money!

Our three orphans lived very happily, though poor,—and contentedly, though labouring hard. Fanchette had just reached her nineteenth year, Pierre was just fourteen, and Lazette thirteen, when, on the 25th of August, 1822, very early in the morning, a handsome equipage drove rapidly through the village of St. Gratien, slowly ascended the steep though short hill, and, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants, who were going to their work, took the bye-road which led to the cottage of Fanchette.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.¹

No. III.—CHAP. III.

EDITH and I had scarcely finished breakfast, the following morning, when Mrs. Alvanley arrived. I was not disposed to thwart her evident wish to be considered "one of the family," and I allowed her full scope for ingratiating herself with my fair young charge, of which she proceeded to avail herself by paying Miss Kinnaird the most marked attention, implying rather than expressing (every young lady will understand how this may be done,) a very lively degree of admiration of her personal charms, and volunteering a description of the principal families of the neighbourhood, which she gave with some spirit and piquancy, and a little ill-nature.

"You are new to this style of society, my dear," she concluded, "and you will be not a little amused as its involved and nicely-balanced machinery gradually opens to your observation. Happy girl! You don't even know the difference between the 'town set' and 'the county families'—the brand of disgrace and the badge of honour; neither are you aware of that mysterious system of progression by which you rise in gen-

tility as you retreat from the baleful precincts of the town. Now, the wife of a gentleman farmer who lives in a "place of his own"—heaven save the mark!—three miles up the country, is too elegant to visit the lady of an officer, whose family is ten times better than her own, but who is so unfortunate as to dwell within the turnpike. Then you must learn to distinguish the gradation of costume, which delicately marks the various classes, from the Parisian capote and gaudy satins of the attorney's lady, to the straw bonnets and sober-tinted garments of the member's wife and daughters, aristocracy increasing as outward show of it diminishes. All this you will see with your own eyes next Sunday."

"Next Sunday!" repeated Edith innocently. "What happens then?"

"Why, you go to church, to be sure," replied Mrs. Alvanley, "and you will then have an excellent opportunity of seeing all the varieties assembled together, and, if you class them according to bonnets, remembering the rule I have given you, you can't fail of discovering the two extremes at once, though you will require a little practice to discern accurately the intermediate grades."

"I will be very attentive," said Edith, with a glance of extreme amusement at me, "and I dare say, by the third or fourth Sunday, I shall know them all asunder, and be able to reckon them over separately in my mind while the sermon is going on. Don't you think so?"

"Oh fie!" cried Mrs. Alvanley, playfully; "don't let Miss Forder think that I am corrupting your principles. You must listen to the sermon, of course; Mr. Lymes is a very fine preacher."

"Then am I to count the bonnets during prayers?" demanded Edith pertinaciously.

Her instructress seemed a little embarrassed. "Nay, you are rather severe," she said; "I did not of course mean that. But one has plenty of time for such things during the going in and coming out."

"Preparation for service—and practical result produced by it—I understand exactly," said Edith; and then added quickly as if afraid she was being too satirical: "But Mrs. Alvanley, that is the regular conventional description of vulgarity and gentility which you have given—that classing people by their dress. I don't think it holds good in reality—at least I'm sure it would not with me, for I would never put on an unbecoming poke bonnet for the sake of looking aristocratic in a country church."

"I admire that sentiment," cried Captain Everard, entering the room with Frank Kinnaird; "it is as genuine as it is boldly expressed. No higher principle can be proposed to a young lady than that of always doing, thinking, and wearing, whatever is most becoming."

Miss Kinnaird was a little out of countenance, but laughed heartily.

"Well," she said, "it is what we all do, only we are not all brave enough to confess it."

"Very true," returned he; "and it is a fine thing to do what you have done—namely, to bring your avowed principles to the same level as your actions. We won't inquire *how* you have achieved it, but will leave the imagination to conclude that it was by raising the one—not by lowering the other."

"Oh, I can't contend with you," exclaimed Edith. "But I was in hopes that a night's rest would have produced a happier frame of mind. I laid your misanthropy last night to the account of your fatiguing journey, but I begin to be afraid that it is inherent."

"Yes," he replied, "I was born with a cold heart and a sour temper, and I am glad of it. It saves a world of trouble. All those sentiments which you will have to learn by a tedious and afflictive process which I won't pain you by describing, come to me naturally."

"They are not sentiments at all," cried Edith. "Don't degrade the word by such an application."

(1) Continued from page 267.

"Give them a name, then," said he. "What shall I call them?"

"You may call them prejudices and mistakes, if you please," answered Miss Kinnaird smiling; "I dare not, you see, because I have not known you long enough."

I interrupted the combatants by introducing Captain Everard to Mrs. Alvanley. After the usual civilities had been exchanged, he said, addressing himself to me, "I have had an adventure this morning, and I am eager to tell it."

"Indeed!" cried I, "pray indulge yourself. We are all anxious to hear."

"We were alone in the drawing-room at Acton Cottage," he began. "I was studying; Kinnaird was smoking a cigar."

"I!" cried Frank indignantly, "I was not doing anything of the sort. And as to your studies—"

"My dear fellow," interrupted Everard, "these little graphic touches give life to my narration. If you were not smoking a cigar, you might have been; and so there is no harm in handing you down to posterity as having been actually so engaged at a given time. But let me go on. A thundering knock at the door disturbed us—we foreboded visitors; and Frank, who is apt to indulge in a few graceful *ad libitum* variations of costume during a morning at home, was forced to beat a hasty retreat."

"This is the most unfair mode of telling a story that I ever heard," interposed Kinnaird.

"You shall set it all right when I have done," said his friend; "you shall supply a commentary, like the notes to a ghost story, in which the editor takes pains to let his readers know that he is not such a fool as to believe what he is telling, though his teeth chatter, and his hair stands on end, all the while. Well, my teeth chattered I assure you; no ghost could have been so awful as the apparition which followed that knock at the door, and came upon me, deserted and solitary as I was. A lady, enveloped in a perfect haze of gauzes and laces, and the like unsubstantial investments, glided into the room, and addressed me with a degree of warmth that would have overcome a man less acquainted with the amiable impressibility of the sex than myself."

Mrs. Alvanley, Miss Kinnaird, and I, all exclaimed at this, and insisted on his retracting before he could be allowed to proceed.

"Well, then, I recant," cried he; "they are not generally impressive. It is only where I am concerned. Now, don't interrupt me again, pray. You shall be allowed your commentary, as well as Kinnaird, when I have finished. This fair lady addressed me as follows. I shall try to give you her exact words: 'You will excuse this unceremonious visit; but I am so very anxious to make your acquaintance, that I resolved to dispense with etiquette, and come in person to secure you for my party on Thursday evening.' I bowed, and said I should be very happy to come. I always accept invitations, how inexplicable soever they may be. She proceeded—'I am afraid there was a mistake about the note I sent you: I am afraid it was left at the wrong house. But I felt justified by my intimacy with your lovely sister—' Miss Kinnaird, I beg your pardon, I forgot you were in the room. The Unknown continued to talk about you for some time. 'To be sure,' she justly observed, 'that girl is—'"

"How can you be so absurd?" cried Edith, laughing and colouring. "But who was the lady? She mistook you for Frank, of course; and she must be some friend of mine. Do tell me who she was."

"Oh, he'll never tell you!" said Kinnaird. "When he is in this humour there's no getting a word of sense out of him. It was Lady Vaughan. You know they have property in this neighbourhood, and young Lord Vaughan came of age two months ago, and is come down with his mother to winter here. I expect they will be uncommonly pleasant neighbours."

"Lady Vaughan!" repeated Edith, her colour deep-

ening as she spoke; "oh, I know her very well. I spent five weeks in the same house with her last Midsummer, and she was very kind to me. I am glad they are here."

"Was Lord Vaughan of the party also?" inquired Captain Everard quietly.

"Yes!" replied Edith, looking down; "they were both there."

"Lord Vaughan is an extremely good fellow," said Frank. "I saw a good deal of him at Weymouth last autumn, and I liked him very much. They will be great acquisitions. They are coming to call here to-day, Miss Forde," added he, turning to me, "as they are most anxious to bespeak you and Edith for this ball of theirs, next Thursday. And Lady Vaughan begged me to break the ice for her, and induce you to excuse such short notice; it was only the day before yesterday that she knew we were all coming here."

I said nothing of the three weeks which I had passed at Enmore without receiving a visit from Lady Vaughan, who unfortunately had not suspected that the beautiful heiress, whose acquaintance she was so anxious to cultivate, could be coming to reside with a person so unimportant as myself; but I made haste to answer the eager inquiry in Edith's eyes by saying that I should certainly accept the invitation.

"How good of you!" cried Mrs. Alvanley: "You who hate gaiety, and go so little into society! Remember, dear Miss Forde, whenever you find the duties of a chaperon at all too much for you, I shall be most happy to relieve you."

I knew that Mrs. Alvanley would have given her ears to have obtained the *entrée* into Lady Vaughan's house, so I took this self-sacrificing offer for just as much as it was worth, and replied coolly that I had always contemplated accompanying Miss Kinnaird into such society as Alford could afford her, and that I rejoiced for her sake in having to begin the duties of a chaperon so early and so auspiciously.

We were interrupted here by the announcement of the very persons who formed the subject of our conversation; namely Lord and Lady—for, as I suppose I ought to say in the present case—Lady and Lord Vaughan.

Lady Vaughan was a lively, elegant woman, still on the sunny side of fifty, with easy manners, and an abundance of small talk. She contrived to keep the two young men, Mrs. Alvanley, and myself, thoroughly engaged in conversation with her; while her son devoted himself to Miss Kinnaird in that direct, immediate, and business-like manner, which marks the flirtations of some men, and which seems to say, "I came here solely for the purpose of seeing you, and I mean to make the most of my time." This kind of wooing leaves no room for the timid flutter, the sensitive doubt, or the consciousness which detects secret engrossment under assumed indifference; it is resolute and undisguised throughout, and seeks no shadier spot wherein to pour forth its sentimentalities than the ball-room staircase, or the opera lobby. And the character of such a lover, consistently enough, is generally marked by a disposition to seize the prominent features, and overlook the finer details, of whatsoever is submitted to his consideration; you shall find that his enjoyment of Shakespeare is confined to an interest in the story of the play, and that his admiration of the country centres in an intense appreciation of pic-nics. Lord Vaughan, however, was a very favourable specimen of his class. Good-looking, gentlemanlike, and fluent, he amused Edith so well, that there was not a single pause in their conversation, while his merest nothings were rendered interesting by the tone of deference and the look of admiration with which he uttered them.

I watched my fair charge closely, but could not satisfy myself that her symptoms indicated any feeling deeper than the gentle charity wherewith a girl invariably judges her first admirer. Still her state was, to

say the least of it, promising; she blushed, smiled, and did not look him straight in the face; there was no saying to what it might come. I knew that Lord Vaughan bore a very high character, and that, in point of circumstances and position, he was an unexceptionable *parti*, so I resolved to give him every assistance in my power, and I could not help indulging a little triumph as I remembered Owen's exceedingly low opinion of my capacity as a manœuvrer, and anticipated his perfect contentment with the engagement into which I expected that his ward would enter while under my charge. Only two things specially worthy of note occurred ere the lady and her son took leave, viz.; Edith was engaged for the first polka on Thursday evening, and Mrs. Alvanley was expressly included in the invitation to the ball. She owed this little piece of good fortune to the foresight which had induced her to take off her bonnet and shawl immediately after her arrival: Lady Vaughan having concluded, naturally enough, that she was a visitor in the house.

"Well, Edith, I congratulate you!" cried Frank, when we were alone again. "A ball and a conquest so soon after your debut,—it is more than you could have expected."

"Yes," replied his sister, "isn't it nice?"

"Isn't it nice?" repeated Captain Everard, inquiringly. "Which?"

"Neither is to be despised, I assure you," observed Kinnaird. "Lord Vaughan is a most agreeable fellow, and what is more, he bears the highest character possible."

"Indeed," said Everard dryly, "what has he done?"

"Done!" reiterated his friend, half puzzled, half indignant. "I don't know what you mean, Everard. What whim now is it, that induces you to run down Lord Vaughan?"

"Run him down!" cried Captain Everard, a little indignant in his turn; "I never had such an idea; only you are running him up so confoundedly, that it makes a man look about to discover what he has done. 'The highest character possible,' simply means that this promising youth of twenty-one is neither a gamester nor a drunkard; at least I believe that is the plain English of the phrase."

"Nay," interposed I; "You must not deal so strictly with mere conversational expressions. Moreover, I think that a man's merits ought to be judged according to his temptations; and you will allow, that to a young man entering life under Lord Vaughan's circumstances, temptations are neither few nor trivial."

"My dear madam," exclaimed he with earnestness, "Lord Vaughan may be an angel for anything I know, and very probably is. Pray don't fancy that I want to depreciate him."

"No," said Edith, "it is human nature in general that you want to depreciate. You want to renew the argument of last night."

"I did not remember that there *was* an argument last night," observed he quietly. "Who argued?"

I felt absolutely enraged at this rudeness, but Miss Kinnaird only laughed and said, "How insulting!"

"I thought," replied he, "it would rather be an insult to a lady to suppose her capable of arguing. Surely it militates a little against that ethereal gentleness which characterises all the females in your ideal world, and which endears them so much to the high-souled generous men, as companions for whom they were created."

"I wish you would not pretend to know anything about my ideal world," exclaimed she, "you make dreadful mistakes about it. Besides, I should like to know which is most to be reprobated—a woman who cannot argue, or a man who cannot believe?"

"Don't reckon me in the latter class!" cried he, catching for a moment the eagerness of her tone.

"How delightful!" said Edith. "For once you have said what you think."

He laughed. "You don't know me," was his answer, "or you would know that I always speak as I think. You charitably give me credit for being a vast deal better than I seem; on the contrary, like most of my fellow-creatures, I am a vast deal worse."

"I don't think that is possible," cried Edith. "Nay, you need not laugh; I assure you I am in earnest. According to your own profession, you have neither faith, hope, nor charity."

"That is a tremendous accusation," he replied; "of course you are prepared to substantiate it."

"You cannot deny it," persisted she; "you have no faith in human nature, no hope that it will ever become any better than it is, and therefore, of course, no charity."

"You have described me exactly," said he, bowing; "your insight into character is wonderful; you ought to write fashionable and domestic novels."

But Edith was not to be bantered out of her severity. Whether it was that she was genuinely interested in the subject, or that she was a little angry at the disparaging tone which Captain Everard had adopted about Lord Vaughan, I cannot say, but she proceeded with increased animation. "Do you know that I think your opinions are, if sincere, the most wonderful and the most miserable that I ever met with? Have you never in all your life met with affection—real, true, unselfish affection, that can overcome and endure everything?"

There was a momentary expression of pain in his face, as if he shrank from the subject,—at least so I fancied,—but it passed away in an instant, and he answered in his former enigmatical tone, in which neither Edith nor I were able to separate the jest from the earnest, the assumption from the reality: "Oh! yes, often! It is a very pretty thing to play with when the sun shines."

Edith looked at him with an expression of genuine horror; he laughed, and after a moment's pause she continued. "Well then, we won't talk about yourself. Of course you must know yourself better than I do, and if you say that you are incapable of feeling anything, I am bound to believe you. But I will maintain that you have no right to judge other people by the same rule. You must look upon yourself as an exception, and when you want to understand others, you must take it for granted that they have minds and hearts unlike your own. Now, there is Frank for instance—pray don't fancy that his friendship for you is like yours for him."

"Frank is a very good fellow," said Captain Everard with the same provoking smile, looking towards his friend, who had withdrawn to the further end of the room to write a letter; "and I am so well satisfied with his friendship that I would not wish to look too closely into it."

"Do you mean to say that *his* affection is only a play-thing for a sunshiny day?" exclaimed Edith, indignantly; "Do you mean to say that if you were in trouble he would not make sacrifices in order to serve you?"

"I would never ask him," returned Everard.

"Why not? Would you be too proud to ask a service, even of a friend?"

"No," said he, "but I like to keep a few little snug illusions as long as I can; at any rate I wouldn't disperse them with my own hand. But it is a shame to talk to you in this manner. Your faith in your own illusions is so zealous that I would not disturb it for the world."

"You *could* not," cried she. "My illusions, as you call them, are *truth*, and that is my great comfort. It is not because I am young and a woman that I think in this manner—the older I grow, the more steadfastly I hope I shall believe in the reality of everything which you despise! I would rather die this moment than think as you do!"

He looked at her an instant with a half-amused, half-admiring expression, and then replied—"Di chi mi fido, guardami Dio! Di chi non mi fido mi guarderò."

to¹ You know the proverb, doubtless. Kinnaird, isn't it time for us to be moving?"

"I'll follow you," replied Frank, looking up; "I must finish this letter."

Captain Everard bowed and took his leave.

THE BOAT AND THE CARAVAN, A FAMILY TOUR THROUGH EGYPT AND SYRIA.²

The interest of this work is considerably impaired by the attempt, not very skilfully managed, to overlay with a slight coating of fiction a simple and straightforward narrative, which bears the strongest internal evidence of being told, in all other respects, with a scrupulous adherence to truth. An English gentleman in search of health and relaxation, after a life busily spent in commercial pursuits, sets off in company with his wife and child, whether son or daughter we are left in doubt, on a tour through part of Egypt and Syria. But, instead of telling the story of his travels plainly in his own person, he, with the very extraordinary idea of giving "a little variety to the narrative," assumes a fictitious name, speaks of himself in the third person, and adds to his family a supernumerary son or daughter and a female attendant; thus most gratuitously throwing suspicion upon one of the greatest merits of his book, its truth, without in the slightest degree imparting to it the liveliness, or permitting to himself the freedom, of well-managed fiction.

In other respects the work deserves to be spoken of with much praise. The traveller, whoever he is, makes no attempt to astonish his readers by the exhibition of much antiquarian lore; indeed, by addressing his book chiefly to the young, he in a great measure precludes himself from doing so, and the reflections, conceived in the best possible spirit, are sometimes, it must be admitted, rather studiously simplified to the level of infantile understandings. Still he has observed carefully, and described in a very pleasing style, and, we doubt not, with much accuracy, the most striking objects which he met with, and the incidents he encountered on a track not often ventured upon by English ladies and children, and not so frequently traversed by any as to make it impossible to throw both novelty and interest into the account of a journey over it.

As a specimen, and by no means the best, of our author's style, we extract a part of his description of the ruins of Thebes.

"The origin of Thebes is lost in the obscurity of extreme antiquity, and but little is known of its early history. It is supposed to have been founded by the mighty conqueror Sesostrius, who is believed to have flourished previous to the captivity of the patriarch Joseph in Egypt. The recent discovery of a method by which hieroglyphics can be deciphered has already tended to throw much light on the subject; but probably many years will elapse before the chronology of the history of the country will be established, if it be ever clearly settled. But few centuries had passed after the universal deluge before it became a powerful empire, and far in advance of the rest of the world in arts and sciences. The early Greeks acquired most of their knowledge from the Egyptians, and it is supposed that Sesostrius was the ruler over the greater part of Asia. It is remarkable, that while so many of the temples of Thebes remain in a tolerable perfect condition, almost all traces are lost of other less important buildings. If

they had been substantially constructed, they could not have mouldered into dust from the effect of time and weather; for where man has not destroyed, the temples remain almost as perfect as when first erected. It is, therefore, reasonable to conclude that the ordinary habitations of the Thebans were little better than the miserable dwellings of the modern Egyptians. Probably the wealth and power of the country were entirely devoted to the services of a false religion. The priests monopolized all the learning of the times, and illustrated in a striking manner, that knowledge is power. If this theory be correct, we can in some measure account for the extreme magnificence and grandeur of these wonderful remains; but if, on the other hand, we reflect that they were erected at a time when the world may be said to have been in its infancy, and that during the last two thousand years nothing has been produced which can rival the temple of Karnac in magnitude or magnificence, our wonder remains undiminished. Machinery must have existed of which we have no record or conception, or how could masses of stone weighing a hundred tons be raised to the top of columns sixty or seventy feet high? There must, too, have been great knowledge of chemistry, for the colours employed in the decoration of the interior are still as bright as ever. Great skill in tempering metal must have been acquired, for the hard granite, and much harder porphyry, are minutely sculptured, while columns, ceilings and walls, are covered with a boundless profusion of bas-reliefs, all cut with extreme accuracy. The temples of Upper Egypt, and the wondrous pyramids of Sakkara and Ghizeh, alike show how vain a thing is human ambition. The mighty sovereigns who projected them very probably did not live to see their completion, and the very names of these immortal heroes are forgotten.

"The Daltons first visited the Temple of Luxor, which stood within a hundred yards of their boat. A number of Arabs had offered themselves as guides; it was evident that they could be of no service, and as Daيره said, they frequently knew much less of what they offered to show than those they wished to conduct through the ruins; but as it was not likely that they would give up the hope of being employed, one was chosen "*pro forma*," and the rest informed they would not be required. At least half a dozen, however, added themselves to the party, in hopes of coming in for some share of the backsheesh.

"On each side of the grand entrance stood, till very lately, an obelisk of granite, partly buried in the sand, but still rising to a height of sixty feet. One of them was removed by the French a few years ago, and is now placed in the Place de la Concorde, at Paris. It is calculated to weigh five hundred thousand pounds, is seventy-six feet high, and formed out of one block of rose-coloured granite. The cost of its removal from its ancient site, and its erection in its position, was immense. A canal was dug from the river to its base, and it was lowered at once into the vessel which carried it down the Nile. The French engineers pride themselves upon the skill and science employed in transferring the mighty mass to their beloved Paris, but this obelisk is less than two thirds the size of one which stands before the church of St. John Lateran, in Rome. There are three others in the "eternal city" which are of equal magnitude, and seven more of smaller dimensions, all brought from Egypt by the old Romans. The Pasha offered the obelisk still standing at Luxor to the English Government, which was not willing to incur the heavy expense of its removal.

"Behind the obelisk, and close to the Propylon are two gigantic figures in red granite, sadly mutilated, and more than half buried in the sand. Twenty feet of the upper part of each are yet above the surface. The Propylon is nearly two hundred feet wide, and more than sixty high. It is covered with sculpture, and, as at Edfou, a gigantic warrior is represented engaged in

(1) "God protect me from the man I trust! I will protect myself from him whom I trust not!"

(2) London: Bogue, Fleet Street. 1847.

the slaughter of his enemies. On one side, he stands in a car drawn by two spirited horses, who are trampling down the conquered foe, while he is about to discharge his bow among their ranks. In the other, the enemy is represented in full flight, and in the utmost confusion, while he stands alone amidst a heap of slain.

"The next day was devoted to the Valley of Tombs, one of the most interesting and remarkable spots in Egypt. A hot ride of more than a hour brought our travellers to the mountains which enclose it; nothing could exceed the dreariness of the road on which they now entered. High barren rocks shut them in on every side. Their path lay through a wilderness of sand, scattered with hugh fragments of stone, which had rolled down from above. Scarcely a blade of vegetation was visible, and the sun's beams, pouring down on their heads and reflected by the hills, were hardly bearable. The heat of that valley in the summer must be past endurance. Having proceeded for some distance, they reached a still more confined space, and arrived at the spot where the 'kings and counsellors' of the earth built desolate places for themselves. The tombs have been excavated principally on the right side of the valley, and after receiving their tenants, every effort was made to cover the entrances, and it would be easy again to cover up the small unadorned portals with loose earth and stones. Long before the Christian era, most of them had been broken into by the Conquerors of Egypt, and their royal tenants disturbed for the sake of the treasures which were buried with them. They now stand open, and in every instance have been much defaced by the unscrupulous antiquary and wanton Arab.

"The first tomb visited by the Daltons was that discovered by Belzoni, nearly thirty years ago. Entering the narrow and unostentatious portal they passed a long gallery which slopes downwards. The rock in which it was excavated is hard, and of a remarkably close grained stone, resembling that used in lithography. The sides are covered with hieroglyphics in small characters, and cut with beautiful precision. It led into a large hall similarly ornamented. They then descended a staircase, and passing through a long corridor, entered into a chamber of considerable magnitude, which from the splendour of the embellishments, has been called the Hall of Beauty. Where they have not been defaced, the figures are quite perfect, and the colouring remarkably bright and fresh. Beyond it, our travellers had to pass along another corridor, and they finally arrived at the largest hall, where Belzoni found the sarcophagus which once contained the body of the Pharaoh for whom this magnificent resting-place was constructed. He had every reason to hope that it still remained undisturbed, for he had been stopped in his progress by finding the end of one of the corridors blocked up and ornamented like the sides; so as to convey the impression that the excavation ended there. But having made his way through the obstruction and entered the last hall, the sarcophagus was discovered empty, with the lid lying by it, broken in two. A hole in the floor showed that it had been entered by a subterraneous passage made in an opposite direction from the entrance, but the invaders had contented themselves with removing the body and any valuables deposited with it.

"Some of the larger chambers were supported by square pillars, left standing when the excavations were made: they also were covered with sculpture, but being more easy of access than the walls, they have suffered more.

"Large portions have been cut away, and two or three were lying in fragments, left there, the guide said, by Lepsius, after an ineffectual attempt to remove them. When Belzoni entered this magnificent tomb, he found it in as perfect a state as when first constructed; now there is scarcely a square foot of bas-relief which is not more or less defaced. The smoke of the torches and candles necessarily used by visitors is

also obscuring the bright colours and blackening the roof. It is really grievous that a monument of such surpassing interest, that might have been kept in good order for centuries to come, should be so quickly and shamefully mutilated.

"The Daltons entered several other tombs; one is even greater in extent than that called after Belzoni, but not so richly embellished; others are nearly choked up at the entrance. Most of them contain an enormous sarcophagus, without ornament or inscription, and cut out of a block of granite. The ponderous lid lies by its side, generally broken into two or three pieces. The passage leading to the chamber where they are deposited, is just large enough for the sarcophagus to go through: it was probably lowered on rollers, and it would be difficult to force them up the inclined plane without widening the space.

"The beautiful alabaster sarcophagus which Belzoni managed to take out from the great tomb without injury, was sent to England. It is of singular beauty, and nearly transparent, although about three inches thick. He sold it to the late Sir John Soane, for 3000*l.*, and it now forms the chief ornament of his museum.¹ Both the inside and the outside are covered with sculpture, minutely and admirably executed, containing several hundred figures. The subject represents the funeral obsequies of the deceased, and many captives are introduced in the procession: among them the Jews are distinguished by their physiognomy, and serve to confirm the opinion of Dr. Young, who deciphered the hieroglyphics, that it once contained the body of Pharaoh Necho, who invaded Judea in the reign of Josiah.² From the number of halls in this and some other of the tombs, and their elaborate ornaments, it does not seem improbable that part of them at least were designed to be used as banqueting rooms in celebrating the feasts of the dead.³

"The travellers, having first taken lunch in one of the tombs, and rested awhile after the labour of exploring so many, returned into the plain, and visited the Temple at Gournou, which bears the name of Memnonium. Near it lie the gigantic fragments of the largest statue in the world. It must have been an arduous task to destroy it. They cover a large space of ground; and the surface of the different parts of the body is but little injured. It is formed of red granite, of so hard a nature that portions are sent to Cairo to be used in cutting glass. The figure was originally sixty feet high, and weighed two million pounds. The ear is three feet long, and the shoulders twenty-two feet across. From thence our travellers proceeded to a very singular subterraneous Temple, excavated out of the rock. It is not large, and is decorated in a somewhat similar style to the others; but there is reason to believe that it is more ancient than those of Karnac or Luxor. The façade, pillars, and some colossal figures are all cut out of the live rock.

"Near it were some very extensive catacombs, into which the party entered. The first chamber is large; but the stench arising from a countless number of bats which have taken up their abode in these tombs was so great, that no one but Mr. Dalton was inclined to proceed further. Provided with lighted candles, he and Daireh followed the guide, who led them through a long passage, from which others branched off to the right and left. The foul birds of night, disturbed by the intruders, flew about in all directions, sometimes dashing into their faces, and at others putting out their lights. Mr. Dalton proceeded for several hundred yards, through various passages, and then descending a flight of steps, traversed an equal number of galleries running underneath the others. It was a perfect

(1) Sir John Soane left his house in Lincoln's-inn-fields, with all its contents, to the country, and the public are admitted gratuitously during the month of May only, each year. Why it is not always accessible, we do not know. It is well worthy of a visit.

(2) 2 Chron. xxxv. 20, 22.

(3) Psalm cvi. 28.

labyrinth; and more like the courts and streets of a small town, in extent and number, than a receptacle of the dead. There were a few remains of mummies, but almost all had been carried off. Even in the lower story, the bats were very numerous, and the air was extremely hot and close. He returned to daylight in a profuse perspiration, and sickened by the foul smell."

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

THE PAINTER'S SOLACE.

O.

[SIGNORELLI had one son, a youth of great promise and exceeding beauty, who was unfortunately killed at Cortona; when he was brought home to him, the body was carried into his painting room, where he painted his son's portrait, and shed not a tear.]

ONWARD the lifeless corse they bear,
And reach his father's roof;
They enter, lay it on the ground,
Then silent stand aloof.
No eye should view a father's grief,—
No voice address his woe;
So they turned, and left him as he stood,
Ere tears began to flow.
And day had passed, and evening fled,
And midnight's fearful gloom,
And at break of day the rising sun
Shone brightly through that room.
The painter rose,—one thought he had
That soothed his breaking heart,
One solace he may yet enjoy,
And owe it to his art.
He rose, advanced with faltering step,
His pallet then he took;
His eye, it was undimmed by tears,—
His hand, it scarcely shook.
Now seated near the lifeless clay,
He traces ere it flies
The beauty dearest to his heart,
And fairest to his eyes.
He paints, and grief forgets to grieve,
And anguish to complain,
While his feeble hand its art essays
The loved one to retain.
His task is o'er, and tranquilly
He sees them bear away
All that once bound him unto life,
And now is only clay.
He gazes on what seems to him
The emblem of that mind,
That face where truth and purity
In beauty were enshrined.
And this alone can soothe his grief
And calm his troubled heart,
Until that blessed hour shall come,
When from earth he may depart.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

SUPERSTITION REGARDING THE OWL IN CEYLON.

Among the birds in Ceylon there are few more remarkable than the Virginian horned owl (*Bubo Virginianus*). Wilson, who has described this bird in his American Ornithology, tells us that "as soon as evening draws

on, and mankind retire to rest, he sends forth such sounds as seem scarcely to belong to this world, starting the solitary pilgrim as he slumbers by his forest fire, 'making night hideous.' This ghastly watchman has frequently warned me of the approach of morning, and amused me with his singular exclamations, sometimes sweeping down and around my fire, uttering a loud and sudden *Waugh O, Waugh O*, sufficient to have alarmed a whole garrison. He has other nocturnal solos, no less melodious, one of which very strikingly resemble the half-suppressed scream of a person suffocating or throttled." The writer first heard the wailing or groaning exclamation of this bird while he was accompanying a body of troops through a densely wooded country about midnight, for the purpose of surprising and capturing a Kandyan chieftain. The Kandyans consider the cry of this owl as a presage of death or misfortune, unless they adopt a charm to avert its fatal summons. They call this bird *Bagahmoona*, devil-face, or devil-bird, and by many the cry is presumed to come directly from the devil. The veracious Knox (who in 1681 published his excellent "Historical Relation of the Island of Ceylon") is obviously of this opinion, for he says, "This for certain I can affirm, that oftentimes the devil doth cry with audible voice in the night; 'tis very shrill, almost like the barking of a dog; this I have often heard myself, but never heard that it did anybody any harm. Only this observation the inhabitants of the land have made of their voice, and I have made it also, that either just before, or very suddenly after this voice, always the king cuts off people. To believe that this is the voice of the devil, three reasons urge; because there is no creature known to the inhabitants that cries like it, and because it will on a sudden depart from one place and make a noise in another, quicker than any fowl could fly, and because the very dogs will tremble and shake when they hear it, and it is so accounted by all the people.—*Marshall's Description and Conquest of Ceylon*, p. 13.

BENEVOLENCE is a duty. He who frequently practises it, and sees his benevolent intentions realised, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good. When, therefore, it is said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," it is not meant thou shalt love him first, and do good to him in consequence of that love, but thou shalt do good to thy neighbour, and this thy beneficence will engender in thee that love to mankind which is the fulness and consummation of the inclination to do good.—*Emmanuel Kant*.

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him.—*Cowley*.

N.B.—The Second Volume of this Periodical is now ready; Covers for binding, with Table of Contents, may be ordered of any Bookseller.

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Chepstow Castle.

FAMED—long famed—in the page of the picturesque—a locality in which artist and author love to linger, and apostrophized by the poet of nature,—

“O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,”

the associations of the river are, unquestionably, heightened by the graceful memorials of the past which stud its banks. Among these, the ruins of Chepstow castle occupy an extensive area, adjoining the port and market town of Chepstow, on the Wye, about two miles and a half from where it falls into the estuary of the Severn.

The advantageous situation of the town, near the mouth of the Wye, is supposed to have rendered it a powerful position, both in Roman and Saxon times. However, the assemblage of natural and artificial beauties is of the most enchanting character; for the tourist, having passed the fantastic majesty of the Piercefield cliffs, capped with magnificent woods, finds himself in Piercefield Bay. “To the right, a line of perpendicular cliffs is still seen, but crowned instead of trees with an embattled fortress; which, for a moment, might seem to have been cut out of the rocks. The view is closed by a range of red cliffs, with the magnificent iron bridge of Chepstow spanning the river. This is the last of the great views on the Wye, and, if seen under favourable circumstances of time and tide, it is one of the finest.” (*“The Wye and its Associations,”* by *Leitch Ritchie.*) Another tourist describes the beauties as so “uncommonly excellent; that the most exact critic in landscape would scarcely wish to alter a position in the assemblage of woods, cliffs, ruins, and water.” Among these

features, the Wye and its banks are conspicuous. The ridge of cliff on the left bank below the bridge is remarkable both for its form and variety of colouring; while, on the opposite bank above, the gigantic remains of the castle, stretching along the brink of the precipice, give an air of romance to the picture, not frequently found in one of the crowded haunts of men. From different points, the views are exceedingly beautiful—the scenery not being surpassed, perhaps, by anything similar in Britain.

The bridge is a noble structure of cast iron, erected in 1816. It has five arches resting upon stone piers; but although, in reality, a massive structure, it has, when viewed from the river, that air of lightness which iron bridges usually possess. The old bridge was composed of a level floor, carried upon wooden piers, except in the centre, where a pillar of stone, dividing Gloucester and Monmouth, was the support. Afterwards, however, stone piers were substituted for those on the Monmouth side, before the two counties joined in the erection of the present handsome structure.

The castle of Chepstow is commonly stated to have been built originally by Julius Cæsar, a common paternity for old structures; in this case, ascribed only upon unauthorized assumption, fostered, though, perchance, by some idle or ill-informed topographer. For it is tolerably certain that Cæsar never was at Chepstow; and that Roman relics, although abundant in the neighbourhood, have never been discovered in the town. The plan and architecture of the castle, too, are of a much later date than the Roman dominion in Britain.

However, the name by which the town is at present known is Saxon, and denotes a place of traffic; and Leland traces at least its prosperity to its situation being favourable for commerce. "The town of Chepstow," says he, "hath been very strongly walled, as yet (the sixteenth century) doth appere. The walls began at the grete bridge over the Wy, and so came to the castel; the which yet standeth fayer, and strong, not far from the ruin of the bridge. A grete lyklyhood is, that when Carguen began to decay, then began Chepstow to flourish, for yt standeth far better, as upon Wy, there ebbing and flowing, by the rage coming out of the Severn, so that to Chepstowe may come grete shippes."

The ruins crown the brow of the precipice forming the right bank of the Wye, and the northern walls are close to the edge: the rest of the fortress being defended by a moat, and its own lofty towers.

The ground plan was divided into four courts. The first, which was entered by a Norman gateway, contained the great baronial hall, the vast kitchen, and apartments on a scale of considerable grandeur. At the south-eastern verge of this court is the keep, or citadel, now called Harry Marten's tower. The second court contains no architectural remains, except the walls: but in the third is a remarkable building usually designated "the chapel," and seeming to have formed one magnificent galleried apartment. The fourth court was separated from the rest by a moat, which was crossed by a drawbridge.

The building of the castle is ascribed, in Domesday Book, to William Fitzosborn, Earl of Hereford. It was inherited by his third son, Roger de Bristol, who was deprived of his estates, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment for rebellion. Of this fierce Norman baron, Dugdale has preserved the following characteristic anecdote:

"Though he frequently used many scornful and contumelious expressions towards the king, yet he was pleased, at the celebration of the feast of Easter, in a solemn manner, (as was then used,) to send to this Earl Rodger, at that time in prison, his royal robes, who so disdained the favour, that he forthwith caused a great fire to be made, and the mantle, the inner surcoat of silk, and the upper garment, lined with precious furs, to be suddenly burnt. Which being made known to the king, he became not a little displeased, and said, '*Certainly he is a very proud man who has thus abused me; but, by the brightness of God, he shall never come out of prison as long as I live!*' Which expression was fulfilled to the utmost, for he never was released during the king's life; nor after, but died in prison."

In the reign of Henry I., Chepstow Castle passed into the possession of the Clare family: of whom Richard de Clare was surnamed, like his father, Strongbow, and was famous for his Irish adventures. Espousing the cause of Dermot Maonagh, King of Leinster, against Roderic the Great, King of Connaught, upon the promise of Dermot's daughter for a wife, and his kingdom for an inheritance, the brave soldier landed at Waterford in 1174; married the princess; with 1200 men conquered the promised kingdom, and took possession of Dublin, the capital. This double fortune, however, so offended Henry II., that, in high dudgeon at this presumption of a subject, the king confiscated his estates, and carried an army over to Ireland, for the purpose of annexing Leinster to the English crown. Strongbow submitted; abandoned Waterford and Dublin to his feudal master; was restored to his estates, and made constable of Ireland.

By the marriage of Strongbow's daughter, (he having no male issue,) Chepstow Castle next came into the hands of one of the greatest men of his time, William, marshal of England, lord protector of the kingdom; and by the marriage of his daughter, (for although he had five sons they all died without issue,) it fell to Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk. This daughter was Maud, remarkable for having, been in her widowhood created *marshal* in

virtue of her descent; the king himself, Henry III., solemnly giving the truncheon into her hand. She was buried in Tintern Abbey, in 1248, her body being carried into the choir by her four sons.

There is little worthy of record in the several changes of the possessors of Chepstow Castle, until it was sold to the Earl of Pembroke: whose heiress Elizabeth conveyed it by marriage to Sir Charles Somerset, afterwards Earl of Worcester. Churchyard records the fact of the sale in these uncouth rhymes:

"To Chepstowe yet, my pen agayne must passe;
When Strongbow once (an Earle of rare renowne),
A long time since, the lord and maister was
(In princely sort) of castle and of towne.
Then after that, to Mowbray it befall,
Of Norfolk Duke, a worthe known full well;
Who sold the same to William Harbert, knight,
That was the Earle of Pembroke then by right."

We now approach a passage of more stirring interest in the history of the fortress.

Early in the civil wars, Chepstow was garrisoned for the king: until, in 1645, Colonel Morgan, governor of Gloucester, at the head of 800 horse, and 400 foot, and assisted by the mountaineers, with little difficulty made himself master of the town: and, in a few days, compelled the governor, Colonel Fitzmorris, to surrender the castle. But the fortress was afterwards surprised by the Royalists, under Sir Nicholas Hemys, who, in the absence of the governor, by means of a secret correspondence, obtained possession of the western gate, and made the garrison prisoners of war. On this event, Cromwell marched against it in person, took possession of the town, but assailed the castle without success, though garrisoned only by 160 men. He then left Col. Ewer, with a train of Artillery, seven companies of foot, and four troops of horse, to prosecute the siege. The garrison, however, held out valiantly, until the provisions were exhausted: and even then refused to surrender under promise of quarter, hoping to escape by means of a boat which they had provided for that purpose. A soldier of the parliamentary army, however, swam across the river, with a knife between his teeth, cut the cable of the boat, and brought it away: the castle was at length forced, and Sir Nicholas Hemys and forty men slain in the assault. This event was considered by the parliament so important that the captain who brought the news was rewarded with fifty pounds; and a letter of thanks was sent to Col. Ewer, and the officers and soldiers engaged in that service.

In 1645, the castle, with the other estates belonging to the Marquis of Worcester, were settled upon Oliver Cromwell: but were given back to the Worcester family at the Restoration.

Next comes a tale of captivity in the castle, which for a long period was regarded as a political martyrdom. The sufferer was Henry Marten, one of the judges of Charles I., who was confined here twenty years after the Restoration.

Marten appears to have been one of the most zealous opponents of royalty. He does not seem to have been himself of irreproachable character, if we may credit Anthony Wood, who relates that, "being authorized by Parliament, about 1642, Marten forced open a great iron chest within the college of Westminster, and thence took the crown, robes, sword, and sceptre, belonging anciently to King Edward the Confessor, and used by all our kings at their inaugurations." With these regalia, Marten, in the recklessness of scornful humour, invested George Wither, the Puritan satirist, who, thus crowned and royally arrayed, exhibited himself to the bystanders.

Yet Marten was a member of the High Court of Justice, regularly attended the trial of Charles, was present when the sentence was pronounced, and signed the death-warrant. A shameful story is also related of Cromwell and Marten, when about to sign, spattering ink over each other! However, these two worthies quarrelled at last; Marten opposing Cromwell's ambi-

tion to become king, saying, "if they must have a king he had rather have had the last than any gentleman in England; he found no fault in his person, but in his office."

After the Restoration, Marten surrendered, with other regicides, to the king's proclamation. He was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and was removed from the Tower to Chepstow Castle. Here he was treated with lenity; was permitted to spend his property as he pleased; to enjoy the society of his wife; to receive visits, and even to return them in the neighbourhood, accompanied by a guard. He died of apoplexy, in the twentieth year of his confinement, and seventy-eighth of his age. He was buried in the chancel of the parish church at Chepstow. Hence the following passage is a poetical exaggeration:—

"For thirty years, secluded from mankind,
Here Marten lingered. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison. Not to him
Did nature's fair varieties exist;
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when thro' yon high bars he pour'd a sad
And broken splendour."

The thirty years must be diminished to twenty; and the seclusion from mankind must be understood to be as easy as captivity would permit. This explanation may abate the tourist's anxiety to read Marten's epitaph, written by himself, and freshened, by order of the churchwardens, in 1812; but, *magna est veritas, et prevalebit*.

The castle remains are now, as our engraving shows, a picturesque but crumbling group; intermixed with foliage and clustering evergreens, mantling the decay of art with the luxuriance of nature. In June last, the Chepstow Horticultural and Floricultural Show was held in the courts of the Castle, in which were gaily decorated tents and brilliant displays of flowers. "The effect," says a report of the fête, "was enchanting and magical. Indeed, the foregone associations connected with the spot chosen by the committee, viz. the castle, for the exhibition; the contrast of its modern uses to its primitive intentions, when each massive tower bade defiance to its hostile intruder; when the eastern portal was defended by two massive latticed gates, iron bolted and bound, and by two ponderous portcullises; as a whole, the gay scene could not be contrasted with the past but with reflections of the most pleasurable nature." This, in truth, were a much fitter subject for the muse than Marten's captivity!

THE MERCHANT.¹

CHAP. V.

THE merchant had not yet visited all his friends, and he wandered away by himself in the direction of a little thatched cottage on the borders of the common. Some yew trees, trimmed in grotesque shapes, formed an archway over the entrance into the garden, which was in perfect order. The most scrupulous cleanliness and neatness reigned within and without this little abode, and were equally remarkable in the person of its proprietor, an old, attenuated, wrinkled dame, in closely-crimped cap and folded kerchief, who sat in a wicker chair, so placed as to afford her a view of her garden and gate. Neville cast a look around, which was evidently not the scrutiny of a stranger, but that of one who was seeking familiar things. The old woman, whose curiosity was easily stirred, cried: "Won't you walk in, sir, and gather some flowers?"

Neville silently accepted the invitation, and entering

the garden picked some rich, dark wall-flowers as he passed them.

"Hester," he said, as he stood beside the old woman's chair; "you do not recollect me?"

"No, indeed, sir, I don't," she replied, after steadfastly surveying him.

Neville smiled, but it was mournfully.

"Bless me!" cried the old woman, resting her hands on her knees, and gazing up in his face; "there certainly is something in your smile that I ought to know."

"Indeed there is, Hester; and my name you cannot have forgotten,—it is Neville."

"Neville!—Is it possible?—You are Mr. Edmund, then. That ever I should live to see it! My poor young mistress! Ah! Mr. Edmund, how little did you or I think that you would come back to find this poor old withered body, and not to find her!" And she raised her bony hands to her face, and was for a while overpowered with the painful recollections which his presence awakened in her.

Neville was silent. His companion never was so for many minutes together, so she now recommenced:—

"When you stopped at my gate, I felt, I don't know why nor wherefore, for you are altogether changed, Mr. Edmund, that it was no stranger that was there. Now, if Miss Juliet had come down to me, as she often does, and said, 'Mr. Edmund is coming home, Nurse, I might have fancied that old times were come back again,—for she is just my young lady to my eyes.'"

Neville started. How chanced it that his own wild thoughts were the first that found utterance from the lips of her whom he sought that he might learn the history of the past? He conquered his agitation, and replied:—"Hester, I should think that you could tell me as much of what passed after my departure as any one can."

Now perhaps it may seem strange that Neville thus sought the side of this aged rustic to listen to facts and comments,—nay, more,—to give utterance to feelings,—all of which he would hush to silence in the intercourse between himself and Markham. Why does he feel it more endurable to listen to her unhesitating rehearsal, in her common phraseology, of circumstances which Markham would tremble to make known in the most guarded terms? There is something in the simplicity with which the poor mention the most startling and heart-breaking truths, which has a less painful effect than the timid allusions made to them by the more educated. Again and again the old woman touched on the likeness which his friend's daughter bore to her who should have been his bride, and declared that the likeness was borne out in her sweet and gentle temper; and Neville felt, that again and again could he return to her cottage, to hear her pursue the same theme. At length he said:—

"She seems to me more grave and silent than—than is natural at her age."

"Aye, indeed, she was blithe enough when you were here;—but, Mr. Edmund, if you had come a few months ago, you would not have had occasion to complain that Miss Juliet wanted life;—no, indeed. It did me good to see her coming with her merry laugh, that I was sure to hear before she was in sight; but now I watch her creeping along the common; and once, I declare, she passed the very gate, not knowing it, and turned back again with a start. Oh! it is a sad thing to see her; and enough to make your heart ache! She looks so like her who went before her, that I can't but think she's a-going the same way!"

Neville gave a deep sigh.

"What ails her, Nurse?—Do they not mark this change, and care for her health?"

"What ails her! Ah! Mr. Edmund, what is it that ails young folk?—You have not yet forgotten! But the other day she was standing just where you stand, looking so pale and sad—and I said to her: 'Don't let things press too heavily on your young heart; pray

don't!" In a moment she was as red as that damask rose, and she cried: "What do you mean, Nurse? Nothing presses on my heart." But I know very well that there does."

"Tell me all you know, Hester. I don't ask from curiosity."

"But here she comes herself, sir;" and Juliet was within a few steps of the gate. Her arrival entirely changed the nature of the discourse. A few kind and cheerful words passed between her and Hester, and then she left the cottage, accompanied by Neville.

"I hope Hester is a favourite with you all," he said. "She stands high in the list of the few friends England has to afford me."

"Oh, yes, we all love her for her warm heart, and for a cheerfulness and merriment which one little expects to find at her age, and not often in her class. I don't think such gaiety is common among the poor; I suppose hard toil and hard fare wear down their spirits, and of the first Hester has had her share. Whenever we come to see her, however sick or weary we find her, she is always full of life before we quit her."

"You," said Neville, in a low voice, "must be especially dear to her, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of one whom she sees again in you."

He felt as if, in painfully uttering these words, he taught Juliet to expect from him that deep and fervent love which filled his heart, and revealed to her the necessity of its existence; and so to have done was some relief.

CHAP. VI.

NEVILLE, during the remainder of their walk, was as abstracted and spiritless as Juliet in her most dejected moments. She attributed his sadness to the remembrances of the past brought before him by the old domestic with whom he had been conversing, and she was deeply touched and interested when she perceived that years had not impaired his constancy, nor chilled his affections. She was inclined to muse on what seemed to her, smarting from recent disappointment, almost a phenomenon. She could not consider this faithful love without a disposition to repine, for she deemed his sufferings, bitter as they were, in nature preferable to those which she had undergone. Absorbed in these reflections, she walked sadly and silently by his side, little aware how much his thoughts were occupied by her; at length she felt that his eyes were fixed on her face, and that tears were stealing down her cheek. She turned her head away hastily.

"Juliet," said Neville, kindly, "surely I am a very old friend, if a very new acquaintance. There need no preliminaries to intimacy between us. Let me speak to you henceforth always in the former character. My first visit to your home must soon end. Impatience to see my dearest friend brought me here in such haste that I must depart again with no less speed; but I would, before I go, speak to you on subjects with which no stranger intermeddled. Why should I speak to you as a stranger, Juliet,—to you, the child of my friend, and far more to me than that alone could make you. I have returned to England, Juliet, without relations, without friends; I bring with me princely wealth, and my chief object is to advance the interests and the happiness of my friend's children. I came here hoping to find no uneasiness that I could not remove. I discover it where it grieves me most to see it. From your own lips I would learn if I can do anything to promote your happiness."

Juliet made no reply, nor raised her eyes to his. She turned very pale, and trembled violently. Neville, in some alarm, drew her arm within his, exclaiming:—

"I have been too abrupt where I should have spoken most guardedly. Do not try to answer me, Juliet! Only think on what I have said, and communicate your wishes to me in any way you like. Consult with your parents; and let your father speak with me. All that I

ask from you is candour, and believe me that to serve you will be the utmost happiness I can know."

Juliet strove to speak, but could not. The anguish of her countenance betrayed no common grief, and deeply distressed her companion.

"I will not leave you till you reach home," he said, in tones of regret and self-reproach, and they moved slowly down the shady lane which led to the Grange. When within a short distance from the house, Juliet began in a low voice, which trembled at first, but grew firmer as she went on:—

"Mr. Neville, I cannot part from you without saying a few words in reply to an offer of such unbounded generosity and kindness. I feel indeed that you are no stranger to us in heart, and I will show you the candour you desire. The grief which you have marked in me is one which no remedy which you can propose could possibly remove. Pray forget its existence, and never recur to it again."

"I cannot bear to see you as you are, Juliet," said Neville, in a tone of deep feeling.

"Nor shall you," replied Juliet, with a dignity beyond her age. "I have said that you can do nothing for me, but I can do much for myself, and with the aid of Heaven, so I will. I will not long sadden those who love me by outward dejection."

"Nay, Juliet," interrupted Neville, glancing with alarm at her slight form and pallid cheek, "tax not your strength too severely."

"I am much better than I have been," she said, in her former tremulous tone, and for the first time a flood of tears came to her relief.

"Oh, Juliet! if, on further deliberation——"

"Urge me not, urge me not," exclaimed Juliet, vehemently. "You tempt me—and it is to certain misery!"

These mysterious words ended their discourse. She hastily opened the gate of the shrubbery, and, pointing out to Neville a path which led to the house, she abruptly turned into another.

CHAP. VII.

NEVILLE did not ask himself directly, whether any secret joy mingled with the pain which it cost him to see his scheme for Juliet's happiness overthrown. He soon forgot himself to think solely of her, and the compassion which such thoughts awakened led him back again to his generous projects. As he passed the evening with his friend, he could not abstain from approaching the subject, and at length he repeated to him all that had passed. Mr. Markham's eyes glistened as he heard him; joy beamed in them though they swam with tears.

"She is a matchless girl!" he exclaimed, with irrepressible emotion. "She is the most high-minded, the noblest creature! She speaks truly," he continued, after a pause, with more calmness. "Juliet has a natural energy which will not allow her to remain downcast. She has many to love, and she has many duties to perform, and she does perform them with all the ardour of an affectionate heart and a high spirit. I trust confidently that there is enough around her to enable a strong mind in all the vigour of youth to rally from deeper affliction than hers has been; for, though bitter, it is not of a nature to be lasting. Still I confess that to see, as we do at present, resignation holding the place of happiness, is a spectacle which touches us deeply."

"But must this be?" cried Neville. "Can nothing be effected to restore the latter?"

Mr. Markham extended his confidence further, and related these facts to his friend. The former incumbent of the living now held by Mr. Villiers, (and the resident at the Rectory, so near to the Grange,) had been a man of good education and considerable abilities, who eked out a scanty stipend by preparing young men for their entrance into the Universities. These so-called pupils enjoyed, however, the main disposal of their own time, and profited as little or as much as pleased themselves

by the powers of instruction certainly possessed, but not certainly exerted, by their tutor. Among those entrusted to his care, was the son of a great man, at least in his own estimation very great, for Sir Ralph Harvey was a man of very old family, and of unbounded pride, though by no means superabundantly wealthy. His son Lyttelton Harvey was handsome, impetuous, evidently headstrong, apparently resolute. His society was generally fascinating to those of his own age, it was especially so to the young and lovely girl whom he felt impelled to please by every means in his power. In a short time he was Juliet's passionate adorer. Mrs. Markham was not a very wise woman, Mr. Markham not a very prudent man—at least so Neville gathered from the rumours he heard. The first built castles in the air, and both of them founded on earth; the second did not regard the danger till the evil was accomplished. The first behaved like a man of honour and of resolution. He rebuked Lyttelton of his youth; he forbade his visits to his house; he referred him to his father for a sanction of his passion, to time as a test of his earnestness. In consequence of these injunctions, he discovered that Lyttelton was rather rash than resolute. His arbitrary father had been from his earliest years the object of his fear, and he quailed in his presence, though, apart from him, he boasted of independence. Time also led him to consider that it was not wise for a man so young, and born to such hereditary honours, who might command a choice of the beauty, or rank, or wealth of England, to ally himself with one as destitute of the two more solid advantages as she was richly endowed with the first, and with "all with which Nature halloweth her daughters."

He began to acquiesce in the superior wisdom which had withheld him from carrying out a rash purpose, and, though he blushed to avow the complete change, he went so far as to inculcate resignation to Juliet, and to evince that he was an apt scholar in the lesson he taught. Juliet was quicksighted, and had more than a common dignity and delicacy of perception. She recognised the alteration, and, smarting under the grief and the humiliation, she made it clearly known to Mr. Lyttelton Harvey, that she fully appreciated the wisdom of her father's conduct, and the meek submission of his own. She returned some foolish tokens which were to have lived with her in life, and to have lain with her in the grave. Life is short, but we outlive many things which had a promise of durability. Mr. Lyttelton Harvey returned no more. It was almost equally fortunate for Juliet that Mr. Halifax, his tutor, departed soon afterwards, giving place to Mr. Villiers. The advantages which Juliet derived from this change were not confined to those which he conferred on her by his full and excellent discharge of all the pastor's duties. He brought with him to the rectory a sister whose whole life had been passed in his home; one who was endeared to him not only by her devoted love and excellent qualities, but by being one of those doomed to pain which admits of little alleviation from human skill,—set apart to serve in suffering,—a spectacle involved in mystery, and never to be looked on but with awe. Miss Villiers became to Juliet the best and wisest of earthly friends. To a heart of peculiar tenderness she joined the most enlightened and impartial views of life. Her understanding was highly cultivated, her judgment sound, her penetration acute, and her sympathy lively. Beside her couch Juliet spent many hours, and none without learning some lesson of high import. She had already regained her calmness; for cheerfulness she was yet striving. The strength of her resolution had this day been tested, and her father rejoiced to find that it had withstood all temptations to strive to win back what he esteemed well lost. He was convinced that Juliet's happiness could not be secured by the recall of her youthful lover. Whether this truth was equally impressed on the mind of his wife he somewhat doubted, and, though she offered no contradiction to his comments on the facts

which he communicated to her that night, she fell asleep and dreamed that she saw Lyttelton Harvey repentant at the feet of her pale child; and, before it was clear whether she would spurn him from her with majestic scorn, or whether she would melt into forgiveness, she awoke again to contemplate what she considered as sober certainty, Juliet's future endowment with at least a vast portion of the merchant's wealth.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

BY F. E. S.

CHAP. X.

TAMING A SHREW.

"Why did you prevent me from giving that insolent scoundrel the lesson he deserved?" was Oaklands's first observation as we left the quadrangle in which Lawless's rooms were situated; "I do not thank you for it, Frank."

"My dear Harry," replied I, "you are excited at present; when you are a little more cool, you will see that I could not have acted otherwise than I did. Even supposing I could have borne such a thing myself, what would have been said of me, if I had allowed you to fight in my quarrel? no honourable man would have permitted me to associate with him afterwards."

"But I don't see that the quarrel was yours at all," returned Oaklands; "your share of it was ended when the toast affair came to a conclusion; the rest of the matter was purely personal between him and myself."

"How can that be, when the origin of it was his doubting, or pretending to doubt, the truth of the anecdote which I related?" inquired I. "No; depend upon it, Harry, I have acted rightly, though I bitterly regret now having gone to the party, and so exposed myself to all this. I have always looked upon duelling with the greatest abhorrence; to run the risk of committing murder, for I can call it by no milder name, was, at the very moment in which the crime is consummated, you may fall yourself, and thus even the forlorn hope of living to repent be cut off from you, appears to me little short of madness. On one point I am resolved,—if I do go out with him, nothing shall induce me to fire at him; I will not die a murderer, at all events."

"Should your life indeed be sacrificed," said Oaklands, and his deep voice trembled with emotion as he spoke, "I will follow this man as the avenger of blood, fix a mortal insult upon him wherever I meet him, and shoot him like a dog, convinced that I shall perform a righteous act in so doing, by ridding the world of such a monster!"

I saw by his manner, that it would be useless to attempt to reason with him at that moment,—his warm feelings, and the fiery, though generous, impulses of his impetuous nature, had so completely gained possession of him, that he was no longer a reasonable creature,—we therefore walked in silence to my rooms, where we parted; I declining his offer to remain with me till I should learn the decision of Lawless and his friends, on the plea of wishing to be alone, (which was, indeed, a true one,) although my chief reason for so doing was to prevent the possibility of Oaklands saying anything in his present excited state of mind, which, if repeated, might in any way involve him with Wilford.

My first act, when I found myself once more alone, was to sit down and endeavour calmly to review the situation in which I was placed. In the event of their deciding that the shrew might be removed, naturally, my course was clear,—I had only to wait, and as much as possible during the time I remained at

Cambridge, and, if ever I were obliged to be in his company, to treat him with a cool and studied civility which would leave him no pretext for forcing a quarrel upon me. On the other hand, if they should think it imperative upon me to go out with him, then indeed was the prospect a gloomy one. Wilford, whose ruthless disposition was so well known as to have become as it were a by-word among the set he mixed with, was not a man to be offended with impunity, and as, moreover, I had made up my mind not to return his fire, the chances were strongly against my escaping with life.

I am no coward ; on the contrary, like most men whose physical energy is unimpaired, I am constitutionally fearless, and in moments of danger and excitement have never found myself wanting ; still it would be affectation to deny that the prospect of a sudden and violent death, thus unexpectedly forced upon me, impressed my mind with a vague sensation of terror, mingled with regret for the past, and sorrow for the future. To be thus cut off in the bright spring-time of vigorous manhood, when the warm blood of youth dances gladly through the veins, and every pulse throbs with the instinct of high and noble daring—to die with hopes unattained, wishes ungratified, duties unperformed,—to leave those we love, without one parting look or word, to struggle on through this cold unsympathizing world alone and unprotected,—and, above all, to lose one's life in an act the lawfulness of which was more than questionable,—all these things contributed to form a picture, which it required either a very steadfast, or an utterly callous heart, to enable one to gaze upon without quailing. I thought of the misery I should entail upon my family ; how, instead of fulfilling my father's dying injunctions to take his place, and devote myself to comfort and protect them, I should wound my mother's heart anew, and spread the dark mist of sorrow over the fair prospect of my sister's young existence ; and I cursed my fastidious folly in objecting to the toast, to which, in my self-accusation, I traced all that had afterwards occurred. Then, with the inconsistency of human nature, I began to speculate upon what would be Clara Saville's feelings, were she to learn that it was to prevent the slightest breath of insult being coupled with her name, that I was about to peril, not only my life, but, for aught I knew, my hopes of happiness here and hereafter. As the last awful possibility occurred to me, the burden of my misery became too great for me to bear, and, retiring to the privacy of my own chamber, I flung myself on my knees, and poured forth an earnest prayer for pardon and assistance.

When I again returned to my sitting-room, my mind had nearly recovered its usual tone, and I felt prepared to meet and to go through whatever might be before me, with calmness and determination. As I was uncertain how long it might be before Lawless would arrive, I resolved, in order to avoid the horrors of suspense, to employ myself, and taking up the mathematical treatise upon which I was engaged, and by a vigorous effort of mind compelling my attention, I read steadily for about half an hour, at the end of which time the sound of hasty footsteps was heard ascending the stairs, and in another minute the door was flung open, and Lawless and Archer entered the apartment.

"Reading mathematics, as I'm a slightly inebriated Christian!" exclaimed Archer, taking the book out of my hands; "well, if that isn't pretty cool for a man who may be going to be shot at six o'clock to-morrow morning, for anything he knows to the contrary, I'm no judge of temperature."

"Oh! bother mathematics," rejoined Lawless, flinging the book which he was holding at a bust of Homer standing in the hall, "which it is not my business to know anything about. All right—now, what is the subject of this thing this time—the one that is to be read about it?"

"Drunk punch enough to floor any two men of ordinary capacity," interposed Archer.

"Of course I have," continued Lawless, "and I consider I've performed a very meritorious act in so doing;—there was the punch, all the other fellows were gone away, somebody must have drunk it, or that young reprobate Shrimp would have got hold of it, and I promised the venerable fish-fag his mother to take especial care of his what do ye call 'ums—morals isn't it? and instil by precept, and—and—"

"Example," suggested Archer.

"Yes, all that sort of thing," continued Lawless, "a taste for, that is, an unbounded admiration of, the sublime and beautiful, as exemplified under the form of—"

"Rum punch, and lashings of it," chimed the teacher; "but suppose you were to tell Fairleigh what has been going on since he came away, or let me hear from you, whichever you like best."

"Oh! you tell him, by all means,—I like the ingenuous youth; fire away, Archer, my boy."

Thus urged, Archer informed me, that when the departure there had been a somewhat stormy one, in which the events of the evening were freely canvassed; and, at last, they came to a unanimous decision, that any man was at liberty to withdraw if he was proposed to which he objected, and that the master preferred giving it up rather than to leave the party, he had a perfect right to do. In being the case, they agreed that Wilford, having been in the wrong, ought to confess that he had spoken hastily, and that, if he would do so, and would add that he had meant nothing offensive either to me or Oaklands, there the matter might rest. This for a long time he positively refused to do; at length, finding he could get no one to support him, he said, that as I had owned I was wrong in attempting to prevent his expressing his opinion, as to whether Lawless should give up the toast or not, he considered that, in all other respects, I had behaved in a gentlemanly way; therefore, if he had said anything which implied the contrary, he was willing to withdraw it. But that, as regarded Mr. Oaklands, he thought he had interfered in a very uncalled for manner, and he could only repeat that, if that gentleman felt himself aggrieved by anything he had said, the remedy was in his own hands. As soon as he had spoken he withdrew.

The question was again debated, and at length they came to the conclusion, that what Wilford had said amounted to an ample apology as far as I was concerned, which I was bound to accept; and that Oaklands, having agreed to consider the quarrel mine, could not take any further notice of it, therefore the affair was at an end.

"Well," said I, as he finished his recital, "I must ever feel grateful to you both for the trouble you have taken on my account, and the kind feeling you have shown towards me throughout. I will not pretend to deny that I am very glad the matter has been amicably arranged, for, circumstanced as I am, with everything depending upon my own exertions, a duel would have been ruin to me; but I must say, I think the whole business thoroughly unsatisfactory, and it is only my conviction that a duel would make matters worse, instead of mending them, which leads me to agree to the arrangement. I sincerely hope Oaklands will not hear what Wilford said about him, for he is fearfully irritated against him already."

"I'll tell you what it is," interrupted Lawless; "it's my belief that Wilford's behaviour to you to-night was only assumed for the sake of provoking Oaklands. Master Stephen hates him as he does the very Old Gentleman himself, and would like nothing better than to pick a quarrel with him, have him out, and, putting a brace of slugs into him, leave him—"

"Quivering on a daisy," said Archer, completing the sentence. "Really I think," he continued, "what Lawless says is very true; you see Oakland's careless, nonchalant manner, which is always exactly the same

whether he is talking to a beggar or a lord, gives continual offence to Wilford, who has contrived somehow to exact a sort of deference and respect from all the men he associates with, till he actually seems to consider it his right. Then, Wilford's overbearing manner irritates Oaklands, and so, whenever they have met, the breach has gone on widening, till now they positively hate one another."

"How is it you are so intimate with him?" asked I; "for nobody seems really to like him."

"Well, hang me if I can tell," replied Lawless; "but you see he has some good points about him, after all; for instance, I never saw him out with the hounds yet, that he didn't take a good place, aye, and keep it too, however long the run, and difficult the country. I killed my best horse I had in my stables, trying to follow him one day in Leicestershire last season; my horse was with me, going over the last fence but one, and he was again. Wilford and one of the whips who were only a feather-weight, were the only men in at the post. I offered him 300 guineas for the horse he rode, but he only gave me one of his pleasant looks, and said he wasn't for sale."

"You've seen that jet black mare he rides now, haven't you, Fairleigh?" asked Archer.

"What a magnificent creature it is," was my reply. "I never hear how he came by it?"

"Answering in the negative, Archer continued,

"Well, I wonder at that, for it was in everybody's mouth at one time: it's worth hearing, if it were but to show the determined character of the man. The mare belonged to Lord Foxington, Lord Sollborough's eldest son; I believe he gave 500 guineas for her; she was a splendid animal, high couraged, but temperate; in fact, when you were on her, she hadn't a fault; but in the stable she was a perfect devil; there was only one man who dared go near her, and he had been with her from a filly: so that, when Foxington bought her, he was forced to hire the groom too. The most difficult thing of all was putting on the bridle; it was generally half an hour's work before she would let even this groom do it. After dinner, one day, Foxington began talking about this animal, saying what a brute she was to do anything with, and adding what I have just told you, as to the impossibility of putting on the bridle, when Wilford, who was present, made some remark, which showed he did not believe in the impossibility; upon which Foxington inquired whether he doubted the fact he had just heard."

"Wilford replied, that he did not doubt his lordship fully believed in the truth of what he had just stated, but, for his own part, he had so often found impossibilities of this nature yield to a little courage and determination, that he confessed he was somewhat sceptical."

"Now it so happened, that Foxington, soon after he bought the mare, had thought just as Wilford did, and determined that he would put the bridle on; accordingly he attempted it, and the matter ended by his getting regularly driven out of the stable by the animal, with a tolerably severe bite in the fleshy part of the shoulder. Wilford's remark, therefore, as may be imagined, rather nettled him, and he inquired somewhat tartly, whether Wilford believed he could put the bridle on? and if so, whether he was willing to try?"

"Wilford replied in his usual cool tone, that he had very little doubt he could do so, but that he had no particular inclination to try, as it would probably be some trouble, and the weather was too hot to render active exertion desirable."

"At this Foxington laughed derisively, saying, that it sounded very like a put off."

"Not at all," returned Wilford; "and to show you that I never say a thing without being ready to act up to it, I am willing to stake 500 guineas against the mare herself, that I go up to her, and put the bridle on, without any assistance, and without a stick, or anything whatsoever in my hands."

"Foxington accepted the bet gladly, reckoning himself safe to pocket the 500 guineas. The affair was to come off the next morning at Foxington's stables at eleven o'clock. His lordship had invited all the men who had been present when the bet was made, to come and witness the event, expecting a complete triumph over Wilford. While they were standing about, waiting, Foxington told them of his own attempt, and his conviction, from the experience he had then gained, that the thing could not be done, and the general opinion was that Wilford, under the influence of wine, had foolishly boasted of what he would not be able to accomplish, and was certain to lose his money. As the time drew near, and he did not make his appearance, an idea began to gain ground that he meant to shirk the thing altogether, and Foxington was becoming exceedingly irate, when, just as the clock was on the stroke of eleven, the sound of a horse's feet was heard, and Wilford cantered quietly up, looking as if he felt no personal interest whatever in the event. On his arrival they proceeded at once to the stable in which the mare stood. She was kept in a loose box, with her clothes on, but her head entirely free."

"I ought, by-the-by," said Archer, interrupting himself, "to have told you, that I had the account from a man who was there the whole time, and saw it all. Well, as soon as they went into the stable, the mare left off feeding, and turning round so as to face them, stood with her ears pricked up, gazing wildly at them."

"Wilford just glanced at her, and then leisurely divested himself of his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, turned up the wristbands of his shirt, and taking the bridle from the groom, announced that he was ready. As soon as the door was open, Wilford fixed his eyes sternly on the mare, and walked towards her;—to the surprise of every one, the animal allowed him to approach quietly, and pat her, without showing any symptoms of vice; men began to exchange inquiring glances with each other, and those who had betted heavily against him trembled for their money, but Foxington, who was better acquainted with the animal, exclaimed,

"Wait a minute, he has not tried to touch her head yet."

"Wilford now moved his hand forward along the neck, patting her, and speaking soothingly to her, as he advanced; but, as he approached her head, she became impatient and fidgety, and when he attempted to take hold of the ear, in order to put on the bridle, she flung up her head, reared, and ran back a few steps, where she stood, shaking her mane, and pawing the ground. After remaining in this position a few seconds, she suddenly laid back her ears, and showing the whites of her eyes, ran at Wilford with her mouth wide open, and as soon as she got within distance made a furious bite at him. By springing on one side with great agility, he just contrived to avoid it, then, dropping the bridle, he threw himself into a sparring attitude, (you know he's a capital boxer,) and, as the mare again ran at him, hit out, and striking her just on a particular spot by the ear, brought her down like a bullfinch. As soon as she recovered her legs she renewed the attack, and Wilford received her as before, delivering his blow with the same coolness and precision. When the animal rose the second time, she seemed partially stunned, and stood for a moment with her head hanging down, and her ears drooping; but on Wilford's making a step towards her, she again plunged forward, and attempted to seize him with her teeth. Once more did Wilford evade her bite, by springing on one side, and seizing his opportunity, succeeded in planting his hit, and for the third time felled her to the ground. When she again rose, however, she showed no disposition to renew the attack, but stood trembling violently, with the perspiration running down her face. She now allowed Wilford to approach her, to stroke her head, pull her ears, and finally to put the bridle on, and had her out completely conquered; and at my Lord's

ington lost the best horse in his stables, and Wilford gained his bet, and added to his character for invincibility, which, by the way, he cared about much the most."

"It was a bold deed," returned I, as Archer concluded his story, "but one does not like the man the better for having done it; there seems to me a degree of wanton cruelty in punishing an animal so severely, unless he had been actually forced to do it; public executioners may be necessary for the prevention of crime, but that is no reason why one need volunteer as an amateur hangman."

"Everybody thought it a very plucky thing at the time, and there was an immense fuss made with him afterwards," replied Archer.—"Why Lawless, are you asleep? rouse up man—to bed—to bed.—Good night, Fairleigh, you'll sleep all the better for knowing you are not to be shot at cock-crow."

No saying he took Lawless by the arm and marched him off, though it must be confessed, his gait, as he descended the stairs, was somewhat unsteady.

TRUTTA.

Translated from the German of Langbein.

At the time when Doctor Faust rode out of Auerbach's cellar in Leipzig on the wine cask, there lived there a celebrated merchant named Altmayer, the worst of whose possessions was his only son. His father's wish of making him a clever active man of business failed entirely. He devoted himself, it is true, to Mercury, but not as the God of commerce, but as the God of thieves, for it is well known, that the messenger of the Gods was not only the protector and patron of the latter, but that he was not quite free from the imputation of pilfering himself. His example was followed by Valentine Altmayer; and he, like his master, conducted his affairs with becoming decency. Stranger's goods were perfectly safe with him; he touched none but his father's property, because he considered himself as already joint possessor, and looked upon these secret purloinings as a lawful fore-enjoyment of his future inheritance.

What he obtained in this manner he did not employ like the saint who stole leather to make shoes for the poor, but he spent it in low houses, among a set of young men of his own stamp, who, by their profligacy, were very likely to be shortly without shoes to their feet. He lavished the produce of his robbery in every kind of dissipation. His father, who soon found out his bad practices, broke many a stick on the hopeful staff of his old age, and as this had not the desired effect, he procured him admittance into the house of correction, where he cooled his blood, which had been heated by strong wine, with cold water, and restored the healthy tone of his stomach, which had been injured by savoury viands and pastry, by a wholesome change of care.

After he had passed six months here, and showed much sorrow and repentance, his father pardoned him, and took him home. "But what shall I do with you now?" said he, "you are too stupid for commerce."

Valentine reddened, and muttered between his teeth.

"Yes! yes! too stupid," said his father, "for I call it the height of stupidity for a man not to use all his endeavours to get on in the world."

"Well then, let me be a student," said Valentine insolently.

"You are right! That is the surest way not to get on," said his father; but the proposal met his approbation, because, like many others, he was of opinion that a good for nothing, useless fellow, would always be cunning enough to be a learned man. But when, on being questioned what he would study, Valentine declared for the law.

Here Altmayer shook his head, and said, "That will never do for you; a lawyer's business is much too important. It concerns money and property, and if, as an advocate, you should lose a law-suit, you will have to pay the costs, and will injure yourself for ever. You had much better turn your attention to physic; there is less harm to be done there.—All men must die once, and if by your quackery, you send an invalid or two out of the world a little sooner than they should, what does it signify? no one will care, and your fault will be honourably buried."

Valentine, whose only concern was for the title and freedom of a student, made no objections, and he was enrolled in the list of students. He passed some time in the different lecture-rooms, but dry study did not please him. The noble vapour of the wine cellar suited him better, and for some time he lived more under the earth than upon it.

It so happened, that when Doctor Faust performed his extraordinary feat on the wine cask, which has been celebrated by Goethe in his Faust, our Altmayer was present in Auerbach's wine cellar. He is immortalized by having been one of the jovial guests who arrogantly presumed to insult the doctor, who punished their insolence by turning them all into ridicule with a delusion of the black art.

"Slowly before their wondering eyes,
A vineyard, fruitful with delicious grapes, arose.
Eager to make the juicy prize their own,
Each seized his knife. When, lo! it
Like to the glittering soap bubbles,
Which children strive with earnestness to blow,
Then laugh to see them burst,
The glorious vision vanished.
And—oh, indignity unheard of! each held within his grasp,
Ready to be lopped off—his neighbour's nose."

The drunkards started back in astonishment, and Faust rode away on his cask.

This piece of magic pleased young Altmayer extremely. He thought that he who could do such things, could certainly change sand or stones into gold, and that this knowledge would be well worth learning. So he instantly determined to become the pupil of this wonderful man. He inquired for his dwelling, and instantly went there. In the anteroom he found the well known Famulus Wagner, and Faust's usual companion, a large black dog, in whom a powerful spirit, or perhaps the devil himself, was said to dwell. Valentine made him a deep obeisance; but the animal did not accept this civility very graciously, he growled and showed his teeth. Wagner pacified him, but more with entreaty than command, and then asked Altmayer what he wanted.

"I wish to learn the art of making gold," said he, "and I would speak with the doctor about it."

(1) The author has been credibly informed, that the feat here ascribed to Wilford, was actually performed by a person employed in the stables of the late Lord S———, not many years since, and that the horse, previously to performing the feat, was completely trained to the performance.



Trutia.

"If you seek my master for nothing else," said Wagner, "you will find no learning. He will not condescend to discover the philosopher's stone to unworthy men, who would only become rich to pass their days in idleness. And that such is your wish is written on your brow."

"Well, well, don't blame me," said Valentine, "It is no crime to try to live at ease."

"No, if it were not such a milksop as you who talked of it," said Wagner. "Go and learn a trade, or an art, and labour till you are old and grey; then you may honourably and peacefully enjoy what you have gained."

"Indeed!" said Valentine, ironically. "Methinks it is too late to have bread when death is about to rob us of it. Why should I pine so long? Are there not thousands of others who are no older than I am, who can sit with their hands in their pockets and enjoy themselves. I ask no more."

"You have my permission to do so," said the Famulus, with frosty indifference. "Only don't expect help or assistance from us. Yet, stay, I will give you one piece of advice.—Go to the Rusingenberg, to Rûbezah, or into the Black Forest, where a much richer, and more powerful spirit is said to dwell, though he is not so well known. These are the patrons for you, and the like of you."

Valentine would have nothing to do with Rûbezah, because it was well known that this capricious being gave gold with one hand, and dealt blows with the other; or gratified his fickle disposition in some other way. Wagner told him he knew nothing of this Kobold, but that he was called Mammart, or Mammelack; that he lived in a ruined castle; that he appeared on his name being called, and that if he happened to be in good humour, he gave all that was required of him with tolerable politeness.

Valentine thanked him for the information, and prepared for a journey to the Black Forest. He had no money, but his father had a full strong box, and the son had an excellent skeleton key. He made use of it now more unscrupulously than ever,

because he was on the point of possessing great treasures, and could restore tenfold the few handfuls of ducats he had stolen.

With this honest resolution he took French leave. An easy journey on foot, of from four to five weeks, brought him to the borders of the Black Forest. He wandered about in all directions, until he came to a ruined castle, which had exactly the appearance of a ghost's dwelling. Confident that the rich man lived here, he went to the gate, looked in, and saw in the court-yard a forest of thistles, which shook their heads all together as though they would have warned him to go no farther. But this he did not think proper to do. He remained outside the door in expectation of being invited to enter. After waiting for some hours without seeing a living soul, he began to be impatient, and called in a loud voice, "Mammelack, Mammelack!"

Suddenly he felt box after box on the ear from an invisible hand; he started back, crying, "these are pretty gifts! does the gentleman receive visits in this manner? Why do I deserve to be treated so rudely? did not I call him by his right name? I'll tear my tongue from my throat if Wagner did not call him Mammelack."

He had scarcely said this when a fresh shower of blows descended, and a man's voice, accompanied by the barking of dogs, was heard from behind the wall, saying, "Go! seek the devil in hell, you obstinate fool, but not me; if I hear that nickname again I'll beat you to a mummy." Valentine recollected with horror that Wagner had mentioned two different names to him, but he could by no means remember the other, and he cursed his memory; which, like a sieve, allowed the useful corn to fall through, and retained only the worthless chaff. What was to be done now? it would take him too long to go back to Leipsig to find out the name he had forgotten; he preferred playing the sentinel before the castle as long as his provisions would last, and waiting patiently to see if the spirit would appear uncalled.

Four and twenty hours elapsed, and neither spirit,

man, nor beast appeared, with the exception of a raven that came out of the ruins, and walked backwards and forwards before the door. Valentine pursued him out of pure idleness. The raven allowed himself to be caught without much trouble, but then he defended himself with his beak and claws, and cried, as if for help, "Mammart, Mammart!" Suddenly a man's voice called out, "Let him go, you cowardly fool!" and a horseman came galloping out of the desolate castle. He was dressed like a hunter, and seated on a tabby-coloured horse with three legs. Valentine set the prisoner free and fled, but he had scarcely gone a hundred steps when he heard laughter behind him, and he began to be ashamed of his cowardice, and thought that by his departure he should altogether ruin his fortune. He therefore returned slowly, saluted the horseman, and said, "Pardon me, Sir, I did not know that the bird belonged to you, or I would not have touched him."

"You should have paid dearly for it, if you had known it," said the horseman; "but you don't look as though you would willingly lay hands on stranger's property, and yet you certainly did not come from Leipzig, where the wine is so excellent, into this desolate black forest without an object. What do you seek here?"

"Happiness," said Valentine, in a low voice.

"Do you seek the happiness of the wise or of fools?"

"The wise; by all means, the wise," said the student, encouraged by the hunter's mildness.

"You speak very laudably, my son," said the subtle spirit. "Go home, be an honest man, labour diligently, rule your passions, live within your means, and mark every day with some good deed; you will then be happy, contented, honoured, and beloved all your life."

Valentine made a grimace, and said, "Sir, your doctrine is without blemish; I have known it by heart long ago; and I was lately reminded of it afresh by Dr. Faust's celebrated Famulus; but to tell you the truth, it does not suit my taste to be labouring for ever, and after all to have nothing but vegetables to my soup. I wish to have a good property, that I may be raised above all care or drudgery, and to live comfortably and decently; for if one has plenty of money, it is but a child's play to be honest."

"You have very convenient ideas; carry them out if you can; I shall not interfere with them."

"You speak exactly," muttered Valentine, "as though you had agreed with the pedantic Wagner what to say.—Of what use is your quietness to me? I would have you take an active part in this affair; open a rich spring of gold for me; give me a maiden of heavenly beauty for my wife; and endow me so richly that I shall have nothing left to wish for."

Mammart laughed scornfully, to think that a man who had offended him in calling him by his nickname, should make such extravagant demands of him. He flatly refused to grant him his wishes, and turned his three-footed beast towards the interior of the castle.

But Valentine put himself in the way, and entreated so earnestly, that at last Mammart promised, though somewhat ambiguously, to give him something. He clapped his hands, and called across the court in a language which Valentine did not understand. A door opened, and a long box,

something like a pedlar's pack, reeled and staggered over the thorns and thistles in the court, without any visible impulse. It stood still before the horseman and awaited his orders.

"Take this chest, young man," said Mammart, "it contains all your heart desires."

Valentine looked narrowly at this simple thing, took it in both his hands, examined its weight, and then shook his head, saying,

"It is light enough; if it is not full of Heckthaler's I shall not long be able to keep open house. And where's the lovely maiden I asked you for? It is impossible that she could live in this box."

"Never look a gift horse in the mouth," said Mammart. "Take the chest or leave it. It's no matter to me."

Valentine fingered the chest irresolutely. He would willingly have opened it, to see what was inside, but the Wood Spirit, tired of his delay and hesitation, decided the bargain by saying, "Pack up the chest, or pack off with you. It contains more good than you think for. If you have no confidence in me and my words, go to the devil without it."

This speech had the desired effect.

"Anything is better than nothing," thought the student. So taking the chest on his back, he thanked Mammart coldly, and withdrew with hasty steps from the presence of the watchful spirit, to examine his treasure undisturbed.

He had not proceeded far, before he fancied he heard something moving in the chest. It became louder, and he distinguished a smothered coughing inside. He turned his head round to see what it was. The cover of the chest slowly rose, and a little old woman, with a sharp crooked nose, put her head out, and bent over his shoulder with a horrid smile. For one minute he stood as though he was petrified; the next, with horrid oaths and curses, he endeavoured to throw it from his back, but in vain; it seemed glued to him. And, after trying for some time to no purpose, the goblin threatened him with a ladle she had in her hand; and cried, "Cease, you good-for-nothing fellow, you will not be so fortunate as to get rid of me; we are bound together as though we were married, and we will live very merrily."

Valentine's hair stood on end. He strove again to get rid of his would-be wife; he leaped like a restive horse who would unseat his rider, and ran with his back against the trees, either to dash the meagre chest in pieces, or to loosen it from his shoulders. But he gained nothing but tremendous blows on the head from the goblin's sceptre, while the malicious forest spirit laughed so loudly that the wood rang again. Breathless, and exhausted, Valentine threw himself on the ground, and prayed for death.

"For shame!" said the old woman, "you are acting like a tormented husband, who has been married these twenty years. I am ready to separate, it only depends on one condition, which you must fulfil."

"Name it instantly," said Valentine: "I agree to it beforehand."

"That is just like you," said the old woman, "you always rush blindly into everything without consideration, but we will talk further of this affair when we are housed for the night; evening is coming on, and the night air may do me injury."

In spite of Valentine's chagrin he could not help laughing.

"Ah, you are getting better tempered," cried the goblin; "a merry little wife, as I am, is a jewel which should not be carelessly thrown away; besides, I have something here which few men despise."

This sounded to him like a bold jest; he looked round, fearing she was preparing some disgusting sight for him, but he heard the chink of wine glasses, as though she was pouring out wine, and the tippler could not keep his eyes off any longer.

The old woman shewed him a flask of wine, from which she filled him a glass. He at first sipped it timidly, then drank it off eagerly; the wine, in spite of his experience in such matters, was perfectly new to him, but he had never tasted better; he demanded another glass, but the covetous cup-bearer refused this, and advised him to practise more moderation; he felt himself strengthened by this sparing refreshment, and animated with new hope and courage.

He proposed to her to seek their quarters for the night, where he secretly intended to escape from his companion.

"I have a friend in this neighbourhood to whom we will go," said the old woman, and she led him to a miserable little hut scarcely two yards from the ground, lying concealed amongst thickly grown bushes. She knocked three times with the ladle at the door. "Who is there?" cried a coarse voice. "Your friend Trutta," said the lady in the chest. The little door was opened, and a dark dwarfish old woman appeared, holding in her hand a long black burning thief's thumb, which served for a light. "Ah, dear Trutta," mumbled she, "how came you to be here with this jolly young fellow? and what has made you so little?"

"Who but my master, the wood spirit," said Trutta, "sometimes he stretches me out like a giantess, and then he squeezes me like a dwarf, as it suits him."

During this dialogue the old woman led them into her room.

It was a small dark room, hung round with brooms and ladders. This was the stud of the witch, in readiness for the Walpurgis night, of which she was not a little proud, and between them were seen signs, circles, and pentagrams, while all round were seated in solemn state a number of black cats, who each offered a paw to the guests with hypocritical mildness.

The chest slid voluntarily from Valentine's shoulder, and placed itself on a bench; and Trutta, who looked like a chimney sweep in a chimney, demanded something to eat from her friend.

"My kitchen is cold, my cellar is warm," said her friend jestingly.

Trutta made a wry face, and declared that her hunger would compel her to seek better accommodation. "Stay, stay," said the old woman, there is a fine tender cat roasting on the spit, and it will soon be ready."

"Ah! my favourite dish," said Trutta; "but how could you bring your mind to sacrifice one of these dear creatures?"

"Ah, I am a strict mistress," said the old witch; "he was a cat of incomparable beauty, but a good-for-nothing vagabond, who would go wooing every where, and was not to be brought into order either by kindness or punishment."

"Do you hear, young Valentine," cried Trutta; "you will be roasted some of these days if you don't improve."

"What is the matter with him?" said the old witch.

"I'll tell you," said Trutta; "this morning this young blusterer came into our forest, called my lord and master boldly by his nickname, and then, as though he had deserved it, demanded a mountain of gold from him. Such insult Mammar never allows to pass unpunished; he presented the worrying fellow, who would take no denial, with this chest, in which there was no treasure but myself, and I am ordered to accompany and correct this idle beggar until he becomes an orderly man, and earns his bread by labour. Mark that, fellow! that is the only way of separating us two."

Valentine was obstinately silent, he was considering how he might easiest free himself.

The roasted criminal was dished up whole in its skin, the witches tore it asunder with their fingers, and offered the student a leg, which he refused with disgust. "The stupid fellow does not know what is good," said Trutta, "we must enjoy this excellent dish alone." They swallowed it like wolves, and in five minutes nothing was left but the bones.

(To be continued.)

POINTS OF VIEW.

THE beauty of a landscape depends, in a great degree, upon the point of view whence it is seen. The most striking objects, which, beheld in one direction, would be brought out in full development and pleasing contrast, may, when beheld in another, be stripped of their attractions. And thus, to adduce a more homely illustration, the streets of our metropolis present a different appearance according to the end at which you enter them: and persons who have found their way easily to an unknown quarter, sometimes lose their way on their return, so different did the same spot look when viewed in another direction. Not less is the effect which points of view, morally considered, produce upon our ideas of life, and our estimate of men and things.

Let us begin with the schoolboy. When, in some serious moment, he gets into a corner to muse on the dark future into which he is gradually advancing; or, when he engages in sentimental conversation with some companion on their expected career, how magnificent an appearance does life present! To be a man is with him necessarily to be very wise, very strong, and very happy: he is conscious even now of some talent, (did not the master, though somewhat chary of praise, highly extol his last Latin exercise! and was it not chiefly through him that the recent cricket-match was won by his school?)—but what he will be when a man, is a lofty consideration, to which he looks up with sentiments bordering on awe. Most persons of mature age, when they compare the fruit of experience with the flower of expectation, are filled with astonishment that the one should be the scanty produce of the other. Into what a golden city of pleasure, of independence, of successful enterprise, did they expect to come! amid what doleful ruins of broken hopes, of frustrated plans, are many of them now sitting. But happily, this is not always the case; for to some the fairy dreams of boyhood have been more than realized by the successful labours of subsequent years. Beautiful boyhood! great is the pity that some of thy choicest characteristics should be getting rarer and rarer in this precocious age. Thou standest, indeed, near the base of the hill of life; but pleasant are

the airs which play around thee, inspiring generosity of temper, elasticity of spirits, and disinterested friendship: and delightful is it when the memory of them comes to cool the feverish heats of business, rivalry, and ambition, which irritate the anxious forehead of the man.

When youth looks out upon life, the darkness becomes peopled with forms more distinct, but less pleasing: a species of terror begins to mingle with the anticipation: all is large, distorted, and grotesque. It is frequently led to spend its strength in hastening after objects, which on a nearer approach prove valueless, or not to exist; but still the glow which its own spirit sheds over all, the sunlight of hope, bids it go cheerily on its way.

The man of mature age is scarcely permitted to look about him at all. Forced along by the crowd, he plods on, buried in some favourite scheme, with eyes fixed absorbedly on what lies immediately before him. So many expectations have failed, so many things from which he augured the worst results have turned out for his advantage, that he now hardly ventures to look very far into the future, fully satisfied if he knows what his present duty is, and that he is performing it as best he may.

To old age, tempered by philosophy, and cheered by religion and the recollection of a useful life, things often appear as they really are. Happy age! when to him who has reached it, there are

"No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
The past unguished for, and the future sure."

We might dwell on the aspect of life, when a death-bed is its point of view: but this is too grave a subject to be introduced here. Let it suffice to say, that the experience of mankind has found, that never do acts of injustice or cruelty appear so hideous, nor acts of beneficence, performed even to a man's own inconvenience, appear so lovely, as when viewed from this important and ultimate point.

The rich and the poor, contemplating each other's conditions from different points of view, often make great mistakes. The poor man looks at the stately mansion, or wanders over the spacious grounds, and perhaps thinks of the superior happiness of their owner, who is the while devoured by *ennui*, or disappointed ambition. So to the rich man, worn out by complicated perplexities, the poor man's quiet cottage sometimes appears a desirable retreat, while he forgets for a moment the struggle for daily bread, the craving for intellectual food, and the ill-suppressed discontent, so often found within its rose-mantled walls.

When, taking some newly-acquired happiness as our point of view, we cast a glance into the future, how we tremble, lest some dark figure should be seen lurking there, armed for the destruction of our joy! how eagerly do we close our eyes, lest we should detect the shadow of a cloud stealing over our sunshine! But, on the other hand, when affected by some absorbing sorrow, how blank is the prospect, and how indifferent the gaze we cast upon it! All that can be endured seems to be past; and we find ourselves left, as it were, on a barren rock, looking out upon a world over which roll the waters of an universal deluge. But, when the first anguish has subsided, and the agitated pulses of the heart begin once more to beat evenly, it is found that, by suffering, a keener insight into surrounding objects, and a wider range of vision over both worlds, have been obtained. "It may be," says a modern divine, "that suffering plants the mind of man at a point of sight in the spiritual world, from which things altogether hidden from us who stand by and see its affliction, and until then even from himself, become visible."

It is amusing to consider the inferior, and even despicable, aspect that the world presents to a man looking down upon it from the elevation of what is appropriately

termed a "towering passion." He is the insulted, the outraged, and the betrayed: he would not stoop to revenge himself; no, vengeance would be too poor a retribution; he will stand alone in his grief; he asks no compassion, he will demand no compensation. He fancies himself an eagle soaring above mankind: alas! he might more fitly compare himself to a balloon inflated by the gas of pride, which will soon collapse, and let him down again to the level of his fellows.

When, having read in a newspaper some tale of barbarity, we take this as a standing-point whence to inspect the history of the world, what do we see but a long series of massacres, wars, oppressions and outrages? a multitude of frightful facts rush upon the memory; and "verily," we exclaim, "man is a wolf to man." But, contrariwise, when we have met with some anecdote of a philanthropist who has exposed his life for the good of others, or devoted his earnings to their relief, how different a spectacle does this bring around us! Now we see the prophet who has taught, the hero who has bled, the martyr who has endured, the artisan who has toiled for the world: and we stand astonished at the height of virtue to which a mortal is sometimes permitted to climb.

When a man views another, taking himself as the point of view, he sometimes falls into strange absurdities. "One never sees a smile on that man's face," says some gay fellow of his graver friend, "it is oppressive to be in his company. One would go a mile to keep out of his way." Our gay friend, however, gets into trouble, as such merry persons occasionally do; and the first person to whom he applies for advice and assistance is this very individual whose gravity had hitherto been so terrifically repulsive. The result of his application leads him to acknowledge that his friend is an exceedingly good fellow after all; the point of view from which he beholds him has been quite changed.

How different is the point of view from which we gaze on ourselves from that whence others behold us! Let us look in fancy at that city exquisite who has just stepped out of his counting-house towards the close of the day. His coat, of the last fashion, is carefully brushed, and so is his hat: his cravat is unimpeachable: his chains tasteful: and gracefully ascends the smoke of his cigar. To whom does he appear that model of perfection he is in his own eyes? To no one: not even to the good-natured servant-of-all-work over-the-way, who finds something to admire in every member of the opposite sex, from the nimble boy who cleans her master's boots, up to the octogenarian next-door, whose serene countenance occasionally gladdens her as he passes her kitchen-window on sunshiny days. Horace represents the miser as saying:—

"The people hiss me, but I praise myself at home."

While taking his own fireside as his point of view, the covetous man's opinion of his peculiar worth magnifies to an indefinite extent: his individual importance dilates into immensity, and nothing besides remains visible. But the benevolent man, taking his standing on the broad platform of humanity, discovers himself to be an unit of a vast multitude of which the members nearest to him have claims on his regard almost equal to that due to himself: and he makes of his home, not a narrow circle out of which his affections never care to stir, but the centre of a circumference, bounded only by his capacity of doing good.

A shipwreck we should conceive must be a horrible sight when viewed from amid the splitting timbers, the creaking yards, the torn sails, and tottering masts; when the shrieks of the timid, the silent paleness of the brave, the roar of the winds, the vehement uprising of the waves, combine to assault the heart with multiplied shocks of terror. Yet, viewed from the shore, this same spectacle is declared by Lucretius to be—pleasant!

"Tis pleasant, when the seas are rough, to stand
And view another's danger, safe at land."—*Cresat.*

How different does man appear when seen mixed with others, and when beheld alone! When he forms one of a multitude like that immense army over which Xerxes wept, or like that courteous throng which, at the coronation of our present most gracious Sovereign, filled almost to suffocation the vast area of Charing Cross, the individual becomes reduced to the dimensions of an insect, though a deep impression of sublimity is caused by the congregated whole. But, on the other hand, when we consider him standing alone in some spot remote from his kind, how grand is the aspect he assumes! He is now the lord of all around: "creation's heir, the world, the world is his:" he is a hierophant interpreting nature's mute symbols into intelligible words. This thought has sometimes occurred to us when, while wandering absorbed in meditation through some retreat into which human footsteps but seldom intrude, another man has suddenly been seen approaching us. More importance seemed to attach to that one human being than to the whole crowd who had been wont to jostle us in Cheapside. Who was he? Why was he there? Was his "intent wicked or charitable?" Was he about to speak to us? We have been thrown for a moment or two into a state of curious perplexity, and have breathed more freely when he had passed.

A judicious and sound-minded writer has shown the great advantages of points of view in carrying on controversies to an interminable length. "There are very few things indeed," says Mr. Alexander Knox, in one of his letters to Bishop Jebb, "which will not be seen differently, from different points of view. If any one therefore resolves to oppose, all he has to do is to discover the point of view from which a different appearance will present itself; and then obstinately set the one appearance against the other, with steady disregard of all explanatory considerations. In this way, controversies may be carried on for ever: as in this way, they have already been multiplied, *ad infinitum*."

In conclusion; as, when we wish to gain the most extensive prospect, we select the most commanding point of view, so, if we would bring before our minds the full beauty of the goodly framework of created things, we must endeavour to reach in faith or in fancy, that eminence whence we may

"Look down with wonder on the sudden view
Of all this world at once;"

and so form some idea of the symmetrical design which pervades the vast realm of Providence. For we are persuaded that, could we gain some central point around which the manifold revolutions of the moral and physical universe, "cycle and epicycle, orb in orb," might be seen running their harmonious rounds, we should learn to blush at the short-sighted judgments which our impatience, catching at seeming contrarieties, is so apt to pass on the arrangements of this sublunary sphere.

M. N.

DUNBAR CASTLE.

It is matter of observation to every Border tourist, that by far the most magnificent remains of fortresses are presented by the English frontier. While the Castles of Alnwick, Raby, Wark and Naworth, attest the superior wealth and power of the land whose grim wardens they were, little is to be seen on the Scottish side worthy of having been the home whence issued the Armstrongs and Elliots, and other redoubted chiefs of "the Debateable Land," except the grass-grown ruins of a remote age, and a few inconsiderable structures of a later date on these. The reason of this is to be found in the fact, that the Scotch, unskilful in the art of defence, found it their best policy to demolish the fortresses they had retaken, and trust to their

native hardihood, and knowledge of the passes, for success in their forays.

While this was pretty generally the case on the Border, it was not so further in the interior. There, amid the gloomy hills of Liddesdale, rose, stern and grim, the mighty Castle of the Hermitage, while those of Tantallon and Dunbar frowned from their lofty foundations over the German Ocean. The ruins of these, and especially of Dunbar, although presenting but little to the eye, are yet "grey with glorious ages," and are so interwoven with Scottish history, that a brief meditation among them may not be unprofitable.

On the most salient point of a stern barrier of rocks which girds the plains of East Lothian and Berwickshire, and withstands the fury of the German Ocean, stands the Castle of Dunbar. A type of the iron age in which it was built, its massive walls seem as if they were a continuation of the rugged rocks from which they spring. In those days men sought not a dwelling-place amid the fairer scenes of nature, and here they have attempted to isolate themselves from the land in towers which might bid defiance alike to the war of man and the elements. Walls of enormous thickness running from rock to rock; turrets that overlooked leagues of land and sea, by their ruins attest as well their own strength, as the fierceness of the elemental warfare that has raged around them. The sea has worn long and dreary caverns beneath the castle, and each returning tide roars and chafes underneath the dismantled fortress, awakening other music than the revelry of the forgotten barons who once rejoiced in the security of their sea-beaten home.

But,

"There was a day when they were young and proud;
Banners on high, and battles passed below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shreds of dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow."

The date of its erection is not known, but the founder of the house of Dunbar and March was Patrick, Earl of Northumberland, who in 1072, fled thither from the wrath of William the Conqueror. Although the barony had been conferred on him by the Scottish king, the Earls of Dunbar adhered to the English during the memorable struggles of Wallace and Bruce for the independence of their country. Hence their name, Cospatriek, (abridged from "Comes Patricius," the name of the first earl,) has been branded with infamy in the legends of that illustrious period. It was left for a female member of the house to redeem its character for patriotism, by her memorable defence of the castle.

About the year 1334, the Countess of Dunbar, a daughter of Randolph, and grand-niece of the Bruce, but better known by the name of "Black Agnes," had remained in the castle, when her lord, who had now given in his allegiance to David III. had taken the field against the English. Meantime the castle was besieged, but in vain did Montague, Earl of Salisbury, assail the devoted walls with all the machines that English ingenuity had then devised. The high-spirited lady, walking with her maidens along the walls, gaily wiped with her handkerchief the dust produced by his engines, and, strong in her impregnable position, taunted the English earl on the failure of each of his assaults:—

"Beware, Montague,
Beware of thy sow,"

are the well known rude rhymes she uttered as a huge rock was hurled on the advancing machine, under cover of which Montague sought to undermine the walls. While blunders and incapacity marked the proceedings of the Scotch army, this gallant lady, with a courage worthy of her kindred, held out for six weeks, when, just as the garrison was reduced to the extremity of famine, Sir Alexander Ramsay performed the exploit of conveying supplies to them by sea on a dark night,

and by a vigorous sally, next morning, routed the besiegers.

The fortunes of the castle after this varied with those of its possessors. With a fickleness peculiar to Border nobles of those days, the tenth earl, in consequence of a quarrel with the Duke of Albany, brother of Robert III., transferred his allegiance to Henry IV. of England, in whose service he distinguished himself at the battle of Shrewsbury. His estates were forfeited, and the castle passed to the favourite, Albany. This prince has left no memorial of his power behind him, save the royal arms of Stuart, which, although bleached and defaced by the sea breezes, may still be deciphered on a lofty gateway beside those of Dunbar and the Isle of Man:—"Sic transit gloria mundi."

Little historical interest attaches to the castle till the year 1567, when it again became identified with the fortunes of an illustrious female.

To the spot which "Black Agnes" had made famous by her heroism, fled the ill-fated Mary Stuart after the murder of Rizzio, and again, in one of the guiltiest passages of her chequered life, she sought it in company with her profligate husband Bothwell. She too passed away from the gloom of this wave-beaten fortress to scenes darker and sterner still; and, before long, the cannon of the Regent Murray demolished what the violence of former ages and the fury of the storm had left of Dunbar Castle.

The prospect from the castle is very grand; on the one side the eye loses itself in the blue expanse of the German Ocean, while on the other, looking up the Firth, stands the Bass rock;

— "an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and ores, and sea-news' clang;"

and beyond it the green fields and pleasant hills of Fife.

Behind stands the old town, deserted and dull, except when the summer months bring round the herring fishery; and then in its own rude way it is gay enough, and a pleasant sight it is of a calm summer evening to see the two or three hundred fishing-boats stand out for the deep water—a flotilla of industry amid the perils of the deep. All through the twilight of these summer nights do they watch in silence by their nets, till the first rays of the sun shine upon the heaving and glistening mass of scaly beings which crowns their labours. All honour be to those hardy sons of the sea, whose perilous labours provide so largely for the poor man's winter fare on those northern shores!

If the rocky barrier of this coast resists a stormy sea, it protects a fertile plain. A smiling landscape of rich corn fields, and substantial farm houses, stretches from the sea to the hills. But this spot, now so peaceful, is rich in historic recollections, for it was the scene of one of Cromwell's greatest triumphs.

We trust that a brief review of this memorable battle, aided by Mr. Carlyle's vivid and impassioned description, may not be unacceptable to our readers. Oliver Cromwell, now Captain of the 'Commonwealth, having overrun England, finds that the Scottish Presbyterians who lent such powerful aid to his cause in its earliest stages, have now made a stand, and while they fight for the "Covenant," fight also for a Stuart king. Accordingly, in June, 1650, Scotland is invaded. Cromwell advancing by Berwick and Dunbar to Edinburgh, in vain demands admittance there; the neighbourhood is deserted, and no provision can be got for his army. He is then forced to retire back upon Dunbar, whither supplies can be brought him by sea. While he is encamped in and about the town, Lesley, at the head of the Scottish army, having closely followed his rear, now hangs on the Doon Hill, the last of the Lammermoor range, a position of uncommon strength, while it confines Cromwell to the narrow peninsula his soldiers occupy, and cuts off all communication with England except by sea. His men are wasting away with sickness,

provisions begin to fail, and storms forbid all hope of relief by sea. Never hath the Protector been in such evil plight before. Lesley has but to hang a fortnight more on these heathy hills, and the overthrower of kings must be himself overthrown. "He was a strong man, (we quote from Carlyle's *Cromwell*), 'so intimates John Maidstone, who knew him,' in the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all the others."

A mile and a half to the east of Dunbar, a rivulet or burn flows from the Doon Hill to the sea. Deep and rapid as those hill streams are, Cromwell's troops are drawn up on the left side of this. There are but two fords across it; one of them Cromwell has seized, and is about to seize the other. "There at this pass on and about the present London road, as you discover after long, dreary, dim examining, took place the brunt or essential agony of the battle of Dunbar, long ago Yes, my travelling friends, vehiculating in gigs, or otherwise, over that piece of London road, you may say to yourselves, 'Here without monument is the grave of a valiant thing which was done under the sun; the footprint of a hero, not yet quite undistinguishable, is here.'"

Leslie, who from the Doon Hill watches every movement of the enemy, is led to the fatal error of descending to the plain. To use Cromwell's expression, 'he shogs' down, and takes up ground on the right bank of the stream. Cromwell detects at once his error, and determines to take advantage of it. He will cross the stream, and be the first to give him battle, and this the next day before dawn. We borrow from the page of his enthusiastic biographer the description of this dexterous battle:—

"The night is wild and wet; 2d of September means 12th by our Calendar; the harvest moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray, — and withal keep his powder dry! and be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man! Thus they pass the night, making that Dunbar peninsula, and Brock rivulet, long memorable to me. We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodiful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we—and there is one that rides upon the wings of the wind.

* * * * *

And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here; he is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots too, in this wing are awake, thinking to surprise us; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once; and Lambert who was to lead the attack is not here. The Lord General is impatient;—behold, Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour night's silence; the cannons awaken along the line; 'The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!' 'On, my brave ones; on!' A desperate charge of artillery and cavalry bursts on the Scottish main line; soldiers stiffened with exposure to the autumn night make a brave, but hopeless resistance, and the battle soon becomes a rout.

"And over St. Abb's head, and the German Ocean, just then bursts the first gleam of the level sun upon us, 'and I heard Nol say, (in the words of the Psalmist), 'Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered!'" Three thousand dead, and ten thousand prisoners are the fruit of this military blunder.

With this battle ceases the historic interest of Dunbar. Over that plain, once plashy with autumn rains, and the blood of a Scottish army, a long succession

(1) Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, Vol. II. p. 16.

of peaceful harvests has waved, and a railway now bears the unconscious traveller past the Doon Hill and Brocksbury.

T.

THE DUKE OF ALVA'S BREAKFAST AT THE CASTLE OF RUDOLSTADT. (A. D. 1547.)

From Schiller.

On turning over an old chronicle of the sixteenth century (*Res in Ecclesiâ et Politicâ gesta, ab anno 1500 ad annum 1600*) I found the following anecdote, which deserves, for more than one reason, to be rescued from obscurity. It is confirmed in a writing called, "*Mausolea manibus Metzelii posita a Fr. Melch. Dedekindo. 1738,*" and it may also be found in Spauberg's "*Adelspiegel.*"

A German lady, of a family which had given an emperor to Germany, once almost intimidated the dreadful Duke of Alva, by her resolute behaviour. When the Emperor Charles V. passed through Thuringia, on his way to Franconia and Swabia, after the battle of Muhlberg, the widowed countess, Katherine of Schwarzburg, procured from him a "safeguard" for the protection of her vassals from any molestation or injury which they might otherwise expect at the hands of the Spanish army, in return for which she engaged to furnish the Spaniards with bread, beer, and other provisions, at a moderate rate, to be conveyed for them from Rudolstadt to the bridge where they were to cross the Saal. But she had the precaution to destroy immediately this bridge, which was close to Rudolstadt, and to throw another over the river at a greater distance, in order that her rapacious guests might not be tempted to excesses by the too great vicinity of the town. She also permitted the inhabitants of all the villages round, through which the troops were to pass, to transport the best of their possessions to the Castle of Rudolstadt, for security. Meanwhile, the Spanish general, accompanied by Duke Henry of Brunswick and his sons, approached the town, and sent on to invite himself to breakfast at the castle. So modest a request, from the commander of a powerful army, could not well be refused. "What the house could afford should be freely given; and it was hoped His Excellency would be contented with what he might find," was the answer returned by the countess, who, at the same time, remembering the safeguard, did not fail to beg the general to observe it conscientiously. A friendly reception, and a well-furnished table, awaited the duke at the castle. He could not but acknowledge the hospitality and excellent housekeeping of the Thuringian ladies. But hardly were the guests seated at table, when an express messenger called the countess from the hall. She was informed that the Spanish soldiery had behaved with violence at some of the villages on the road, and driven off the peasants' cattle. Katherine was the mother of her people; any offence against the poorest of her vassals she regarded as committed against herself. Irritated to the highest degree by this breach of faith, but preserving her presence of mind, she armed her whole household with speed, but without noise, and commanded the castle gates to be securely fastened. Then returning to the hall, where the princes were still seated, she complained to them in the most moving manner, of the flagrant disregard of the emperor's promise, of which she had

just been informed. She was answered laughingly, that such little misfortunes were the chances of war, and could not be guarded against on a march. "We will see that," cried she, angrily. "My poor peasants must, and shall, have their property again; or by Heaven," raising her voice in a threatening tone, "the blood of princes for the blood of cattle!" So saying, she quitted the banquetting hall, which was instantly filled with armed retainers, who, sword in hand, but with the utmost respect, proceeded to station themselves behind the princes' chairs, and wait on them at their meals. The visitors looked at each other in silence and embarrassment; the duke himself changed colour at the entrance of this armed force. Cut off from his army, surrounded by a superior number of determined men, what could Alva do but take patience, and endeavour to appease the injured lady on any terms? Henry of Brunswick first recovered his self-possession. He with great tact and prudence turned the whole affair into a joke, and himself laughed long and loud. He praised the countess for the motherly care she took of her tenantry, and the wonderful courage she had evinced, and undertook to persuade the Duke of Alva to make all reparation for the outrage committed by the troops. And by him the latter was really induced to despatch an order to his men for the immediate restoration of the cattle to their lawful owners. As soon as the countess had made sure of this, she cordially thanked her guests, and they took a most polite leave of her.

It was doubtless this occurrence which procured for Katherine, Countess of Schwarzburg, the surname of "The Heroine." Still renowned is the determined activity with which she furthered the progress of the reformation, which her husband, Count Henry XXXVII., had before introduced into his dominions; the perseverance with which she endeavoured to abolish monkery, and to improve school-education; and her untiring humanity which protected and supported numbers of Protestant ministers, who were persecuted elsewhere for their religion's sake. She died universally revered and lamented, in the fifty-eighth year of her age, and twenty-ninth of her reign, and lies interred in the church of Rudolstadt.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

THE INJURED FATHER.

THE Order of the Friars of the Madonna was instituted in 1208, to resist heretics and all violators of justice. They were constrained to employ the sword wherever the Roman Church commanded. They bore a white shield with a red cross on it, and they were not permitted to wear spurs or bridles of gold. In after ages they went by the name of the "Joyous," because, as a religious body, they were exempted from all taxes and secular burdens, and, becoming rich, lived sumptuously with their wives and children.

Farinata, son of Messer Marzucco of Pisa, (a friar of this

order,) was slain by Messer Beccio da Caprona. His father received the intelligence without tears, pardoned the homicide, collected his brother friars, and at the burial of his son preached a sermon recommending resignation and forgiveness to the relatives, and peace to the populace.

'Twas in dark days of feud and strife,
With deeds of ruthless bloodshed rife,
Such as oft brought vengeance dire,
Handed down to son from sire;—
Yet, even in that age defiled,
Christ wanted not some servants mild,
Who, by His peaceful law, could tame
The raging of their pride, however fierce its flame.

In Pisa's streets, throughout the day,
Loud rose the shout of wild affray.
An old man came to seek his son;—
A friar's garment had he on,
A cross of blood on snow-white shield,—
For he had sworn the sword to wield
Wherever Rome to arms should call,
And bid her trusty sons upon her foremen fall.

He sought, and all too soon he found!
His son lay weltering on the ground;
The life-blood oozing from his heart
Had forced the spirit to depart.
Awhile the lonely father gazed;
Then unto Heaven his eyes he raised;
But not a tear bedewed his cheek,
Nor one rebellious murmur was he heard to speak.

The corpse is placed upon a bier,
They bear it to a Convent near,
That in the Church it may abide;—
But there they find the homicide!
The Altar's shelter had he sought
E'en where the murdered man they brought.
Before the slayer of his son
The injured father stood, nor did his presence shun.

Upon his cheek a burning spot
A moment glowed, and then was not;—
An ashy paleness took its stead;
And of his eye the fire was dead,
Though first it blazed with hasty flame;
Then o'er his limbs a trembling came.
He clasped his hands, and looked to Heaven,
And said: "Lord, I forgive, and pray to be forgiven!"

He turned, and left the murderer,
Who gazed on him with awe and fear.
The kinsmen of the slain he sought,
The brothers of his band he brought,
The youth they were too late to save,
To place with honour in the grave.
Now surely he will silence break,
And bid them vengeance due on foul aggression take.

So deemed the crowd who round him stood;
The kinsmen muttered: "Blood for blood!"
The outraged father thus began,
And still his words on mercy ran:
"O God! who gave to us Thy Son,
By whom our hope of heaven is won,
Assist me with Thy Spirit meek,
While to assuage the wrath of these fierce men I seek!"

He paused; he cast one piteous glance
Upon the corpse, then cried: "Advance!
Gaze on this youth, so fair and young,
And every wound shall be a tongue
To tell how murderous blow expelled
His soul the clay in which 'twas held.
Come hither, ye who know him,—say,
How bright and beautiful this face was yesterday.

"Then pause,—restrain your kindled rage,
For other thoughts my mind engage.
Another mangled form I see
Bound fast to an accursed tree!
He also is an only Son.—
Smitten, scourged, and spat upon!
Pierced are His hands, and pierced His feet;
His ears revivings loud, and scoffs, and mockings greet.

"See how his bleeding brows around,
A crown of platted thorns is bound.
His Father is a mighty King,—
Can He not destruction bring
On the foes that kill His child,
And thus have marred His visage mild—
Laughing to scorn His matchless woe,
Saying: 'Now save thyself, and we will humage show!'"

"Oh! if His Father thus sustain
The spectacle of Jesus' pain,—
If the spotless Jesus thus
Foureth forth his blood for us,—
Shall we sinners dare repine
At His orderings divine?
No! this bleeding clay I bring
Unto the Altar's foot, an offering to my King!

"Oh! Thou, who didst for sinners die,
Cast upon me now Thine eye;
Give my pleadings power to move
These stern men to deeds of love!
The wound that Peter in his zeal
Gave in haste, Thy hand did heal.
Fain would I to my bitterest foe,
E'en Lord, for Thy dear sake, as sweet compassion show."

To Heaven he lifts his streaming eyes.
No voice in all the crowd replies;
One by one, they wend their way;
By the corpse he still doth stay;
Shades of night are gathering round,
He kneels beside it on the ground.
His prayer is answered—he hath peace!
And all rude threats of strife and hate around him cease.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

WHATEVER withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and far from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Most men are deceived in being too reasonable; concluding that reason will prevail with those men to submit to what is right and just, who have no other consideration of right and justice but as it advances their interest, or complies with their humour and passion. And so easy it hath always been to do harm, and to mislead men; and so hard to do good, and reduce them to reason!—*Clarendon.*

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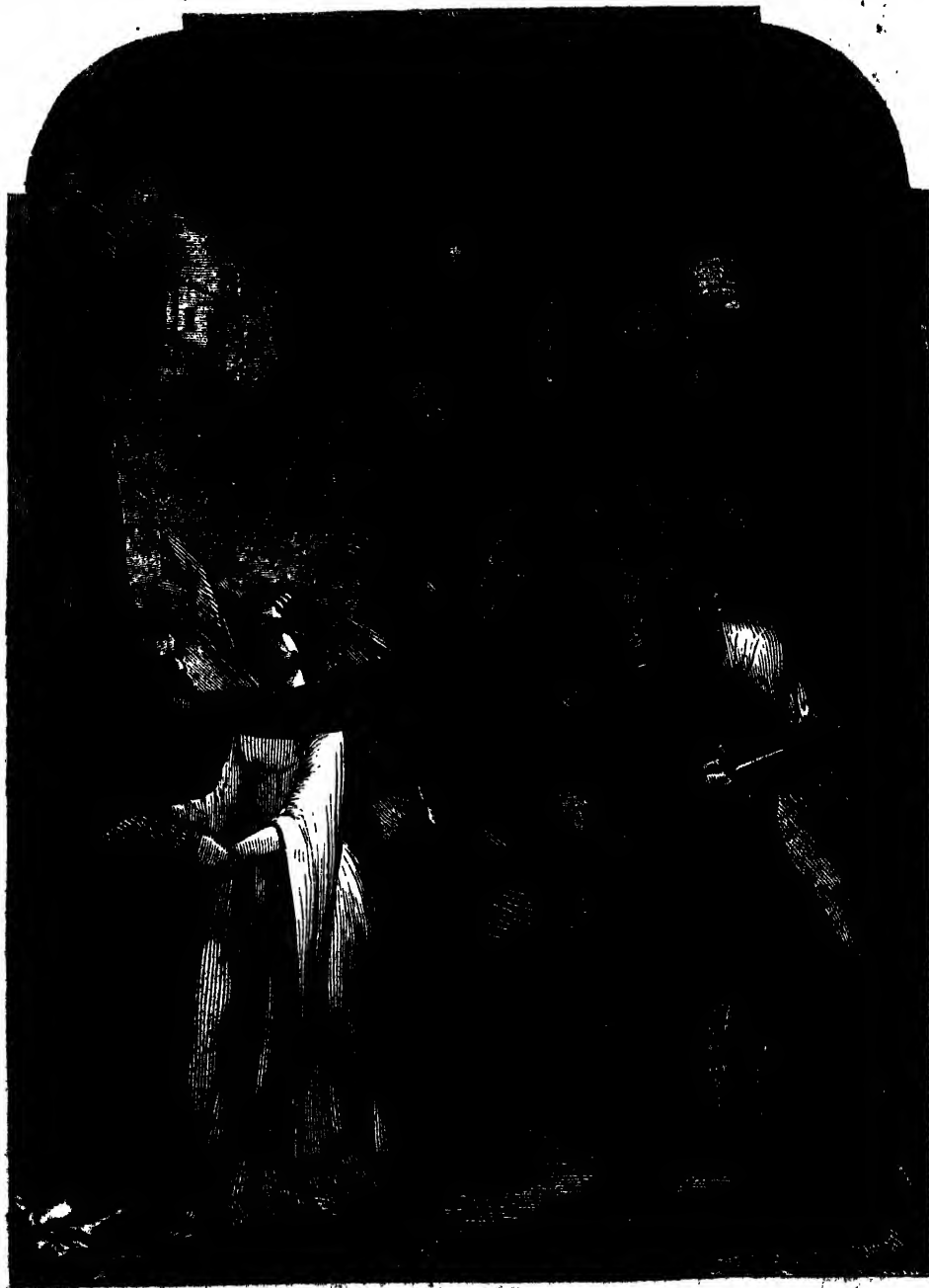
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A very Woman.

See page 236.

VOL. III.

BEER BREWED FROM SUGAR.

THE scarcity in, and consequent high prices of, grain, have of late led to the suggested substitution of sugar and molasses in breweries and distilleries. There are various fiscal considerations connected with this measure, to which we may hereafter advert; but first we shall glance at the employment of sugar in domestic brewing, that is, brewing upon a small scale.

A popular writer on domestic economy, (Mr. Donovan,) observes:—"For making excellent ale or table beer it is not absolutely necessary to use malt. To conceive this subject rightly, we must consider that it is the sugar of the malt which undergoes fermentation, and that any other sugar will ferment just as well, *although no other sugar is so cheap.*" To this statement we request especial attention.

"Economy and long habit," continues the writer just quoted, "have established malt sugar as a brewing material, but cane sugar will afford an excellent drink. To persons residing in the country, and far from breweries, as well as to those who do not choose the great trouble of managing malt, this is a valuable fact. Another advantage of cane sugar is, that the apparatus necessary for converting it into beer is much more simple: all that is required is a cask which has no bung-hole, or has it well stopped up. This is to be placed standing upon either of its ends: a cock is to be fixed in one of the staves, about an inch above the bottom chimb, so that, in drawing off the liquor, the sediment cannot also run. In the centre of the top of the cask; that is, in the centre of its other end, a hole is to be bored, of such size as will admit a large bottle-cork.

"Let us suppose that the cask holds ten gallons, and that the drink is to be tolerably strong ale. The proper quantity of hops required for ten gallons of ale, in this process, will be about a pound and a half. On this quantity, contained in any convenient vessel, pour eleven gallons of boiling water; or, what is much better, boil the hops in the water for about five minutes, and so more; then strain off the hops; in the strained liquor dissolve fourteen pounds of sugar, and mix in a pint of yeast of the best quality.

"Put the whole into a cask; it will soon begin to ferment; it will throw up its yeast through the cork-hole at top, and then, being retained within the external rim of the chimb, it will, for the most part, fall back into liquor, and run back into the cask. It will require, at the ordinary temperature of summer, as much as three weeks or a month to complete the fermentation. For the last fortnight, the cork may be generally kept in the hole; but it should, once every two days, be removed, to give vent to the fixed air; and then it should be replaced. When the fermentation appears at an end, the taste of the sugar will almost have disappeared. The cork may then be permanently driven in, and in four days the ale will be fit for draught or bottling.

"As to the quality of the sugar, it is a matter of little consequence. White sugar will afford an ale scarcely coloured: brown sugar will impart proportionate colour, and not quite so pure a flavour. Should colour be an object, it may be communicated by the raspings of an over-baked loaf, or by scorched treacle; but this is a matter of little moment. The drink will spontaneously fine itself.

"To persons who have acquired an inveterate predilection for the abominable and varied flavour which the skill of the brewer enables him to communicate, this pure and simple drink may be less pleasing; but it is singular how soon the consumer acquires a high relish for it, and prefers it to every other. There is a purity of taste belonging to it quite different from the indescribable jumble of tastes so perceptible in common

ales; while it has a slight sharpness combined with tenacity, which is much more agreeable than the glutinous or mucilaginous softness of even the best ales. But it has one advantage which places it above all competition, and that is its lightness on the stomach; this, when compared with the sickly heaviness of malt ale, is remarkable. The whiter the sugar the lighter will be the ale; and age greatly conduces to the same end, provided that the drink be sound, which is best insured by bottling."

Thus far Mr. Donovan's method: we have tasted beer made by it, though not with the requisite attention to the several stages of the process. It by no means came up to Mr. Donovan's standard; but we have known beer thus made to prove excellent.

There is, likewise, a mode of economising malt. Thus, to half a bushel add four pounds of treacle, and three quarters of a pound of hops; this will make twenty-five gallons of beer, the cost of which will be but twopence per gallon, where the materials are purchased to the best advantage. This beer will be fit to drink in a fortnight, but will not keep in warm weather.

Table-beer may be made without malt, by boiling four pounds of coarse sugar, and three ounces of hops, in ten gallons of water, in a covered copper, for three quarters of an hour: ferment the strained liquor in the usual manner, keep it for a week or ten days, and it will be fit for use.

Or, a pleasant and wholesome beer may be made as follows:—to a quarter of a peck of sweet wheat bran add three handfuls of hops, and ten gallons of water, boil the whole together in a copper until the bran and hops sink to the bottom: then strain it through a hair sieve into a cooler, and when lukewarm add two quarts of molasses, this will be sufficient for a nine gallon cask. Before you pour in the liquor, which must be done as soon as the molasses is dissolved, put two table spoonfuls of good yeast into the barrel; bung it up when the fermentation has subsided, and in four days it will be fit for use; it will, however, be improved by bottling; in which case it will be ready to drink in six or seven days.

Molasses has been mentioned as a substitute for malt, as well as sugar; and we shall now proceed to consider the economy of these substitutes, as determined upon a large scale.

In "the Art of Brewing," an admirable treatise by the late Mr. David Booth, who was, at one period, a common brewer, it is stated that "of all the substitutes for malt, raw grain is the principal; if, indeed, that can be called a substitute which is merely malted in the mash-tun in place of the floor." The process by which the conversion of barley, or other grain, into malt, is thus rapidly performed, is detailed in Mr. Booth's work; while we warn the public brewer of the legal danger of its adoption, we strenuously recommend its use in private families. Were the practice to become general, a deduction of the duties on beer would indubitably follow.

"Pure sugar and water, (it has been said,) will not ferment; but raw sugar, or molasses, will make very good beer, either alone, or mixed with malt-wort. There is, however, no saving from the use of these materials, unless when malt becomes much dearer than in ordinary years; in which case they are occasionally permitted to be used under the authority of the Lords of the Treasury. A weak beer from molasses is frequently made in private families, and drunk in a half-fermented state; but it is too lucid for the taste of those who are accustomed to the small beer of malt. Molasses, mixed with a weak malt-wort, would, when fermented, be much more palatable." A receipt of this class is given above.

Such a "permission" as Mr. Booth refers to, has of late been mooted by Government; and, with the view of determining its policy in the present scarcity of grain, the Board of Excise have reported to the Lords

of the Treasury on the comparative value of grain and sugar in brewing and distilling:—

"Before the Select Committee of 1831, 'On the Use of Molasses,' various estimates were made of the weight of sugar equivalent to a quarter of malt in brewing. Of course, they varied much, according to the allowance made for the quality of the grain and the skill of the brewer—the lowest being 173lb. of sugar to the quarter of malt, and the highest 226lb. The average is 199½lb. It is a general opinion, that 'the saccharine produce of barley has been increased of late years by the cultivation of a superior description of grain, and by improved modes of working in breweries;' and the mean (200lb. to the quarter) adopted in the bill brought in lately by the Chancellor of the Exchequer seems, therefore, to be a safe one for the average of years. The most common estimate is that 180 pounds of sugar is equal to a quarter of malt; but the experiments recently made fix it very near the average struck in 1831; and this seems by far the most likely to be correct. By the 52d George III., c. 3, it is assumed, as to distilleries, that a hundred-weight of sugar will yield, upon an average, about 11½ gallons of proof spirit. The evidence before the Committee of 1831 conduces us to the same conclusion. And the experiments now made quite confirm it. The value of molasses in brewing has now been tried by only two experiments; and the general conclusion is, that about 300lb. of molasses will yield the same quantity of beer of a given strength as a quarter of malt. The question of comparative value must remain in some degree undecided until it shall be ascertained, in practice, whether the beer brewed from the former necessarily retains any peculiar flavour. In distilling, the common opinion is, that a hundred-weight of good molasses will yield eight gallons of proof spirit. The average of ten experiments by the Excise gives about seven and one-third gallons. But, if we allow for the different results invariably obtained in fermenting large and small quantities of wash, it must be allowed that here the common estimate is more likely to be found correct in practice. The Commissioners, however, seem inclined to adopt the *minimum* of 7½ gallons; and, assuming that the quarter of malt yields 18 gallons, would fix its equivalent in molasses at 278lbs."

The following deductions are from an article in *The Globe* newspaper of Feb. 2:—

"To apply these calculations to the present state of the markets for grain and sugar—First, as to the distiller. The London average price of barley, by Friday's *Gazette*, (Jan. 29,) was 58s. 3d. per quarter. Its price has since receded from 2s. to 5s. per quarter in all the principal markets of the kingdom; and it cannot, for practical purposes, now be taken at more than 56s., if so much. Admitting, then, that a quarter of barley will yield 20 gallons of proof spirit (a full estimate), one gallon so obtained will cost about 2s. 9½d. The average price of West India sugar, duty paid, was, last week, about 52s. 6d. per hundred-weight. If one hundred-weight yield 11½ gallons of spirit, a gallon of such spirit will cost about 4s. 7d. And the average price of molasses, at the same time, being about 28s. 6d. per hundred-weight, it follows that if that quantity yields eight gallons of spirit, the cost per gallon will be about 3s. 6d. But the use of molasses is not yet permitted. It follows that the distiller has no inducement, at present prices, to substitute sugar for grain.

"As to the brewer, the Report before us states the relative values of sugar and malt for brewing, in reference to every price of the latter, from 50s. to 90s. per quarter. Taking the present price of malt at 80s. per quarter, if its equivalent in sugar be 200lb., the value of a hundred-weight of sugar to the brewer will be 44s. 9d.; and if the equivalent be 180lb., as is more commonly supposed, the relative value of the sugar will be 40s. 9d. The average price of West India sugar is now 52s. 6d. Some sugars are quoted much lower, but no large quantity could be bought for a new purpose at a less price than that stated. At present, therefore, there is little, if any, inducement, even for the brewer, to substitute sugar for malt. The free use of molasses in breweries, under the present duties, would, undoubtedly, yield a profit, assuming that its flavour did not reduce the value of the beer. But this arises from the duty on molasses being lower in proportion to its brewing value than the duty upon either sugar or malt. The abandonment of malt for molasses would therefore cause a loss to the revenue."

To this we may add, that in 1807, when the price of malt was 32s. per quarter, it was shown that the price of sugar *should* be from 32s. to 33s. per cwt. to induce distillers to use that article in their trade in preference to malt.

What may be the result of these financial deductions, in the reduction of the duty on sugar so employed, remains to be seen. Meanwhile, it must be conceded, that malt is by no means necessary to the production of wholesome agreeable beer.

Beer from mangold wurzel may be made by cleansing half a hundred weight of the roots, and boiling them an hour and a half in fourteen gallons of water; then, slice the roots, pulp them through a sieve, and add the juice to the water they were boiled in, which boil for an hour and a half with four ounces of hops; strain it, and work it for a day with half a pint of yeast; then, skim off the yeast, and put the beer into a barrel, keeping back the sediment. About two pounds of molasses, boiled with the mangold wurzel, will much improve this beer.

Beer from potatoes has been successfully manufactured; although, at present, this would be but substituting one scarce article for another. We, however, give the receipt as practised in France. Boil one hundred weight of peeled potatoes in eleven gallons of water, and mix them into a batter. At the same time, let seven pounds of malt be mashed in a gallon of tepid water, which add to the potatoe vat at the temperature of 144 degrees; stir the whole well together, cover it, and let it remain three or four hours. Then boil it for half an hour with two pounds of hops, strain it through a sieve, and when at 59 degrees of heat, set it with a quarter of a pint of yeast; when fermentation commences, skim the beer, and draw it off into a cask, where the fermentation should be completed. The beer thus produced, after being bottled, has been found greatly to resemble Paris beer.

In certain parts of Ireland, an excellent beer has been brewed from parsnips, by a process somewhat like the foregoing, except that no malt is used; the bitter employed is hops.

Chemistry has, of late, contributed to the economy of malt in a beautiful research. Thus, Mr. Septimus Riese suggests, that the weight of extract of malt may be increased by simply adding *diastase* to the second wort, to convert the remaining starch into sugar. This is done by the addition of a portion of the malt, (which contains *diastase*), previous to mashing a second time. In a brewing of thirty quarters, Mr. Riese would take twenty-nine quarters for the first mash, and add the remaining quarter to the second; and there would be such an increase as to warrant him in advising its adoption by all brewers and distillers.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

By F. E. S.

CHAP. XI.

WHAT HARRY AND I FOUND WHEN WE LOST OUR WAY.

On the afternoon of the day after Lawless's wine-party, Oaklands and I were walking down to the stables, where his horses were kept, (he having, in pursuance of his plan for preventing my over-reading myself, beguiled me into a promise to ride with him,) when we encountered Archer—

"I suppose you have heard the news *par excellence*," said he, after we had shaken hands.

"No," replied I, "what may it happen to be?"

"Only that Lizzie Maurice, the pastry-cook's daughter, disappeared last night, and old Maurice is going about like a distracted creature this morning, and can't learn any tidings of her."

"What, that pretty girl with the long ringlets, who

used to stand behind the counter?" asked I. "What is supposed to have become of her?"

"Yes, that's the young lady," returned Archer; "and all that's known about her is, that she waited till her father went out to smoke his pipe, as he usually does for an hour or so every evening, and then got the urchin who runs of errands to carry a bundle for her, and set out without saying a word to any one. After she had proceeded a little way, she was met by a man muffled up in a cloak, who took the bundle from the boy, threw him a shilling, and told him to go home directly. Instead of doing so, however, he let them go on for a minute or two, and then followed them. They went at a quick pace along one or two streets; at length turned down a lane, not far from the Magdalene, at the bottom of which a gig was waiting. Another man, also muffled up, was seated in the gig, into which the girl was handed by her companion, who said to the second man in a low tone, 'All has gone well, and without attracting notice,'—he then added in a warning voice—'Remember, honour bright, no nonsense, or'—and here he sank his voice, so that the boy could not catch what he said; but the other replied, 'On my word, on my honour!'—They then shook hands, the second man gathered up the reins, drew the whip across the horse, which sprang forward at speed, and they were out of sight in a moment. The man who was left gazed after them for a minute or so, and then, turning briskly on his heel, walked away, without perceiving the boy, who stood under the shadow of a door-way. On being questioned as to what the men were like, he said that the first kept his face entirely concealed, but he was rather tall, and had black hair; the second was a stout man, with light hair, and a high colour—for a dark lantern which he had with him happened to throw its light on his face, as he was lighting it."

"At what time in the evening did all this take place," inquired Oaklands.

"Between nine and ten," replied Archer.

Oaklands and I exchanged glances; the same idea had evidently struck us both.

"Has any one seen Wilford this morning?" asked Oaklands.

"Seen him?" returned Archer, "yes, to be sure, he and Wentworth have been parading about arm in arm all over the town; they were with me when I met poor old Maurice, and asked him all sorts of questions about the affair. Wilford seemed quite interested in it."

"Strange!" observed Oaklands, musing. "I don't make it out. I would not willingly wrong, even in thought, an innocent man. Archer," he continued, "you have a shrewd keen wit, and sound judgment; tell me, in confidence, man, who do you think has done this?"

"Nay, I am no diviner, to guess other men's secrets," replied Archer; "and these are subjects about which it is not over safe to hazard conjectures. I have told you all I can learn about it, and it is for you to draw your own conclusions; it is no use repeating things to you, of which you are already aware: I might as well tell you dogs bark and cats mew; or that Wilford has black hair, and Wentworth is a stout man with a high colour; or any other well-known truism,—but I am detaining you—good morning." So saying, he shook hands with us, and left us.

After walking some distance in silence, Oaklands exclaimed abruptly, "It must be so! it is Wilford who has done this thing—you think as I do, do you not, Frank?"

"I am sure we have not evidence enough to prove it," replied I; "but I confess I am inclined as a mere matter of opinion to agree with you, though there are difficulties in the way, for which it is not easy to account. For instance, why should Wilford have gone to that party last night, instead of remaining to carry out his schemes himself; by which he incurred the additional risk of entrusting their execution to another?"

"That is true," said Oaklands, thoughtfully, "I do not pretend to understand it all clearly, but somehow I feel a conviction that Wilford is at the bottom of it."

"You should recollect, Harry, that you greatly dislike this man,—are, as I conceive, prejudiced against him,—and are therefore, of course, disposed to judge him harshly."

"Yes, I know all that, still you'll see it will come out sooner or later that Wilford was the man. Her poor old father! I have often observed how he appeared to doat upon her, and how proud he was of her—his pride will be converted into mourning now. It is fearful to think," continued Oaklands, "of what crimes men are guilty in their reckless selfishness! Here is the fair promise of a young girl's life blighted, and an old man's grey hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave, in order to gratify the passing fancy of a heartless libertine." He paused, and then continued, "I suppose one can do nothing in the matter, having no stronger grounds than mere suspicion to go upon?"

"I should say, nothing likely to be of the slightest benefit," replied I.

"Then the sooner we get to horse the better," returned Oaklands; "hearing of a thing of this kind always annoys me, and I feel inclined to hate my species: a good gallop may shake me into a better humour."

"And the dolce-far-niente?" I inquired.

"Oh! don't imagine me inconsistent," was the reply; "only somehow, just at present, in fact ever since the breeze last night, I've found it more trouble to remain quiet than to exert myself; so if you would not tire me to death, walk a little faster, there's a good fellow."

After a brisk ride of nearly two hours along cross roads, we came out upon a wild heath or common of considerable extent.

"Here's a famous place for a gallop," exclaimed Oaklands; "I never can make up my mind which is the fastest of those two horses; let's have a race, and try their speed—do you see that tall poplar tree, which seems poking its top into the sky, on the other side the common? that shall be the winning post; now, are you ready?"

"All right, go ahead," replied I, bending forward, and giving my horse the rein. Away we went merrily, the high-couraged animals bounding beneath us, and the fresh air whistling by our ears, as we seemed to cut through it. For some time we kept side by side; the horse Oaklands rode was, if anything, a finer, certainly a more powerful animal than the one on which I was mounted, but this advantage was fully compensated by the fact of his riding nearly a stone heavier than I did. We were therefore on the whole very fairly matched.

After riding at speed, as well as I could reckon, about two miles, Oaklands to his great delight had gained nearly a horse's length in advance of me, a space which it seemed beyond my powers of jockeyship to recover. Between us, however, and the tree he had fixed on as our goal, lay a small brook or water-course, along the banks of which the ground became soft and marshy. In crossing this, the greater weight of man and horse told against Oaklands, and gradually I began to creep up to him. As we neared the brook, it struck me that his horse appeared to labour heavily through the stiff clay; now or never, then, was my opportunity, and shouting gaily, "Over first, for a sovereign; good bye, Harry," I gave my horse the spur, and putting him well at it, cleared the brook splendidly, and alighted safely on the further bank.

Determined, if possible, not to be outdone, Harry selected a place in which by crossing he could contrive to cut off a corner, and thus gain upon me considerably. In order to accomplish this, it was necessary for him to take his leap at a spot where the brook was some feet wider than ordinary; relying, however, on the known good qualities of the animal he rode, he resolved to

attempt it. Settling himself firmly in his saddle, he got his horse well together, and then throwing up his whip hand, and (as Lawless would have termed it) "plying the gaffs" eagerly, he charged the brook at full speed.

It was a well-imagined and bold attempt, and had his horse been fresher, would have succeeded in winning him the race; but we had kept up a fair pace during the whole of our ride, and now our gallop across the common, and more particularly the exertions Oaklands had made in crossing the marshy ground, to preserve the advantage he had gained, had tried his horse's wind considerably. Still, however, the noble animal strove to the utmost of its power to answer the call made upon it, and by a vigorous effort succeeded in clearing the brook; but the ground on the other side was rugged and broken, and, apparently exhausted by the exertion he had made, he stumbled, and after a slight struggle to preserve his footing, fell heavily forward, pitching Harry over his head as he did so.

Fortunately the ground was soft and clayey, and neither man nor horse seemed to have sustained any injury, for I had scarcely time to draw rein, ere they were on their legs again, and as Harry's first act was to spring lightly into the saddle, I determined to secure the race at once; and cantering up to the poplar tree, which was now within a hundred yards of me, I snapped off a bough in token of victory. As I turned back again, I observed that Harry had dismounted, and was examining his horse's foot.

"Nothing wrong, is there?" asked I, as I rejoined him. "Yes, everything's wrong," was the reply; "you've been and gone and won the race, you villain you,—I've tumbled nose and knees into a mud-hole, and spoiled my white cord oh-no-we-never-mention-ums,—and 'the Cid' has wrenched off one of his front shoes in the skrimmage."

"And that's the worst of all the misfortunes," said I, "for here we are some ten or twelve miles from Cambridge, at least, in a region utterly unknown, and apparently devoid of inhabitants; so where we are to find a smith passes my poor skill to discover."

"You're wrong about the inhabitants, I flatter myself," replied Harry. "Do you see the faint white mist curling above those trees to the right? I take that to be smoke; where there's smoke there must be fire; fire must have been kindled by some human being or other—through that individual we will endeavour to obtain an introduction to some blacksmith, conjointly with sufficient topographical information to enable us to reach our destination in time for a certain meal called dinner, which has acquired an unusual degree of importance in my eyes within the last hour or so. I have spoken."

"Like a book," replied I, "and the next thing is to bring your sapient deductions to the test of experiment.—There is a cart-track here, which appears to lead towards the smoke you observed; let us try that." So saying, I also dismounted, and throwing my horse's bridle over my arm, we proceeded together on foot, in the direction Oaklands had indicated.

Ten minutes' walking brought us into a rough country lane, winding pleasantly between high banks and green hedges, affording an agreeable contrast to the flat unenclosed tracts of corn land so general throughout Cambridgeshire. After following this lane about a quarter of a mile, we came upon a small retired ale-house, surrounded by trees. As we approached the door, a stout vulgar-looking woman, dressed in rather tawdry array, ran out to meet us; on coming near, however, she stopped short as if surprised, and then re-entered the house as quickly as she had left it, calling to some one within as she did so. After waiting for a minute or two she came back, accompanied by a tall disagreeable-looking man in a velvet shooting jacket, with a remarkably dirty face, and hands to match.

"Is there a blacksmith living any where near here, my good man?" inquired Oaklands.

"Mayhap there is," was the reply, in a surly tone.

"Can you direct us how to find him?" continued Oaklands.

"What might you want with him, when you've found him?" was the rejoinder.

"My horse has cast a shoe, and I want one put on immediately," replied Oaklands, who was getting impatient at the man's unsatisfactory, not to say insolent, manner.

"Mayhap you won't get it done in quite such a hurry as you seem to want! There's a blacksmith lives at Stony End, about five miles further on. Go straight up the lane for about three mile, then turn to the right, then twice to the left, and then you'll see a finger post that aint got nothing on it:—when you come to that—"

"Which I never shall do, depend upon it," replied Oaklands. "My good man, you don't imagine I'm going to fatigue myself and lame my horse by walking five miles up this unlucky lane, do you? If things really are as bad as you say, I shall despatch a messenger to summon the smith, and employ myself in the meanwhile in tasting your ale, and consuming whatever you may happen to have in the house fit to eat."

I observed that the landlord and his wife, as I presumed her to be, exchanged very blank looks when Oaklands announced this determination. When he ceased speaking, she whispered a few words into the ear of the man, who gave a kind of surly gruff reply, and then, turning to Harry, said, "Mayhap I'll shoe your horse for you myself, if you'll make it worth my while."

"You will? why, I thought you said there was not a smith within five miles?"

"No more there aint, only me."

"And you've been worrying me, and tiring my patience all this time, merely to secure yourself a better bargain?—Oh, the needless trouble people give themselves in this world! Shoe the horse, man! and make your own charge; be sure I'll not complain of it, only be quick," replied Oaklands.

"Praps that worn't all," returned the fellow gruffly, "but if ye be in such a mighty hurry, bring 'nn along here, and I'll clap a shoe on 'un for ye in a twinkling."

So saying he led the way through an old gate, and down a stable yard behind the public-house, at the bottom of which, under a kind of half barn half shed, was a blacksmith's shop, fitted up with a forge, and other appliances for shoeing. Our conductor, who, having divested himself of the velvet jacket, which he replaced with a leather apron, seemed now much more in his proper element, displayed greater quickness and skill in making and applying the shoe, than from his previous conduct I should have anticipated; and I began to flatter myself that our difficulties were in a fair way to be got over.

I was drawing up the girths of my horse's saddle, which had become somewhat loosened from our gallop, when Oaklands, who had been sitting on a gate near, industriously flogging his boot with his riding-whip, jumped down, saying: "If you'll stay with the horses, Frank, I'll go and see if I can get some of that worst of this mud brushed off."

"Better stay where you are! I shall a' done directly," observed the smith; "you aint wanted at thur house, I tell yer."

"You should stick to your original trade, for your manners are certainly not calculated to fascinate customers, my friend," replied Oaklands, walking towards the inn.

The man muttered an oath as he looked after him, and then applied himself to his work with redoubled energy. Above ten minutes had elapsed, the shoe was made, fitted to the hoof, and the process of nailing on nearly concluded, and still Oaklands did not return. I was tying my horse's rein up to a hook in the wall, with the intention of seeking him, when I heard the noise of wheels in the lane, followed immediately by the

clatter of a horse's feet, ridden at speed—both sounds at the moment ceased, as if the parties had stopped at the inn-door. The blacksmith also heard them, and appeared for a moment uncertain whether to continue his work or not; then, uttering an impatient exclamation, he began twisting off and clenching the points of the nails, as though his life depended on his haste. Perceiving that Oaklands's horse would be ready for him to mount directly, I turned to unfasten my own, when the sound of men's voices raised high in angry debate became audible; then a confused noise as of blows and scuffling ensued, mingled with the screams of women, and immediately the blacksmith's wife ran out, calling to him to hasten in, for that "they had come back and quarrelled with the strange gentleman, and now they were fighting, and there would be murder done in the house."

Without waiting to hear more, I ran hastily up the yard, followed by the blacksmith and the woman. On reaching the front of the house, I perceived, waiting at the door, a gig, in which was seated a man, dressed in a suit of rusty black, while, under the shade of the trees, a boy was leading up and down a magnificent black mare, which I instantly recognised as the identical animal Wilford had become the possessor of, in the manner Archer had related to me. The sounds of blows and struggling still continued, and proceeded, as I now ascertained, from the parlour of the ale-house. As the readiest method of reaching the scene of action, I flung open the window, which was not far from the ground, and without a moment's hesitation leaped into the room.

Stories from the Dramatists.

A VERY WOMAN. (*Massinger.*)

THERE was once a certain viceroy of Sicily, who had two children, the one of whom, a daughter, was called Almira, the other, a son, Don Pedro. At the same time there was in Sicily a duke of Messina, who had a son, Don Martino, and a daughter, Leonora; the first of whom was enamoured of Almira, and the second was the object of Don Pedro's love. Now it chanced that Don John Antonio, prince of Tarentum, a very accomplished nobleman, and one greatly beloved by Don Pedro, came also at that time, and paid court to Almira. But she, carried away by the excessive violence of her love for his rival Martino, was not only unmindful of his high qualities, but even of the duties incumbent upon one of her rank; so that she treated him with such discourtesy, as should never have been shown to a poor enemy, much less to a noble and well-born suitor. This Don John Antonio, therefore, finding his suit not likely to prosper, but only to procure him shame and vexation, resolved to give over so fruitless an undertaking, and quit the city (Palermo) wherein his mistress dwelt. To this end he requested of Don Pedro that he would procure him an interview with Almira, wherein he might take leave of so cruel a lady. Don Pedro sought his sister, and besought her to grant so small a favour, but, though he was seconded by his mistress, Leonora, who waited on Almira, he could not persuade her to consent. Nay to such a height did she carry her scorn of Antonio, and her love of his rival, as to take a jewel, which the former had previously sent her, and give it to the page of the latter, in recompense of some trifling service. So great an outrage excited the fraternal wrath of Don Pedro, who rated his sister soundly; nor was his mistress, Leonora, backward in reproaching her also; but she

made light of them both, and presently afterwards, when Don Martino came to visit her, complained to him of what she called an unreasonable request, and promised that her love should be his, and his alone, though all the kings of Christendom should seek it; with which assurances she left him, taking Leonora with her. Now Don Martino, being to the full as jealous as she was fond, and dreading lest so violent love should have as violent change, resolved within himself to get Antonio despatched from Palermo with what haste he could, so that he might incur no further danger in that quarter. In such a mood, as fate would have it, he met with Don Antonio, and presently, either being moved thereto by choler, or by the hope of driving him from the place, began to speak jeeringly to him, wondering, as he said, how so great a prince could endure such frequent slights with so stoical a composure. But this not taking effect, he called to him his page, and bade him show to Antonio that very jewel which he had given to Almira, and sho to the page. To this Antonio very quietly replied that he had made no contract with Almira, as to what use she should apply his present to; whereupon Martino, being, like choleric men in general, made more passionate by his rival's calmness, irreverently struck him on the face. So great an insult did not go unpunished, for Don Antonio drew his sword, and, despite Don Martino's efforts, soon stretched him, bleeding, on the ground. Almira, hearing the noise of their struggle, rushed in, and, finding her lover to all appearance dead, snatched his sword and wounded Don Antonio, who, on his part, offered no hindrance to her fury, saying that he should esteem himself happy in dying by her hand. To that place there speedily came the viceroy and his son Don Pedro, with Don Martino's father, the duke of Messina. And, while Almira and the duke implored the viceroy to grant them vengeance, the one for a lover, the other for a son, he gave orders to keep Antonio in safe prison, being resolved to give him a fair trial. Then, turning to the fallen Martino, he found that there was yet some life in him, whereon he ordered him to be tended with the greatest care, that so, if possible, two lives might be saved.

Now there was in Palermo a very learned doctor, by name Paulo, who, having examined Martino's wound, pronounced that his body would ere long recover its health, but that his mind, being disturbed by so grievous shocks, would not so speedily retake its former vigour, although with care and caution it might be restored also. To this end he ordered that no one, not even Almira or the duke, should have access to the wounded man, lest the excitement consequent upon their presence should increase his malady. Almira, lost in grief, with difficulty consented to the arrangement, vowing that, should Martino die, she would wear weeds for him ever afterwards. Meanwhile Don Pedro had conspired with the captain of the prison wherein Don Antonio was, to let the prisoner escape, to which the captain not only consented, but offered to escape with him. Don Antonio, being won over by the entreaties of his friend, and being got out of the harbour, met with a slaver; whereupon, seeing a good opportunity for returning to Palermo, he and his companion, the captain, disguised themselves as slaves, and put themselves into the slave-merchant's hands, that so they might be sold in the slave-market, without the knowledge of their friends in the city.

Now when the news of their escape reached the duke of Messina, grieved as he was for his son's sake, it so enraged him that he would accuse the viceroy and Don Pedro of conniving at the stratagem; and so, to punish the latter, gave orders to Circolo and Borachia, a foolish pair in his household, that they should keep strict watch upon Leonora his niece, that her lover, Don Pedro, should have no access to her. This service they readily promised to perform, and Circolo, for the better effecting of it, went down to the slave-market to buy a servant, who might assist his wife Borachia in her watch,

wherein, as luck would have it, he bought Antonio, not knowing him under his disguise. The doctor, Paulo, going down also to the market, bought the captain, and an English slave, for which the slave merchant was induced to present him with another slave, a poor, lean, ill-favoured wretch, who had crept into his company, no one knew how. Circulo now charged his slave Antonio to obey Borachia in all things, but on no account to let her have wine, she being too much given to drink; but Don Pedro coming soon afterwards, and not knowing his friend again, entreated him to carry a letter to Leonora, which, when Antonio had promised to do, he set about by giving his mistress wine, of which she drank so freely as to lose reason, so that she made love even to her slave. First then, Almira and Leonora, the former in profound grief, came walking by, so that Antonio could give the letter to Don Pedro's mistress; which being done, she thanked him, and promised to be in the garden at midnight, if Don Pedro could find means of meeting her. She also offered money to Antonio, which he refused, having done the same before by Don Pedro, in no noble and yet modest a manner, as to win that gentleman's especial approbation.

When Almira and Leonora were gone, the first began inquiring after that handsome man, with whom her friend had been speaking, and, on being told that he talked and acted as nobly as he looked, made some comments on him, and in particular inquired if he would ever come again, so as greatly to surprise Leonora, who, but a few minutes before, had seen her in the profoundest grief.

Now Martino, being healed in his body, but still diseased in his mind, was wont to bemoan himself much for the evil which he had done to Don Antonio, lamenting greatly that he should have provoked so noble a gentleman, and one so superior to himself in moderation and good breeding. Paulo, the doctor, seeing that his patient would take no consolation from man, prepared attendants, with trap-doors and machinery, to play a pageant before Martino, that so his diseased mind might take their counsels to be those of heaven. First, therefore, he caused a friar to appear before Martino, and tell him a feigned story, how that himself in former years had slain a man on smaller provocation, yet had by hearty repentance so purged his conscience as to be quiet in his mind. This failing to satisfy Martino, and on the contrary, only determining him to kill himself, that so he might do justice to Antonio, there next appeared to him an old soldier, of whom he inquired how he might best restore his honour, whereto he received answer that to live and make reparation was the most honourable course. This good counsel, coupled with sweet music and the melody of harmonious voices, did by degrees compose his unsettled thoughts, so that he professed himself quite cured, and longed only for Don Antonio, with whom he would fain be reconciled.

Meanwhile Almira, in conversation with her friend Leonora, would ask much and often about that handsome slave whom she had seen; wondering if he were a Turk or some enslaved Christian; or, being a Turk, yet a man of high rank and parentage. At length, prompted by curiosity, and by a feeling which she could not well understand or excuse to herself, she sent Leonora for Borachia, being minded to inquire whence the slave came. Borachia, being not yet sober, stated him to be the Grand Turk's son, but volunteered to send him that he might speak for himself. Now when he was come, he brought word that Don Pedro awaited Leonora in the garden, so that, on her going, Almira and he were left together. Thus they stood silent for some minutes, he with downcast looks as fearing to be discovered, she half ashamed of her new passion, yet prompted to question further. At length she broke silence, and finding in all his answers an indescribable modesty and gentleness, mingled with such marks of high breeding as could belong only to a man of high birth, besought him to tell her by what sad chance he had

fallen to so low estate. Then he, being forced to speak, told his real history without disclosing his name, saying, that he was a Biscayan of noble birth; that he had loved a lady of equal rank and chiefest excellence, and had paid court to her with such nobleness and tenderness as became her beauty and his love; that she, despising his great affection, and casting his most precious love-gifts to pages and servitors, had preferred to him a rival of coarse manners and choleric temper; that this rival, being by her suborned and set on, had insulted him in full day, and that he, provoked beyond all patience by such outrage, had slain his rival on the spot, for which deed being compelled to fly his country, he had been captured by a pirate, and so sold into slavery. This moving relation, with the added pathos of voice and gesture, and bearing so directly on Almira's own history, did not only exhibit her to herself in so unfavourable a light, but did also so increase her admiration for the supposed slave, that she could with difficulty control her passionate emotion; but her brother and Leonora returning at that moment, she begged them to walk aside a brief space longer, no less to their astonishment than to Antonio's joy. Then she besought him, as he had so moved her with the story of his love, to tell his name; whereupon he, not daring yet to trust her altogether, said that he feared to comply, because he bore a name, which, as men told him, she hated more than any other. But she, pressing him still further, and saying that any name would be welcome to her for his sake, he declared his name to be Don John Antonio. She, suspecting nothing, though somewhat astonished withal, said that she should esteem him none the less for that: that he deserved to be, and should be, her friend; whereupon they parted. But so rapt was she in thoughts of him, that when Circulo came to tell her of Martino's recovery, and to announce a visit from that gentleman to her, she could give him but broken answers, all foreign to the purpose; yet at length collected herself sufficiently to say that Martino should not come to her but by breaking through the doors; which saying the astonished Circulo went quickly to report.

Meanwhile that ill-conditioned slave who had been presented to Doctor Paulo, but who was indeed a pirate in disguise, had plotted with his fellow-pirates how to carry off Almira and Leonora by night, and sell them to the Grand Turk. For, by making himself to be despised of all men, he had gained free scope for observation, and had spied out the whole nakedness of the place, so that he did not doubt being able to effect his plans. Now, as luck would have it, Almira had written a letter to Antonio, and thrown it to him over the wall, wherein she told him of her great love for him, and of her sorrow for the wrong she had done his namesake, begging him, at the same time to meet her that night in the garden. Antonio marvelled much at this letter, wondering how there could be such levity in so great a lady, as to make her love that man in the degradation of slavery, whom she had despised in the pride of power. Nevertheless, thinking that he ought not to quarrel with a change which made so well for him, he resolved to take the fortune which the gods had provided for him. Now, when Almira was come into the garden with Leonora and two waiting women, who were much astonished to see her so bravely dressed, she sent one of them to fetch Antonio, being so impatient that she fancied him longer in coming than he should have been. At this crisis the pirates, who had made their preparations, rushed upon the women and strove to carry them off, nor would have failed, but that Antonio coming in at that moment, snatched a sword from one of them and defended the ladies right manfully. The noise of the scuffle being great, Pedro, Circulo, and others, came running in speedily, and overpowered the pirates, though not till Antonio had performed such prodigies of valour, as to fill the heart of Almira with yet greater love.

The pirates being secured, Don Pedro would have

Antonio, whom he still thought a slave, go with him to court to be rewarded for his courage. Almira, also, would go with them, saying that she had somewhat to tell to her father, which had better be said quickly. When they arrived in the audience chamber, they found Don Martino there before them, he being now quite recovered. It was looked for by all the bystanders that he and Almira would have embraced each other, but, despite all their previous professions, they behaved to each other with perfect coldness, and only uttered a few unmeaning compliments. Moreover, Martino said, before the whole court, that he had now laid aside all thoughts of woman's love, which during his past life had filled him full of evil fancies, vain imaginings, hot-burning jealousies, and proud fits of cholera, but which, in the new life he had received from Doctor Paulo, should be exchanged for such good qualities and honest actions as might constitute a perfect man; with which speech he left the company in great amazement at his changed behaviour. Nor did Almira take his conduct amiss, but only said that, fortunately for women, all were not of his opinion, and that she could find a man, as proper in mind and person as, but more enduring in affection than, Don Martino. To which her father having replied that he would confirm her choice if it were fitting, she made answer that she would not choose from those who owed their standing to the deeds of their ancestors, nor would she seek a wealthy lover, since wealth came to her by right, being the viceroy's daughter, but would single out a man who was the founder of his own fame, and was a fortune in himself, namely, that courageous slave who had saved her life. The viceroy, greatly enraged at her choice, could with difficulty be prevented from killing Antonio on the spot; but, being somewhat pacified, ordered him to prison. But being got there, it gradually transpired that he was the prince of Tarentum, who had thus disguised himself, once more to behold the lady of his love. So being taken out of prison with great honour, he was married to Almira, who could scarce excuse herself for that she had refused a prince, and offered herself to a slave. Nevertheless, allowing the all-powerful sway of love, she lived happy with her Antonio, thinking that she could best repair her fault by redoubling her affection. Yet, warned by her example, the people of Palermo learned to distrust that excessive passion, which, like a summer torrent, exhausts itself in vast outpourings, and favoured rather that calm current of affection down which Pedro and Leonora had sailed, whose stream, far from diminishing in volume, was always full and strong, because always supplied by the inexhaustible resources of two constant hearts.

TRUTTA.

(Translated from the German of Langbein.)

VALENTINE, meanwhile, in the corner of the hut, devoured the remainder of the sweetmeats with which he had provided himself for his journey into the black forest, for he was still child enough to like nothing better than pastry.

After the meal was ended, the witch prepared a couch for her guests which they were to share. The student was afraid that Trutta would slip out of her chest, lay herself down by him, and disgust him with her caresses; but, contrary to his expectations, she drew herself like a snail into her house, the witch bade them good night, and withdrew to her sleeping apartment followed by her whole black suite.

Valentine had great need of the refreshment of sleep before his meditated flight; he stretched him-

self on his couch, and Trutta with her house remained where they were. He had scarcely closed his eyes when the chest sprang from the bench, hopped over the floor like a magpie, and laid itself down by his side. Valentine ground his teeth (with rage, for he feared every moment his disgusting bed-fellow would get into bed; she spared him this, however, and kept herself close in her shell, and he soon heard her snoring.

"Now is my time," thought Valentine, "to withdraw secretly;" he crept out of bed, opened the door softly, and found himself in the open air. There was no moon, but the millions of stars in the blue sky enabled him to distinguish a path leading away from the witch's hut in the desolate waste. He took it without a moment's delay, and ran rapidly over hedge and ditch; but he was startled by hearing the bleating of a he-goat close to him, and the next moment he heard the mewing of a whole herd of cats; he looked round to see whence it came, and saw the witch's whole army of cats saddled and bridled, and she was herself riding on a black goat.

"Hollo, hollo! my worthy guest, where are you going?" said she: "you have forgotten something. You have left Trutta behind you, you rascal!"

'Twas in vain that he tried to escape; she flung the chest on his back, and the goblin came out and pinched and beat him unmercifully. The witch and the cats disappeared, and he was left alone with Trutta.

"One ought never to close one's eyes when there is such a harebrain as you to take care of," said she: "but now, whether you are tired or not, you shall carry me the whole night, and you shall have no rest till we arrive in Frankfort-on-the-Maine."

"And what shall we meet with there?" growled Valentine.

"Fortune, or Misfortune, according as you conduct yourself," said she; "as I have been appointed your mistress, I shall introduce you into the house of a rich merchant, and it will depend entirely on yourself whether you become a happy man by diligence and honesty, or whether you adorn the gallows as an incorrigible vagabond."

Valentine gulped down this severe sentence; he, however, made the natural objection, that it would be difficult for him, without testimonials and letters of recommendation, to gain the confidence of a member of such a distinguished body of men as the merchants.

"That is my affair," said Trutta; I have already prepared the necessary papers for you. You will deliver them, and will be engaged in the counting-house, where you must absolutely rise from the very lowest step. You will not get rid of me till your improvement is firmly based; but, that you may not become the common talk, or be avoided for my sake, both I and my dwelling shall be invisible."

They took the direct road to Frankfort; Trutta had no friends on this road with whom she could pass the night; and therefore, when her bearer became tired, they were obliged to enter into public houses. She was generally so good as not to show herself; but, when the rascal, in one house, engaged in a game of dice, in another got tipsy, and in another trifled with the host's daughter, down came the magic chest like a bomb: the mistress came out and punished the spendthrift with reproaches and blows.

Notwithstanding these quarrels, she presented him, at their last quarters before arriving at Frankfurt, with a new suit of clothes; gave him the promised testimonials, and ordered him to deliver them to the rich merchant, Peter Lütkins, whose dwelling she pointed out to him. The chief of these papers was a letter to the merchant from his own father, whose handwriting was more cleverly imitated than it had ever been by his good-for-nothing son, when he had sometimes wanted his father's signature to a false bill.

Herr Peter, an honest old German, had lately lost a very faithful clerk by death, and wished to fill the empty stool in his counting-house as soon as possible. It is true there were plenty of idle people about him; with every one there was a but,—one loved play, another wine, and so on: besides, Herr Peter had the whim of not liking to entrust his affairs and money to young men who had extensive connexions in the town; for this reason he wished to engage a foreigner. He had just taken up his pen to write to a correspondent on the subject, when Valentine appeared, and gave him his father's letter. Herr Peter, to whom the celebrated merchant, Altmayer of Leipzig, was well known, esteemed himself happy in seeing the son of such an excellent man, and took the rogue into his service without hesitation.

Valentine turned his best side outwards at first; he was orderly and diligent in his affairs, and accomplished them with a dexterity in which he was not wanting when he pleased.

Trutta, who had entered Herr Peter's house invisibly on his back, and had taken up her abode in a corner of her pupil's room, said a few friendly words to him every night when he went to bed; and, with this exception, she saw nothing of him, and even this soon ceased.

When this silence had continued for many weeks, he began to fancy that she had withdrawn quietly, because she saw it was unnecessary to tutor him any longer: he placed his ear to the chest, knocked softly upon it with his fingers, but nothing moved inside. There seemed no danger now in giving way to his inclinations; he commenced one day when he was alone in the counting-house, with trying the skeleton-key which he had brought from Leipzig, into his master's iron chest: the lock opened without difficulty; but, as he bent down into the deep chest to seize a handful of gold, the lid was clapped down with violence upon him: he stuck there as though he were in a trap, all his endeavours to escape from this dilemma were in vain.

While he was struggling in despair, a new terror assailed him; his tormentor sitting above him on the lid looked down into the opening with an angry countenance, seized him by the ear, shook him well, and cried—"Ha, rascal! are you there? shall I crush you this moment like a worm—or will you promise me faithfully to be from this time forth an honest fellow? One way or the other we must separate; for I am tired of sitting for ever in my prison house for your sake, and of being always obliged to keep a watchful eye upon you, you gallowbird."

In this necessity he promised what the Fury desired: she took pity on him, but threatened to ruin him without mercy if she ever caught him at such tricks again.

Master Mammat, said she, had taken it into his

head either to make him happy, or to plague him for ever: he wished to show the arrogant Famulus Wagner that he was not the unimportant spirit he took him for, and that any adventurer could not assail him with nicknames, without finding that evil as well as good might come of it.

"I am curious to know what happiness is in store for me, if I submit to all this," thought Valentine, when he saw that his old course of life was entirely closed to him. He thrust his bosom sin with stern determination from him, was the most industrious clerk in Herr Peter's counting-house, withstood every temptation, gained his master's confidence, and received a handsome present from him after prudently and faithfully concluding a very important business. This advantage which he had gained in a right manner did him good. It grew into a habit with him not to help himself with tricks and shifts, and after the lapse of half a year he withstood a severe test, for he had an opportunity of embezzling a large sum without fear of discovery, but he resisted it manfully, and without taking any particular merit to himself, for he concluded he could not have acted otherwise.

In the meantime the empty chest stood immovable in its place, and in no way betrayed whether Trutta was inside or not. On the evening of the day when the converted sinner gave such a signal proof of his amendment, his attention was drawn by a slight movement within the hated boards.

With horror which he could not avoid feeling, (as he dreaded the appearance of the old woman,) he looked towards the corner, in which Trutta's little house stood, covered with spiders' webs, and saw the cover slowly raised. But, heavens! what a change! A maiden, lovely and mild as an angel, came out, and invitingly threw him a kiss. He started forward to embrace her, but she sunk as suddenly as she had appeared, leaving the air perfumed with roses.

Valentine stood for some moments like a statue; he then raised the chest (which he had formerly avoided touching) on the table; looked through every chink, but saw nothing but a hollow shell. He passed a sleepless night—the lovely image hovered constantly before his eyes—how was it possible to recal the original?

The following day the lovely appearance was continually in his thoughts; he imagined she might be the forerunner of a living maiden, whom the reconciled spirit of the Black Forest intended for him.

This agreeable fancy animated and urged him on to greater improvement; in all that he did he imagined himself observed by his spirit bride. Months and weeks, however, elapsed before it pleased her to embody herself, or even to be seen in the former incorporeal form. Discontented at this, it gave him but little joy to be promoted to the office of book-keeper; every number that he wrote reminded him of his trials, which he was afraid were like the blanks of a lottery-ticket, and would never turn up a prize.

One day, when he mused in this manner, a carriage drew up before the door. Herr Peter was called out of the counting-house, and soon afterwards one of the assistants brought the news that the master had company; that his sister had arrived, with her daughter, from Strasburg.

"Oh, that's excellent!" cried one of the clerks. "The old man won't be sitting in the corner all

day to watch us, and we shall become acquainted with a maiden who is said to be a miracle of beauty."

"She cannot be equal to the image I bear in my heart," thought the melancholy book-keeper; and he obeyed the call to dinner very indifferently, though he knew that he should meet the beautiful Strasburgher.

He entered the dining-room, and started back in astonishment; for in the lovely stranger he recognised the aerial visitor of the chest.

The young Strasburgher also changed colour when she saw him, and was silent and embarrassed.

Valentine, who as book-keeper had the privilege of speaking at his master's table as well as at other times, and generally made use of it, could only answer in monosyllables. "What whim has our Altmayer taken into his head? He is as mute as a fish to-day."

Katchen from Strasburg blushed, for she felt that her presence was the cause of his silence.

The embarrassed book-keeper, who pretended to have a head-ache, felt relieved when dinner was over; he hastened into his chamber, and, looking into the detestable corner, found that Trutta's dwelling had disappeared.

The ladies from Strasburg had agreed to remain a month at Frankfort, and it happened as the reader has already anticipated:—The two young people became familiar with each other, and confessed their love. Herr Peter and his sister, who soon suspected their secret, questioned them, brought them to an acknowledgment without much trouble, and after some slight hesitation consented to their being betrothed.

Intoxicated with joy, the prodigal son wrote to his father, informing him of his good fortune, keeping, however, a cautious silence on his past adventures.

Somedays before the marriage, Katchen jestingly asked her lover to show her his room. He led her into it; she started at the threshold, examined it closely, and then said, "This little room and its furniture seems as well known to me, as if I had seen it somewhere before. It is now some months," continued she, "since one evening I fell into a sort of trance; and, when I came to my senses, I had the idea that I was in a room unknown to me; that I rose from a chest, and saw a youth of your form and features, dear Altmayer, before me. This made me not a little surprised when I saw you for the first time; and my dream is the more remarkable, from my finding this room like what I then saw. Nothing is wanting but the chest; was there ever one standing in that corner?"

Valentine, after some hesitation, answered in the negative; he did not think it advisable to discover his intercourse with Spirits and Kobolds.

The marriage was splendidly solemnized. At table the grateful bridegroom silently devoted the first glass to his friend in the Black Forest, and, a few months after, having to take a journey on business, he made a wide circuit to Mammart's castle, and calling him by his right name, the Spirit appeared, and Valentine thanked him sincerely for the good he had bestowed upon him.

"Right, right!" said Mammart, smiling. "I made an honest man of you by comic severity, and that is much better than if Doctor Faust, the devil's confederate, had overwhelmed you with gold. Go in peace!"

THE MAIDEN AUNT,¹

No. III.—CHAP. IV.

"Oh Frank!" cried Edith, throwing herself on the sofa beside her brother, "I don't like your friend at all!"

"Not like him! Now my dear Edith, that is so like a school-girl—making up your mind that you don't like a man, after two days' acquaintance!"

"I never could like him, if I were to know him for years—besides, I think one knows very well by the end of two days how far it is possible to like a person."

Her brother laughed.

"Now don't tease me, Frank," she pursued; "I am not school-girlish; and really your friend's opinions are so very dreadful, that it would be impossible for me to like him."

"My dear child, he only talks in that manner for the sake of argument. A man always tries to provoke a girl when he wants to draw her out."

"But I do not like to be played with in that manner. Besides, I am quite sure he was in earnest in a great deal of what he said."

"What! in his misanthropy?" asked Frank. "Poor fellow! it is no wonder that he is a little soured; when you know his story, you will understand directly that it is almost impossible for him to take a cheerful view of life. His father died some four and twenty years ago, leaving a widow with three young children, of whom Philip, scarcely then eight years old, was the eldest. Mrs. Everard was a very attractive woman, and her children idolized her. I remember her well,—there was about her that sort of undisguised warmth, nay, almost excitability of manner, which people are apt to consider a sign of deep feeling, and which, when it is accompanied by grace, fluency, and gentleness, makes a woman absolutely irresistible. But, after all, I distrust the sort of thing myself—there's no substance in it. She was the kind of woman that would go into hysterics one hour because something reminded her of her husband, and be the life and queen of a gay circle the next."

"She must have been a hypocrite," said Edith, with the unhesitating decision of eighteen.

"No," replied I; "I have known characters of that stamp in the course of my life, and should say of them, with Byron, 'they are not false, but they are fickle.' There is a fascination in the freedom and nature with which such a woman displays the very feelings which, when real, are reserved and retiring—a fascination which perhaps at first would only be resisted by a mind of unusual refinement; but, as your brother says, 'there is no substance in it.' Shakspeare, who touches everything, has given us the model of such a character in his Lady Anne, 'inconstant, shallow, changing.' Those who quarrel with the picture as *unnatural*, or who would destroy its truth by explaining away either the genuineness of her tears over her husband's corpse, or the sincerity of the weakness with which she yields to the wooing of that very husband's murderer, mistake the intention of the portraits altogether. Its very nature consists in its contradictions, which, to the merely theoretical observer, make it appear *unnatural*—but pray, Mr. Kinnaird, go on with Mrs. Everard's history."

He resumed, "Philip was a boy of unusual talents, and excessively warm affections—you may look incredulous if you please, Edith, but I have all these particulars from the very highest authority. He pos-

(1) Continued from page 302.

tively worshipped his mother. He was sent to school early; and therefore it was not to be expected that, as he grew old enough to observe, the true shallowness of her character should be discovered by him. To him she was enthusiastically affectionate: welcoming him and parting from him with floods of tears, loading him with caresses, insisting on receiving a letter from him at least once a week while they were separated, and indulging him to the very uttermost when they were together. The family arrangements were rather peculiar. Mr Everard was a poor man, and the property which he left behind him did not amount to more than four hundred a year: this he divided equally between the widow and the eldest son, leaving the sole guardianship of the boy in the hands of a friend of tried discretion, and recommending to both, in the most earnest and affectionate terms, the charge of the two younger children. Philip was destined for the church; he was a remarkable boy, and, even from a very early age, fully comprehending the position of the family, he habituated himself to the practice of the strictest personal self-denial. His guardian, from whom I learned these circumstances, told me, that, during a vacation which the boy passed under his roof when not more than twelve years old, his economy was so strict as to attract attention. He was evidently living by system—he refused steadily all the petty luxuries of the table, and either had no pocket-money at all, or, if he had any, never spent it. Mr. Gray, who had no very high opinion of Mrs. Everard, began to suspect that the allowance which he made her for her son's use, was partly appropriated to other purposes—or else that the boy himself was naturally stingy—a thing almost inconceivable. So he called Philip into his study one morning, and questioned him, kindly but closely. The little fellow answered with the utmost simplicity, 'that he had lately read for the first time the letter which his father had left for him, and that, now that he understood exactly how they were all circumstanced, he was trying to accustom himself to live upon as little as possible, in order that there might be money saved to pay for the education of his brothers' (twins, seven years younger than himself). 'For you know,' he added, 'Mamma must of course have her two hundred a year to keep house with, and I must pay for Ralph and Harry's schooling.' Mr. Gray was touched, and promised his assistance in the education of the younger boys; but though Philip thanked him warmly, he appeared to consider the responsibility inalienably his own, and did not relax the strictness of his self-imposed rule. As he grew older, he showed the most passionate love of study, and his soul seemed to be entirely absorbed in the profession for which he was preparing himself. He went to college, and there his merit was great indeed, if it is to be tried by your rule, Miss Forde, and praised proportionately to the temptations which it had to withstand. I believe I may say, speaking plain and unvarnished truth, that he never allowed himself in the smallest expense that was not absolutely necessary—and you must know what that implies, when it describes the life of a youth during his first term at college. He had to contend not merely against the vulgar weapons of ridicule, which have ever found him proof, but against the more dangerous assaults of courtesy, kindness, and friendship. For he had all the qualities which make a man popular—person, manners, conversational power both grave and humorous, high spirits, and love of adventure. Moreover he was by nature peculiarly susceptible of the attractions of society; he never could do any thing by halves—he liked in the morning to shut himself up in his rooms and read for six hours without intermission, and then to spend the rest of the day either in vehement bodily exercise, or complete relaxation and reckless merriment. Think what it must have been to a character of this stamp, to lead a life in which the stern monotony of self-denial and seclusion

was unvaried by a single indulgence! yet I do believe that at this time he was happy—happier than he has ever been since, poor fellow! Every energy of his nature was engrossed and occupied by one object—he was living for a purpose worthy of his entire self-devotion, and the fulfilment of which that self-devotion was sure eventually to attain. 'Every day,' as he once said, on the only occasion on which I have heard him allude to his early trials—'Every day was a battle—but then it was a battle which ended in victory.'

"Oh!" cried Edith, whose expressive countenance had kindled into emotion as her brother proceeded with his story; "you are describing a most noble character! I never should have given him credit for such heroism. And why did he change? Why did not he go into orders after all?"

Frank laughed. "Everard would tell you," said he, "that you are as exaggerated in your praise as you were in your condemnation; and that it is true young-lady philosophy to spring from one extreme to another."

"Well, never mind," returned Edith, impatiently; "I don't want to hear Captain Everard's sharp speeches by proxy; and I do want, very much indeed, to know what happened next."

"He came home for his first vacation," said Frank, "after spending the college term in the manner which I have described to you—came for repose, affection, family comfort—and found that his mother had been married the day before to her younger boy's French master; that she had quitted her home with this scoundrel, and deserted the two poor boys, not only leaving them entirely dependant on their elder brother, but actually leaving unpaid debts for him to discharge! and this without a word of preparation or of farewell; only a note, left for Everard, full of hollow expressions of affection for himself and his brothers, and appeals to him not to resent her having taken the only step which could procure her happiness for the remainder of her life."

"What a woman!" exclaimed I. Edith was speechless with horror. Frank continued his narration.

"It appears that she was infatuated by her passion for this man; and that, devoting herself to him with a weak idolatry, she became a passive tool in his hands, and abandoned her children's interest for his without compunction. His object, of course, was to obtain exclusive mastery of her little income; and with that view he induced her to conceal her intentions till the marriage was actually completed, and they were beyond the reach of remonstrance. He carried her to France; and it is only charitable to conclude that he keeps her in the state of subjection which she deserves, for she has never answered a single letter addressed to her, nor testified the smallest desire to know whether her children are dead or alive."

"Inconceivable heartlessness!" said Edith; "she must be acting under compulsion, and I hope she is thoroughly miserable."

"By this time," pursued her brother, "I suppose Everard has your full sympathies, and you have transferred your hatred for him to his mother. He behaved admirably. Whatever he may have felt, he betrayed it not for a moment; he at once abandoned all his prospects, accepted a commission which was offered to him by a friend of his late father, gave up the whole of his own income for the use of the younger children, and lived upon his pay. He has never since mentioned his mother's name. Doubtless there is a stern and bitter feeling at his heart, all the stronger for being so resolutely suppressed. But now, Edith, is it wonderful that his nature should be a little soured, and his faith in his fellow-creatures a little shaken? For eighteen years of his life he believed his mother to be the very perfection of unselfish tenderness, and would have held it sacrilege to doubt her. Can such a feeling as this be suddenly destroyed without the whole man undergoing a painful and irrevocable change?"

"And his hopes blighted, and his thoughts and course

of life forced to a new and unnatural bent, and the source and spring of all affection in him dried up, as if by burning!—no, indeed! the wonder is that he did not become a misanthrope or a madman."

"I need not have feared your want of sympathy," said Kinnauld, smiling; "as to the rest, you know what a friend Everard has been to me; I owe it to him that I am not an utter scapegrace—most probably that I am alive at all; for you know how his steady friendship extricated me from the worst scrape I ever was in—the duel with that fellow Vincent. Without (I hope) being really ill-disposed, I was open to every temptation, ready for every mischief that came in my way; but for him I believe I should have become a confirmed gambler. I shall be grateful to him as long as I live, as I ought to be; and some day or other perhaps he will do more justice to my feelings towards him than I am afraid he does just now; though, mark you, I do not take all the nonsense he has been talking to you for his earnest opinion."

"Oh! I shall understand him now!" replied Edith; "his bitterness of tone is not only natural, but inevitable. How I hope," she added thoughtfully, "that he may be rewarded by happiness after all!"

The conversation dropped here, for Frank departed to put his letters into the post, and Edith fell into so deep a reverie that I did not like to disturb her.

The week which was to be endured (the expression is scarcely too strong, when applied to the feelings of a girl of eighteen awaiting her first bull) ere the important Thursday should arrive, passed away much as might have been anticipated. Frank and Captain Everard were perpetually with us; but, though Edith had become charity itself towards the latter, in consequence of the interest she felt in his history, I confess that my own feelings with regard to him were by no means softened. His agreeableness and conversational powers were undeniable; but the offensiveness of his opinions seemed rather to increase than to diminish, while his total indifference to Edith's charms absolutely annoyed me. He still maintained that tone of banter which rendered it difficult to separate jest from earnest in what he said, and well nigh impossible to discover how far the sentiments which he expressed were genuine, and how far they were merely assumed for the sake of drawing out his fair antagonist, whose enthusiasm seemed to increase in proportion to his levity, as though she were seriously bent on converting him to happier views. My dislike to him I think he perceived, but treated it with that contemptuous indifference which seems natural to the heart of man when the phenomenon ye call old maid is under consideration. With Lord Vaughan, on the other hand, I was every day more pleased; I say "every day," for he was literally a daily visitor. A message from his mother, a book to borrow or lend, a song to introduce and sentimentalize over (for he had all that shallow gentleman-like enthusiasm about music which consists in an uncritical admiration of a pretty song from the lips of a pretty girl); some pretext or other was sure to bring him up the garden-sweep, a little before the witching hour of luncheon; and then it was not his fault if arrangements were not made which ensured that the rest of the morning, if not the whole of the day, should be passed in the society of the beautiful heiress. All that I saw of him I liked. He was unaffected, lively, and good-humoured; and, if not very refined in his tastes or intellectual in his pursuits, I was disposed to think that a sensible wife might make just what she pleased of him. That Edith was his superior in mental power there could be little doubt; but I persuaded myself that this was of no consequence—forgetting, or overlooking, the fact, that he was destitute of that ascendancy of character which alone can compensate for the want of intellectual superiority; and that an union in which the wife moulds the husband, and not the husband the wife, is one with which love, properly so called, can have nothing whatever to do.

THE ORPHANS OF ST. GRATIEN;

OR,

FANCHETTE BRULARD.

CHAPTER III.

"FANCHETTE, a beautiful carriage is passing by; do come and look at it!" cried Lazette to her sister, who was busy hanging linen in the little garret of the house.

"I suppose it is to ask their way," replied Fanchette, without stirring. "Call Pierre, and tell him to show it."

"Pierre is at the door," said Lazette. "The carriage is stopping. . . . A gentleman is putting his head out of the window and speaking to Pierre. . . . He is getting out. . . . Our good Curé is with him,—he is getting out too; . . . and the Doctor also;—they are all coming this way. Come down, Fanchette; come down. I am sure they have some work for us."

Hardly were the words uttered, when the three gentlemen were ushered by Pierre into the cabin.

"Good morning, Lazette," said the Curé. "Where is your sister, my child?"

"She is coming down, sir," replied Lazette, accompanying her speech with a little curtsy. "Will you be so kind as to sit down, gentlemen, till she comes!" And the young girl presented them with wooden chairs, whose snowy whiteness showed that no pains had been spared in scouring them.

The Doctor and the Curé seated themselves; the other gentleman, who was a stranger to Lazette, remained standing, attentively examining the room; but it was evident that it was not mere curiosity that impelled him to this inspection, for his gaze seemed to speak of gratified sensibility.

"Is it not just as we told you?" said the Curé and the Doctor to him.

At this moment Fanchette appeared, tall and robust, her face beaming with health, and that look of perfect contentment which is produced by a good conscience. She advanced civilly towards the three visitors, and inquired what she could do for them.

"We only want you to come with us, Mademoiselle," replied the stranger.

"May I venture to ask whither, Sir?" replied Fanchette, in astonishment.

"Do not trouble yourself about that, my child," said the Doctor, speaking to her with all the familiarity of one who had known her from her cradle.—"But go and dress yourself; and you, too, Lazette. . . . and you, also, Pierre; put on all your best; for we will take you to Paris."

"To Paris!" repeated Lazette and Pierre, looking at their sister.

"As your honour wishes, we have only to obey," replied Fanchette: then, making a sign to the children, they all three disappeared up the ladder which led to the garret; and before long came down again, having completed their simple toilette. A calico gown, coarse, but neatly made, a silk apron, a little white bonnet, comfortable shoes and stockings, and a new neckerchief; such was the dress of the two girls. Pierre looked quite proud of his Sunday coat of blue cloth, and his thick plaid trousers.

"Let us set off," said the stranger. And the coachman having opened the carriage door, he presented his hand to Fanchette, to hand her in.

Fanchette became as red as fire; but the Doctor having said—"Go on, my child," she sprang up the steps, and seated herself bolt-upright on the first seat. Lazette and her brother placed themselves near her. The three gentlemen sat opposite, and the carriage went off at full speed. The three orphans, who had

never before been in any kind of carriage, seemed at first terrified at the unusual motion; but the respect due to the Curé and his companions made them repress any expression of fear. Meanwhile the carriage rolled on rapidly.

The noise of the wheels upon the pavement of St. Gratien drew all the inhabitants of the village to their doors.

"Stay; look at the Curé! where can he be going to?" demanded those who had as yet perceived only the pastor.—"And the Doctor is with him," cried another. And then an exclamation burst out, and flew, if we may so speak, from mouth to mouth,—*"Fanchette in a carriage, and Lazette, and Pierre!"* What can all this be about?" Many a greeting did she get by the way, but the young girl did not return them; not from any feeling of pride at thus being in a fine equipage, drawn by young prancing horses, and in the company of the Curé, the Doctor, and a fine gentleman who had a red ribbon in his button-hole; on the contrary, she was ashamed of this pomp,—she, a poor country girl, sewing from morning till night. She cast down her eyes, and did not venture to look at her respected conductors; so confused was she by this mark of their favour, that she could not enjoy it.

On went the carriage, passed through St. Denis, then through a part of Paris, then the Pont-Neuf, and then along the quays, till at last it stopped before a handsome monument situated in front of the Pont-des-Arts.

The three gentlemen alighted; Fanchette, with her brother and sister, followed; and all six entered the interior of the building. It was a circular apartment, with three doors opening upon as many galleries. Opposite them was a balustrade in the form of a crescent, in which were placed three arm-chairs, with a desk in front of each.

The Doctor and the Curé introduced the three orphans into this apartment, and placed them on a bench at the right-hand side of the crescent;—then, two doors opened, and gentlemen dressed in green embroidered with silver, took their places, some on the right, some on the left and the front of this crescent.

When Fanchette ventured to raise her eyes, she was not a little astonished to see before her, in the President's chair, the gentleman who had come for her to the cottage.

Then the meeting began. The President rose and related the history of Fanchette. When she heard her name pronounced in that assembly, followed by praises of conduct, which, up to that time, the simple country girl had considered only natural, she fancied herself in a dream; but, when the President concluded his speech, by saying, that the prize of ten thousand francs, founded by the late Baron Monthyon in favour of any of the French poor who should perform any extraordinary act of virtue, was adjudged to Fanchette Brulard, and when she discerned, as well as eyes dimmed with tears would allow, the venerable Pastor of St. Gratien take a crown from the hands of the President, and come to present it to her—to her very self!—she at length understood that she was the object of all that had been said; she rose, she tried to speak; but this public homage was too unexpected, too overwhelming for the artless simplicity of the young girl. She could not restrain her emotion, and fainted away. She was carried into an apartment of the Institution, and thus escaped the acclamations which this simple and touching accident had called forth. She recovered to find her brother and sister weeping over her with grateful affection.

That same year, the State gave a dowry to Fanchette, who was married to a respectable tradesman, with whom she enjoys all the happiness she deserves. She is now a mother, and as good a mother as she was a daughter and a sister. Lazette has determined never to leave her.

As to Pierre, bound to a trade very young, he is now

out of his time, and in a fair way to a comfortable independence.

What were now all Fanchette's past trials,—the long days of labour, so hard to the desolate young orphan,—but so many causes of daily thanksgiving to that God who had inspired her with such disinterested fortitude! Thus these three beings, who seemed to have been condemned to destitution and misery, are all made happy through the self-devotedness of one of them, and a striking example is afforded of what may be effected by the love of God, by true affection, and persevering industry.

It may not be uninteresting to mention some of the cases to which have been awarded the prizes for Virtue founded by the philanthropic Monthyon. They are distributed annually; and the record proves what a spirit of love is exercised by the poorer classes. A regular list, even of the most remarkable, would be endless. A few are given without any attempt at selection:—

Julie Bagot, with an income only of seven hundred livres, founds an asylum for poor orphans. She teaches them to read, to write, and to sew, and brings them up in the fear of God.

Marie Robert continues, during forty-two years, to serve her employers, who had met with reverse of fortune and fallen into indigence, and who could not give her a penny wages. She refuses ever to abandon them, and even maintains them by her labour.

Catherine-Félicité Gusgy, to whose care had been committed an orphan, the infant son of a friend, as poor as herself, who died in child-birth. Catherine put the child to nurse, and afterwards brought him up as her own son, though it was a heavy burden upon a family, the head of which was a poor tailor, and the wife endeavouring to earn something by embroidery. They gave him some education; and, not succeeding in making him a musician, they placed him with an engineer, paying for him rather a high apprentice fee. He became expert at his work, and ceased to be a burden on those whom he believed to be his parents; and, in his turn, helped them when illness had rendered Catherine's husband unable to work.

It was then he learned that he was not their son, which caused him as much grief as astonishment. In order to spare these two excellent people even the shadow of humiliation, which every noble mind must feel, at receiving aid from a stranger, he obliged them to adopt him as their son by a legal act. Others take out patents to secure a right to an inheritance; he did it in order to acquire the right of assisting his benefactors, fallen into poverty, without wounding their delicacy.

The following account has been related by a Curé of Paris to the Committee entrusted with awarding the Monthyon prizes:—

"The wife of Jacques, a water carrier, who is the father of three children, one of whom is dumb and sickly, and who earns at the utmost thirty-five or forty sous a-day, came to me the other day to ask help for a poor infirm woman, named Pétrelle, who had lost two fingers, and was unable to earn her bread.

"Where does she live?" I inquired.

"With us."

"For how long?"

"Indeed, now nearly eleven months."

"How much does she pay you a-day?"

"Oh, sir! how could she pay me anything?"

"What, nothing?"

"Not so much as a glass of water."

"Does she receive anything from the parish?"

"Yes, sir; and I also. I receive bread for my children. Since she came to us, I make the soup go as far as I can, and she takes her share."

"But you are not in a situation to make such a sacrifice: surely she has promised to pay you some time or other!"

"She has never promised me anything but her prayers."

"And does your husband make no objection?"

"My husband never says anything; he is too kind-hearted for that."

"He is not a customer at the public-house?"

"Oh, no! indeed, never. He works for his children till he is half dead."

"And you actually have had this woman for nearly eleven months?"

"What could we do? We found her in the street! She asked us to take her in for a couple of days. Would you have had me or Jacques have had the heart to shut the door in her face? And, besides, you know we ought to do to others as we would they should do unto us."

"But, my good woman, how many rooms have you?"

"Two."

"What rent do you pay?"

"A hundred and twenty francs. Our rent has been raised twenty francs; that comes to eight sous a-day."

"Why, even you yourself are in want of charity?"

"As I told you, sir, I receive bread from the parish for my children. Thanks be to God! I ask nothing for myself,—so long as my husband and I can work, I should be ashamed to trouble any one."

"Well, my good woman, take these two crowns...."

"Poor Pétrole! How glad she will be!"

"And her eyes filled with tears of joy. It was for herself I had intended the money, but I let her remain in an error, which did her so much honour."

A CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE COUNTRY.

CHAP. IX.

"Upon my word, Lucy," exclaimed Alleyn, when his sister had concluded her rhapsody—"Upon my word you have strange ideas of proportion! Doubtless your friends the fairies are very clever people, and can do wonders; yet I appeal to everybody if it be possible to creep into a thimble. Your own thimble! Just make the attempt! If you will be poetical, pray try if you cannot be a little sensible also."

All laughed at Alleyn's indignation, and even Lucy allowed she had been talking something like nonsense; but contended that "fairy thimbles" was a very pretty name.

"And it is borne out by the botanical name, *digitalis*, Lucy," said Cyril; "which Alleyn himself must allow to be Latin for a thimble."

"If you talk of classical names," said Alleyn, "I must ask if *Cypripedium* does not come from Cypria, a name of Venus; and if the lady's slipper may not be supposed to be consecrated to Venus as well as to the Virgin Mary?"

"Your derivation is correct, I believe," returned Rosaline, "and poor Mr. Selby made sore complaint, (though I know not with what justice,) that modern botanists had stolen many plants from their more holy associations to give them to the pagan deities, or at least to obliterate any trace of the obligation which medical botany is under to the monks of old, by changing their names; adducing as instances, besides this very plant, the maiden or Venus' hair, which was formerly our Lady's hair; *flor Jovis*, formerly God's flower; iris, formerly the flower of St. Louis, or *Fleur de Lys*; the daisy, formerly dedicated to St. Margaret, and still called *La Belle Marguerite* by our continental neighbours; the goats-head, which was formerly the Star of Jerusalem; the crocodil or Lent lily, and the pansy or *viola tricolor*, which used to be called herb Trinity. He even included the rosemary in his religiously named plants, as Mr. Barlow would have done, but we stood out for the other, and I believe the proper derivation of this name."

"Marygold and Costmary, however," added Lucy, "we were obliged to yield to him; and they, like the Star of Bethlehem and others, still retain their old appellations."

"A little reflection," said Sophia, "will help us to several others. Canterbury bells, for instance, so named in honour of St. Augustine, who preached Christianity to our Saxon forefathers in that city, near which the flowers abound; hollyoak, which is a corruption of holy oak; our Lady's smock, or cuckoo flower—*cardamine pratensis*—which some say is so called because where this flower is plentiful, it spreads white over the meadows like linen lying to be bleached; whilst others derive the name from its appearing about the feast of the Annunciation or Lady-day; the *polygala vulgaris*, or milkwort, has been called cross-flower—not because it is cruciform, for in fact it is a papilionaceous flower—but because it blooms about the third of May, the feast of the Invention (or finding) of the Cross; and my often-quoted friend Gerarde says it may be called Rogation flower, "because the maidens who do walk in procession in Rogation week do use it in their garlands."

"Then," continued Lucy, "we have the *Hypericum*, or St. John's-wort, which flowers about the twenty-fourth of June, the feast of St. John the Baptist; and the Basil, so named in honour of St. Basil; the herb St. Robert; and the herb St. Bennet."

"You must not pass over the St. John's-wort so hastily, if you please," interrupted Charles, "since you well know it is still held to be a most wonderful and mystic plant by all the lads and lasses in this neighbourhood. If Justine stay with us until midsummer she may have her fortune told, and perform all requisite incantations on Midsummer's Eve."

"Indeed," exclaimed Justine, "I will do no such thing, for I should be frightened to death if I did. Natalie de Bignon, Susette Marigny, her brother Paul, and I, once agreed to go to a fashionable conjuror in Paris, but my courage failed before we set out, and though they laughed at me, and teased me, and coaxed me, I let them go alone—and they came back dreadfully alarmed—Natalie, and Susette, I mean. I never shall forget how pale Susette looked! He had told her she was to suffer much distress from '*une demoiselle de mauvaie mine, bien mise en robe bleu*,' and I can assure you she turned pale at the sight of every blue dress she saw for a month afterwards. She actually quarrelled with me for wearing '*une robe céleste*—and I am sure I do not think I am '*une demoiselle de mauvaie mine*—am I?"

"No, no, ma belle cousine," replied Charles to this inquiry, "we must all deny such a charge against you, though I must say you did not show yourself '*une demoiselle bien courageuse*.'"

"Oh, I am sure I should have been frightened to death, for every body was frightened at him, and he was quite the rage. They said he was as wonderful as the famous Mademoiselle le Normand. Natalie could not sleep for a week afterwards, and her mamma was very angry. I was so glad I did not go!"

"I fancy, Justine," said Mrs. Lorraine, "that part of your rejoicing would be from a feeling that the expedition was not a very proper one, and I do not wonder at Madame de Bignon being angry with the party who went. Our country mysteries, though equally foolish, are divested of impropriety, and it is a curious circumstance that St. John's Eve, seems to be selected for superstitious purposes in various countries, and the St. John's-wort held as a 'plant of power' wherever it grows."

"There are many particulars of midsummer customs in '*The Every Day Book*,' especially that of lighting bonfires on St. John's Eve, still kept up in Ireland, and supposed to be derived from the worshippers of Baal," said Mr. Lorraine, "and there are likewise quoted both Spanish and German poetical traces of the veneration in which the day and the St. John's-wort are

held in Spain and Germany. The burden of the Spanish ballad which has been sung for centuries on the banks of the Guadalquivir, is

'Come forth, come forth, my maidens, 'tis the day of good St. John,
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon;
And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is new,
To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew.'

"But Justine must learn the German rite," cried Charles, "it is a pity we have not it in the original grandly-rumbling words, but she must try what the translation will do—"

'Thou silver glow-worm, O lend me thy light,
I must gather the mystic St. John's-wort to night,
The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride.'

"I think," said aunt Martha, "we should all be more pleased with Mrs. Howitt's lines, entitled 'Holy Flowers,' which certainly speak my feelings on the subject we have been discussing, and which are the more valuable as a testimony in favour of those beautiful old names and sacred associations, because they come from one of a sect who regard all outward tokens of reverence for holy things as superstitious. She begins by lamenting—"

'Woe's me—how knowledge makes forlorn;
The forest and the field are shorn
Of their old growth, the holy flowers—
Of if they spring, they are not ours.'

And then, after describing the peasant of old meeting them in his daily toil, goes on to say—

'Then musing in the woodland nook,
Each flower was as a written book,
Recalling by memorial quaint,
The holy deed of martyred saint;
The patient faith, which, unsubdued,
Grew mightier through fire and blood.
One blossom, 'mid its leafy shade
The virgin's purity portrayed;
And one, with cup all crimson dyed,
Spoke of a Saviour crucified;
And rich the store of holy thought
That little forest-flower brought;
Doctrine and miracle, white'er
We draw from books was treasured there.'

And after some beautiful description, too long for me to quote, concludes by asking—

'What though in our pride's selfish mood,
We hold those times as dark and rude?
Yet give we, from our wealth of mind,
Feeling more grateful or refused?
And yield we unto nature aught
Of loftier, or of holier thought,
Than they, who gave sublimest power
To the small spring and simple flower?'

"It certainly was a very ingenious method of impressing knowledge upon the minds of the unlettered peasantry; but are all these holy flowers natives of Great Britain, Sophia?" asked Mrs. Barlow.

"Certainly not all, nor even all that are commonly esteemed such, many of which are only naturalized, and usually found in those vicinities where trace or tradition of some abbey, cell, or other monastic institution yet lingers. The monk's hood, for instance, appears like a cowed ghost in the scenes where it was honoured; and one writer has even declared that the snowdrop loves such sacred haunts, and in support of his theory of its foreign origin, says that it is never named by Chaucer, though he has celebrated the daisy and many other of the really indigenous flowers."

"How strange that they should have remained so long attached to one spot! I should have thought

that they would have died away in the course of time," remarked Justine.

"The perpetual reproduction of plants," said Mr. Barlow, "provides for their continuance, and it is not so much the ghost of the monk's hood as one of the descendants of the original stock which we meet with in these old stations; besides which, nothing is more wonderful than the vitality of seeds. They may be hidden in the ground for years—nay, for ages, undestroyed, and at length, when brought by accident near the surface, or otherwise into a favourable situation for development, spring to life, surprising all around as a new and apparently unaccountable production. Soil which is raised by boring for water at the depth of many yards, will produce vegetation when exposed to the influence of the atmosphere; and after ploughing up moor lands or very old sward, many plants will appear which have not grown there before, and even sometimes such as are unknown in the neighbourhood. Near my own residence, for instance, in one locality, every piece of old sward which is broken up yields for the first year an abundant crop of that useless weed, the yellow rattle, which disappears in a few seasons."

"I think Jesse, in his 'Gleanings on Natural History,' mentions a curious fact in corroboration of what you say of the vitality of seeds," said Mr. Loraine; "which is, that near an old castle at Moffat, formerly belonging to the Regent Murray, whenever the peat, which is some inches deep, is removed, there spring up various flowers from the exposed soil, many of which are to this day rare in Scotland, and that the spot where they appear is supposed to have been the site of the ancient garden."

"I cannot at this moment remember in what book," said Sophia; "I once read an account of some English voyagers on the coast of America discovering where a settlement had formerly been attempted, by finding in a sheltered spot roses and other European flowers still flourishing, though all other trace of civilization had abandoned the place. It reminded me of what Campbell says—"

'One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk
To mark where a garden had been'—"

"And Mrs. Hemans," interrupted Rosaline, "what a beautiful passage she has to the same effect—"

'Yet rich knots
Of garden flowers, far wandering and self-sown
Through all the sunny hollow, spread around
A flush of youth and joy, free nature's joy,
Undimmed by human change. How kindly here
With the low thyme and daisies they have blent!
And, under arches of wild eglantine
Drooping from this tall elm, how strangely seems
The frail gum-cistus o'er the turf to snow,
Its pearly flower-leaves down!'

"How little did the founders of our beautiful monasteries ever think that the perishable flowers would be, in many cases, their sole memorial," said Aunt Martha; "and would flourish in beauty when the stately structures they were brought from other lands to adorn, had fallen beneath the hand of time, or of destruction."

"I do believe," exclaimed Justine, "that there were some raspberry plants exhibited at the Chiswick fête, which had sprung from seeds discovered in some old tomb, and were supposed to have remained buried there many hundred years. I am sure somebody bid me remark them as a great curiosity."

"They were so, indeed," replied Mr. Loraine; "and, if I remember the circumstance rightly, those seeds were taken from a body found in an ancient British tumulus near Dorchester, thirty feet beneath the surface, and which, from the coins of the Emperor Adrian which accompanied it, was supposed to have reposed there for sixteen hundred years. But sixteen

hundred years is a mere trifle, if we consider the fact of an onion germinating, which was found in the hand of a mummy, and was probably from two to three thousand years old."

"One of the most extraordinary instances of the vitality of seeds that I remember to have heard of," said Cyril, "is that of the grains of corn discovered a few years ago, when an Egyptian mummy was unrolled, enclosed with the body. Four of these grains were presented to the Countess of Haddington; and, on being sown in a favourable spot of the garden belonging to the Earl's seat in East Lothian, sprang up, flourished, and yielded an abundant harvest. With what awe and reverence may we not regard this strange revival! and how strongly does it seem to point that noble passage of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, in which he bids us look upon the grain which is sown, as the type of our own more glorious resurrection! But the whole history of corn is a mystery. Is it not curious, that no species of corn, such as serves for food to the greater part of mankind, is ever known to grow spontaneously? yet you see the seeds of wheat possess the same vitality as other seeds? The mysterious origin of corn; the fact that it has never been found wild with the same properties which render it good for food, but degenerates, and becomes useless without constant cultivation; and the tradition of all nations, that it has been a gift from their gods, may teach us to look to the Giver of all good things, who sent forth Adam from paradise to till the ground, and made labour, in some way, the lot of all mankind, that industry might turn their punishment into a blessing."

"You have, indeed, Cyril, touched upon one of the most wonderful facts connected with botanical research," continued his father; "one of those which strikingly lead us back to revelation, where, in the earliest record of the sacred volume, we are told that labour is to be the portion of all the descendants of fallen Adam, and that the ground has been cursed for his sake. When we look round upon the earth clad in the lovely garb of summer, rich in all that delights the eye and captivates the taste, we may be tempted to forget this awful truth; but, when we find that the produce most necessary to us requires constant culture, and that, without the sweat of man's brow unceasingly applied to it, it degenerates, and shortly disappears; then, indeed, we must acknowledge His Almighty hand, who has not left us without witness in the course of His providence; and for these indications of His wonderful power we must bless Him as well as for the stupendous mercies of our redemption. Such praises are the title of mint and cummin which must not be omitted, though He has still stronger claims upon our gratitude and love."

"Your remarks," said Mrs. Martha, "are quite in unison with some which I found, this morning, in this new book, 'Nichol's Help to Reading the Bible,' and so very applicable to one passage which struck me greatly, that I must quote it.—Here, luckily, I have found it without difficulty.—After referring to various parts of Scripture connected with natural history, he concludes the chapter by saying, 'The figurative use which the Scriptures thus make of the works of nature, should lead us to view them in the same association. What Paley says of that train of thinking which constantly refers the phenomena of nature to a supreme intelligent Author, applies with more force to that train of thinking, by which, from the works of nature we are reminded of some great revealed truth. To have made this the ruling, the habitual sentiment of our minds, is to have laid the foundation of everything religious in our mind. The world, thenceforth, becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act of adoration.'"

"It is quite true," remarked Mr. Barlow, "that no one branch of knowledge can be isolated and studied alone. There is a unison and harmony throughout the works both of nature and of moral providence, which leads from one to another, and makes each

reflect upon each. Even our evening conversations upon flowers cannot be carried on without perpetual digressions, and the examination of a weed may carry us into the regions of mechanism, chemistry, poetry, or history."

"History?"

"Yes, history," said Mrs. Loraine; "and, as a proof, here is a floral charade into which Mr. Hamilton has contrived to bring points of English history, which will, I think, help you all to guess it."

"Oh! mamma," exclaimed Agnes, "do tell me how many charades you have left: I do so long to know how many, that I may be able to hope, at least, that James will be here before my birthday."

"I had a peep at the stock this morning, Agnes," said Charles, "and can tell you, for your comfort, it is very low; besides, I stole one, if you think lessening their number will hasten the time of his arrival."

"Stole one! Oh, Charles! what did you do that for?"

"I stole one for the purpose of presenting it to Justine; but I do not intend to give it to her to-night, though I see she is dying with curiosity to hear it. No, no, Justine; you must be contented with my mother's selection, until a proper opportunity occurs of making you the receiver of stolen goods; so listen attentively, if you please, whilst I read this. Hem! hem!—

Long years have fled, and carried in their train
The conqueror and conquered, since my *First*
Gleamed as a standard on the battle-plain,
And o'er this island as a war-cry burst;
When the young hearts that at one knee were nursed,
And in one garland had its fair buds twined,
Severed by faction's deadly rage accursed,
Where the full flower was waving on the wind,
Rushed madly each on each, by party hatred blind.

But civil discord ceased—rejoicing came
Peace, to unite in one each rival race,
And bear it onward, till my *Second's* name
A queen enthroned bore—and who may trace
The working of her mind?—In that high place
She ruled with bigot zeal—her heart sincere,
But all untempered by love's gentle grace;
Doomed to the flames martyrs we still revere:
And bade our meek religion sway the world by fear.

She ruled, but God o'erruled—for light appeared
And spread its genial influence o'er the isle,
Where many a moss-grown tower and spire upreared,
Glowed with an added beauty 'neath its smile.
Low grassy hillocks lie around each pile,
Where rest in hope those who have bent the knee,
And bowed the heart within the solemn aisle:
Planted with dutiful hands, there oft we see
My *Whole* bloom o'er the grave, type of fond memory."

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Grisildis, the Peasant-Wife.

"Among this pover folk ther dwelt a man,
Which that was holden pourest of them all;
But highe God sometime senden can
His grace unto a lital oxes stall:
Janicola men of that thorpe him call.
A doughter had he, faire ynough to sight,
And Grisildis this yonge maiden bight.

But for to speke of vertuous beautee,
Than was she on the fairest under sonne:
Ful pourely yfostred up was she:
No likerous lust was in hire herte yronne:
Wel after of the well thanke of the tonne
She dranke, and for she wolde vertue please,
She knew wel labour, but now idel ese.

Upon Grisildis, this poure creature,
Ful often sithe this Markis sette his eye,
As he on hunting rode paraventure:
And whan it fell that he might hire espie,
He not with wanton loking of folie

His eyen cast on hire, but in sad wise
Upon hire chere he wold him oft avise,
Commending in his herte hire womanhode;
And eke hire vertue, passing any wight
Of so yong age, as wel in chere as dede.
For though the people have no gret inaight
In vertue, he considered ful right
Hire bountee, and disposed that he wold
Wedde hire only, if ever he wedden shold.

This thoughtful Markis spake unto this maid
Ful soberly, and said in this manere:
Wher is your fader, Grisildis? he said.
And she with reverence in humble chere
Answered, lord, he is al redy here.
And in she goth withouten lenger lette,
And to the Markis she hire fader sette.

He by the hond than toke this poure man,
And saide thus, whan he him had saide:
Janicola, I neither may ne can

Lenger the plesance of min herte hide,
If that thou vouchesauf, what so betide,
Thy doughter wol I take or that I wend
As for my wif, unto hire lives end.

Thou lovest me, that wot I wel certain,
And art my faithful liegeman ybore,
And all that liketh me, I dare wel sain
It liketh thee, and specially therfore
Tell me that point, that I have said before,
If that thou wolt unto this purpos drawe,
To taken me as for thy son in lawe.

This soden cas this man astoned so,
That red he wer, abaist, and al quaking
He stood, unnethes said he wordes mo,
But only thus; Lord, quod he, my willing
Is as ye wol, ne ageins your liking

I wol no thing, min owen lord so dere,
Right as you list, governeth this matere.

Wondring upon this thing, quaking for drede,
She saide; Lord, indigne and unworthy
Am I, to thilke honour, that ye me bede,
But as ye wol yourself, right so wol I:
And here I swere, that never willingly
In werk, ne thought, I nill you disobeie
For to be ded, though me were loth to deie.

This is ynough, Grisilde min, quod he.
And forth he goth with a ful sobre chere,
Out at the dore, and after than came she,
And to the people he said in this manere:
This is my wif, quod he, that stondeth here.
Honoureth her, and loveth hire, I pray,
Who so me loveth; ther n' is no more to say."

From Chaucer's "Clerk's Tale."

ON THE USE OF ETHER IN SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

EVERY one is more or less interested in the progress of medical science,—in the means employed to prevent or remove disease or to mitigate pain; but it seldom happens that an invention or discovery in medical science is so simple in its nature, and so perfect and extensive in its application, as to address itself at once to the popular mind, and be at the same time welcomed by the whole of the medical world.

Such however has been the case with the recent discovery of the effects of the vapour of ether in rendering a patient insensible to pain. A surgical operation is at all times regarded with horror, and many a poor sufferer has preferred to linger on for years under a painful disease rather than encounter the knife of the operator; and many a one has been sacrificed to the terror, the pain, and the exhaustion of an amputation, when that was the only chance left for the preservation of life.

Happily the days of painful operations will henceforth to a great extent belong only to the past. The discovery that the inhalation of the vapour of ether renders the patient insensible to pain, is one of the many boons which science has conferred on humanity, and seems worthy of particular notice in a journal which has hitherto succeeded so well in mingling the *utile* with the *dulce*.

The inhalation of gases in the treatment of disease is not new to the medical profession. Sir Humphry Davy began his career at the Pneumatic Institution at Bristol, established by Dr. Beddoes for the purpose of investigating the medical powers of various airs or gases. We are not aware that any useful results were produced. It is true that Davy discovered the singular property of the protoxide of nitrogen, (a compound previously discovered by Priestley,) of exciting pleasurable sensations, and causing the persons inhaling it to exert powerful muscular action; but, except as a curiosity, the laughing gas has excited little notice except on the part of the scientific chemist.

The honour of the discovery of the valuable property of ether above alluded to, is due to Doctors Morton and Jackson, of Boston, in the United States; and, if we mistake not, it was first used in this country by Mr. Liston. Under the influence of this new agent teeth have been extracted, limbs amputated, and the most tedious and dangerous operations performed. Mr. Lawrence gives an account of one which he describes as being among the most painful of surgical operations—namely, the extirpation of the eye ball for the cure of malignant disease. This was performed with so little pain, that the patient, after recovering from the effects of the ether, did not even know that the operation had commenced. This is a very common result in the cases which have hitherto been reported; and an amusing

illustration of it is recorded by the *Edinburgh Witness*. The operation was performed by Professor Miller, at the Royal Infirmary, upon an Irish "navigator" who had sustained a compound fracture of the leg nine weeks before. The fracture had not united in consequence of the presence of a piece of dead bone; and it became necessary to remove this by a painful operation. The man appeared to resist the influence of the vapour. He said he was not asleep, and declared that "it wouldn't do." The operation was at length begun; the patient remained unconscious, repeating that "it wouldn't do." At the end of ten minutes the operation was finished, and the operator remarked to the man, "Well, I suppose you won't let me operate to day?" "Certainly not," said the patient; "*it won't do*: I must be asleep. We can try it another time." On sitting up and seeing the wound, he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, saying, "No doubt there's blood, or something very like it; but I haven't felt a single thing done to my leg. That *bates* the globe." And on being asked decidedly as to his having "felt anything," he repeatedly answered, "Not a ha'porth." He got into amazing spirits, and refused to leave the table until he had been told "all about the toldrums of the business."

The action of the vapour of ether seems to be upon the nerves of sensation, producing paralysis and consequently insensibility to pain, but not necessarily a loss of consciousness. Several cases have been reported in which the patients, although deprived of all power of feeling and of moving, have been conscious all the time, and have watched every step of the operation performed upon them, but without any sensation of pain. One case afforded a ludicrous illustration of this: the patient during the operation "giving sly winks and facetious nods to those surrounding him. During the intervals of the inhalation his observations were of the most facetious character—forcing from the bystanders involuntary laughter, and converting that which was to the poor fellow a most tragic event into a scene little short of a farce." In other cases, consciousness is less evident. One person during the extraction of a tooth fancied he was contending with a wild beast, which he seemed to have overcome when the tooth was out. A female during the amputation of her leg thought she had been in a dream, and that the operator had hurt her leg to see if she could bear the operation next day. A lady from whose neck a large tumour was removed, was conscious of the fall of something into a basin, (which in fact was the tumour itself,) but knew nothing of the operation until it was all over.

The effect of the vapour of ether upon the system is similar to that of a large quantity of alcohol taken into the stomach. Indeed, Mr. Lawrence relates a case in which he removed the leg of a woman who was intoxicated, and who knew nothing of the matter until she became sober. But the insensibility produced by alcohol

taken into the stomach is preceded by nervous and vascular excitement, which in many diseases would not only be objectionable, but even fatal to the patient. We are by no means sure, however, that the vapour of alcohol, if inhaled, would not be as efficacious as that of ether in making a person "dead drunk," and leaving him with as little ill effect. The chemical characters of alcohol and ether are in many respects sufficiently distinct, but they have also many points of resemblance, and are, in fact, members of a highly interesting group which has for its base a substance called *Ethyle*, which has never yet been obtained in a separate form, but which is known to consist of four atoms of carbon, and five atoms of hydrogen. By the addition of one atom of oxygen we get oxide of ethyle, or common ether, also called sulphuric ether, because it is obtained by the action of sulphuric acid upon alcohol, but improperly so, since no sulphur enters into the composition of ether. By combining *chemically* an atom of water with ether, we get alcohol, which in chemical language is the hydrate of the oxide of ethyle. The ether compounds form a numerous family, but only two or three of them are used in medicine; one is the common ether already mentioned; a second is chloric ether, consisting of an atom of chlorine united to ethyle, and called chloride of ethyle; a third is nitric ether, formed by the union of nitric acid with the oxide of ethyle.

The physical properties of common ether are as follows:—It is a colourless, transparent, fragrant, thin, mobile liquid; it boils at 96° (while water boils at 212°); it passes off rapidly in the form of vapour, and, although so volatile, its vapour is more than two and a half times heavier than its own bulk of air, and can, in fact, be poured from one glass into another, like water. Mingled with oxygen gas, this vapour explodes violently on the application of flame or the electric spark. Ether is very combustible, and burns with a white flame. It freezes at low temperatures, and it mixes freely with alcohol, but not with water.

Alcohol is also a colourless, transparent, limpid liquid. It has a fragrant agreeable taste and odour; it boils at 178°; it is not so volatile as ether, but its vapour is heavier than the air; it is very inflammable, and burns with a pale bluish flame. Alcohol has never been frozen by any degree of cold yet produced. It absorbs moisture from the air, and mixes with water in all proportions; if the mixture be made suddenly, a contraction and consequent rise in temperature takes place. Both ether and alcohol have solvent powers, but those of alcohol are greatest.

The explosive property of ether, when mingled with oxygen, either in the pure state, or with nitrogen, as it exists in the atmosphere, requires the exercise of caution in administering the vapour. The moment a bottle of ether is uncorked it discharges torrents of invisible vapour, which pour down to the floor, mingling with the atmosphere of the apartment, and are in danger of being exploded by the flame of a lamp or candle. If an explosion should unhappily reach the air which the patient is inhaling, the consequences might be awful; communicating with the air in the interior of his chest, some of the most essential organs of life would be torn and destroyed, and a painful death terminate a humane experiment to prolong life.

Thus it will be seen how very important it is to confine the use of this important remedial agent to the hands of well qualified professional men; not only on account of the danger of an explosion, but from the state of the patient intended to be operated on. Where there is a tendency to apoplexy or disease of the heart, the use of the ethereal vapour might be highly objectionable, and it is for the medical man alone to decide upon such cases of exclusion. Again, we are strongly impressed with the idea, that in numerous cases the vapour of ether may be used simply as an anodyne, as a soother of pain, without any reference to an operation, but to take the place of narcotics, and give rest and refreshment with-

out the objectionable results produced by the frequent use of narcotics. There are other cases in which the use of ether may be of immense benefit, which cannot be mentioned in this journal; but in them, as in all other cases where it is administered, competent medical advice must first be sought, and no attempts made to inhale it without proper medical superintendence.

Now, as to the method of administering the vapour, we will first quote the remarks of Mr. William Herepath, of Bristol, on a case witnessed by him of the amputation of the leg of a young man. He says:—"No complicated apparatus is necessary, nor any extraordinary care in purifying the ether. A common, but very large, bladder should be fitted with a collar, to which an ivory mouth-piece with a large bore can be screwed without the intervention of any stop-cock; pour in about an ounce of good common ether, and blow up the bladder with the mouth till it is nearly full; place the thumb on the mouth-piece, and agitate the bladder so as to saturate the air in it with the vapour; as soon as the patient is ready for the operation, close his nostrils, introduce the mouth-piece, and close the lips round it with the fingers. He must now breathe into and out of the bladder; and in about one or two minutes the muscles of his lips will lose their hold. This is the moment for the first cut to be made. In two or three minutes the effect will begin to disappear; the mouth-piece should be again introduced, and this repeated as often as required. If the pulse should indicate a sinking of the patient, a little wine will restore him. * * *

The administrator of the vapour will of course take great care that no fluid ether shall be allowed to be drawn into the lungs; otherwise suffocation would result, or at the best a violent cough, which must protract the operation and considerably distress the patient."

The apparatus described by Mr. Herepath is such as is commonly used for inhaling laughing gas: it has the merit of being simple, but there is little else to recommend it in administering the vapour of ether. It affords no method for regulating the supply of the vapour, because a volume of air saturated therewith at 40° would contain less than half the quantity of vapour in a similar volume of air at 70°. Many forms of apparatus have been already contrived, and, as we believe, patented; but one of the best which we have seen is that recently described by Dr. Snow, at the Westminster Medical Society. It consists of a round tin box, two inches deep, and four or five inches in diameter, with a tube of flexible white metal, half an inch in diameter, and about a foot and a half long, coiled round and soldered to it: this is for the purpose of admitting air into the box. There is also an opening in the top of the vessel, to which may be screwed a flexible tube connected with a mouth-piece. Within the box is a spiral plate of tinued iron soldered to the top, and nearly touching the bottom. The inhaler is put into a basin of water, mixed to a particular temperature, so as to supply the proportion of vapour intended to be given. When the patient begins to inhale, the air, in passing along the tube coiled round the box, acquires the proper temperature; it then enters the box, and passing over the surface of the ether, proceeds along the spiral channel, to the centre opening, whence it passes along the tube to the mouth of the patient. By this means the air is saturated with vapour, and maintained at the proper temperature. In this apparatus there is no valve or other obstruction to the air, until it has reached the mouth-piece, which is provided with valves to prevent the return of the expired air into the apparatus. At a temperature of 70° the ether effects were powerfully produced upon a patient in thirty seconds.

Several medical men have very properly tried the effects of the vapour upon themselves before administering it to their patients. The most lucid description of the effects of the inhalation, which we have seen, is that by Mr. Gerdy, in a communication made to the Academy of Sciences at Paris. He says: "The irri-

tation which I felt at first in the throat made me cough, but, being resolved to resist, I soon triumphed over this little obstacle; the irritation and cough gave way as the inhalation continued. I next experienced a numbness of the head, attended with heat, as if the vapour of alcoholic and intoxicating liquor was mounting to the brain. This numbness extended itself rapidly, first to the feet, and then to the legs and arms, and next to the loins, and increased rapidly with each inspiration. In the sensitive organs it was attended with an agreeable sensation of heat and of vibration similar to that which we experience in touching a vibrating body. When these two sensations reached their maximum, I experienced an impression, both agreeable and voluptuous, like that of intoxication. It is the numbness of which I speak that diminishes the pain in operations. My sight was not sensibly benumbed; the hearing was more so, and it became more and more feeble as the intoxication increased. I convinced myself, however, that the smell, the taste, and the touch, properly speaking, were not paralyzed by the general numbness which came over me; but my eyelids became heavy, and I felt a desire to give myself up to the charms of my intoxication."

In a few cases which have been reported the ether vapour has failed to produce the desired effect, and has only distressed the patient; but it must be remembered that in these cases the mode of administering the vapour was by very rude and imperfect apparatus; so that we have yet to see whether, in such cases, successful results may not ensue from the judicious administration of air of the proper temperature, saturated with the vapour, and given under circumstances in which the comfort and convenience of the patient are consulted. From the novelty of the plan, fear may in some cases prevent the vapour from acting properly: thus, from many causes, failures in administering the vapour, as well as exceptional cases where it would be wrong to attempt to administer it, will of course occur; but considering how trifling are such exceptions, as compared with the vast amount of unalloyed good that this discovery seems capable of producing, we are not disposed to think the praise excessive, which ranks this as the most important discovery which has been contributed to medicine since that of vaccination by Dr. Jenner.

THE MERCHANT.

CHAP. VIII.

THE merchant's first visit to the Grange was a very short one, but he promised that it should soon be repeated. His departure was followed by the arrival of a box of Indian treasures which he had promised to Mrs. Markham; but there were not, as there used to be, many things marked with Juliet's name, only a very beautiful and costly gold chain. An accompanying letter acquainted Mrs. Markham that Neville had chosen for Juliet a harp, and some drawings which her pencil might be worthily engaged in copying. Juliet saw that her father and mother were gratified. She sighed, and thought that Neville was very generous, more than she felt that he was very kind. She was averse to the occupation with which he had provided her; nevertheless, when once engaged, as she felt constrained to be, she derived a pleasure from them which won her from herself. She had never touched so fine an instrument before; never looked on any representations of nature so excellent as those which Neville had selected for her. She often thought of him, and went with pleasure to tell Hester that he was coming again, and for a much longer time than before. The old

woman rejoiced, and detained Juliet to tell her tales of the past. She ended:

"Ah, Miss Juliet! the tears stood in his eyes when he spoke to me of your likeness to her that is gone. And you look more like yourself, and more like her as he knew her, than you did when he came. Now you must do all you can to cheer him; indeed you must."

"Well, so we will, all of us, and Marion too, and it will do him good to hear her laugh."

"No, Miss Juliet, it will do him more good to see you smile."

Juliet thought of these words as she went away, and she felt touched by the tender consideration in which it was evident that Neville held her.

Neville came, and he was rejoiced to see that Juliet met him with a countenance more animated, and a step less listless. He also perceived that the gold chain which the box had contained hung round her neck.

"Let us take our friend to see Mr. Villiers and his sister, Juliet," said her father, the day after Neville's arrival.

"Oh, yes," replied Juliet with alacrity, "let us take him to Miss Villiers without delay. Indeed I promised to do so as soon as he returned. I have shown her all the beautiful drawings you have sent me, and have inspired her with a wish to make acquaintance with you."

"And Mr. Villiers?" said Neville.

"He is more silent, less clever than his sister; not less good. His countenance tells you how benevolent he is, but in society he speaks little on ordinary topics. I like better to meet him in a cottage or the school; his voice and his smile when he is with children are so gentle and so affectionate."

"Pray do not engage Juliet in the praises of her friends, if you wish to see them to-day," cried Mr. Markham, and they set out to the rectory.

Miss Villiers received her visitors with a courtesy of manner peculiarly her own. She possessed quick perception of character, and had a readiness in adapting herself to the tastes and habits of others, which caused every one, however much they differed from each other, to find time pass easily and delightfully in her society. The constancy and severity of her sufferings had never rendered her selfish, nor taught her to believe that the feelings and convenience of others must be without hesitation sacrificed to her own. On the contrary, every trifling instance of accommodation to her, and of sympathy for her, she received, not as a right, but as a favour.

Juliet had never yet seen Neville to such advantage as on this occasion; he was perfectly at his ease. With her he was often harassed by contending feelings; with Miss Villiers he readily followed in the track on which she led him, and conversed with her with remarkable judgment, knowledge, and taste, on subjects to which he had given previous thought. At length the two gentlemen rose to depart, for Mr. Villiers was not expected home. Juliet, much as she had enjoyed Neville's conversation, proposed to remain with Miss Villiers. With an affectionate smile, her friend acquiesced in her desire, and, as soon as they were alone, she said—

"My dear, what a very charming person your friend has proved; I had no idea you would bring me any one so handsome and so accomplished. It must be very delightful to spend days in his society, as you do, and it ought to be very improving, too, Juliet. I hope you will persuade him to come and see me again."

Juliet felt surprised that she had not made these observations for herself, for she acknowledged their truth, and that they proceeded from Miss Villiers's mouth, gave them great additional weight. Juliet had previously told her of the circumstances which had connected Neville with their family, and they now recurred to that theme, with an interest diminished in neither by their intercourse with him.

"I see that he regards you with peculiar affection," said Miss Villiers. "I could hear the very tone of his voice alter when he spoke to you. You see, my dear, neither my eyes nor hearing are grown very dull yet."

As Juliet walked home, she reflected on the favourable impression which Neville had made on Miss Villiers, and came rapidly to the conclusion that hitherto she had not at all duly appreciated him. As she went through the village she saw him at a little distance, and no sooner did he turn and perceive her, than he came towards her.

"May I accompany you in your walk?"

"Yes," replied Juliet, with frank satisfaction. "I have but a word to say at a cottage which we pass. I shall not delay you a moment, though, indeed, I know not why I should not defer this visit till to-morrow morning."

"I beg you not to do so. I like to see your English ways, Juliet, of which you know I have long lost sight. Above all, I like to see how you love these people, and how they love you. I prefer accompanying you now to doing so in a course of formal visits to people of elegance or fashion."

"Do you?" cried Juliet, with pleasure; "then we are quite agreed. I deplore my fate when the necessity arises which you describe. I yawn in anticipation,—in retrospection; and it is only politeness and a little awe of Mamma's indignation which prevents me from doing so at the time; but, when I go to yonder neat little cottage, I commonly stay twice as long as I intended. But don't look alarmed: I will not do so to-day."

"The reason why you do not find the conversation of these poor people dull, is probably because, however trivial is their subject, it is usually one in which they themselves take a lively interest, and this gives them the power of exciting your sympathy. This is a law of our nature."

"Much that one hears from them is indeed interesting," replied Juliet, "but it is usually of a mournful nature. How seldom the poor seem gay! I suppose it is because they realise, so much more than any other class does, the curse under which man labours, of earning his bread in the sweat of his brow."

"Apparently they do; but depend upon it, Juliet, that the curse falls not unfulfilled to the ground in any one instance. It extends from the peasant in his hut, to the king upon the throne."

"But those feel it most sharply, who must toil unceasingly, or starve!"

"I would not depreciate the hardships which the poor undergo. I would only assert on a broader scale, that, of all the modes of maintaining existence which necessity has invented, there is none without its peculiar sufferings, to which numbers of those who pursue it annually fall victims. The lawyer, the soldier, the physician, the statesman, those who encounter the perilous climate from which I return, all bear witness to this fact as much as the worn-out labourer, or the wretched artisan perishing of the pernicious atmosphere which he daily inhales. What is this but the universal working of the curse?—The curses of the fall have never been revoked. Men toil and die as they did before the Saviour of mankind came on earth, but, according to the merciful law of God, who ever works good out of evil for his faithful servants, there is a call heard by those who meekly listen: 'Come unto me, ye who are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'; and the sting of death is plucked out."

"I see the truth of all your words," replied Juliet, "but still the sufferings of the poor are of a more sacred character than any others can assume. Our Lord shared their lot in life, and committed them to our charge even as if they were himself—'I was an hungred.' Nor can I behold, without awe, pain such as the dear friend whom we saw to-day is visited with. Surely in those to whom pain is sanctified, as it is to her, we seem most plainly to discover the servants of a suffering master."

Juliet's countenance showed how deeply she felt on the subjects on which they spoke, and the mention of such themes created a stricter intimacy between her and her companion than had hitherto existed. Neville led her to speak of those with whose necessities she was well

acquainted, and who were the objects of her sincere commiseration, and he did this with the generous design of enabling her to relieve them. There were not many cases of pressing and unalleviated distress in this small and happy village, but Juliet, with a beating heart, reflected on one act of charity, far beyond her own power, and which she had often most ardently wished to see effected. This was the apprenticeship of the son of a poor widow to a trade which he had been learning under his father during his lifetime, which he was incapable of pursuing alone, and in which his mother could afford to give him no further instruction. Now Juliet knew these people well: she was quite sure that into this channel Neville's generosity might be safely directed. She could not speak without agitation. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes filled with tears, as she tried to explain all the circumstances to Neville. He was not difficult to satisfy, and he proposed to visit the widow, and carry their purpose into execution before they returned home."

"It was there I was going," replied Juliet; and, quickening her steps, and not speaking again, her heart was so full, she eagerly led Neville in the desired direction.

Juliet was soon at the door of the widow's cottage.

"Go in by yourself," said Neville; "I will wait your return under that lime tree."

"You ought to have the pleasure of doing this," replied Juliet, hesitating.

"No, no; the poor woman would only be embarrassed by seeing me."

Juliet, feeling that he was equally delicate and generous, entered alone.

"Oh! my dear Mary!" she cried with delight, (taking both the hands of the poor widow in hers,) "I have some very, very good news for you, concerning George. Oh! my good little Anna, (she said to a child who was trying to attract her notice,) I cannot attend to you now—run to play."

"Go into the garden, dear," said her mother, and putting the child out at the door, she returned with a face of great agitation.

"Well, now I will tell you all," continued Juliet, "there is a friend staying with us, a friend of my father's. He is most kind, and good, and generous. He is rich too, and he inquired of me if I knew any case of distress which he could relieve; and I thought of George, and how glad you would be to have him bound as an apprentice—and this he has promised to do."

Now if Juliet had not known her poor friend too well to expect words of thanks, she would have been disappointed, for none came. Mary changed colour, and looked ready to sink. Juliet made her sit down, and when she had done so, she took Juliet's hand, and pressed it repeatedly, but she could not speak. At length Juliet said, "I will come again to-morrow,—you will then have had time to think over all this,—and I will bring the gentleman with me."

Tears now came freely to the relief of the widow's full heart. "Thanks, thanks," she whispered, and Juliet, leaving the room, called Anna from the garden, and sent her to her mother, while she herself sought Neville. Her face wore a most touching expression of joy, for the tears of sympathy were still on her cheek; she took Neville's proffered arm, and exclaimed:

"I know not how to thank you, and I am sure she will never know how to thank you either;—with our lips I mean,—with our hearts we do."

Neville made no reply; at length he said in a voice of much emotion:

"Oh! Juliet, how have I desired to see you happy, and now I see you so; but it is only in the happiness of others."

Juliet answered in a low but firm voice:

"I am happy now." Then smiling she added, "Soon you will see me very happy, for my brother is coming home."

The next day Juliet and Neville did not forget their visit to Mary's cottage, nor did they omit anything that was requisite for the fulfilment of their benevolent purpose.

CHAP. IX.

One morning, Juliet received a letter, the seal of which Neville saw her break with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes. After the first glance, she ran to the window, and beckoned to the younger children, who were playing in the lawn, to come to it. "Are there news of Albert?" they cried, as they obeyed her call.

"Yes, yes; he will be here this evening. Oh! what joy!" Mr. Markham entered the room. Juliet hastened towards him, and throwing her arms round his neck, cried: "Albert will be here to-night!"

Neville knew that Albert was the eldest son of his friend, or a year or two younger than Juliet. He was now at Sandhurst, receiving a military education. During the day, Neville talked with Mr. Markham of his future intentions with respect to his son, and told him that he thought his interest could procure him a cadetship, if it would be acceptable. This offer was received with gratitude for the kindness which prompted it, but Mr. Markham requested a little time for consideration ere he closed with it.

Evening came, and seven o'clock; the happy party walked down to a little bridge at a turn in the road, beyond which the coach did not come, and there awaited Albert's arrival. The children, ere long, wandered into the field at the road side to play. Mr. and Mrs. Markham walked up and down, the latter wondering that Neville did not join them; but Juliet had placed herself where she should see the coach the moment it appeared; and Neville was at her side, as if his interest were as lively as her own. At length the trampling of horses' feet caught Juliet's ear; then the children came running to the spot, and Mr. and Mrs. Markham followed. Now the horses gallop up the slight ascent,—they stop—a young man descends in haste from the coach-box, and runs to greet them. Now they have all welcomed him, and they gaze with fond admiration on his tall active figure, and handsome face; his clear brown eye and chestnut curls, and complexion glowing with health and joy. Neville has shaken hands with him, and they begin to move homewards. Juliet is hung on Albert's arm, as if he engrossed every thought and feeling; and they talked earnestly to each other in a low voice, as if they neither wished to be addressed or to be heard by any one else. Neville felt his first sensations of depression and restraint return in all their force; he felt quite out of place, at least quite out of the only place he cared to fill. His sudden gloom was perceptible to Mr. Markham, who would gladly have given Juliet a hint not to allow her brother wholly to distract her attention from a friend so lavish of kindness to her. But it was in vain that he called Albert to his own side, and made him reply to numerous interrogations. Neville did not avail himself of those exertions in his favour.

Never had Neville's reflections been more dispiriting than they were on that night. He felt convinced that he had deceived himself most absurdly, in supposing that Juliet had any real pleasure in his society. At last he resolved that in the morning he would plead a necessity for returning to London the following day. This resolution calmed him, and allowed him to taste of sleep. The next morning he wavered a little, but he heard Albert's voice calling to Juliet to come out and walk with him, and from his window he saw her hastening to join him, with a light step, which spoke a gayer heart than he had ever known her to possess. He sighed, and resolved that he would leave her to companions more congenial to her than he could be. Accordingly, as soon as the rest of the family had retired from the breakfast room, he announced to Mr. Markham his intention of returning to London. Mr. Markham

expressed annoyance,—could not guess the reason of this sudden decision,—but Neville was firm, and said that if Mr. Markham wished to consult him further about Albert, he must write to him. Mr. Markham left the room; in a few minutes Juliet entered it, and came to the window in which Neville was still standing. His first glance at her face told him, that, however glad her feelings were a few minutes since, they were quite changed now; he felt anxious to know the cause, and Juliet meant not to leave him in ignorance of it. Her voice was a little tremulous, her cheeks a little flushed.

"Mr. Neville," she said, and paused; "is it possible that, as Papa tells us, you are going to leave us to-morrow? Must you really do so? You never said so before, and I am so disappointed. Just as Albert is come, whom I so much wished you to know; I said I would try to make you change your resolution; now, pray, do not send me away with a refusal." And Juliet, instead of smiling, as she probably expected to do, was forced to turn away her head to conceal the tears which had started to her eyes: she was as much surprised at her own emotion as Neville could be. He could not resist the impulse of the moment; he took her hand, and said in a low earnest voice: "Juliet, I will not deceive you by pleading any false necessity for departure. I go from the sight of so much happiness which I may not share."

"I hoped that you would share it more from day to day," replied Juliet, sorrowfully.

"If I were to tell you the mad, vain wishes, the accomplishment of which could alone make this place any longer tolerable to me, you would bid me go, you would bid me to grow wiser and calmer ere I saw you again. Juliet, you are too sincere, too generous to counsel me untruly." The blood rushed crimson to Juliet's cheek and brow. She burst into tears; but Neville thought he read more than compassion in them. He bent over her, and murmured: "Must I go?" "Yes," exclaimed Juliet, "if you wish to destroy the happiness which you have striven to create."

"So, Juliet," cried her father, "you have prevailed on Neville to remain! But the enchantress was forced to try her most potent spells ere she could lure the knight back to her bower."

Juliet tried to smile at her father's bantering, but her heart was too full; she threw herself on his neck, and clung silently to him.

"My dear child," said Mr. Markham, with emotion, "I am heartily rejoiced that you sent him not away in despair. May his noble heart never know another pang! Well! I suppose now he has some chance of sharing your thoughts, looks, and words, with Albert?"

"Ah! dearest father," cried Juliet, smiling joyfully, "I hope to reverse all his schemes, for Albert shall never go to India."

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

By F. E. S.

CHAP. XII.

HOW OAKLANDS BROKE HIS HORSE-WHIP.

THE sight which met my eyes as I gazed around, was one which time can never efface from my memory. In the centre of the room, his brow darkened by the flush of concentrated indignation, stood Oaklands, his left hand clenching tightly the coat collar of a man, whom I at once perceived to be Wilford, while with his right he was administering such a horse-whipping as I hope never again to see a human being subjected to. Wilford, who actually writhed with mingled pain and fury, was making violent but ineffectual struggles to free

himself. Near the door stood Wentworth, the blood dropping from his nose, and his clothes dusty and disordered, as if from a fall. Crouching in a corner at the farther end of the room, the tears coursing down her cheeks, which were blanched with fear, and her hands clasped in an agony of terror and despair, was a girl, about nineteen years of age, whom I had little difficulty in recognising as Lizzie Maurice, the daughter of the old confectioner, of whose elopement we had been that morning informed. On perceiving me, she sprang forward, and, clasping my knees, implored me to interfere and endeavour to separate them. I was not, however, called upon to do so, for, as she spoke, his riding whip broke short in Oaklands's hand, and dashing down the fragments with an exclamation of anger, he flung Wilford from him with so much force that he staggered forward a few paces, and would have fallen, had not Wentworth caught him in his arms, just in time to prevent it.

Oaklands now turned to the girl, whom I had raised from the ground and seated on a chair, and addressing her in a stern impressive manner, said, "I will resume what I was saying to you when yonder benten hound dared to lay hands upon me. For the last time the choice is offered to you—either return home, and endeavour, by devoting yourself to your broken-hearted old father, to atone as best you may for the misery you have caused him; or, by remaining here, commence a life of infamy which will end sooner or later in a miserable death." He paused; then, as she made no reply, but sat with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break, he continued, "You tell me, the vile tempter who has lured you from your duty promised to meet you here to-day, and, bringing a clergyman with him, to marry you privately; now if this is the truth—"

"It is, it is," she faltered.

"If so," resumed Oaklands, "a knowledge of the real state of the case may yet save you; this Mr. Wilford who has promised to marry you, and who belongs to a rank immeasurably above your own, is already notorious for what are termed by such as himself affairs of gallantry—while the wretched impostor whom he has brought with him, to act the part of clergyman, is the marker at a low billiard-table, and no more a clergyman than I am."

"Is this so?" exclaimed the girl, raising her eyes, which were swollen and red with weeping, to Wilford's face; "would you have deceived me thus, Stephen? you, whom I have trusted so implicitly."

Wilford, who, since the severe discipline he had undergone, had remained seated, with his head resting on his hand, as if in pain, apparently unconscious of what was going on, glared at her ferociously, with his piercing eyes, but made no reply. The girl waited for a minute, but, obtaining no answer, turned away with a half-shudder, murmuring, "deceived, deceived,"—then addressing Oaklands, she said, "I will go home to my father, Sir! and if he will not forgive me, I can but lie down, and die at his feet—better so, than live on, to trust, and be deceived again."

"You have decided rightly, and will not repent it," remarked Oaklands in a milder tone of voice—then, turning to the blacksmith, (who had made his appearance, accompanied by his wife, the moment the affray had ended,) he continued; "you must procure some conveyance immediately to take this young person back to Cambridge, and your wife must accompany her."—Then, observing that the man hesitated, and cast an inquiring glance towards Wilford, he added sternly, "If you would not be compelled to answer for the share you have taken in this rascally business before the proper authorities, do as I have told you, without loss of time."

The man having again failed in an attempt to attract Wilford's attention, asked in a surly tone, "whether a spring-cart would do?" and, being answered in the affirmative, left the room.

Lizzie Maurice withdrew to prepare for her return home; the woman accompanied her; Oaklands strode to the window, and remained watching the operation of harnessing the horse to the tax-cart. Wilford still retained the same attitude, and neither spoke nor moved. Wentworth having glanced towards him once or twice, as if to divine his wishes, receiving no sign, lit a cigar, and leaning his back against the chimney-piece began to smoke furiously, whilst I devoted myself to the pages of an old sporting magazine—Thus passed five minutes, which seemed as if they would never come to an end, at the expiration of which time the tax-cart, driven by a stout country lad, drew up to the door, and the two women making their appearance at the same moment, Oaklands turned to leave the room. As he did so, Wilford for the first time raised his head, thereby disclosing his countenance, which, pale as death, was characterised by an expression of such intense malignity, as one might conceive would be visible in that of a corpse of which a fiend had taken possession. After regarding Oaklands fixedly for a moment, he said, in a low grating tone of voice, "You have fooled me once and again—when next we meet, IT WILL BE MY TURN THEN!" Oaklands merely smiled contemptuously, and quitted the house.

Having mounted our horses, we told the lad who drove the spring-cart to proceed at his fastest pace, while we followed at a sufficient distance to keep it in sight, so as to guard against any attempt which might be made by Wilford to recover himself of his victim, without positively identifying ourselves with the party it contained.

We rode in silence for the first two or three miles; at length I could refrain no longer, and, half uttering my thoughts aloud, half addressing my companion, I exclaimed, "Oh, Harry, Harry, what is all this you have been doing?"

"Doing!" replied Oaklands, with a heightened colour, and flashing eyes, "rescuing an innocent girl from a villain who would have betrayed her, and punishing the scoundrel about half as severely as he deserved; but that was my misfortune, not my fault; had not the whip broken—"

"You know that is not what I mean," returned I; "but this man will challenge you, will—you are aware of his skill—will murder you. Oh! that fiendish look of his, as you left the room,—it will haunt me to the day of my death."

"And would you have had me leave the poor girl to her fate, from a coward fear of personal danger? You are strangely altered since you defied a roomful of men last night, rather than allow Clara Saville's name to be uttered by their profane lips; or, which is nearer the truth," he continued in a milder tone, "your affection for me blinds you."

"Not so, Harry," replied I, "it is the recollection of my own feelings, when, while waiting for Lawrence's report last night, I believed I should be forced to meet this Wilford—it is the misery, the self-reproach, the bitter penitence of that moment, when, for the first time, I was able to reflect on the fearful situation in which by my own rashness I had placed myself, a situation in which crime seemed forced upon me, and it appeared impossible to act rightly—it is the remembrance of all these things which causes me to lament that you, my more than brother, should have involved yourself in similar difficulties."

"But, Frank," he began,—then, interrupting himself, he seized my hand, and, pressing it warmly between his own, exclaimed, "My dear old fellow, forgive me if I have spoken unkindly to you; but this man has maddened me, I believe,"—he paused, and then continued in a calmer voice, "Let me tell you how it occurred, and you will see I could scarcely have acted otherwise than I have done. You know I went into the public-house to brush the mud off after my tumble. The instant my step sounded in the passage, a girl tripped lightly

down the stairs, and ran towards me, exclaiming joyfully, 'you have come at last, then!' On finding that it was not the person she expected, she stopped in alarm, and I perceived to my astonishment that it was Lizzie Maurice—she recognised me at the same moment, and apparently a new idea struck her, for she again approached me, saying, 'Mr. Oaklands, tell me Sir, for Heaven's sake, has anything happened to Wilford?' Then, with woman's tact perceiving her mistake, she blushed deeply, adding in a timid voice, 'I fancied you might have been riding with that gentleman, and seeing you alone, I was afraid some accident might have befallen your companion.' At this moment the thought occurred to me, that possibly it might not be too late to endeavour to restore her to her father, and the recollection of Archer's account of the old man's distress determined me to make the attempt.

"Taking her therefore by the hand, I led her into the parlour, and, begging her to listen to me for five minutes, told her I was aware of her elopement, and entreated her to return home again, adding that her father was broken-hearted at her loss. She shed tears when I mentioned the old man's grief, but positively refused to return home.

"Finding persuasion to be of no avail, I thought I would appeal to her fears; so I informed her that I was aware of the name of the villain who had enticed her away, that I would seek him out and expose him, and that I should instantly acquaint her father with her place of refuge, and advise him to come provided with proper powers to reclaim her. This produced more effect, and after some hesitation she told me proudly, that I had done her foul wrong by my doubts; that Mr. Wilford meant to make her his lawful wife; but that, in order to prevent his great relations hearing of it till he could break it to them cautiously, it was advisable to keep the affair quiet (the old story in short, private marriage and all the rest of it)—a friend of Wilford's, therefore, to avoid exciting suspicion, had kindly driven her over there the night before, and she was now expecting him to come, and bring a clergyman with him, who would marry them by license on the spot, and, when she heard my step, she thought they had arrived. The air of truth with which she said this carried conviction with it.

"I was about to represent to her the improbability of Wilford's intentions being as honourable as she fondly imagined, when a gig drove up to the door, containing Wentworth, and a fellow whom I recognised as one of the billiard markers in — street, dressed in black for the occasion; immediately afterwards, Wilford arrived on horseback. The whole thing was now perfectly clear. Wilford, having made the girl believe he meant to marry her, persuaded Wentworth, who is completely his tool, to carry her off for him, after which he went to Lawless's wine party in order to show himself, and thereby avert suspicion; he then bribed the billiard marker to play poson, got Wentworth to bring him, and going out as merely for a ride had joined them here. I was considering what would be the best course to pursue, and was just coming out to consult you, when the door was flung open, and Wilford and Wentworth entered hastily. The moment Wilford's eyes fell upon me, he started as if a serpent had stung him, and his brow became black as night.

"Advancing a step or two towards me, he inquired in a voice hoarse with rage, what I was doing there. I replied, 'Endeavouring to prevent some of his evil designs from succeeding.' He tried to answer me, but his utterance was literally choked by passion, and turning away, he strode up and down the room, gnashing and grinding his teeth like a maniac. Having in some degree recovered his self-control, he again approached me, drew himself up to his full height, and pointing to the door, desired me to leave the room.

"I replied, I should not do so, until, having given the young lady a piece of information respecting the cha-

racter of one of the party—and I pointed to the billiard marker, who had not yet alighted—I should learn from her own lips whether she still wished to remain there, or would take my advice, and return to her father.

"Again Wilford ground his teeth with rage, and desired me in a voice of thunder, to 'leave the room instantly,' to which I replied flatly, that I would not.

"He then made a sign to Wentworth, and they both approached me, with the intention of forcing me out. Fearing that their combined efforts might overpower me (for Wentworth, though short, is a broad-shouldered, strong man, and Wilford's muscles are like iron), I avoided their grasp by stepping backwards, and throwing out my right hand as I did so, caught Wentworth full on the nose, tapping his claret for him, as the pugilists call it, and sending him down like a shot. At the same moment Wilford sprang upon me, with a bound like a tiger, and seizing me by the throat, a short but severe struggle took place between us. I was too strong for him, however, and, finding this, he would gladly have ceased hostilities and quitted me, kindly postponing my annihilation till some future day, when it could be more conveniently accomplished by means of a pistol-bullet. But, as you may imagine, my blood was pretty well up by this time, and I determined he should not get off quite so easily. Seizing, therefore, my whip in one hand, I detained him without trouble with the other—his strength being thoroughly exhausted by his previous exertions—and administered such a threshing as will keep him out of mischief for a week to come, at all events. It was while this was going on that you made your appearance, I think, so now you are *au fait* to the whole affair—and pray, what else could I possibly have done under the circumstances?"

"It is not easy to say," replied I. "I think the horse-whipping might have been omitted, though I suppose the result would have been the same at all events, and it certainly was a great temptation; the brightest side of the business is your having saved the poor girl, who I really believe is more to be pitied than blamed, having only followed the dictates of her woman's nature, by allowing her feelings to overrule her judgment."

"You have used exactly the right expression there," said Oaklands; "in such cases as the present, it is not that the woman is weak enough to be gulled by every plausible tale which may be told her, but that she has such entire confidence, such pure and child-like faith in the man she loves, that she will believe anything rather than admit the possibility of his deceiving her."

"The deeper villain he, who can betray such simple trust," replied I.

"Villain, indeed!" returned Oaklands. "I would not have been in Wilford's place, to have witnessed that girl's look when the conviction of his baseness was forced upon her, for worlds; it was not a look of anger or of sorrow, but it seemed as if the blow had literally crushed her heart within her—as if the brightness of her young spirit had fled for ever, and that to live would only be to prolong the duration of her misery. No; I would rather have faced death in its most horrible form, than have met that look, knowing that my own treachery had called it forth."

We rode for some little distance in silence. At length I inquired, how he meant to arrange for Lizzie Maurice's return to her home, as it would not do for us, unless he wished the part we had taken in the affair to be known all over Cambridge, to escort her to her father's door, in the order of procession which we were then maintaining.

"No, I was just thinking of that," replied Oaklands. "It appears to me, that the quietest way of managing the affair will be, to pay the boy for the horse and cart at once, telling him to set Lizzie Maurice down within a short distance of her father's shop, and then to return with the woman. Lizzie can proceed on foot, and

will probably at this time of the evening (it was nearly seven o'clock) be able to enter the house without attracting attention—we will however keep her in sight, so as to be at hand to render her assistance should she require it. I do not myself feel the slightest doubt but that her father will believe her tale, and treat her kindly. I shall however leave her my direction, and should she require my testimony in support of her veracity, or should the old man be unwilling to receive her, she must inform me of it, and I will call upon him, and try to bring him to reason."

"That will not be necessary, depend upon it," returned I, "he will be only too glad to recover her."

"So I think," replied Oaklands.

"What course shall you take with regard to Wilford?" inquired I.

"I shall never mention the affair to any one, if he does not," answered Oaklands; "neither shall I take any step whatever in the matter. I am perfectly satisfied with the position in which I stand at present, and if he should not enjoy an equal share of contentment, it is for him to declare it—the next move must be his, and it will be time enough for me to decide how to act, when we see what it may be. I shall now tell Lizzie Maurice of my plan for her, and inform her, that as long as I hear she is living quietly at home, and leading a respectable life, my lips will be sealed with regard to the occurrences of to-day." So saying, he put his horse into a canter, and riding up to the side of the cart, conversed with the girl in a low tone of voice for several minutes; then, drawing out his purse, handed some money to the driver, and rejoined me. "She is extremely grateful to me for my promise of silence," he commenced; "appears very penitent for her fault, and declares that this is a lesson she shall never forget.—She agrees to my plan of walking, and it appears there is a side door to the house, by which she can go in unobserved. She promises to tell her father everything, and hopes to obtain his forgiveness; and seems altogether in 'a very proper frame of mind,' as the good books say."

"Long may she keep so," returned I; "and now I am happy to say, there are some of the towers of Cambridge visible, for like you I am becoming fearfully hungry."

"And for the first time during the last twenty-four hours I am actually beginning to feel as tired as a dog," rejoined Harry, shrugging his shoulders with an air of intense satisfaction.

THE EMPEROR'S BROTHER.

In days of yore, Menelaus was emperor of Rome, mighty in power, great in his wealth, and good and charitable in all his ways. His empress was Euphemia, the daughter of the king of Hungary, as fair as he was powerful, as gracious as he was rich, as merciful as he was charitable. Some time had these twain lived in peace and happiness, to their own joy and the comfort and benefit of their subjects.

Now it was in those days that hermits came from the East, bearing the marks of punishment on their bodies, and worn down with hunger and pain; for the Saracen was great in the Holy Land, and the way of the pilgrim to the sepulchre was beset with every peril that nature and man could place around it. To the Roman capital came the weak Eustace; day and night he spoke of the sufferings of his brethren, of the power and cruelty of the Soldan and his people; day and night, in the courts of the king's palaces, and in the crowded markets, he called upon the rich to contribute their wealth, the powerful their power, the warriors their

might, the pious their prayers, for the redemption of God's sepulchre from the hands of cruel Infidels.

And then it was that Rome was mightily stirred at the exhortations of the pilgrim, and all men hastened to do his bidding. Then it was that the wealthy poured out their wealth at his feet, and even the miser gave from his store; then it was that the counts and the lords called upon their vassals, that the warriors buckled on their armour, that the pious prayed day and night for God's blessing on the coming Crusade. One and all they sought the king's palace, and besought their emperor to lead them to their Christian enterprise; long he bethought himself of their supplications, and in the end acceded to their united requests.

When the day was come that the warriors should proceed on their way to the rendezvous, Menelaus called to him his wife and his sole brother.

"Lady, dear lady," said he, "you know that from you I have hid nothing, and how that I go with my people to the Holy Land."

"Even as thou sayest, my lord."

"And now, therefore, dear lady, thee do I constitute regent and governor in my place, over all my people and against all my foes; and this my brother I constitute chief steward and adviser under thee."

Then said the empress: "Since it will no otherwise be, my lord, but that needs thou wilt go to the Holy Land, in your absence I will be as true as the turtle-dove to its mate; for, as I believe, you shall not escape thence with your life."

And now the hour of departure arrived, the trumpets sounded in the streets, the banners waved on all sides, and the ways of the city were crowded with armed men on horse and foot, each bearing the cross on his shoulder, and waiting but the forth-coming of Menelaus to march towards Jerusalem. Many a yeoman kissed his wife and child for the last time; many a gay young knight looked his last on the fair face of his mistress, and many a count and baron looked for the last time on his fair fields and his strong battlements. With fair words of comfort, and earnest embraces, the emperor parted from his wife and led the gay cavalcade through the city's gate.

Antony, the king's brother, was among the few bad men that regarded with joy the departure of Menelaus. Entrusted by the empress with the chief executive of the empire, he soon became proud and tyrannical, oppressive to the poor and a robber of the wealthy. The face and beauteous person of the queen stirred him to wickedness, and day by day and hour by hour he besought her with every fair word to forget his absent brother, and be unto him as a wife.

It was all in vain that Euphemia reproved him for his wickedness and threatened him with punishment; for he ever went on still in his wicked ways, and ceased not in his villanies. Then did the empress call together three or four of the good and great nobles of the empire, and say thus unto them:

"Ye are not ignorant, my lords, that the emperor ordained me his chief regent and governor, and placed his brother, the Lord Antony, as chief steward under me, to do every thing that I should will, but nothing without my consent."

"Yea, it is even so, great lady."

"Know ye not also, my lords, that the contrary of all this he does, disregarding my commands, oppressing the poor, and robbing the rich?"

"To our cost, and to the evil living of our vassals, know we this, O lady."

"But, my lords, more than this, the Lord Antony daily tempts me to forget our lord the emperor and to sin against him. Now, therefore, great and doughty lords, I command you, in my lord's name, that ye seize the traitor the Lord Steward, bind him fast, and keep him in prison."

"We be ready to obey thy commands, O lady! but in this thou must answer for us to our lord the emperor."

"Fear not," rejoined the empress; "did but your lord know what I know of this man, he would assuredly put him to an ignominious death."

Immediately the great nobles took the Lord Antony, bound him fast in fetters, and threw him into a strong dungeon, where he lay a long time; until at last there came tidings from the East that the emperor had obtained great renown and victory, and was coming homeward. Now when Antony heard this, he said to himself: "If my brother find me in prison, will he not inquire of the empress the cause of my imprisonment, and will she not tell him all that ever I have done, and shall I not lose my life?" and then he thought awhile by himself and said, "Nay, nay, but it shall not be so;" and, sending humbly to the empress, he besought that he might speak a word unto her.

"Man," said the empress, "what wouldst thou with me?"

"Mercy, mercy, O lady! for, if the emperor my brother find me in prison, shall I not die," and with these words he fell at her feet, and wept sorely.

"My Lord Antony," replied the empress, "could I but feel assured that thou didst repent thee of thine old ways, thou shouldst find grace in my sight."

On this, with many and deep protestations, Antony persuaded the empress that he had repented him of all his former evil deeds and wishes, and obtained so far with her that she took him from his dungeon, reinstated him in his office, and bade him mount his steed and come with her and the rest of the nobles to meet the returning emperor.

Fair and bright was the day on which the nobles and their empress set out from Rome to meet their long lost emperor, and merrily did they converse as they rode over moor and through wood, over hill and through valley, on their way. And now, as they journeyed on, a bold buck started across their path and made away across the meadows; then all the nobles followed in chase, and the empress and Antony were left alone, as if by chance. Then did the evil one tempt Antony, and he spoke again to Euphemia of love, counselling the death of his brother, and their union as man and wife.

"Wicked fool," said the empress, "was it not but yesterday that I delivered thee out of prison, upon thy promise of amendment, and now art thou returned to thy wickedness and folly?"

"Remember, lady! when thou didst so, thou wert surrounded by thy nobles and thy soldiers; now art thou alone, for there is no creature here but thou and I; listen, how the horn sounds more and more faintly, and the chase draws away thy company—obey then my wishes, or prepare to die, for in this wood on yonder tree will I hang thee, and thou shalt there die a miserable death."

"My lord," replied the empress with meekness, "I can die,—I cannot sin."

As she thus spake, Antony seized on Euphemia, stripped her of her imperial garments, and hanged her by her beautiful hair to a tree in a dark depth of the forest; then he rode after the hunters, and, with many tears, and much apparent anger, told them, how many enemies had suddenly surrounded them and bore away the empress, in spite of his greatest exertions.

For nigh three long and weary days, the empress hung on that tree, suffering all the agonies of a death by famine added to the pain of her torturing position. On the third day, a horn sounded through the wood, and the cry of dogs reached far and wide, as the Count Ernest, the lord of a fair domain that bordered on the territories of the emperor, pursued the chase. Fast followed the hounds on the buck that flew before them, until they reached the place where the empress hanged on the tree. In a moment the chase was stopped, and every hound stood and bayed around the spot, until the count and his attendants rode towards the tree.

"Woman," said Count Ernest, "who art thou and whence come, that thou hangest thus on this tree?"

"Good Sir," murmured Euphemia, in a low and weak voice, for her life was fast declining, "a strange woman am I, come from a far country, and of good lineage and fair repute, but how I came I cannot tell."

"Whose then is this horse that stands bound beside thee?" asked the count.

"Good Sir, it is mine own, and oh! mercy, good Sir, that I die not."

"Fair lady," rejoined Ernest, as he hastened to take her down from the tree, and to restore her departing animation by a draught from his hunting flask, "fair lady, I perceive that thou art as well born as thou art fair, and hast come to this mishap by some unfair means, that thou wilt not declare. Come then, lady, come to my castle, for there is to me an only child, a young daughter, and if thou wilt be kind to her as a mother and be her instructress in all that befits her station, great shall be thy reward."

Full of thankfulness and gratitude, Euphemia leapt upon her palfrey, and rode with Count Ernest to his baronial hall. Welcomed by all, from the highest to the lowest, the empress addressed herself with pleasure to her task, tending with a mother's care the daughter of her benefactor. Well for her would it have been at this time had her personal beauty and grace of manners been less remarkable, for the count's steward, a crafty and a wicked man, loved her greatly, and spake to her again and again of his love. It was in vain that Euphemia told him that she was married, and that her love was firmly bound to but one, for he continued to reiterate his endearments, and to ply her with crafty arguments and wicked suggestions.

"Sir Steward," quoth the empress at last, "what need you more to ask such things, and to frame such speeches. The vow that I have made, that will I keep by God's grace unto my death's day."

"Of a short duration shall thy vow be," muttered the Steward, as he turned and left the chamber of the empress.

For a time all went well, and Euphemia forgot the threat of the count's steward, and gave herself up to the free enjoyment of her happy situation. One night, as she slept in the same bed with her young charge, deeply sleeping in peaceful security, the steward entered the chamber, which branched out from that of his master, crept close to the bed of the sleepers, and with a knife cut the throat of his master's child, so that she died in her sleep. Then did he smear the linen of the sleeping empress with the innocent's blood, and place the stained knife within her hand.

Hardly had the steward passed out from the scene of his wicked cruelty, when the countess, alarmed by a dream, arose from her neighbouring couch and entered the room of her daughter. Her first look all but killed her. Repressing the screams that all but forced themselves on her utterance, she awoke the count, and together they stood by the bedside of the murdered child, and her innocent nurse.

"Awake, woman, awake!" cried the count, "see this thing that thou hast done, and the fatal knife even yet in thine hand."

Who shall tell how the empress awaked out of her sleep, and saw the dire deed, and heard the words of accusation against her; how she mourned for her lost pupil, and protested her innocence in the face of the plain evidence that appeared against her; how the countess called for death as her punishment, and the empress sued not for mercy.

Sorely was the count tempted to slay the empress, but he remembered how it had been said of old, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord. Then he said,—

"Woman, were it not that I fear God greatly, I would cleave thee in twain with my sword, for I delivered thee from the point of death, and now, look, thou hast slain my child! Go, woman, I give thee thy wretched life, from me thou shalt have no harm; but if, after the

sun hath gone down into the west, thou art found within my dominion, a cruel death shall be thy fate. Ho! groom, the palfrey of the strange woman—let the murderess depart as she came."

Cut to the heart with the bitterness of her sorrow, the empress rode away from the count's castle without a tear, for she well knew her innocence, and trusted in it. Eastward many a day she rode, without friend or guide, living on the bounty which she had acquired in the service of Count Ernest. As she rode thus she espied by the wayside a lofty gallows, and officers preparing to hang a man thereon. Remembering her own fate, Euphemia rode up to the officers.

"Sirs," said the empress, "is this man redeemable from this straight death?"

"Yes, lady," replied the officers, "and his ransom is twenty pieces of silver."

"It pleaseth me well to redeem him," rejoined the empress; "go to, here are the pieces. Sir! follow me; be true servant unto me until I die, for from death have I delivered thee."

With many a protestation and oath the culprit promised to be true and faithful, and followed readily by her palfrey's rein until they drew nigh unto a fair city on the sea side, where Euphemia was minded to dwell.

"Euric," said Euphemia, for this was the culprit's name, "go forward to yon city, and seek out there a fair and honest lodging, for I will rest here awhile."

The lodging was soon obtained, and Euphemia lived for a while in the city, and her beauty became a common report among all the citizens. Now it happened that a merchant vessel came in there from the East, laden with fine clothes and goodly apparel from far countries. Euphemia sent Euric to the shipmaster to learn of his commodities, and to bring him to her house, that she might traffic with him for his Eastern cloths. Willingly the shipmaster came, for he had heard of the lady's beauty; willingly he agreed to sell her of his cargo, and bade Euric return with him to the ship that he might bring back cloths the Empress had ordered.

"Friend," said the shipmaster, when he and Euric were once again on board, "canst thou be trustworthy, and art thou willing to earn a good reward?"

"My aid and my silence have their price," rejoined Euric.

"Come then. I love thy lady, and would give much to have her here on board, that I might sail away with her. Here are twenty gold pieces if thou wilt tell her that I will not sell her the cloth unless she come and choose it here herself, and then leave the rest to me."

"It is well spoken, master; I do thy bidding."

As the shipmaster planned, so it fell out. The empress believed her servant's report and descended to the port and went on board the merchant's ship, whilst Euric stood without on the harbour's side. Then the shipmaster raised his sail, and sailed out from the harbour's mouth.

On the shores of Italy, within the empire of Rome, there was at that time a great city, famous for its baths, whither the sick resorted, and whence they received great aid. Many and wise were the physicians that abided there, and great their reputation throughout all the Roman land, so that all men resorted thither in their sicknesses. Thither had come among the crowd of sick, the Lord Antony, whom his brother had found, on his return, a leper from head to foot. Thither too had come for aid the steward of the Count Ernest, blinded, deaf, and shaking with the palsy; Euric, lame and aching with cramp pains in every joint; and the shipmaster distraught of his wits. Each and all of them proffered large gifts in return for health, but in vain; for their diseases were beyond the power of the physicians of the place.

"What, then, shall we do?" said they one and all.

Then said the people, "Go ye to the pious sister, that dwells in the hermitage on the sea shore, whither she escaped from shipwreck; confess to her your misdeeds,

and by God's help she will give you rest, for by the grace of God she doeth many wonders."

Then went they all to the hermitage on the sea shore, and the emperor went with his brother, for he knew not of his wickedness, and loved him much. Before the door of her humble cell stood the recluse, her form and face shrouded with dark habiliments, so that no one could see her features. To the emperor the recluse made a reverent salutation, but of the rest of the sick, or of the crowd that followed them, she took no heed.

"Good sister," said the emperor, "if thou wilt of thy kindness heal my brother of his leprosy, ask of me what thou wilt, and on the word of the great king I will give it thee."

"Great and good lord," replied the recluse; "though thou wouldest give me the half of thy kingdom, I may not heal thy brother of his leprosy, nor none of these other sick, unless they freely and openly confess all the evil that ever they did."

"Brother," said the emperor, "hearest thou the words of the holy sister; acknowledge then openly all thy sin, that thou mayest be healed of this wickedness."

"Truly, O my brother, have I sinned against thee, and done to thee and thy kingdom great evil, for I obeyed not the commands of our dear sister that is taken from us, but cruelly oppressed the poor, and took bribes of the rich or spoiled them of their treasures. Freely do I confess my evil, and implore thy pardon."

"As free as thy confession, so is thy pardon, brother!" rejoined Menelaus. "Sister, heal him of his leprosy."

"Such as his confession, such is his cure. The former is not full, therefore my medicine little availleth."

"What evil, sorrow, or other unhappy wretchedness hast thou committed, O my brother?" said the emperor. "Seest thou not how thou art a foul leper? Confess, then, all thy sin that thou mayest be whole, or avoid my sight for ever."

"Cursed as I am with a foul disease, I may not tell of my sin against thee, oh I my brother, unless I be sure of thy grace."

"Speak on then, for freely art thou forgiven."

Then did Antony declare how he had tempted the empress, deceived her by his promises, and hanged her in a wood on the very day of his brother's return.

"Wretched creature," cried Menelaus, "God's vengeance has fallen on thee. In that I have pardoned thee thou art free; else would death, a bitter death, have been thy lot."

"My Lord," interposed the count's steward, "what lady you speak of I know not, but of this be assured, that such a lady my master the Count Ernest found on a time hanging in the forest, and brought her home to his castle, and made her nurse of his only child; fair was she, very fair to look upon, and I tempted her to love me, but she ever swore to keep the oath that she had sworn before God's altar. Then slew I my master's child, and placed the bloody knife in the lady's hand whilst she slept, so that my master accused her of the guilty deed, and cast her out of his kingdom."

"And such a lady—fair, very fair to look upon, and gracious in all her deeds," said Euric, "ransomed me from the officers at the gallows foot, and made me swear to be her true and liege servant until her death; but I sold her for gold to a shipmaster, and he bore her away no one knoweth whither."

"Such a lady," interposed the shipmaster, "received I of a foreign man, and when we were in the midst of the sea I would have constrained her to my love, when she fell down on her knees, and prayed for deliverance. Then arose a great and a terrible storm, and day and night we drove I know not whither, for the sky was dark, and the winds and the waves roared terribly. At last the ship broke in pieces, and we were all drowned save wretched I, who floated to land on a piece of the broken vessel."

"Wretched, wretched men," cried the emperor, "ye shall surely die."

"Nay, good and great king," interposed the recluse, "God's vengeance has fallen on them, as it is said, Vengeance is mine, I will repay. Be merciful, oh! my Lord; and ye, poor creatures, fear not! freely have ye confessed and truly, and freely are ye cured."

As she thus spake, each man's disease left him, and they fell on the ground in praise and thanksgiving to God. Then turned the recluse to the emperor, and uncovered her face.

"Husband and great master, be merciful, for thy Euphemia has escaped from all her troubles, and now on her bended knee asks thee for pardon to these poor miserable sinners."

"Blessed be God!" cried the emperor, as he raised his long lost empress to his arms. "Blessed be God, I have found that I desired. Go ye all in peace. But far away from this land, lest when I look on ye again, I may forget mercy and remember justice."

A CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE COUNTRY.

CHAP. X.

THE WELCOME ARRIVAL.

As too frequently happened, Justine L'Estrange was the last who appeared at the breakfast-table at Kirkfield. She received Mr. Loraine's gentle reproof for not having been present at prayers with many insufficient excuses for her laziness, when Charley Loraine, gravely taking out his pocket-book, and presenting her with a stolen charade, begged she would read it aloud, as she had fully earned its possession, and had done so even sooner than he had expected. "Read it! do read it!" exclaimed two or three of the younger of the party, as Justine's eye glanced over it, and with a reproachful voice, she said—"Oh, Charles!"

"Come, my dear cousin," said Charles, in reply, "if your modesty be too great to allow you to read aloud verses, whose first line must certainly have been addressed to you in the spirit of inspiration or of prophecy, I will spare your blushes, and read them for you." And, taking the paper from her hand, in spite of a slight resistance, he began:—

"Awake, idle sleeper! Up! up, and arise!
Already my *First* hath made vocal the skies.
Arouse thee! Arouse thee! Mount horse and away,
For long is the journey before thee to-day!"

"Forget not my *Second*; when weary thy steed,
By that thou shalt urge on his lingering speed;
For many a forest and ford must be past
Before thou shalt reach thine own cottage at last."

"And ere through thine own cottage-garden thou'lt tread,
The dew of the night on my *Whole* will be shed,
On my beautiful *Whole*, yet less blue and less bright
Than the eyes which will meet thee with glistening delight."

This charade produced many remarks on the flowers which derive their names from different birds; and the same subject was renewed in the evening, when the *Flora Kirkfieldensis* was introduced to the increased party; for increased it had been during the day greatly to Agnes' delight.

Agnes was always the first to welcome the letter-bag; but on this day even the letter-bag was overlooked in her joyful surprise at seeing the carpet bag and portmanteau, which the post-boy lifted out of his non-descript little vehicle, saying, "Them's t' gentleman's things as cam by t' Sooth mail, and sed he wer boun to walk ower t' fields fra' B—, and I war to bring 'em here, an' tell ye he war coming."

It must be—it could be nobody but her long-expected friend, James Hamilton, who was actually arriving three days before her birthday! With gleeful voice and bounding step she entered the saloon with the

news, and entreated some of the party to accompany her into the fields to meet the wished-for guest; but, before they could set out, Mr. Hamilton himself made his appearance, and was greeted by them all as a most welcome visitor.

Much had to be told by both parties, many questions asked, and many kind inquiries made after the invalid, whom he had left rapidly improving under the care of his aunt; and the party once more found the evening circle closed in before they remembered to thank Mr. Hamilton for his charades, to talk of the amusement they had afforded, and the interest they had given to Sophia's drawings in the eyes of her cousins. Charles declared his abstraction of one from the number must certainly have been the cause of accelerating James's arrival; and, though too polite to Justine to explain how very apropos the address, "Awake, idle sleeper!" had proved that morning, he could not refrain from expatiating a little on the advantage of rising with the lark, till she was glad to take refuge in an examination of the portfolio, and ask some question about the *Delphinium Consolida*, or *Larkspur*, remarking that in her native country it had a similar name, and was called *Pied d'Alouette*.

"Yes," replied Sophia, "there must be some resemblance to the foot or spur of the lark, or at least to a spur of some kind; though I confess, with you, I do not find it very striking. In various languages the name implies this; in Italian, it is *Speronella*, or little spur; in Spanish and German, *Espuela de Caballero*, and *Rittersporn*, both signifying the spur of a knight. The botanical name, *Delphinium*, or *Dolphin*, alludes to an equally fanciful resemblance of the same part—the nectary—to the popular notion of a dolphin's shape."

"Indeed," said Justine, "then that accounts for its other French name, *La Dauphinelle*, or little dauphin. If I had ever thought about the name at all, I had supposed it to have some connexion with the ancient title of Dauphin, bestowed upon the eldest son of the King of France."

"I wonder no Dauphin adopted the *Larkspur* as his badge," observed Lucy; "but this is not the first royal personage for whom I would have chosen an emblem. I remember being astonished that Margaret of Valois should have adopted that of the marigold, when the daisy, the simple cheerful daisy—a plant of the same natural order—which has the same propensity to turn towards the sun—already bore her own name, *La Marguerite*, and would equally well have suited her motto, 'I seek not things below.' Much as I admire the character of that princess, I can never quite reconcile myself to her taste, though I believe it has made me look upon the gaudy marigold with more affection than I should otherwise have done."

"Oh, Lucy!" interposed Mr. Hamilton; "you have not yet forgotten the slight put upon the daisy. I thought of your long discussion of last year when I wrote one of the charades I sent, but I find it has not recalled it to your memory, since your mother has shown it me amongst those yet unproduced. Are you as ready as ever to quote from Chaucer? or have you found yet more endearing epithets for the *Bellis perennis*?"

"Pray, never call my dear daisy by a Latin name," replied Lucy; "I quite join in Aunt Martha's dislike to botanical names, when you apply one to so truly English a flower as the daisy, and am always ready to chime in with the burden of the song in Dryden's poem of 'The Flower and the Leaf,'—'The daisy is so sweet! the daisy is so sweet!' Since you have provoked it, you shall have Chaucer's commendations of it at full length, though I doubt if my cousins have English enough to understand them:—

"Of all the floures in the mede
Than love I most those floures white and rede,
Such that men callen Daisies in our town. . . .
When it upriseth early by the morrow
That blisful sight softeneth my sorrow,

In which me thought I might daie by daie
Dwellen alway the jolly month of May,
Withouten slepe, withouten meat or drinke;
Adown full softly I gan to sinke,
And leaning on my elbow and my side,
The long day I shope me for to abide,
For nothing else, and I shall not lie,
But for to look upon the daisie,
That well by reason men may it call
The emprise and floure of floures all;
I pray to God, that faire mote she fall
And all that loven floures for her sake."

I will not even spare you the description of 'The Faery Queene,' she continued; and again quoted:—

"And she was clad in royall habit greene;
A fret of gold she had next her haire,
And upon that a white crowne she bare,
With floures small, and I shall not lie,
For all the world right as a daisie
I crowned is, with white leaves lite,
So were the floures of her crowne white,
And of a perle fine orientall,
Her white crowne was i'maked all,
For which the white crowne above the greene
Made her like a daisie for to seme,
Considered eke her fret of gold above:—"

"I must confess," said Frederic, "that I cannot quite enter into the beauties of Lucy's quotation, nor was I aware that this flower was so great a favourite with the English poets."

"Oh, yes!" cried Agnes; "Wordsworth calls it 'the poet's darling!'"

"And 'a nun demure,'" said Rosaline.

"A little Cyclops with one eye," added Alleyn.

"A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some fairy hold
In fight to cover;"

quoted Sophia.

"Wordsworth is quite the poet-laureat of the daisy," remarked Mr. Loraine.

"Yet he is not alone in his admiration," said Mrs. Barlow. "Even Laura can repeat some of Montgomery's lines to the same flower. Try, Laura; you need not repeat all the poem, but try to recollect some of it."

And Laura, blushing, repeated—

"There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky."

Everybody thanked the little girl when she had finished the pretty well-known verses, and agreed that the poet had done justice to his subject; and with so many songs sung in its praise, it might indeed hope for literary immortality, and bear out his assertion, "the daisy never dies."

"If Miss Campbell were here," said Cyril, "I think she would claim for her own Scottish bard some of the honour of crowning it with immortal fame, since nothing can be more beautiful than Burns's address.

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem!"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Lucy, "it must be allowed to be a bonnie gem, the very pearl of flowers—

"The daisie a floure white and rede,
And in French called La bel Margarete.
O commendable floure and most in minde!
O floure and gracious of excellence!
O amiable Margarete! of native kinde—"

Certainly," she ran on, "Margaret of Valois ought to have chosen the daisy for her device. There is something remarkably poetical, Justine, in the French ap-

plication of the same name to the flower and the pearl, both so graceful and so beautifully simple—'First gem of the earth, and first flower of the sea,'—to disarrange one of Moore's lines."

"You have none of you given the derivation of daisy," said Charles, "and I do not believe there will be a better than 'day's eye,'—the eye of day."

"We really must be contented with that, Charles," replied Sophia; "for I do not know of any other. The botanical name comes from the Latin, *bellus*, pretty."

"Indeed," replied Charles, "I think I could find you another for that; but I suppose you will scorn my idea, that it might be traced to the French *belier*, a ram, because the rams, and the sheep, and the pretty bachelors, all nibble at the daisied turf; yet I think it would be a very innocent rustic derivation, and quite as likely to have come in with the Norman conquest, as the French pork for dead pigs, and beef for dead oxen."

All laughed heartily at Charles's new derivation, whilst he maintained that a ram was quite as good a sponsor for a flower as a goat or a hare, a hawk or a dove.

"A dove!" exclaimed Agnes; "pray what flower is called after a dove?"

"Why, the columbine, to be sure," replied Charles. "You, perhaps, fancied it had something to do with your old baby picture-book, where you used to point out

"Harlequin and Columbine,
A-telling of their whole design."

"The columbine," said Sophia, "certainly does derive its name from the Latin word *columba*, the nectary of that flower being supposed to resemble the neck of a dove; and it is singular in combining the eagle with the dove, the soaring emblem of pride, and the gentle emblem of meekness; for its botanical name, *Aquilegia*, comes from aquila, an eagle, there being also a fancied resemblance in part of the flower to the beak of that bird."

"I think, Lucy," said Charles, "that this flower ought to have been emblazoned on the shield of the gallant Lord Rodney, whose motto unites the names of these birds: 'Non generant aquilæ columbas,' proudly boasting that eagles do not breed doves;—though by-the-bye it would be rather a contradiction, since your botanists find them in the same flower, if not in the same nest."

"Pray, mamma, let us hear the charade, in which James Hamilton has alluded to the marigold and Margaret of Valois' motto," asked Lucy; and after a little search amongst her collection, Mrs. Loraine produced the following:—

"Sweetest of female names, my First will bring
To Memory's eye daughters of many a clime—
Her, over whom a halo we must sing,
Too holy to be named in playful rhyme;
And many a scion of a royal race—
Italia's princess, bearing on her brow
The diadem of France—and her, whose grace
And beauty taught each Gallic knee to bow:
When she, that crown resigning, turned and wept
To leave the vine-clad fields, and with her heart
Clinging to those bright scenes, her sad watch kept
On the receding deck, loath to depart,
Though homage waited on bleak Scotia's shore.
And still on Scotia's hills that name we hear,—
Still through her dales the peasant's song will pour
That name which Burns has rendered doubly dear
To all her sons—which, borne by many a maid,
Is loved in many an English cottage home,
And echoed in lone hearts which are betrayed,
By hope to gain my Second, thence to roam.
My Second from the hallowed household hearth
Too oft will lure ambitious youth to stray.
Base dross, extracted from the womb of earth!
How canst thou cheer them from those hearties away?
And yet, if rightly used, a blessing thou,
Diffusing blessings, showering o'er the land
Food for the wretched, teaching hearts to glow
With gratitude, and bless the generous hand

Whose bounty soothes their sorrows. Rich thou art,
Yet far less precious than that pearl of price
Which that fair princess treasured in her heart,
Who fixed upon my *Whole* for her device.
Marguerite of Valois, sure herself a pearl
By name and nature, chose that golden flower,
And 'sought not things below.'—Lo! where unfurl
The banners of the Gospel, to its power
With meek humility behold her bend,
And like that flower, her eye still heavenward send!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

Curiosities of Modern Travel: a Year-Book of Adventure. BOGUE. 1847.

THIS is a selection of some of the most striking incidents to be found in recently published books of travels. There is little in it which is not well known to those who are at all familiar with that description of reading; but to those who have not had the opportunity of reading many larger works of the class, it will no doubt be interesting, as giving a taste of almost every kind of adventure to be encountered in modern travel. We select two specimens:—

THE BURIED TOWN OF PLEURS.

"A spot, which was to me one of the most interesting in all my rambles, was where the village of Pleurs, with about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, was overwhelmed in the year 1618 by the falling of a mountain. This terrific avalanche took place in the night, and was so sudden, complete, and overwhelming, that not only every soul perished, but no trace whatever of the village or of any of the remains of the inhabitants could afterwards be discovered. The mountain must have buried the town to the depth of several hundred feet. Though the all-veiling gentleness of nature has covered both the mountain that stood and that which fell with luxuriant vegetation, and even a forest of chestnuts has grown amidst the wilderness of the rocks, yet the vastness and the wreck of the avalanche are clearly distinguishable. Enormous angular blocks of rocks are strewn and piled in the wildest confusion possible, some of them being at least sixty feet high. The soil has so accumulated in the space of two hundred years, that on the surface of these ruins there are smooth, grassy fields at intervals, and the chestnuts grow everywhere. A few clusters of miserable hamlets, like Indians' or gipsies' wigwags, are also scattered over the grave of the former village, and there is a forlorn-looking chapel that might serve as a convent for handitti. The mountains rise on either side to a great height in most picturesque peaks and outlines, and the valley is filled up with a snowy range at the north.

"It was a solemn thing, to stand upon the tomb of twenty-five hundred beings, all sepulchred alive. No efforts have ever discovered a trace of the inhabitants—not a bone, not a vestige. The mountain that covers them shall be thrown off at the resurrection, but never before. It was the Mount Conto that fell; the half that was left behind still rises abrupt and perpendicular over the mighty grave. It is singular enough that the town was situated itself on the tomb of another village, which had previously been overwhelmed by a similar catastrophe. For that reason it was named Pleurs, The Town of Tears. From the times of old, as often as in Italy one city has been buried, another has been built upon the very same spot, except, indeed, in the case of Pompeii, so that it is no uncommon thing for the same earth to be leased to the dead and the living.

"The Town of Tears was one of the gayest, richest, laughing, pleasure-loving, joyous little cities in the kingdom. It might have been named Tears because it had laughed till it cried. It had palaces and villas of rich gentlemen and nobles; for its lovely and romantic situation, and pleasant air, attracted the wealthy families to spend, especially the summer months, in so de-

lightful a retreat. I wonder that no poet or romance-writer has made this scene the subject of a thrilling story. The day before the lid of their vast sepulchre fell, the people were as happy and secure as those of Pompeii the night of the Vesuvian eruption—and much more innocent. There had been great rains. Vast masses of gravel were loosened from the mountains, and overwhelmed some rich vineyards. The herdsmen came hurrying in to give notice that strange movements had been taking place, with alarming symptoms of some great convulsion; that there were great fissures and rents forming in the mountain, and masses of rock falling, just as the cornice of a building might topple down in fragments before the whole wall tumbles. The cattle were seized with terror, and probably perceiving the trembling of the ground beneath their feet, fled bellowing from the region.

"Nevertheless, there was no dream of what was to follow. The storm cleared brightly away, the sun rose and set on the 4th of September as a bridegroom; the people lay down securely to rest, or pursued their accustomed festivities into the bosom of the night, with the plans for to-morrow; but that night the mountain fell and destroyed them all. At midnight, a great roar was heard far over the country, and a shock felt as of an earthquake, and then a solemn stillness followed; in the morning, a cloud of dust and vapour hung over the valley, and the bed of the Maira was dry. The river had been stopped by the falling of the mountain across its channel, and the town of Pleurs with the village of Celano had disappeared for ever. All the excavations of all the labourers that could be collected failed to discover a single vestige of the inhabitants or of their dwelling-places. The miners could not reach the cathedral for its gold and jewels; and there they lie at rest, churches and palaces, villas and hovels, priests, peasants, and nobles, where neither gold, nor love, nor superstition, nor piety, can raise them from their graves, or have any power over them."—*Cheever's "Pilgrim of the Jungfrau."*

BATHS OF LEUK.

"In coming from the Simplon up the Vallais to Geneva, one passed the baths of Leuk, a little removed from the Rhone. This hamlet, elevated 4500 feet above the level of the sea, is shut in by a circular precipice that surrounds it like a mighty wall, up which you are compelled to climb in steps cut in the face of the solid rock. Its hot springs are visited during the summer months by the French and Swiss for their healing effects. It is something of a task, as one can well imagine, to get an invalid up to these baths. The transportation is entirely by hand, and the terms are regulated by the director of the baths. These regulations are printed in French, and one relating to corpulent persons struck us so comically that we give a translation of it:—

For a person over ten years of age, four porters are necessary; if he is above the ordinary weight, six porters; but if he is of an extraordinary weight, and the commissary judges proper, two others may be added, but never more.

There are some dozen springs in all, the principal one of which, the St. Lawrence, has a temperature of 124 degrees Fahrenheit. The mode of bathing is entirely unique, and makes an American open his eyes at first in unforged astonishment. The patient begins by remaining in the bath the short space of one hour, and goes on increasing the time till he reaches eight hours; four before breakfast and four after dinner. After each bath of four hours' duration, the doctor requires one hour to be passed in bed. This makes in all ten hours per day to the poor patient, leaving him little time for anything else. To obviate the tediousness of soaking alone four hours in a private bath, the patients all bathe together. A large shed divided into four compartments, each capable of holding about eighteen persons, constitutes the principal bath-house. A slight gallery

is built along the partitions dividing the several baths, for visitors to occupy who wish to enjoy the company of their friends, without the inconvenience of lying in the water. This is absolutely necessary, for if eight hours are to be passed in the bath and two in bed, and the person enduring all this is to be left alone in the meantime, the life of an anchorite would be far preferable to it. It is solitary confinement in the penitentiary, with the exception that the cell is a *watery one*. All the bathers, of both sexes and all ages and conditions, are clothed in long woollen mantles, with a tippet around their shoulders, and sit on benches ranged round the bath, under water up to their necks. Stroll into this large bathing-room awhile after dinner, the first thing that meets your eye is some dozen or fifteen heads bobbing up and down, like buoys on the surface of the steaming water. There, wagging backwards and forwards, is the shaven crown of a fat old friar. Close beside, the glossy ringlets of a fair maiden, while between, perhaps, is the moustached face of an invalid officer. In another direction, grey hairs are 'floating on the tide,' and the withered faces of old dames peer 'over the flood.' But to sit and soak a whole day, even in company, is no slight penalty, and so to while away the lazy hours, one is engaged in reading a newspaper, which he holds over his head; another in discussing a bit of toast on a floating table; a third, in keeping a withered nose-peg, like a water-lily, just above the surface, while it is hard to tell which looks most dolorous, the withered flowers or her face. In one corner, two persons are engaged playing chess; and in another, three or four more, with their chins just out of the water, are enjoying a pleasant "tête-à-tête" about the delectability of being under water, seething away at a temperature of nearly 120 degrees, eight hours per day. Persons making their daily calls on their friends are entering and leaving the gallery, or leaning over, engaged in earnest conversation with those below them. Not much etiquette is observed in leave-taking, for if the patient should attempt a bow, he would duck his head under water. Laughable as this may seem, it is nevertheless a grave matter, and no one would submit to it except for health, that boon for which the circle of the world is made, the tortures of amputation endured, and the wealth of the millionaire squandered. The strictest decorum is preserved, and every breach of propriety punished by the worthy burgomaster with a fine of two francs or thirty-seven and a half cents. A set of regulations is hung against the walls specifying the manner in which every patient is to conduct himself or herself. As specimens, we give Articles 7 and 9, which will also be found in Mr. Murray's Guide-book:—

Art. 7. Personne ne peut entrer dans les bains sans être revêtu d'une chemise longue et ample, d'une étoffe grossière, sous peine de deux fr. demande.

Art. 9. La même peine sera encourir par ceux qui n'en entreraient pas, ou n'en sortiraient pas d'une manière décente.

Translation. Art. 7. No one is permitted to enter these baths without being clothed in a long, ample, and thick "chemise," under the penalty of a fine of two francs.

Art. 9. The same penalty will be incurred by those who do not enter or depart in a becoming manner.

"Great care is taken that everything should be done 'decently and in order,' and there is nothing to prevent people from behaving themselves while sitting on benches under water as well as above water."—*Headley's Alps and the Rhine.*"

The Wooden Walls of Old England:—the Lives of celebrated Admirals. By MARGARET FRASER TYLER. 1 vol. Pp. 330. With Frontispiece. Hatchard.

This is one of that numerous class of juvenile works with which the present generation abound, and although no reason is assigned why this volume is necessary, considering the many similar and more en-

larged works of the same character, still its contents are well arranged, written in an agreeable style, and to those of our young friends who wish to peruse the leading events in the lives of Lord Rodney, Earl Howe, Earl St. Vincent, Lord De Saumarez, Lord Collingwood, Sir Sidney Smith, and Lord Exmouth, will form a most acceptable present. They will find much to amuse and a great deal more to instruct.

A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

"NENE, or—as he is now more generally known by his baptized name—Thomas Walker (*Tamati Waka*), is the principal chief of the Ngatihao tribe; which, in common with many others, is comprised in the great assemblage of tribes usually called Ngapua. The residence of this celebrated man is near the Wesleyan mission station, on the banks of the river Hokianga; where he fully established his character, as the friend and protector of Europeans, long before the regular colonization of the country. In common with most of his countrymen, Nene was, in his younger days, celebrated for his expertness in acts of petty pilfering; and he himself will now laugh heartily, if reminded of his youthful tricks. On one occasion, when on a visit to one of the missionaries at Waimate, a fine gander attracted his attention, and he secretly ordered it to be seized, and prepared for his dinner in a native oven; but, to prevent detection, the bird was cooked in its feathers. However, it was soon missed, and a rigorous inquiry instituted by its owner, but without success; until certain savoury steams arising from Nene's camp excited suspicion. To tax him with the theft, however, would have been contrary to all the rules of New Zealand etiquette; and the mystery of its disappearance was not unravelled until the morning after he had taken his departure, when the ill-fated gander was found concealed among the bushes: it having been found too tough for even a New Zealander's powers of mastication. Some years after this, a chief of East Cape killed a relation of Nene's; and, according to the customary law in New Zealand of 'blood for blood,' Nene went in a vessel, accompanied by only one attendant, to seek revenge. Landing near the spot where the chief resided, Nene entered his pah, called the murderer by name, and after accusing him of the crime, deliberately levelled his gun and shot him dead at his feet, and then coolly walked away. Though in the midst of his enemies, none dared to touch the avenger: all were paralyzed at his sudden appearance and determined bravery. But Nene is no longer the thoughtless, mischievous New Zealander: for many years he has been playing a nobler part in the great drama of life; and his conduct has deservedly gained for him a lasting reputation. Some traits may be mentioned to his honour. About the year 1839, the body of an European was discovered on the banks of one of the tributary streams of Hokianga, under circumstances which led to the suspicion that he had been murdered by a native called Kete, one of Nene's slaves. A large meeting was convened on the subject, and, the guilt of Kete being established, Nene condemned him to die; the murderer was accordingly taken to a small island in the river called Motiti, and there shot! So rigid were Nene's ideas of justice! When Captain Hobson arrived, and assembled the chiefs at Waitangi, in order to obtain their acquiescence in the sovereignty of the Queen over the islands of New Zealand, the Governor was received with doubt, and his proposals were at first rejected; but when Nene and his friends made their appearance, the aspect of affairs was changed: Nene, by his eloquence and by the wisdom of his counsel, turned the current of feeling, and the dissentients were silenced. In short, Nene stood recognised as the prime agent in effecting the treaty of Waitangi. On another occasion, his intervention was of great service to the British authorities. After the flag-staff at the Bay was

cut down by Heki, Governor Fitzroy proceeded to the disaffected district with a considerable body of military, thinking by a show of force to overawe the rebellious natives. A large concourse of chiefs was gathered together, and many speeches were made; but amongst them all the words of Nene were conspicuous for their energy. 'If,' said he, 'another flag-staff is cut down, I will take up the quarrel,' and nobly has he redeemed his pledge. During the whole course of the rebellion, up to the present period, he has steadily adhered to his purpose, and has on numerous occasions rendered the most essential assistance to the military. He fought in several engagements with the rebels, and each time has proved himself as superior in courage and conduct in the field, as he is in wisdom and sagacity in the council. The settlers in the northern parts of New Zealand are under the greatest obligations to this chief. But for him and his people, many a hearth, at present the scene of peace and happiness, would have been desecrated and defiled with blood; many a family, now occupying their ancient homes, would have been driven away from their abodes, exposed to misery and privation. Those settlers who were living near the disaffected districts, but remote from the influence and out of the reach of the protecting arm of Nene, have been driven as homeless wanderers to seek safety in the town of Auckland; and such would most probably have been the universal fate of the out-settlers but for the courage and loyalty of this brave and noble chief."—*From Angus's Savage Life and Scenes in Australia.*

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

A TRUE TALE.

By S. M.—.

WHEN, for these feeble days, we paint
The pureness of some parted saint,
Our praise is great—our faith is faint!
We dwellers in the vale below,
Look to the far hills' lucid snow,
Nor dream Man's footsteps there may go.
Not Love, up gazing, and at rest,
Can reach the wonder of that crest,
But toil,—stern, patient, undepreat.
Yet even this deaf and faithless time
Hears some fair cadence of the chime,
Which charmed to prayer its holier prime;
Fragments and trembling echoes, sent
To souls for one brief season lent,
And taken hence while innocent!
For childhood, like the Church's morn,
Of God's free spirit freshly born,
Meets sin with strange and happy scorn;
Eyes, washed by no remorseful tear,
Pure heart, and unpolluted ear,
What we believe, ye see and hear!

With folded hands and drooping head,
A group was gathered round the bed
Where lay a little child, as dead.

A holy child, whose few fair springs,
Shadowed by angel's guardian wings,
Were busied but with heavenly things.

As if the frontal drops had sought
The young heart's inner depth, and wrought
A well to purify each thought.

The watchers hushed each trembling breath,
Bowing "the pride of Life" beneath
The dead "humility of Death."

A sound upon that silence fell
Loved by the little slumberer well—
The music of the vesper bell!

Soft, as the shower from autumn trees,
That drops in no disturbing breeze—
Calm, as the murmur of far seas—

The parting soul that summons knows;
Behold, the small wan lips unclose,
And thence a sudden music flows!

No dying note—no faltering word,
But anthem-strain in triumph poured,
"My soul doth magnify the Lord!"

From first to last, serene and strong,
The child-voice in that holy song
Seemed answering some viewless throng;

And doubt not worshippers were there
Peopling each seeming void of air—
It was the Church's hour of prayer!

Freed was the spirit in that tone!
Ah, weep not friends! Ye might have known
God's mercy must resume its own!

Surely the waiting angel may
Turn from God's face his eyes away,
To look upon that shape of clay,
By Death so softly touched! Serene
And still, as forest shadows seen
At eve upon some level green.

While the child-spirit, hovering nigh,
Beholds, but with how changed an eye!
That calm pale form, the mourners by;

That prison where so late it dwelt,
In sickness wept, in sorrow knelt—
Pain now unknown, and grief unfelt!

While, through faint sob, and tearful rain
(Still most abounding when most vain)
Breaks the far choir's exulting strain,

The Church on earth, whose voice of love
Speeds sweetly her unspotted dove,
Now passing to the Church above,

Winged by her chant—"In peace of heart
O Lord, Thy servant may depart;
Thou his revealed salvation art!"

Words glad, but awful—which condemn
The lips unclean that utter them;
For stainless soul fit requiem!

Miscellaneous.

SWEARING IN COURT.

LORD Ellenborough's interruptions of counsel would sometimes assume a jocular form. When Mr. Park (the late Justice Allan Park,) had been moved in some case that appealed to the feelings to repeated exclamations, and had called heaven to witness, and so forth, while addressing the jury, "Pray, sir," said my Lord, "pray don't swear in that way here in court!" The effect of this interruption, in a grave tone, was irresistible, and Mr. Park heartily joined in laughing at this unexpected practical pleasantry.—*Townsend's Lives of the Judges.*

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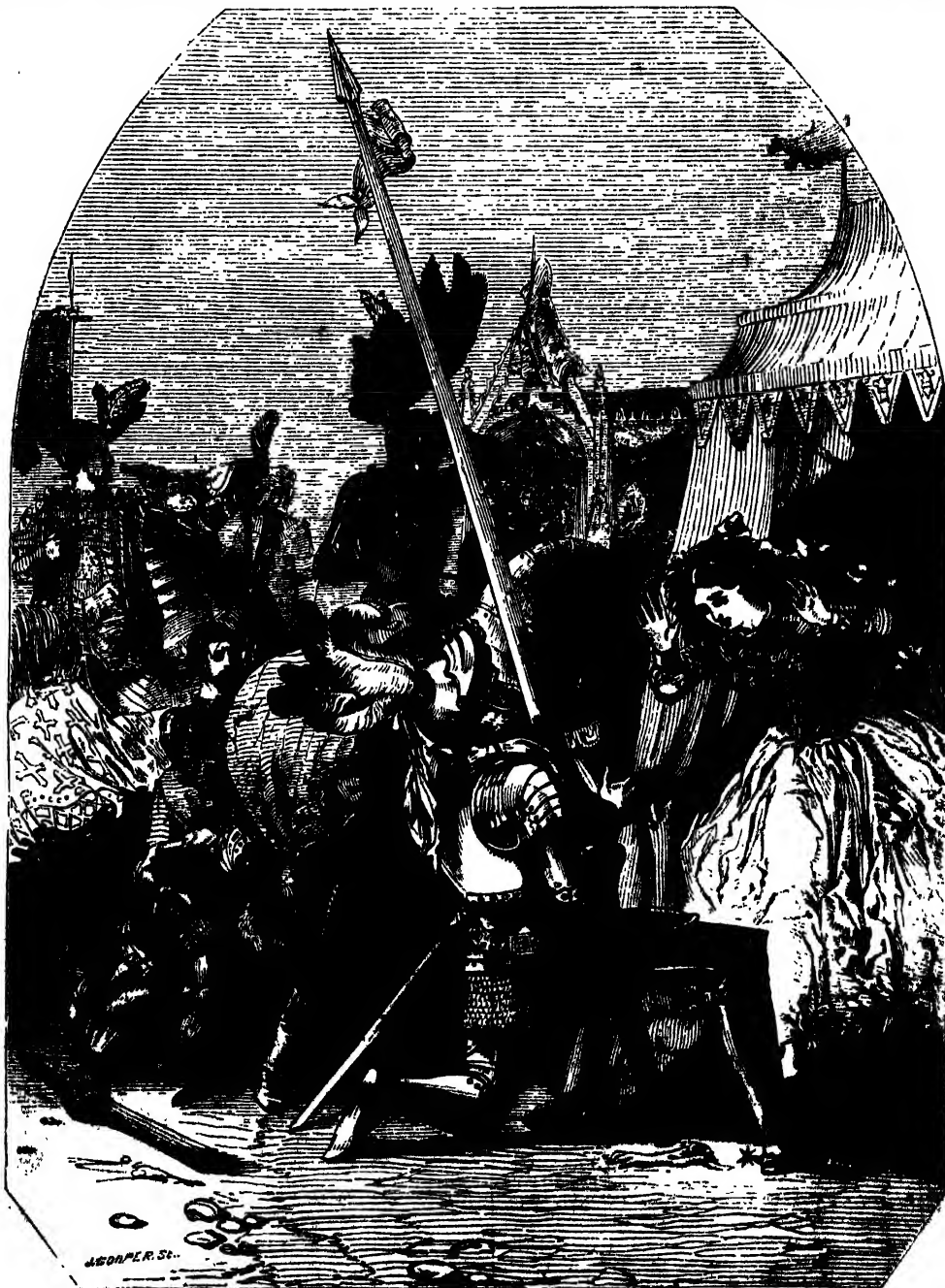
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VOL. III.

Abelgitha.

ADELGITHA.

I.
THE Ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad pale Adelgitha came;
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

II.
She wept, deliver'd from her danger,
But, when he knelt to claim her glove,
"Seek not," she cried, "Oh, gallant stranger!
For hapless Adelgitha's love.

III.
"For he is in a foreign far land,
Whose arms should now have set me free;
And I must wear the willow garland,
For one that's dead or false to me."

IV.
"Nay, say not that his faith is tainted;"
He rais'd his vizor—at the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted;
It was, indeed, her own true knight.—*Campbell.*

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

PERCHANCE the reader is familiar with Vertue's ground-plan of the Palace of Whitehall, or a well-engraved bird's-eye view of that very interesting pile, "as it appeared about the reign of James the First." In either case, he may trace that, at the period above named, in the left distance, might be seen Arlington House, the mansion of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, one of the famous "Cabal." This property was afterwards purchased by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who obtained an additional grant of land from the Crown, pulled down the old mansion, and, at a short distance from it, built, in 1703, the large red brick edifice subsequently known as Buckingham House. It was in the heavy, yet ornate, style of the time, the house and offices occupying three sides of a quadrangle; the red brick and stone finishings, relieved by figures; on the entablature of the eastern front was inscribed in large gilt Roman capitals, "Sic sita stantur lares;" and the front to the north bore "Rus in urbs;" with sculptural impersonations of the seasons. Pennant describes the mansion as "rebuilt in a most magnificent manner." The duke has left a curiously minute picture of his mode of living at Buckingham House, in a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, of which Pennant cunningly says:—"He has omitted his constant visits to the noted gaming-house at Marybone, the place of assemblage of all the infamous sharpers of the time. His Grace always gave them a dinner at the conclusion of the season, and his parting toast was, 'May as many of us as remain unchanged next spring, meet here again.' I remember the facetious Quin telling this story at Bath, within the hearing of the late Lord Chesterfield, when his lordship was surrounded by a crowd of worthies of the same stamp."

The site of the mansion, and the grounds, was formerly the once famous Mulberry Gardens: it must have been a strange retreat. Defoe describes it, in 1714, as "one of the great beauties of London, both by reason of its situation, and its building." At the date of the old print we have spoken of, no buildings extended beyond St. James's, to the left; the north was open to Hampstead, and the view of the Thames almost uninterrupted from the south-west corner of the park.

The Duke of Buckingham died in 1720: his duchess, daughter of James II. by Catherine Sedley, lived here till her death. She was succeeded by the duke's natural son, Charles Herbert (Sheffield), on whom his Grace had entailed the property, after the death of the young duke, who died a minor. It was purchased from Sir Charles by King George the Third; and, subsequently, "Buckingham House, now called the Queen's House," was, by Act of Parliament, settled on Queen Charlotte, in lieu of Somerset House, (settled in 1761 on the Queen Consort, in the event of her surviving the King,) the latter edifice being vested in the King, his heirs, and successors,

"for the purpose of erecting and establishing certain public offices." This purchase was made soon after the birth of the heir apparent to the throne, George Augustus Frederick, at Kew, Aug. 12, 1762. Thenceforth, until her death in 1818, Queen Charlotte resided at Buckingham House, alternately with Windsor and Kew; and nearly all her fourteen children were born here, this being, indeed, the private town residence of the king and queen; whilst St. James's, "said to be the most commodious for royal parade of any in Europe," was used for drawing-rooms, levees, and state ceremonies. The domestic happiness of George the Third and Queen Charlotte at Buckingham House, and their personal superintendence of the early education of their children, must have formed a delightful relief to the courtly splendour of St. James's; whilst this retirement was important to the country; for, it has been well observed of the king, that "the decorum of his private conduct was of much service to him, as well as probably efficacious in no slight degree in giving a higher tone to the public manners, and in making the domestic virtues fashionable even in the circles where they are most apt to be treated with neglect."

We may here mention that the wall of what were called the gardens of Buckingham House, formed one side of the main street of Pimlico: these gardens must, however, have been strangely neglected; for, in 1817, they were described as consisting merely of a gravel walk, shaded by trees, with a spacious and unadorned area in the centre. In size and splendour, Buckingham House was rivalled by Tart Hall, long the depository of the Arundellian marbles: the latter mansion faced the park, on the present site of James-street; its garden wall standing where Stafford-row is now built.

We remember the dull, heavy, facade of Buckingham House in 1825; the mansion itself stripped of its statues and sculptured ornaments, the fountain removed, and the basin in the lawn filled up in the taste that rushed from one extreme to the other—from the over-ornate to the taste which excluded ornament altogether; if we except the four fluted pilasters of the central portion, and the semicircular colonnade connecting it with the two wings, each having pilasters and a pediment, the whole forming three sides of a quadrangle. Mr. Pyne, in his "History of the Royal Residences," has left us a description of the interior, remarkable for its plainness: the King had, however, assembled here a large collection of pictures, and among them many of the works of his pet painter, Benjamin West: for his "Regulus," the King paid one thousand guineas, a liberal commission in those days, but now sometimes paid by our gentry, for a few sittings to a portrait-painter. Of far greater consequence to the country was the collecting of a magnificent library at Buckingham House by George the Third. This collection he bequeathed to the nation, and it is now deposited in a splendid apartment, built for its reception, in the British Museum. The public have, however, derived compara-

tively little benefit from the royal bequest; an administration which but ill accords with the spirit of the sovereign, who was what many influential persons of his time were not—an avowed friend to the diffusion of education, and, certainly, not afraid that his subjects would be made either more difficult to govern, or worse in any other respect, by all classes, from every individual of them, being taught to read and to write.

After the death of Queen Charlotte, Buckingham House continued a solitude of dust and decay: the surviving King lived in unhappy seclusion at Windsor until his death in 1820; and soon afterwards, the royal library was removed, as we have explained. There was little or nothing in the quiet regality of "the Queen's House" to attract the garish taste of the Prince Regent in his decoration of Carlton House; and there was less to tempt George the Fourth, or to reconcile him to his palace in Pall-mall. Pictures, at once costly and portable, were, doubtless, carried off; but the old red brick mansion itself was abandoned for some five years; or, rather, it was left as a sort of "nest egg" for a more ambitious scheme. Dry rot, or, perhaps, satiety on the part of the royal occupant, led to the pulling down of Carlton House. It was then proposed to Parliament to alter Buckingham House, so as to fit it for the residence of the sovereign; the task being confided to Mr. Nash, the architect favoured by George the Fourth, and who had, unquestionably, shown great skill in carrying out the royal taste in the formation and construction of the palatial connexion of the site of Carlton House with Portland-place—now known as Waterloo-place, Regent Circus, Quadrant, and Street. The "alteration" of Buckingham House, by Nash, was commenced in 1825, and was apparently completed by 1828; when the wings were found to require raising, these alterations being estimated to cost 50,000*l.*, and the whole palace, 432,926*l.* The money was, however, grudgingly voted by Parliament, a Committee of the House of Commons expressing its dissatisfaction with such alterations, "not originally contemplated, for the purpose of rectifying a defect which scarcely could have occurred, if a model of the entire edifice had previously been made, and duly examined." A more artistic critic observes: "the wings, when first built, were found too small, and, in consequence, had to be pulled down and enlarged; the attic, from a similar cause, had to be raised, and thus we have lost what would have been the one picturesque feature of the pile, the pediment of the central portico standing out strongly relieved against the story; and, it may also be added, the architect committed such a solecism as to build a dome which he afterwards acknowledged he was not at all aware would be visible from the park."

We suspect this failure in *remodelling* "the Queen's House" was unjustifiably attributed to Mr. Nash, the architect; we believe, with more justice to be ascribed to the king, who repeatedly interposed his royal will and pleasure in matters architectural, until a design reminding one of a house built of court cards was the result. There came out a grand Government project, not for what Lord Bacon calls "a brief model of a princely palace," but for a scheme of cumbrous yet petty magnificence. The proposition was somewhat cunningly linked with the relaying out of the site of Carlton House, and of the enclosure in St. James's Park, to which latter, when disposed as a landscape-garden, the public were to be admitted. Thus, a boon was given to the people with the one hand, and a largish grant for the palace was asked on the other. There followed all sorts of patriotic grumbling at the proposed expenditure, and criticism on the plans, more especially the additional plantations and flower gardens in the palace grounds; and the dug surfaces, the basin, fountains, and lake of several acres. Meteorologists shook their heads, and grave gardeners quoted the fragment of Baconian philosophy: "fountains that sprinkle or spout water, or convey water, as it never stays in the

bowls or the cistern, are a great beauty and refreshment; but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome and full of flies and frogs." The great object was to conceal the palace windows from view of the stables and the surrounding houses: and in doing this by the above plan, it was maintained, that, by thickening the marginal belts on both sides of the hollow, to shut out London, Buckingham palace would be rendered a dam to a pond of watery vapour; and that a man must be something less or more than a king to keep his health in that place for any length of time. Then the locality was otherwise beset with nuisances: the smoke of several factories in the newly-built portions of Pimlico, rolled over the palace in huge volumes, and filled its courts: the King is known to have offered many thousand pounds for the removal of an individual nuisance, yet in vain; and, to this day, its fumes continue to float over the nursery of royalty, much to the discomfiture of those who are destined hereafter to sway the sceptre of the British empire.

However, the King came to the nuisance; and there was no royal road for its riddance. The grant of money was obtained, and the "remodelling" was proceeded with; it should, however, be termed *rebuilding*, for we believe the only portion of "the Queen's House" left standing was the ground floor, which accounts for the low-pitched and dark rooms in this portion of the present palace.

George the Fourth did not live to see this pet work completed; though, at about the period that he passed from sublimity suffering, the grand arch—for the especial entrance of the sovereign and the royal family to the palace—was completed. This arch is the greatest work of mere ornament ever attempted in England. It has a centre gateway, and two side openings, and is of the size and general design of the arch of Constantine, at Rome; but is, by no means, so richly embellished, and is altogether a very blank affair compared with the Government design. The sculpture is omitted in the attic; and, in place of the reversed trusses above the columns, were to have been figures of warriors and panels of sculpture intervening; indeed, the fascia was to have been, altogether, far more highly enriched, the attic carried considerably higher, and crowned with an equestrian statue of George the Fourth, flanked with groups of military trophies, vases at the angles, &c. As it is, the sculpture is confined to a pair of figures and a key-stone on each face of the central archway, panels above the side openings, and wreaths at the ends: these are by Flaxman, Westmacott, and Rossi. The statue of George the Fourth was ordered of Sir Francis Chantrey, for 9,000 guineas; the Government put him to the expense of 100*l.* for parchments, and then were two years after the time agreed upon for the first payment! The statue, if we mistake not, is that which has been placed at the north-east angle of Trafalgar square.

We may here complete the description of the arch. The material is white marble, now discoloured by smoke and damp, and in appearance resembling a huge sugar erection in a confectioner's shop window. Upon the attic platform of the arch is a flag-staff, the crown of which is eighty feet from the ground; and from it, during the abode of the sovereign at the palace, the royal standard floats from sunrise to sunset; the silk standard, for state occasions, is thirty feet long, and eighteen feet deep, and cost nearly 200*l.*: it was first hoisted at the coronation of Queen Victoria, June 28, 1838. The gates were not put up until the summer of 1837; the central gates, designed and cast by Samuel Parker, are the largest and most superb in Europe; not excepting those of the Ducal palace, at Venice; or of the Louvre, at Paris: they are of a beautiful alloy, bronzed, the base of which is refined copper. Although cast, their enriched foliage and scroll-work bear all the elaborate finish of the finest chasing; the design consists of six compartments, in each of which is a circle: in the

two upper ones are the lion, *passant gardant*; beneath are the regal G. R.; and lowermost, St. George and the Dragon: the height of each gate is twenty-five feet; width, seventeen feet six inches; extreme thickness, three inches; weight of each, two tons thirteen cwt. They are so beautifully hung that a child might open and shut them. They now terminate at the springing of the arch, but Mr. Parker had cast, for the semi-circular heading, a beautiful frieze, and a design of the royal arms in the central circle, flanked by state crowns; this portion was, however, irretrievably mutilated by the Government removing the gates from the foundry, in a common stage waggon, without due care; yet the work cost, altogether, 3000 guineas. The side openings are filled, meanly enough, with halberds. The central gateway, as first designed, was not sufficiently wide to admit the royal state coach; fortunately the blunder was discovered in time to be remedied. The railings enclosing the court yard, were also cast by Mr. Parker; the spear blades are tipped with Mosaic gold, which have long since been blackened by the canker of a London atmosphere. Nothing can be less effective than this "triumphal" arch: it is cold and blank, unfinished and unmeaning; had it been connected with the palace by a stone arcade or colonnade, the unity would have been improved; as it is, an isolated nonentity is the unsatisfactory result.

(To be continued.)

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

By F. E. S.

CHAP. XIII.

THE CHALLENGER.

OLD MAURICE the pastry-cook had welcomed his daughter gladly, as one returned from the grave, and had learned from her own lips, with mingled tears of joy and gratitude, how, thanks to noble Harry Oaklands, she had escaped unscathed from the perils and temptations to which she had been exposed. Many days had elapsed, the Long Vacation had commenced, and the ancient town of Cambridge, no longer animated by countless throngs of gownsmen, frowned in its unaccustomed solitude, like some City of the Dead, and still no hostile message came from Wilford. Various reports were circulated concerning the reappearance of Lizzie Maurice, but none of them bore the faintest resemblance to the truth, and to no one had the possibility of Oaklands's interference in the matter occurred, save, as it afterwards appeared, to Charles Archer.

For above a week Wilford was confined to his room, seeing only Wentworth; and it was given out that he had met with a severe fall from his horse, and was ordered to keep perfectly quiet. At the expiration of that period he quitted Cambridge suddenly, leaving no clue to his whereabouts. This strange conduct scarcely excited any surprise amongst the set he moved in, as it was usually his habit to shroud all his proceedings under a veil of secrecy, assumed, as some imagined, for the purpose of enhancing the mysterious and unaccountable influence he delighted to exercise over the minds of men.

Oaklands remained a few days at Cambridge after Wilford's departure, as he said, to pack up, but, as I felt certain, to prevent the possibility of Wilford's imagining that he was anxious in any way to avoid him. Finding at length that his rooms were dismantled, and that he would not in all probability return till the end of the Long Vacation, Harry ceased to trouble his

head any further about the matter, and we set off for Heathfield, accompanied by Archer, whom Harry had invited to pay him a visit.

We found all well at our respective homes; my mother appeared much stronger, and was actually growing quite stout, for her; and Fanny looked so pretty, that I was not surprised at the very particular attentions paid her from the first moment of his introduction by the volatile Archer, (who, by the way, was a regular male flirt,) attentions which I was pleased to perceive she appreciated exactly at their proper value. We soon fell into our old habits again, Oaklands and Archer setting out after breakfast for a stroll or on a fishing expedition, which usually ended in Harry's coming to an anchor under some spreading oak or beech, where he remained "doing a bit of the *dolce*," as Archer called it, till luncheon time; whilst I, who could not afford to be idle, read hard till about three o'clock, and then joined in whatever amusement was the order of the day.

"Frank, may I come in?" exclaimed Fanny's silvery voice outside my study door, one morning during my working hours, when I had been at home about a fortnight.

"To be sure you may, you little torment," replied I; "are you coming to learn mathematics, or to teach me crochet? for I see you are armed with that vicious little hook with which you delight to torture the wool of innocent lambs into strange shapes, for the purpose of providing your friends with innumerable small anomalous absurdities, which they had rather be without."

"No such thing, Mr. Impudence, I never make any article which is not particularly useful as well as ornamental. But Frank, dear," she continued, "I should not have interrupted you, only I want to tell you something—it may be nothing to signify, and yet I cannot help feeling alarmed about it."

"What is it, darling?" said I, putting my arm round her taper little waist, and drawing her towards me.

"Why, Mr. Oaklands has been here this morning; he came to bring mamma a message from Sir John, inviting us all to dine with him to-morrow."

"Nothing very alarming so far," observed I, "go on."

"Mamma said we should be extremely happy, and quitted the room to find a recipe she had promised to the housekeeper at the Hall."

"And you were left alone with Harry,—that was alarming, certainly," said I.

"Nonsense," returned Fanny, while a very becoming blush glowed on her cheek, "how do you do interrupt me! Mr. Oaklands had kindly offered to explain a difficult passage in Dante for me, and I was standing on a chair to get down the book."

"Which he could have reached by merely stretching out his arm, I dare say, only he was too idle," interposed I.

"Indeed he could not," replied Fanny quickly, "for he was sitting in the low easy chair, and trying to fasten mamma's spectacles on Donald's nose." (Donald being a favourite Scotch terrier belonging to Harry, and a great character in his way.) "Well, I had just found the book," she continued, "and we were going to begin, when a note was given to Mr. Oaklands, which had been brought by a groom from the Hall, with a message that the gentleman who had left it was waiting at the inn in the village for an answer. Mr. Oaklands began to read it in his usual quiet way, but no sooner had he thrown his eye over the first few lines, than his cheeks flushed, his brow grew dark, and his face assumed that fearfully stern expression which I have heard you describe, but had never before seen myself. As soon as he had finished reading it, he crushed the paper in his hand, and sprang up, saying hurriedly, 'Is Frank —?' He then took two or three steps towards the door, and I thought he was coming to consult you. Suddenly, however, some new idea seemed to cross his mind, and, stopping abruptly, he strode towards the window, where he remained for some moments, apparently buried in thought. At

length he muttered, 'Yes, that will be better, better in all respects,' and turning on his heel, he was about to quit the room, leaving his hat on the table, when I ventured to hand it to him, saying, 'You are going without your hat, Mr. Oaklands.' He started at the sound of my voice, and, seeming for the first time to recollect that I was in the room, he took the hat from me, begging pardon for his inattention, and adding, 'You must allow me to postpone our Italian lesson till—— I till tomorrow, shall we say? I find there is a gentleman waiting to see me.' He paused as if he wanted to say more, but scarcely knew how to express himself. 'You saw,' he continued, 'that is—you may have observed that—that in fact there was something in that note which annoyed me—you need not say anything about it to Mrs. Fairleigh; she is rather given to alarming herself unnecessarily, I think,' he added with a faint smile; 'tell Frank I shall not be at home till dinner time, but that I shall see him in the evening.' He then shook my hand warmly, and holding it for a moment in his own, fixed his eyes on my face with a strange half-melancholy expression that frightened me, and once more saying 'good bye,' he pressed his hat over his brows, and springing across the lawn, was out of sight in an instant. His manner was so very odd, so unlike what it generally is. Dear Frank, what is the meaning of all this? I am sure there is something going to happen, something."

"You silly child," replied I, affecting a careless composure I was far from feeling, "how you frighten yourself about nothing. Harry probably received a threatening letter from a Cambridge dun, and your lively imagination magnifies it into a—(challenge, I was going to add, but I substituted)—into something dreadful."

"Is that what you really think?" questioned Fanny, fixing her large blue eyes upon my face inquiringly.

I am the worst hand in the world at playing the hypocrite, and with ready tact she perceived at once that I was deceiving her. "Frank," she resumed, "you have seen but little of me since we were children together, and deem, possibly, that I am a weak, silly girl, unfit to be trusted with evil tidings; but indeed, dear brother, you do me injustice; the sorrows we have gone through," (her eyes filled with tears as she spoke,) "and the necessity for exertion in order to save mamma as much as possible, have given me a strength of character, and firmness of purpose, beyond girls of my age in general; tell me the truth, and fear not but that power will be given me to bear it, be it what it may; but, if I think you are trying to hide it from me, (and do not hope to deceive me,—your face proves that you are as much alarmed at what you have heard as I am myself, and probably with far better reason,) I shall be unable to forget it, and it will make me miserable."

"Well then," replied I, "thus far I will trust you; I do fear from what you have told me that Oaklands has received some evil tidings relative to a disagreeable affair in which he was engaged at Cambridge, the results of which are not fully known at present, and which I am afraid may yet occasion him much care and anxiety."

"And I had fancied him so light-hearted and happy," said Fanny, thoughtfully; "and is this all I am to know about it then?"

"All that I feel myself at liberty to tell at present," replied I; "recollect, darling, it is my friend's secret, not my own, or you should hear every thing."

"Then you will tell me all your secrets, if I ask you?" inquired Fanny, archly.

"Whom should I trust, or confide in, if not my own dear little sister?" said I, stroking her golden locks caressingly. "And now," continued I, rising, "I will go and see whether I can do any good in this affair, but when Master Harry is in one of his impetuous moods, he gets quite beyond my management."

"Oh! but you can influence him," exclaimed Fanny, her bright eyes sparkling with animation; "you can

calm his impetuosity with your own quiet good sense and clear judgment,—you can appeal to his high and generous nature,—you can tell him how you love him with more than a brother's love; you can, and will do all this,—will you not, dear Frank?"

"Of course I shall do every thing I can, my dear child," replied I, somewhat astonished at all this sudden outburst; "and now go, and be quiet, this business seems rather to have excited you—if my mother asks for me, tell her I am gone up to the Hall."

"What warm-hearted creatures women are!" thought I, as I ran rather than walked through the park; "that little sister of mine, now—no sooner does she hear that my friend has got into a scrape, of the very nature of which she is ignorant, (a pretty fuss she would be in, if she were to know that it was a duel of which I am afraid!) than she becomes quite excited, and implores me, as if she were pleading for her life, to use my influence with Harry, to prevent his doing something, she has not the most remote notion what. I wish she did not act quite so much from impulse—it's lucky she has got a brother to take care of her, though it does not become me to find fault with her, for it all proceeds from her affection for me; she knows how wretched I should be if any thing were to go wrong with Harry—" and then I fell into a train of thought, as to what it could be which had so suddenly excited him at our house: something connected with Wilford, no doubt, but what? my fears pointed to a challenge, and my blood ran cold at the thought.—He must accept it; neither my influence, were it increased a hundred fold, nor that of any one else could make him apologize; besides it is not very easy to imagine a satisfactory apology for horse-whipping a man till he cannot stand. And what course likely to be of any use could I take? on one point I was resolved—nothing should induce me to become his second. What would be my feelings in case of a fatal result, were I to reflect, that I had made all the arrangements for the murder of the friend I loved best in the world? that I had actually stationed him opposite the never-failing pistol of his most bitter enemy, and placed in his hand a deadly weapon, wherewith to attempt the life of a fellow-creature, when the next moment he might be called upon to answer before the Judge of all mankind for the deeds which he had done in the flesh? No! I could not be his second. As my meditations reached this point, I overtook the groom who had brought the eventful note, and who was leisurely proceeding on foot towards the Hall, with that peculiar gait observable in men who spend much of their time on horseback, which consists of a compromise between walking and riding, and is strongly suggestive of their inability to realize the fact, that they have not at all times and seasons a perpetual and co-existent horse between their legs.

"Have you seen Mr. Oaklands, Harris?" inquired I, as the man touched his hat respectfully.

"Yes, Sir, I may say I've seen him, and that's all," was the reply. "I brought him a note to the cottage, and was waiting for orders, when he came tearing out, desired me to get off, sprang into my saddle, and without stopping for me to let down the stirrups, drove his heels into 'Tom Tra,' (that's the new grey horse, Sir, if you please,) and was out of sight like old boots."

Not having time to institute an inquiry into the amount of velocity with which the ancient articles referred to by Mr. Harris were accustomed to vanish, I asked if he knew who brought the note.

"A groom in a dark claret-coloured livery, mounted on a splendid coal-black mare, nearly thorough-bred, but with more bone and substance about her than you generally see in them sort, and as clean on her pins as an unbroke colt. Sir John aint got such a horse in his stables, nor Mr. Harry neither," was the reply.

This was conclusive evidence; the livery and the mare were alike Wilford's.

Leaving the groom to conjecture what he pleased, I

hurried on, and, reaching the Hall, inquired of the old butler, whether Harry was at home.

"No Sir," was the reply, "they aint any of them at home. Mr Harry came home a horseback, about a quarter of an hour ago, and called Mr Archer into his own room, and they had a confab, and then Mr Archer went out a riding on the same horse Mr Harry came back upon, and would not take any o' the grooms with him—and afore that, Sir John had ordered the phaeton, and, Mr Henry being come home, he asked him to go with him, so you see, Mr Fairleigh, they're none of 'em at home, Sir."

"I'll go into the library, and write a note, Edmonds, said I, as a new idea entered my head, "you know Sir John is kind enough to let me order a horse whenever I like it,—will you tell Harris to have one saddled for me in ten minutes time?"

"Certainly, Mr. Fairleigh, we all of us have Sir John's orders to attend to you, Sir, the same as to Mr Henry, and you're a young gent as it's a pleasure to serve too, if you'll excuse me taking the liberty of telling you so, replied the good old man, as he showed me into the library.

The idea which had come into my head, (and it was more for the sake of doing something that I determined on it, than from any great hope I entertained of its proving of much avail,) was to ride over to Hillingford, and consult Freddy Coleman on the subject. Perhaps his clear head and quick wit might enable him to devise some scheme by which, without betraying Harry's confidence, or bringing the slightest imputation on his honour, this duel might be prevented. What else could I do? It was quite clear to me, that the note Harry had received was a challenge from Wilford, and that the gentleman waiting at the inn was some one whom he had prevailed upon to act as his second, probably Wentworth. Harry's first impulse had evidently been to come to me, and ask me to be his second, but doubtless guessing the distance I should have to the office and reflecting on the difficulties in which if anything serious should ensue, I might be involved, he had determined on asking Archer instead. Archer, by instantly setting off on horseback alone, had clearly agreed to his request, and was gone to make the necessary arrangements, and Harry had gladly accompanied Sir John, in order to be out of the way, and so avoid my questions, and any attempts I might have made to induce him to alter his purpose. Were I to inform Sir John on his return, it would be an unardonable breach of confidence towards Harry. Were I to give notice to the authorities, so as to enable them to take measures for preventing the duel, it would always be said by Wilford, that I did so with Harry's connivance, because he was afraid to meet him: thus my hands were tied in every way and, as I said before, I could think of nothing better to do than riding over to consult Coleman, whose powers of getting out of a scrape I had seen pretty well tested in the affair of the bell ringing. I therefore scribbled a hasty note to my mother, telling her that I was going to take a long ride, and she had better not wait dinner for me—and, leaving a message for Oaklands with the servant who announced the horse, that I should see him in the evening, flung myself into the saddle rode quietly till I was out of sight of the house and then started it a gallop for Hillingford. Unwilling to meet any of the Coleman family, I left my horse at the inn, and, pulling my hat over my brows, to avoid if possible being recognised by their servant, rang the bell, and desired him to tell Mr. Frederic that a gentleman wanted to speak with him.

PISCATOR'S SKETCHES.

CHAP. I.

THE ANGLER.

'When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,
Then issuing, cheerful, to thy sport repair."

THERE are many Piscators, but very few expert anglers. Why? The multitude eschew the angler's occupation, because, to be successful, the angler must confide in skill which, perhaps, is difficult of attainment. Indeed, the angler has many things to study,—the seasons in which certain species of the finny tribes are fit to be taken—the various atmospheric changes—he must wait until the wind shift into the favourable quarter—he must use only this tiny hook, or that delicate line, this species of fly, or that particular bait. And there is also another requirement not less important—we mean *patience*, which ranks as one of the cardinal virtues.

We need hardly perhaps observe too, that a code of honour exists in piscatory as in other pursuits, the use of the rod and line is the only legitimate mode of capturing the denizens of the waters. The sportsman, worthy the name never yet discovered what is called "sport" in the vulgar operation of sweeping the streams with nets, and clearing the deeps, at one swoop, of their inhabitants. Because, independently of the pleasure resulting from rambles by the sides of refreshing streams, the great essential to the gratification of the true sportsman is the successful exercise of his *skill*, in hooking, and in landing, the wary tenant of the deep. It is this which calls him forth from the crowded city, it is this which forms the true zest of his enjoyment.

But how many are the delightful associations of the angler! Why, we hardly ever meet with a true brother of the craft who is not an enthusiastic lover of the beauties of nature. Many have we known famed for their entomological lore, and for their botanical researches. Indeed, the intelligent angler in the clear streams, as they wind their course through the summer meads, is *the man* to recognise and to appreciate the beauties of luxuriant nature, the gay insects which sparkle in the sun, the groups of wild flowers that scatter their fragrance on every side. Nor did we ever know an angler who was not what is termed "a good fellow." For amongst the brethren of the angle a sort of freemasonry exists, they meet, not in the stiff and formal style of steam boat or stage coach acquaintances, but with the frankness and single heartedness of honest Englishmen, and many has been the time, when, at the close of the day's sport, the best parlour of the clean and comfortable village inn has resounded with the song and chorus of some merry band of piscators,—

"— the brimming wave that swam
Through quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still."

It was in the year 1806, that we were invited by a plain, substantial, and honest yeoman, located in one of the shires, to a piscatory excursion through the grounds he occupied under a good old 'squire of the Sir Roger de Coverley school.

We could not have selected a lovelier morning for our rambles: indeed, a lovelier never dawned upon the world.

The old city in which we dwelt was about six miles from the domicile of our friend. We were up and stirring with the lark. The sun had shown his ruddy disk above the horizon, his golden beams soon irradiated the spires of the old churches, long wreaths of mist were rapidly undergoing the process of evaporation, and disappearing before the balmy breeze which had sprung up from the chimneys of the sweet south.

Our friend, Farmer Mayfield, was a true specimen of the fine old English yeoman—a genuine descendant of the bold yeoman, the prowess of whose name was felt at Cressy and Poitiers. He was what is termed in rustic parlance, “well-to-do.” Blessed with a faithful and industrious helpmate in the person of his worthy dame, he had no other wish to be gratified than to see his daughter, sweet Jessy Mayfield, now just verging upon womanhood, wedded to a worthy helpmate, and prosperous and happy in the world. But our delineation of Farmer Mayfield’s character, and of his domicile, together with our narrative of the vexations he endured at the hands of his ambitious neighbour, Farmer Crabtree, with other matters of village gossip, we shall reserve for a future occasion.

We must here premise, that our sports lead us into a valley through which a clear and broad stream, overshadowed here and there by the drooping foliage of the willow, and occasionally narrowed and obstructed by tall sedge and rushes, meanders on its course like a line of silver, until lost to view in the far distance. It is situated about two miles from a neat little village, sheltered on the north by a chain of well-wooded hills; on the south, a long sweep of landscape rises gradually from the water’s edge, dotted at various points with noble beeches and oaks. Occasionally are seen flocks of sheep browsing in the hedgerows tinged with the hues of the wild briar; kine and oxen, in many a fanciful group, are cropping the herbage in the pleasant pastures. At the upper end of the valley the eye rests upon the old mill, with its overshot wheel, busily plying amidst the splashing and roaring of the troubled waters; the miller all the while with folded arms resting dreamily upon the parapet, and watching the minnows as they play about the eddies of the pool below. The old stone bridge too, built by the members of the religious community centuries ago, when owners of the broad acres around, spans its stream, exhibiting its massive semi-circular arches, and its buttresses indented by the knives of many a rustic. Upon yonder green mound the venerable walls of the old abbey, still noble in decay, shadow forth the greatness of olden times. The moat at its feet, choked with brushwood and brambles, once communicated with the river, where the weir, constructed with fragments from the adjacent perishing walls, dams up the waters, which, forming a broad and silvery veil, fall into the deep pool, and, after foaming and eddying, at length glide along, and mingle with the expanding stream. In the distance are the spire and clerestory of the old village church, rearing their hoary and gothic grandeur amidst the foliage of the tall and stately elms.

Such was the locality of our rambles,—the very embodiment of all that constitutes peace and enjoyment. It was a scene where dwelt many an honest heart under a rough exterior; where the sons of toil went forth with songs to their daily labours: it was a scene as yet untainted with the vices of crowded populations; where the bold yeoman threw open his hospitable doors, and where the good old squire made merry in the hall.

But to our sports. The gentle breeze continues from the south; the stream is rippled, and how it sparkles, save where the fleecy clouds chequer the clear expanse above, and throw their lingering shadows upon the waters!

It is yet an early hour, and we will seek the haunts of the barbel. In the current which rushes from the pool at the foot of the old weir, and winds rapidly on its course through the weeds, until it sweeps the shoulder of that bank of gravel reflected through the limpid stream, we shall find a shoal.

The barbel loves to sport in the sun. See that shoal lurking at the foot of those weeds! The stream is so rapid, one would apprehend the whole would be swept away. No: there they still lie! Now one bold fellow moves, and he shoots forward to the shoulder of the bank; the rest follow in his wake by twos and threes.

How smooth their motions as they glide along! Now they stop to feed at the bottom—see how they root up the sand with their barbs. The barbel is strong and heavy: provide yourself with suitable rod and tackle. Now drop the bait gently into the stream, and be patient, and the odds are you will have sport. There! the float—it all but moves: now it is drawn down gently—very gently; and your heart beats pit-a-pat. Now the float moves with an agility which makes the heart leap in unison; a greedy snatch at the bait, and jerk! jerk!! goes the float beneath the surface. How shadowy and indistinct it becomes—now another jerk! and it disappears altogether. Steady—strike! What a vibration! Let poets talk as they please of the vibrations of the young heart to the impulses of first love,—why, it’s all stuff and nonsense to what the angler feels. See how the rod, strong as it is, bends with the weight! how the well-hooked barbel tugs and plunges at the bottom! Now he becomes wild and frantic, and plunges into mid-water; he bethinks himself suddenly of the deep waters at the weir from whence he strayed on his morning’s excursion; and now he lashes the water with his tail, and rolls over, and down he goes again to seek a safe retreat in his secret haunts. Give him line and let him go: he is strong, and his courage mounts with his danger. Keep him in gentle check—humour him, but not “to the top of his bent,” for depend upon it, if he be permitted to run his nose into those weeds, or into that hole in the bank with which he is so familiar, he will adroitly strike your line with his tail, in which event, good bye to all your hopes of making a capture. How the line still vibrates, as he tugs away at the bottom. How he strikes out right and left, and madly shoots to the surface! There! he makes his last effort—he lashes the water—he turns gently on his side. Quick! get him within your landing net, and you have him safely upon the bank.

What a fine reward for your patience and skill! See how handsome he appears amidst the dewy grass! Mark his form, how symmetrical; his colours too, how fine; his gill-covers and scales tinged with bronze; his head and back greenish brown, shading off to yellowish green on his sides. This is the only moment at which you can appreciate the beauty of such a denizen of the deep.

But now let us prepare for visiting the haunts of the prowling tyrant of the waters; all things favour the prosecution of our sports.

What a melancholy fellow is that full-grown and well-fed pike, who, no doubt, is now lurking in his solitary retreat by the side of yon bulrushes, or at the edge of that cluster of water-lilies; or perchance near the stump of that venerable tree, or under those bushes which overhang the stream! Indulging in his wolf-like habits, how he loves, in quietude, to watch the approach of his prey! With what boldness he shoots out into the clear stream, voraciously to seize upon the truant inhabitants of the waters! He has, perhaps, haunted that spot for the last twenty years. For courage and prowess he has not often met his equal. All is prey to him alike—even his own kind, with whom he is hardly ever known to associate: like a misanthrope he loves to live alone. He has passed through many an adventure. Several times his hardy courage has led him to snap at the troller’s bait, and he has had some narrow escapes. On one occasion he was hooked, and only got away by losing a portion of his lip; on another occasion he was fairly hooked under the left jaw, but, by his prowess, he succeeded in breaking the troller’s line. From these mishaps he has long since recovered. He has, for many years, been the wonder of these waters. Basking in the sun, he has been many a time seen at the surface: he fears no shadows: man for him has no terrors: he will stare you boldly in the face, making no attempts to retreat on your approach, until his keen instinct warns him of absolute danger, when he will shoot off at a tangent, and conceal himself in the depths

beyond the weeds. The whole neighbourhood teems with anecdotes of him; and he has baffled the best fishermen of the district—even the old pensioner, who having returned to these rural scenes to spend the remainder of his days in talking over battles and sieges, has taken to piscatory pursuits under the able tuition of Isaac Walton. Many a fire-side story is told of this old pike,—how he attempted to seize a village maid by the heel, when she one day paddled too far into the stream to wash her Sunday frock; how the nose of Farmer Whitethorn's old mare was bit when Giles Hobnail took her one morning to water; how he once, in winter, made a spring at his prey, but, overshooting his mark, was nearly left floundering on a wide ridge of unbroken ice; how he has always been biting and snapping at the ducks and their brood when crossing the river, pulling some under water, and devouring others. The only successful opponent he ever had amongst the finny tribes, was now and then a solitary perch. It happened one day, that a fine old perch, who had strayed from his companions, had the temerity to go near our hero's hole in quest of a lob-worm which an old crow had dropped from her beak into the stream whilst passing overhead. Our friend, lying close in under the bank, fixed his piercing eyes upon the old perch, anticipating a savoury repast. He quietly calculated the distance, and glided stealthily along: at length he darted, open-mouthed, at his prey; but he met with a reception upon which he had not calculated. The instinct of the perch told him an enemy was near, and he prepared for action: erecting the strong and sharply-pointed spines of the dorsal fin, which he held fixed with his accustomed muscular power, he averted the threatened peril, and thus set the bold tyrant at defiance.

But to our sport. The breeze has freshened and rippled the waters; the sky is fleckered with clouds. That fine plump and lively roach, with his dark green back and silvery sides, will be tempting; we are much mistaken if it do not prove irresistible. The bait drops gently into the stream near the well-known haunts of the old pike. It sinks gradually in the deep water—we raise it slowly to the surface; now we play it by those bulrushes—now under this bush—then under the stump of that old tree. There! a pike has just made his appearance—in piscatory phrase, “we have got a rise.” Now raise the bait higher, until you see it glitter—play it gently down the stream, and then gently upwards. There! he has moved again—he thinks the dead bait a living fish—a bright flash in the water, and he has seized the bait with prodigious force. *Cr-e-e-k-e—cr-e-e-k-e* goes the reel. What music is there in that sound! Away goes the line—the monster has got the bait across his ample jaws, and he breaths the stream. Is it the fine old pike? There—steady—give him line—more line—more still—he is off to his favourite hole. What glorious luck if it be the old pike! There! a minute has elapsed, and again he breaths the strong current. Keep your rod firm—wind up your line—*strike!* How he launches and plunges at the surface! see how he strikes right and left—how his mottled sides flash in the water—how he lashes the element around. He is exhausted! No—he has plunged again with irresistible force; give him line—let him have more play. Now draw him gently towards you again—his efforts to escape grow weaker and weaker—he is close to the edge of the bank. Poor fellow! he falls exhausted on his side; but you must still be careful—there is yet another struggle—he agile and smart in your motions. There! away he goes, head foremost, into your landing-net, and the next moment he is on the greensward.

What a noble fellow! he weighs at least twenty-five pounds—three pounds more than the pike caught by Count D'Orsay last year in Derbyshire. How nature has here again lavished her choicest colouring upon this inhabitant of the deep! Mark his long and graceful form, as he lies at our feet, extending those

ample jaws which exhibit their rows of sharp serrated teeth. But observe his colouring, in particular, how beautiful—the dusky olive green of his back, how gracefully it shades off into mottled white, and green, and yellow, until the eye rests upon a surface like burnished silver.

But what's that? There is a scar on his nose! It is the noble old pike, captured at last.

Such are the pastimes of the angler. His healthful avocation brings him in contact with many beautiful things; Nature's living page lies open before him, and he is introduced to some of her fairest and loveliest scenes.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

No. III.—CHAP. V.

THURSDAY evening came, and I was not disappointed in Edith's appearance. The splendour of her beauty produced a sensation of which it was scarcely possible that she should be unconscious, and to which perhaps the deep blush which burned on her cheeks and lent double radiance to her eyes, might be attributed. Her brother was in ecstasies, and watched the progress of Lord Vaughan's attentions to her with manifest satisfaction. I was in a boudoir which had been metamorphosed into a conservatory for the evening, making some very small talk about the flowers for Captain Everard—among whose sins of omission, that of never dancing may be reckoned—when Kinnaird approached us. He came evidently to be complimented on his sister's appearance; but he was in too great a hurry to wait for us to begin the subject, so he started with a leading question, cautiously suggestive.

“Edith looks well to-night, does she not?” said he.

I answered, as I felt, very warmly; but his appealing eye passed to Captain Everard, who, as though it had never before occurred to him to inquire whether Miss Kinnaird were ugly or beautiful, made a step forward so as to command a view of the dancing-room, and, after a pause of provokingly quiet consideration, replied—

“Yes; Miss Kinnaird is certainly very handsome.”

“You don't admire that style,” said Frank, scarcely able to conceal his chagrin.

“Indeed I do,” returned Everard, “I admire all styles.”

“The most unsatisfactory answer you could possibly have made!” cried I.

“I am unfortunate,” observed he with a half-smile.

“But here comes a gentleman, whose open raptures are likely to give more satisfaction than my quiet approval. Unhappily you know—or perhaps happily for myself—I am not made of inflammable materials.”

As he spoke, the polka broke up, and Lord Vaughan sauntered into the conservatory with Edith leaning on his arm. They were in animated conversation, and came direct to us, the lady appealing to me with a mixture of playfulness and earnest to induce her partner to restore some flowers which he had stolen from her bouquet, while he on his part was manifestly determined to retain them. I could not make out whether Miss Kinnaird was pleased or annoyed at her companion's broadly-expressed devotion, but she wound up her oration by suddenly turning to Captain Everard, (who had taken no part in the discussion, though Frank and I had interested ourselves in it as in duty bound,) and saying—

“I am only asking for justice. Why do you look so satirical?”

He roused himself to answer the challenge. “If I did look satirical,” said he, “I suppose it was because I was amused at the modesty of your request. You only asked for—justice!”

“Well,” she replied, “and could I ask for less?”

"Could you hope for more?" answered he, "Nay, could even your sanguine imagination hope for so much? I won't say that justice is a rare phenomenon in this world, because that would imply that it is occasionally to be met with."

"And do you mean to say," cried Lord Vaughan, in utter surprise, "that it is never to be met with. Really this is a most extraordinary idea."

"It is not in reality so unwelcome as it seems at first sight," rejoined Everard, quietly. "Justice—which is all Miss Kinnaird asks for, or needs," he added, with a bow, as if the necessity of the compliment had suddenly occurred to him, "would be to many people an object of fear rather than hope."

"And you think no one is ever really just to another," said Edith, thoughtfully, as though she had been pondering his words.

"I do indeed," he replied, "A man feels too much to be really just—a woman, too little."

"Your paradox is for once true," cried Edith with spirit. "A man does always feel his own wrongs very keenly, while a woman is apt to overlook hers, or ready to forgive them."

"Your ingenuity deserves the compliment of submission," answered he, "so I resign my arms."

"You are wise every way," rejoined Edith more gravely than was her wont, "for whether you win or lose, the contest is scarcely suited to a ball-room. So I will leave you to your misanthropy, and try whether it be possible to force a passage into the ice-room."

Lord Vaughan was only too happy to comply with the suggestion contained in her last words, and they moved away. Miss Kinnaird's praise of the ball, on the following morning, was rather more languid than I had expected, but I suppose this might fairly be attributed to fatigue.

Two months have passed since I wrote the last sentence, and I resume my pen to recount the occurrences of the closing week of the period, which has been anything but uneventful. Kinnaird entered the drawing-room where I was at work, and Captain Everard reading in a corner. His countenance was expressive of business, and that not of an agreeable kind; and he addressed me immediately, either overlooking or disregarding his friend's presence.

"I have been walking with Edith, Miss Fordo. Do you know what has happened?"

"I have not seen her since breakfast," cried I. "What is the matter?"

"Why nothing to break one's heart about, certainly," he replied, "but I own I am a good deal disappointed. Lord Vaughan has offered to her."

"And does that disappoint you?" exclaimed I. "I have only been surprised that it has not happened sooner. May I go and wish her joy?"

"As long as you don't wish *him* joy," said Kinnaird, "it matters very little what you say to her. She has refused him."

I could only repeat his words, in profound amazement.

"Yes," he reiterated, "she has refused him point-blank. I can't quite make her out about it; but one thing is very clear, that she is not to be shaken. The marriage would have been so agreeable to me in every way, that I own I had rather set my heart upon it; but her determination was so unhesitating that I could scarcely attempt to dispute it; and you know, to speak common sense, and put romance out of the question, Edith is so young and so pretty that she may very well afford to wait a year or two before she makes her choice."

There was no questioning the truth of this assertion; still he was evidently disappointed, and I could not but sympathise with his feelings. I too had been indulging in anticipations and hopes, and it was not agreeable to have them annihilated when I least expected it. I had fancied that the intimacy between

Edith and her lover was rapidly assuming a tender character on both sides; indeed, the idea that the offer had been already made and accepted, but was for some reason concealed, had more than once occurred to me. I could not understand it, and I did not affect to do so.

"Edith's manner has entirely misled me," said I, "and I fear she has been unintentionally misleading Lord Vaughan. I hope they did not part in bitterness."

"I hope not," was his reply. "She has not a particle of the coquette in her composition, and I conclude that the encouragement which she has unwittingly given arose from her consciousness of her own indifference, and her unconsciousness of any warmer feeling in him. Were she two years older I should fancy that her affections were pre-engaged—but, as it is, that is quite impossible—so it is altogether a mystery."

Nothing more entirely amazes and bewilders a man than the discovery that a woman who is disengaged has refused an unobjectionable offer. It is the greatest trial of faith to which he can be subjected; for it jars with all his preconceived ideas, and stands before him as a fact for which there is actually no place in his system, and in order to account for which the system itself must undergo a radical change. Few, however, are candid enough for this; such occurrences generally form a fresh illustration of the German aphorism, "so much the worse for the facts," and receive a shape or a colour from the mind of the observer which so alters them as to enable him to explain them satisfactorily to himself.

But to return. My short conversation with Captain Kinnaird was succeeded by that grave and awkward silence which commonly occurs between two persons who have the same unpleasant theme to occupy their thoughts, and do not in the least know what to say to each other about it. This was interrupted by Captain Everard, whom we had both forgotten, but who now came forward, and addressed his friend somewhat hurriedly,—

"Kinnaird, have you any commands for London? I am sorry to say I'm obliged to be off on very short notice."

"Obliged to be off!" cried Frank, in astonishment. "Why Everard, are you mad?"

"I don't see any proof of insanity in it," returned Everard, colouring immoderately; "I have letters which—in short, it don't admit of delay—and go I must."

"I hope you have not received bad news, Captain Everard?" said I, civilly.

"No, I thank you," rejoined he,—"only urgent business."

"But Everard!" cried Kinnaird, who was still gazing at him in silent wonder.

"My dear fellow, there's no use in talking about it. I am sorry to be obliged to close my visit so abruptly; but I do assure you—"

"This won't do," interrupted Frank, seizing him by the arm; "scarcely an hour ago you were talking of your plans here for the next six weeks; and, as for your being summoned away by a letter, I wonder you are not ashamed to offer me such an excuse. You know very well there has been no post since the morning. Everard, what does this mean? It is not friendly,—it is not fair. Why do you change colour so? What has happened? Has anything offended you? Have you quarrelled with anybody?"

Captain Everard was absolutely silent, and seemed to be overpowered by an embarrassment as unaccountable as it was unusual. After a moment's pause, Kinnaird proceeded with increased energy.

"I must have an explanation. You have altered your plans since I came into this room. It is not possible that Edith's refusal of Lord Vaughan can have affected you—Everard? Is it possible that Edith—"

He came to a pause here, in the series of beautiful and bewildered questions which he had posed, and so rapidly that he scarcely seemed to comprehend them

himself. Captain Everard, releasing himself from his grasp, answered in a low, quick voice, as he moved away—

"It would have been more generous, Frank, to leave the subject untouched. I expected that your sister's engagement to Lord Vaughan would have been declared: now that I find she has refused him, I feel that I had better go. Let us say no more about it."

"Do you mean to tell me that you love Edith?" cried Frank, following him.

"I have been in constant intercourse with her for more than two months; is not that answer enough?" returned his friend.

"But it is unnecessary for you to speak," he added, proudly, "you cannot be more fully conscious than I am of the impossibility—"

"My dearest Philip!" exclaimed Kinnaird, shaking him by both hands, and well nigh embracing him in his transport; "this is what I wished and hoped; but you were so impracticably cold, that I was forced to give up the idea. Edith and you were made for each other, and I want nothing but your union to make me the happiest fellow alive. What absurd scruple has kept you silent? Don't stare at me, man, as if your senses had taken leave of you! From the first moment you became my friend, my pet vision has been the thought of bringing you and my sister together, if only she should grow up worthy of you; and I rather think you won't deny that the condition is fulfilled. Where is Edith?"

"Frank! Frank!" cried Everard, vainly attempting to detain him as he darted from the room,—

"For heaven's sake, Captain Kinnaird, consider!"—exclaimed I, finding my tongue at last, and running after him in an absolute fever of alarm. But it availed not; he had seen Edith on the lawn, and had joined her before I got farther than the steps of the drawing-room window. I saw him put his arm round her waist, and lead her away. Never was a hapless chaperon more utterly confounded. I returned slowly into the apartment, where I found Everard sitting, his face hidden in his hands,—

"And this," murmured he, as I approached,—speaking, however, to himself, not to me,—“and this is the man I thought shallow-hearted—this the world which—oh, folly and presumption!”

The broken sentences were most expressive, and I stood contemplating him in silence, and involuntarily and unconsciously giving him all my sympathy, and losing sight altogether of propriety, policy, wisdom, my own outraged dignity, and—Owen, who having entered the room unperceived, speedily challenged my attention by saying,—

"Well, Peggy! have you not a word to say to me?"

If a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet—(to use an expression not uncommon in modern novels, the applicability of which I will not pause to discuss)—if a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet, I could not have experienced greater terror or amazement. Scarcely retaining the command of my senses, I turned to him, exclaiming—

"Gracious Heavens! Owen! what has brought you here?"

"An affectionate reception, truly," returned he, apparently a little amazed,—“I am sorry that my sudden apparition should disturb the even tenor of your house-keeping. I told you I would run down for a week or two, if I could; and yesterday I got a put-off from Livingston, to whom I was going for the next fortnight: so, not considering it necessary to stand on much ceremony with you, I put myself into the mail last night—and here I am. One would almost fancy,” added he, lowering his voice, with an expression of dry humour, “that I had interrupted a very interesting tête-à-tête.”

"Of course I am delighted to see you," said I, re-
well as I could from my bewilderment, and
in the Queen's Bench, "only I was so ex-

cessively surprised. Pray allow me to introduce—Captain Everard—Mr. Owen Forde."

Captain Everard had risen from his seat, as soon as he became aware of the entrance of a stranger; he gave Owen bow for bow with due courtesy, but, apparently quite unable to compel himself to the ordinary civilities consequent on an introduction, murmured something about an imaginary appointment, and walked straight out of the room.

"Pray, who may Captain Everard be?" inquired Owen, "and, pray, where is my fair ward?"

"Where, indeed?" thought I. What a pair of questions! I grew desperate, yet was my position so ludicrous that I could almost have laughed. I could not tell Owen what had happened, or rather what was happening, for many reasons—two of which were that I understood it very imperfectly myself, and that I did not know whether Edith would accept or refuse Everard. In the latter case it would certainly be the best policy to say nothing whatever about it. Yet in my heart I felt almost certain that she would accept him—a sudden instinct seemed to have come upon me, and I marvelled at my own previous blindness. Had I answered Owen's two questions with plain sincerity, I might have said,—“Who is Captain Everard?—A penniless soldier! Where is your ward?—In the garden accepting him!” I believe Owen would have screamed! And yet what was I to do? All this while it might be, and probably was, taking place, and nothing could be done to prevent it. Hurriedly reviewing the circumstances of all parties, and trying to conceal my perturbation from Owen's surprised and inquiring eye, I resolved to get rid of him as quickly as possible, and to rush into the garden and obtain an interview with Miss Kinnaird, if possible, before she should see Captain Everard. So I answered my brother as indifferently as I could.

"He is a friend of Captain Kinnaird's, and is now staying with him. But, my dear Owen," ringing the bell, "you must be tired to death, and chilled to an icicle. Light a fire directly in the bay-windowed bedroom," I continued, addressing the servant who obeyed my summons, "get some hot water, and then let luncheon be ready for Mr. Forde. While you are making yourself comfortable, Owen, I will find Edith, and prepare her for the formidable introduction. I think she is walking in the garden."

"With Lord Vaughan, I hope," observed Owen, complacently.

Oh, with what compunction did I call to mind the triumphant letter which I had dispatched to Owen only a week ago, containing a rose-coloured description of Lord Vaughan and his attentions! "I don't know," was my insincere rejoinder, and, as my eyes involuntarily wandered to the window, I fancied I could detect Edith's form in the shrubbery, on the further side of the lawn. Was she alone?

"I hope," continued Owen, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "I hope, my dear Peggy, that affair is progressing as favourably as when you last wrote. Few things could give me more unmixed satisfaction. I think it quite a case in which a very short engagement might be permitted, and I should not wonder if, instead of troubling Lady Frances with the chaperonage of an unfledged debutante, I shall have to request her to undertake the presentation of a bride—a much pleasanter office, I take it. I shall win the lover's heart by my readiness to shorten his probation, and, between ourselves, I don't know any house that would afford me such good head quarters as his, during my London visit. The experienced Lady Frances herself couldn't have proved a more judicious chaperon than you, my unsophisticated sister. *Je vous en fais mes compliments.* After all, you women have a prodigious advantage over us in that respect—your wit is inborn, and you don't require an apprenticeship to society to teach you how to use it. But what are you stretching your neck, and straining your eyes, at the window for? my dear Peggy, I do be-

lieve you have not heard a word I have been saying. What is the matter?"

No! Miss Kinnaird was *not* alone—and her companion was at least a head taller than Frank! Could I be expected to hear what Owen was saying? He reiterated his query—"What on earth is the matter?"

"Oh nothing," cried I, "I was merely looking for Edith. I perfectly agree with you—nothing can be more judicious."

"Than what?" demanded Owen.

"I really must go for Edith," exclaimed I. "Owen, your luncheon will be ready directly." And out of the room I ran, fairly unable to endure it any longer. As I closed the door, I heard Owen's natural ejaculation, "Very unaccountable, really!"

Almost on the threshold I met Captain Kinnaird, who, taking both my hands, thus greeted me, "Congratulate me, my dear Miss Forde! I'm afraid I didn't manage the matter quite so delicately as I ought to have done—or as it would have been managed, had I left it in your hands—but all's well that ends well, you know, and the end of this is perfect. They are engaged hand and heart! I've just been guilty of the cruelty, however, of breaking up their tête-à-tête, for Edith was a good deal overcome—in fact, altogether—I agitated her excessively—so now I have sent her to her own room to be quiet, and I rather think it will be best if you will be so kind as to go to her."

"But, do you know what you have done, Captain Kinnaird?" answered I; "and what will be the end of it? I have not an idea that Mr. Forde will consent to so unequal a marriage."

"Mr. Forde!"

"Yes; my brother; your sister's guardian."

"I'll be hanged if I ever thought of him for one single moment!" cried the young man, impatiently stamping his foot.

"I dare say not," observed I; "but I assure you he is not a person to be trifled with, and I do not see the slightest hope of obtaining his consent. I am afraid you have involved your sister's happiness very rashly. What is more, very unfortunately, my brother has arrived unexpectedly, and is this moment in the drawing-room!"

He stared in my face in blank discomfiture. I found myself fast losing the tone of rational remonstrance in which I had felt bound to begin the conversation. "I am excessively sorry," said I, answering his looks, for he did not speak a word; "but I really don't see what is to be done. I will go to Edith, and try to prepare her for an interview with her guardian. But I don't see that there is any use in deferring the evil hour; and, if I were you, I would go at once to Mr. Forde, and open the subject."

"Couldn't it be concealed altogether?" suggested he. "She will be of age in three years."

"I cannot countenance any such arrangement," returned I, with unwonted resolution. "Just reflect for a moment on the duplicity which it would involve! your sister would be compelled to imply, if not to utter, a falsehood, ~~ten~~ times a day. The more fondly you love her, the more anxiously ought you to avoid placing her in such a position."

"You are right!" cried he, "and I spoke inconsiderately, as I believe I generally do. Thank you for your advice. I will go to Mr. Forde!" and, ever as rapid in his movements as in his ideas, before I had time to answer, he was in the drawing-room.

I stood still for a moment to collect my thoughts, and then went up stairs to Edith. I found her, as I had expected, in a state of great agitation. She hid her face on my shoulder, wept, and spoke in broken sentences of her happiness and her astonishment. It was presumption in her, she said—with the sweet exaggeration of a woman's love, truer than truth—even to think of one so immeasurably her superior; but her devotion must make up for her defects. At first I could do

nothing but soothe and sympathise; gradually I tried to bring her to the contemplation of possible difficulties; and, at last, with some trepidation, I broke to her the fact of Owen's arrival, and certain disapprobation. It did not produce the effect which I had anticipated. She could scarcely be brought to entertain the idea of Owen as a person to be considered in the matter at all; seemed to regard his consent or refusal with profound indifference; and even, as far as I could gather, appeared to think that three, five, or ten years of delay would interfere but little with her happiness. She was absorbed by one feeling—filled with one idea—namely, that she was beloved; and everything else seemed unreal to her. She heard and understood the words, but they made no impression; there was not room for them in her heart. I verily believe that, had she been told at that moment that she was never to see Everard again, she would scarcely have apprehended it as a misfortune. The consciousness of his love would have seemed to her enough for a lifetime. This, I knew, could not last; but, while it was thus with her, arguments were vain; so, having acquitted my conscience, by informing her of the truth, I did not attempt to stem the tide of her feelings, and had very nearly become as romantic as herself, when a tap at the door recalled me to sublunary affairs.

"Come in!"

"If you please, ma'am, you are wanted in the drawing-room."

The spell was broken; and I went down like a criminal to execution.

BOULDER STONES, OR ERRATIC BLOCKS.

In a former number of this Magazine we have shown that recent investigation and experiment have proved the words of our poet to be literally true,

"The glacier's cold and restless mass,
Moves onwards, day by day,"—

for it has been distinctly shewn, first, that glaciers are usually loaded with parallel heaps of stones, often of great size, and extending along their whole length, called moraines; and also that they move steadily onwards with their rocky burden, which they deposit at the sides or termination of the glacier. Here then we have an agent, gentle yet forcible, capable of conveying blocks of any weight, without subjecting them to the friction and wearing away of angular edges, which would be the inevitable result of such transportation by a stream of water. For the effect of a torrent upon the surface of rocky fragments would be proportioned to its power of bearing them along; and the large boulder stones, of which we have now to speak, being angular, and having no mark of attrition by water, we must by no means class these with such blocks, as testify by their roundness of form, the effect of torrents or sea waves. A glacier thus loaded and passing heavily over the surface of a rock, rubs and polishes the plane over which it is carried, leaving also deep undulating grooves and fine scratches upon the boundary rocks, as well as upon the plane beneath. These effects have been observed in many parts of the world where there are now no glaciers; leading some eminent geologists to suppose that glacial plains must formerly have occupied the tracts which are now strewn with gravel and boulders. Two difficulties lie in the way of this supposition,—first the theory that our earth is gradually cooling, dependent upon the nebular hypothesis;—and next, that the commencement of a glacier is, of course, always below the line of perpetual snow, and that, according to the present elevation of the Alps, the transported rocks lying above Neufchâtel could not have been carried there by its agency. But we have abundant proofs in other parts of the world, that a continual alternation of depression and elevation is going on, and, although we have no means of ascertaining the certainty of the process with respect to the Alps—and subsidence must be always difficult to detect, the movement itself tending to conceal all evidence of it—we may well imagine that it takes place with them as with the Cordilleras of South America, the mountains of Norway, and other gigantic chains. It is more easy to suppose that the

Alps above the Rhine were once much more elevated than they now are, and that a vast glacier, filling the valley through which that river flows, deposited its accumulation of blocks and debris upon the sides of the Jura chain, than that a wave or deluge, however terrific, can have torn these granite masses from their native bed, in the Val Ferret, to the east of Mont Blanc, carried them a distance of seventy miles, and placed them on a "steep, almost precipitous, slope of bare or thinly covered rock," allowing them to retain their angular forms.

It is necessary to notice another theory,—which is, that these boulders were transported by blocks of ice carried along by water, at a time when "it is probable that the proportional area of water in Europe was greater, and certain that the productions of the land and water had a more tropical character, at the same time that the snow line descended lower," than at this day. Professor Esmark proves, that formerly glaciers in Norway descended to a lower altitude than at present; and described a glacier-like dike or moraine in latitude $58^{\circ} 57'$, as lying close to the level of the sea, in a district where are now found only a few heaps of perpetual snow in the hollows of the mountains. French geologists have also shown from the presence of glacier dikes, and from the polished and scratched surfaces of the rocks, that in the Alps enormous bodies of ice formerly descended even to the border of the Lake of Geneva; much below the line of the present lowest descent. The theory that boulders were transported by floating ice supposes that the space between the Jura and the Alps was an arm of the sea, and that the grooves and striae were made by ice blocks. But a body of water sufficient to float such ponderous masses must either have been so many ages in vacating the valley, that these marks (if possible to have been thus made,) would have been obliterated by its continued action, or it must have left its bed in consequence of sudden convulsions, which latter supposition is wholly contradicted by the position of the blocks. A convulsion—one or many—sufficient to convert the valley of the Rhone from an area of the sea to dry or bog land—would not have left the blocks of the Jura poised on almost perpendicular steeps, or on slender pinnacles.

Leaving the Alps, let us cast a rapid glance over Europe, and see what has been done in other countries by our much disputed agent.

The erratic blocks and gravelly diluvium which cover the plain of central Europe, and the steppes of Russia, belong chiefly to the north, and probably owe their origin principally to the Scandinavian mountains: as in many parts of Sweden and Finland long parallel ridges have been observed where there are now no glaciers; while extensive furrows and deep grooves mark the rocks over which they have been transported at the height of 1500 feet above the sea, but never above that altitude. In Russia, boulders are found to which no native place can be assigned in the neighbourhood; in one district, lying upon the top of a ridge 300 feet above the nearest bed of the stone. The block out of which the pedestal for the statue of Peter the Great was formed, in the Isaac square, Petersburg, was a rolled boulder of red Finland granite, found with others in a bog between Petersburg and Cesterbeck. It was diminished by cutting two-thirds away. It has been suggested that this rock must have been transported to the spot where it was found, before the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia wore their present features; the supposition of an increased temperature in those regions removes the difficulty. Near Öregrund, in Sweden, the rocks on the beach are ground and polished to such a degree, that it is difficult to walk upon them, and large bodies of ice annually descend from the coast.

In Spain, between Salamanca and Fuentes Onores, are terraces 30 feet high on the side of the mountain, lying east and west, and about three miles from one to the other. These plains lie as high above the sea as any of the most elevated parts of Spain and Portugal except the summits of the barrier mountains. These terraces somewhat resemble the parallel roads of Glenroy in Scotland, but unless we had a more definite description, it cannot be decided whether they be more probably the result of the action of water, or of ice.

In Scotland the traces of glacier action are numerous and determinate. The parallel roads of Glenroy, as they are popularly called, require a separate notice. We there lose them for the present, and remark, that upon the rocks in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh are furrows

and scratches which show the agency of ice. Those near Edinburgh are parallel to each other, extending in a line a little north of west and south of east, that is, in the same direction as the valley of the estuary; but, both to the eastward and westward, they deviate from this line by more than half a right angle; and on the south-west part of Scotland they have no uniform direction. In the north of Scotland, near Brora, the hills are marked in parallel lines, north-west and south-east. In Stirlingshire rocks are seen marked by long linear scratches; and having a considerable degree of polish. The furrows and scratches are seen near Edinburgh upon the perpendicular rock; the western face of the hills is chiefly marked, whilst on the opposite side a long bed of diluvium extends, consisting of blue clay, with large erratic boulders imbedded in it. These boulders are also marked with parallel lines, having one direction, which shows that they were held fast whilst drifted across the country, and not rolled over and over like a pebble in a stream.

On the western coast of Scotland we have evidences of contrary action as regards the elevation of the coast and adjoining islands, and, as these are intimately connected with the existence of glaciers in bygone ages, they are worthy our notice.

There is such a continuity of structure through the Isles of Jura, Scarba, and Lunga, that the geological description of one would leave little to add respecting the others. The dip of all is to the east, and the strata are continued through all these islands, showing that probably they were formerly united. The whirlpool of Coryvreckan lies between Jura and Scarba; it is caused by a sunken pyramidal rock, rising with a steep acclivity from the bottom, which is 6000 feet deep, to within ninety feet of the surface; the stream is thus obstructed, and, at a certain state of the tide, breaks with great violence. In the south of Jura and north of Isla are trap veins corresponding with each other; in the sound between these islands is a small green islet, called Glass, consisting of trap rock, and the sea rocks in the vicinity are all of the same material; but there is no great mass of trap in the neighbourhood. There are also fragments of porphyry scattered over Jura, but no veins of it. Isla is distinguished from most of the western islands by the magnitude and depth of diluvium found there; this is not the effect of its streams, which have only ploughed their way through the yielding materials. These lie chiefly facing the south-west, forming a series of banks, in some places sixty feet high.

"Their superficial extent," says McCulloch, "as well as depth, prevents the possibility of their having been formed by any rivers which could have their rise in Isla; and we must therefore rest in the general conclusion, that they appertain to some unknown period, and to some *diluvian* action." Besides *rolled* stones of the quartz, which constitutes the high ridges of Isla and Jura, there are large masses of granite, "a rock not existing in this chain, and of which no transported fragments have occurred among the islands. To inquire whence is useless. If it is said, from Cruachan," (near Ben Voeirich and Loch Katrin) "*the nearest mass of granite*, the extent and intricacy of the present intervening tracts of land offer an insuperable barrier." Doubtless they do so in the present state of the shore and sea; but the dip of these islands gives us a declination in the exact direction of Ben Cruachan; and with the evidences of close geological affinity, it is not very unreasonable to imagine that the granite of the southern shore of Isla may have been transported from the centre of Scotland before the disruption of the islands from the mainland; whether by flood or glacier must be determined by the form of the boulders; though the latter, lying upon the shore and exposed to the action of the waves, have doubtless lost whatever angularity they formerly possessed.

In Arran, the centre of which is granite, there are terraces in the glen through which the Torra runs, in a north-east direction; this alluvium cannot be brought down from a granite mountain by so sluggish a stream; and on the summit of low hills are other alluvia, forming a range on the southern shore, where there are no water-courses to bring them. Near Corry lie granite blocks of enormous size; and others on the shore near Corygilla, in such situations that no possible road can be assigned for their descent from their obvious origin. On Lamlash island is an insulated granite boulder; and there are others on the southern summits of the lower hills which are now separated from the mountains by intricate and deep valleys.

Proceeding northward to Staffa, we there find transported stones, particularly on the abrupt edge of the western cliff; all are of substances not found *in situ* in Staffa, and not nearer than Mull, seven miles distant. McCulloch says, they could have been brought by water, "either gradual or sudden, without supposing Staffa continuous with Mull." The trap strata remain undisturbed, therefore the separation must have taken place by gradual and tranquil action, not by violent dislocation from below. Staffa lies to the south west of Mull; and on the shore of Argyshire, to the north-east, is found a granite boulder 42 feet high by 38 feet; it is supported upon three small stones, one of them granite, the others ironstone. This is at Appin; there are numerous other granite boulders in this part of Scotland.

In Sky the alluvial deposit lying sixty feet above the sea, near Kyleaken, is of the nature of the neighbouring mountains; but intermixed is gneiss, and hornblende schist, which are not found in the island. On the shores of Fladda, the small island in Loch Staffin (Sky) are numerous fragments of red sandstone, with a few of gneiss, both identical with the rocks of the opposite shores of Rasay and Bona. Red sandstone is not found *in situ* in this part of Sky. If the distance of the opposed shores, and the direction of the tide stream, be considered, there is no reason to suppose that the detached stones of Fladda have been washed from Rasay, while there is no communication between the islands which can have occasioned their being brought as ballast.

In Sandy isle, one of the southern islets of the Hebrides, there are numerous blocks of red sandstone. No remains of this are found in strata on the island, but it forms a large portion of the islands of Rum and Sky, lying to the north-east. The following is McCulloch's striking description of the scene.

"The appearance produced by the fallen fragments is very remarkable, and cannot fail to strike a visitor on his first entrance into the valley of Coruisk. The interval between the borders of the lake and the side of Garsven is strewn with them; the whole, of whatever size, lying on the surface in a state of uniform freshness and integrity, unattended by a single plant or atom of soil, as if they had all but recently fallen in a single shower. The mode in which they lie is no less remarkable. The bottom of the valley is covered with rocky eminences, of which the summits are not only bare, but often very narrow, while the declivities are always steep, and sometimes perpendicular. Upon these rocks fragments lie just as on more level ground; and in positions so extraordinary that it is scarcely possible to conceive how they have risen so far after the rebound, or how they have remained balanced on the very verge of a precipice. One weighing about ten tons has become a rocking stone; another, not less than fifty tons, stands on a narrow edge of rock 100 feet higher than that ground below which must have first met it in the descent. Possibly the presence of snow at the time of its fall may assist in explaining this remarkable appearance."

We wonder that the transporting agency of ice did not strike Mr. McCulloch in viewing this scene, as the idea of a rock rebounding from a valley, and then fixing itself upon a rocky pinnacle, could not have been seriously held by him. In our former examples of boulders in the isles of Scotland, we had only the probability of glacier agency; here we have scarcely a possibility of any other. It is evident that a torrent of water could not have left these rocks with their pinnacles and sharp edges uncovered by smaller debris, as they must have been the earliest depositions of the torrent, and a quantity of sand and soil must have been afterwards brought down from the high lands. Also no torrent powerful enough to move such rocks would have left them nicely poised upon the edge of a precipice. No power but that of a glacier could have done this.

We thus see that the granite boulders of the west of Scotland point to the central mountains of that country as their original seat; and we have also seen such evidences of quiet and gradual subsidence among the isles lying the nearest to the coast, as may well lead to the supposition that those mountains also have greatly subsided; and that in remote times they were sufficiently elevated to send forth icy streams laden with their characteristic burdens. In those times perhaps the isles of Jura, &c. formed a part of the mainland, from which they were afterwards gradually and quietly disjoined; we should remember that this quiet disruption or subsidence, of which we have certain proofs, totally denies the possibility of convulsive movements

sufficiently powerful to throw the travelled blocks from Cruachan, or any other mountain of the interior of the country. In England also we see effects which can scarcely be referred to any other agency than that of glaciers; but the evidences of subsidence are less plain. On the continent drifts have been traced in distinct directions, northward from the Alps, and southward from the Scandinavian chain; but in England the course of the transported masses from the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, is chiefly to the south and east, slightly to the north, and not at all to the west; "so that while there is scarcely any appearance of transported gravel on the borders of Scotland, the boulders have crossed the deep and broad vale of the Eden, and have afterwards traversed the Penine hills, over a pass 900 feet above the Eden. This chain must, however, have been in existence, and have acted in some measure as a great natural dam, limiting the eastward distribution of the blocks; for the moving force was sufficient to carry the drift to the south, over all the undulated and hilly region between the mountain border of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and the Irish sea; the continuity being perfect, at least as far as Bridgewater, more than 150 miles from the origin of the transported matter."

The granite of Shap, in Westmoreland, is so peculiar as to be easily recognised, even in boulders which have travelled nearly across England. There is a block of this granite at Darlington; others at Barton, and in the Tees at Piercebridge, and near Newton; also in the banks of the Seine. Between Embleton and Elwick there is an accumulation of diluvial matter, which begins to rise into elevated ridges; thence ranging about ten miles nearly due north over the centre of the adjacent limestone, these ridges terminate at Wardenlaw Hill, in a capping 200 feet thick, and overlooking all the neighbouring eminences. This transported matter is of granite, and some specimens of which it would be difficult to refer to their native seat.

Near East Bergholt in Suffolk are transported blocks and other diluvial materials. At Stratford St. Mary in the same county, Mr. Clarke says he has "collected specimens of nearly every rock in England, to the north-west of Suffolk." There are beds of marine shells in the eastern cliffs of Norfolk, which show that coast to have been rising; and the same process is taking place in Norway and the north of Sweden, while the most southern part of the latter country, Scania, is subsiding. The island of Saltholm in the Sound, opposite to Copenhagen, is mentioned in the records of the Chapter of Roskilde, in the 13th century, on account of the income which the clergy derived from it; at present it is hardly five feet above the level of the sea, by which it is overflowed almost every autumn, the cattle which graze there in summer taking refuge upon some artificial mounds. It is evident that this island cannot have risen since the above date; it has much more probably subsided, or its revenues could not have been worthy of notice. On the Danish coast of the Sound, six miles northward of Copenhagen, a raised beach occurs about six feet above the level of the sea; and houses have been built between it and the present beach. The island of Bornholm, north-east of Rugen, is also rising, according to calculation, about a foot in a century. It is curious, in connexion with this, that the slight earthquakes which are felt in Sweden almost every year are never experienced in Denmark, and that a shock of an earthquake which, in August, 1829, was felt so strongly on the Danish coast of the Sound that the terrified fishermen in some places left their houses, was not at all perceived on the opposite Swedish shores.

Professor Forbes mentions the appearance of a former glacier, noticed by Mr. Vigne in his travels in Kashmir. At the foot of the Diharah hills between Ghiani and Karohi there are small peaks of limestone, and denuded masses of hardened shingle; and on the plain there lay, with no rock of the kind near it, a large accidental block of limestone. At Dukhun, near Ahmednuggur, boulders cover fields of many acres. They are from 20 to 70 feet high, and as much in diameter; and are piled on each other, fifty or sixty in the compass of two square miles, with not a stone between them. In the neighbouring fields there are no such remains. The Sewalik hills lie at the foot of the Himalahs, with which they are sometimes connected by a chain of low hills, and sometimes separated by valleys from three to ten miles in width. These hills consist of beds of boulders or shingle, of sands hardened

to every degree of consistency, and other substances, the strata dipping generally towards the north. These hills have been mentioned as the remains of glaciers, but it is probable that they owe their formation equally to deposits from the Himalaies by means of other agents than ice.

On the new continent the evidences of former glaciers are in proportion to the other natural characters of that magnificent country. On the shores of Lake Huron lie boulders of rocks not found within the distance of six hundred miles, mostly of granite and porphyry. There is also the same appearance as in Europe, of rock smoothed and furrowed, wherever the drift has come in contact with them. Between the Alleghany mountains and the Atlantic ocean, the diluvium conceals the underlying deposits on the eastern part of this extensive territory, consisting chiefly of fine sand and gravel, but the pebbles even there belong almost entirely to the older rocks of the interior. As we advance from the coast towards the west, the mass of diluvial matter becomes coarser and less sandy; and at length, near the rocky boundary of the plain, the gravel is much coarser, rolled blocks and large boulders occurring, but alternating with clayey beds, sufficiently pure to be used in the manufacture of bricks. Diluvium is also seen west of the Alleghanies, throughout the region of the Ohio and Mississippi, north of Alabama, where not a boulder appears on the face of the land. In Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, detached blocks brought from a great distance, and weighing several hundred pounds, rest on the ordinary finer diluvium, and are promiscuously dispersed; the direction of the drift being invariably from the north-west and north.

In Canada the boulder formation is mixed with marine shells, showing, according to Mr. Lyell, "a more arctic climate than now obtains in the neighbourhood." The boulders are of primary rocks occurring at different levels, not resting on each other, but with apparently quiet depositions of clay, gravel, and sand between them, in which the Testacea found there had lived and died. Some of the shells are broken, others have both valves joined as when they lived. "But all idea of these shells, together with the clay, sand, gravel, and boulders having been drifted together into their present position, by a violent current or rush of water, must be given up at once, when I state the fact, that the *Terebratula psittacea*, which are so fragile that the smallest stones would be sufficient to destroy them if carried along, even with a moderate degree of violence, by moving water, are found with their valves together, and their long brittle teeth entire as when they were living. The whole of the facts lead me to infer, that these numerous erratic blocks have been carried by ice, and dropped from time to time on the bed of the tertiary sea."

In South America the boulder formation is extensive and interesting, but would require more space than we can now give to it. Mr. Darwin says, that the agency of ice alone can be applied to the transported blocks, but he concludes that this must have been by icebergs rather than by glaciers. To his interesting volume upon the discoveries which he made in the Southern hemisphere we must refer our readers.

Village Tales from the Black Forest, translated from the German of AUERBACH, by META TAYLOR. Bogue: Fleet-street.

THE interest of these tales depends upon the severe and unadorned truthfulness of their delineations of character, rather than upon variety of incident, the expression of highly wrought feeling, or artificial management of plot. As the name of the author is advancing into considerable notoriety, we think it right to give our readers an example of his style, for which purpose we select, perhaps not the best, but the shortest, and for that reason the most suitable for our pages, of the tales.

THE BROTHERS.

In the thinly inhabited little street, called the "Kaleib," in the village of Nordstetten, stands a

small house, which, beside a stable and a shed, has only three windows, partly patched with paper. At the top garret window hangs a shutter, suspended by a single hinge, and threatening to fall on the heads of the passers-by. Behind the house is a garden which, although small, is divided into two by a hedgerow of withered thorns.

In this house lived two brothers, who had kept up a constant and bitter enmity for fourteen years. As in the garden, so also in the house, everything was divided into two parts, from the garret down to the little cellar. The trap-door was open; but in the cellar below each of the brothers had his own stores, shut off by laths, and locked up. Padlocks were put on all the doors, as if an attack of thieves were hourly expected. The stable belonged to one brother, the shed to the other: not a word was spoken in the house, except an occasional oath, muttered by one of the brothers.

Michael and Conrad (so the brothers were named) were advanced in years, and both were single. Conrad had been married, but his wife had died early; and Michael had always remained a bachelor.

A large old chest was the first cause of this feeling between the brothers. Upon the death of their mother, everything had been divided between them; for their sister, who was married and settled in the village, had already received her portion. Conrad declared he had bought the chest with his own money, which he earned by breaking stones upon the roads. He said that he had only lent it to his mother, and at her death it became his property again. Michael, on the contrary, asserted that, as Conrad had always lived with his mother, and been maintained by her, he could not possess any property of his own. After an angry quarrel between the brothers, the affair was referred to the bailiff, and afterwards to the court at Horb; and it was finally decreed that, as they could not settle the matter amicably, everything in the house, including the chest in dispute, should be sold by auction, and the proceeds shared between them. Even the house itself was put up for sale, but, as no purchaser could be found, the brothers were obliged to keep it.

They had now to repurchase their own goods and chattels, their beds, and other things, by public auction. To Conrad this was a great grief, for he had more feeling than is ordinarily met with. There are in every house many things which possess a value beyond their market price; for thoughts and recollections are attached to them, in which the world at large can have no share. Such things ought to be preserved, and quietly handed down from generation to generation, that their worth may remain unimpaired; for, as soon as they pass into the hands of strangers, their value, as a sacred inheritance, is lost.

Conrad repeatedly shook his head, as these thoughts crossed his mind, when some old piece of household furniture or other was knocked down to him; and when his mother's hymn-book, with its silver clasps and studs, was offered for sale, and a pedlar took it in his hand to weigh the silver, the blood flew to his face, and he bid for the book at any price. At last came the turn for the chest to be sold. Michael hommed aloud, looked at his brother with an air of defiance, and instantly bid a considerable sum. Conrad quickly bid a florin more, without raising his eyes, and all the while counting the buttons on his jacket. But Michael, looking boldly around, bid still higher. No other person advanced more; but out of bravado neither of the brothers would let the other have the thing in dispute: moreover, each thought to himself that he should only have to pay the half, and so went on bidding higher and higher. At length the chest was knocked down to Conrad for eight-and-twenty florins, more than five times its worth.

For the first time Conrad now raised his eyes, and his look was quite altered; he cast a scornful glance at Michael, and, trembling with rage, exclaimed, "When

you die, I'll make you a present of the cheat for a coffin!" These were the last words he spoke to him for fourteen years.

The story of the cheat soon spread through the village, and became the subject of general raillery and jokes. When any one met Conrad, he remarked how shamefully Michael had behaved; and the former worked himself up by degrees into a fury. The two brothers were of very different dispositions, and each pursued his own way in life. Conrad kept a cow, which he used to yoke with his neighbour Christian's cow for field work; whilst in his spare time he broke stones on the roads, for which he was paid sixpence a day. He was very short-sighted, and walked unsteadily; and whenever he struck a spark to light his pipe, he held the tinder close to his nose, to make sure that it was alight; so, throughout the village he went by the name of "Blind Conrandle."

Michael was the very reverse of his brother; he was tall and slim, and walked with a firm step, carrying himself with all the air of a peasant; not that he was one exactly, but it was useful to him in his trade to appear so. He dealt in old horses, and people have a much greater confidence in a horse which they purchase from a fellow in a smock-frock. Michael had once been a farrier, but was unlucky in business; so he either sold or let his fields, gave himself up to horse-dealing, and lived the life of a gentleman. He was a person of great importance throughout the country; for a distance of six or eight miles round he knew the exact state of all the stables, just as well as a statesman knows the statistics of foreign countries, and the position of different cabinets; and, as the latter learns the disposition of the people through the public journals, so Michael sounded the country folks, and got at his information in the public-houses. In every village, too, he had some idle fellow as his resident, with whom he held frequent secret conferences, and who in all cases of need used to despatch an express—in his own person—to Michael, a job for which he merely demanded a bottle of wine. But Michael had also his secret agents, who instigated the stable-lads to acts of revolt; and it generally happened that he had in his shed (which served him for a stable) some jaded old horse, which he tricked out for sale in a new campaign; he coloured the hair over its eyes, filed its teeth, and though the poor beast could no longer eat anything else but bran, what cared he? The next market-day he was sure to get rid of it for more than its worth.

On these occasions he had his peculiar tricks and stratagems; for instance, he used to place some accomplice in the market-place, who would pretend to want to make an exchange; then they would come to high words, and Michael would cry aloud, "I can't exchange; I have neither food nor stall-room, and if I have to sell the horse for a dollar, it can't be helped, go he must." At another time he would play a still deeper trick; for a few pence he got some poor bumpkin to ride the horse up and down the market, as if it were his own, and then said to the bystanders,—“Ah, if a fellow had that horse who knew how to manage him, he would soon bring him into condition, and make a handsome beast of him: his make is perfect; he wants nothing but flesh, and then he would fetch his twenty dollars at the least.”

Then Michael soon found a purchaser, bargained with him for a commission fee, and thus got a double profit by the sale of his own horse. He hated any law transactions, which required a guarantee for soundness; and, when pushed to this extremity, would rather sacrifice a couple of florins than enter into any such engagement; nevertheless, he had often a law-suit on his hands, which ate up the horse together with the profit. Still there was such a charm in this free, roving, and idle life, that, taking the good with the bad, Michael could not resolve to give up horse-dealing. He acted on the principle, “Never go home from market without striking a bar-

gain.” The Jews were also very useful to him, and he in turn played into their hands.

When Michael, on his way to market or return home, saw Conrad breaking stones upon the road, he cast a look at him, half in pity half in scorn, and thought, “Poor devil! breaking stones there from morning to night for sixpence a day, whilst I can earn, even with moderate good luck, six florins.” Conrad, short-sighted as he was, noticed his brother's scornful look, and worked away, banging and splitting the stones till they flew right and left. We shall see, however, which got on best in the world. Michael was a great favourite in the village, for he could go on telling tales from morning till night, and knew all the tricks and ways of the world. Of better things he certainly knew little; for, though he occasionally went to church, he went, as too many do, without giving a thought to what he heard, and without bettering his life.

Conrad too had his faults, foremost amongst which was his enmity to his brother, and the manner in which he showed this. When any one asked him, “How does your brother Michael go on?” he only answered by making a sign with his hand under his chin, as much as to say, “Some day or other he will be hanged!” The folks were of course not sparing in putting this question, and a great shout always followed when they got Conrad to give his usual reply. In other ways, too, the villagers excited the mutual enmity of the brothers, not exactly out of malice, but for idle fun. Michael, however, only shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, when they talked of Conrad as “the poor devil.”

The brothers never remained together in the same room; if they chanced to meet in the village inn, or in their sister's house, one of them instantly hurried away. Nobody thought of a reconciliation between them, and, whenever two men quarrelled, it was a proverbial saying, “They lived like Michael and Conrad.”

At home the brothers spoke not a word, nor did they ever look at one another when they met. Nevertheless, if either of them observed that the other was unwell and kept his bed, he would instantly run to his sister, who lived at some distance, and say to her, “Go up, and see him; I think something is the matter with him.” And on his return home he would move about and work quietly and without noise, so as not to disturb the other. But abroad, and among the neighbours, Michael and Conrad lived in perpetual enmity, and no one imagined that a spark of affection still existed in their hearts.

This state of things continued for fourteen years. Meanwhile, by constantly buying and selling, all the money which Michael gained from the sale of his two fields had slipped through his fingers, he knew not how. But Conrad had bought another field from a neighbour who was about to emigrate, and had paid nearly all the purchase-money. Michael now set up as a kind of agent or adviser to other people in making their bargains, and he calculated that, by the sale of another field, he should bring matters round, and set himself up in business again. “And there arose up a new king in Egypt.” The villagers of Nordstetten might, in a peculiar manner, apply this verse of Exodus to themselves. The old parson was dead; he had been a good man, but had let things go their own way. His successor, on the contrary, was a zealous young man, who was for setting every thing to rights; and certainly he accomplished a good deal. One Sunday, after morning service, the peasants were sitting and chatting together on the timbers which lay near the village pump, and which were intended to build the new engine house. Michael was one of the group; he sat, with his elbows fixed on his knees, looking on the ground and chewing a straw. Little Peter, the son of John the watchman, a boy of five years old, ran past, when one of the villagers called to the child, and said, putting his hand into his pocket, “Hollo, Peter! here's a handful of nuts for you, if you make a face like Conrad. What does Conrad do?” The child shook his head, and was running off; for he was

a sensible little urohin, and was afraid of Michael; but they held him fast, till at last he made the sign of hanging under his chin. At this there was a shout of laughter, that might be heard through the whole village. But, when the boy asked for the nuts, it turned out that the man who had promised them had none; and a fresh shout arose as the boy ran up to the cheat and gave him a kick. Meanwhile the new parson had come down the little hill by the court-house, and stood watching all that passed; but, just as the boy Peter was going to be beaten for his demand of the nuts, the parson stepped quickly up, and snatched the boy away. Instantly all the peasants drew back, and took off their caps. The parson now beckoned to the sexton, who happened to be standing by, to accompany him through the village, and learnt from him the whole story about the enmity of the brothers, and all that we have related above. The following Saturday, as Conrad was breaking stones in the village, he received an invitation to call upon the parson the next morning after service. He stared at the sexton, his pipe went out, and for a minute the stone remained unbroken under his wooden-soled shoe. He could not conceive what was to happen at the parsonage, and would gladly have gone that very instant. The invitation was brought to Michael just as he was "polishing the Sunday boots" of an old horse, for so he called cleaning the hoofs. He was whistling a snatch of a song, but stopped short in the middle, knowing full well the lecture that was in store for him, and glad to have time to prepare a saucy reply, scraps of which he muttered to himself.

On Sunday morning the parson preached a sermon from a verse of the 138d Psalm: "Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." He pointed out how all earthly happiness and fortune are as nothing, unless shared and enjoyed with those who have rested with us on the same mother's breast. He showed how those parents can never be happy in this world, nor blest in the next, whose children are estranged from one another by envy, hatred, or malice; he quoted the example of Cain and Abel, and showed how brotherly hate was the first cause of sin. All this, and much more, the parson spoke with a clear and thundering voice, till the people said, one to another, "He'll bring the walls about our ears!" But, alas! it is often easier to move stone walls than the hardened hearts of men. Barbara wept bitterly as she thought of the conduct of her brothers; and, although the parson addressed his remarks to his auditors at large, and urged every one to lay his hand upon his heart, and ask himself whether he had a true affection for his kindred, nevertheless every one present felt sure that he referred to Michael and Conrad.

The two brothers were standing not far from one another; Michael bit his cap, which he held between his teeth, but Conrad stood listening, with open mouth; and once, when their eyes met, the cap fell from Michael's hand, and he stooped down quickly to pick it up.

The psalm tune ended with a soft and peaceful close; but, before the last sounds died away, Michael had left the church, and was standing at the parsonage door. It was still locked, so he went into the garden, and stood for a time beside the bee-hives, watching the busy activity of the little creatures. "They know not what Sunday is!" thought he to himself; "and I, too, have no Sunday in my way of living, for I have no regular day of work." Then, again, he thought, "How many hundred brothers and sisters live together in such a hive, and all work like their parents!" But he did not give way to those thoughts long, and resolved not to let the parson lecture him. As he returned toward the church-yard, the last words of Conrad recurred to his mind, and he involuntarily clenched his fist.

When Michael came out of the garden, he found Conrad and the parson already engaged in eager conversation. The latter, who seemed to have given up

expecting him, rose, and begged him to take a chair; but Michael, pointing to his brother, answered, "With all respect to your Reverence, I cannot sit down in the same room with that man. Your Reverence has not been long in the village, and you know not what a sackful of lies he is—a sneaking, hypocritical fellow." Then, trembling with rage, he continued: "That man is the cause of all my misfortunes; he banished peace from our house, and drove me to take to horse-dealing, and bad ways. Ah!" he exclaimed, darting a fierce look at Conrad, "you prophesied—yes, you—that I should hang myself in a halter; but, mark me, your turn will come first!"

The parson allowed them to vent their rage, only interposing his authority to check any personal violence. He felt sure that, when their long-fostered and secret anger was exhausted, some remains of brotherly love would still be found, and brought to light; but he was in part disappointed.

At length both brothers sat down, speechless, and breathing hard. The parson then addressed them, at first in a gentle tone, disclosing all the hidden recesses of the heart; but it was in vain—they both cast their eyes down upon the floor. He then pictured to them the anguish of their parents in the next world. Conrad sighed, but did not raise his eyes. Then the parson summoned all his power, and with a voice like that of a denouncing prophet, he reminded them how, after death, they would have to appear before the judgment-seat, and there answer fearfully for the sin of brotherly hate. He ended; and there was a silence. Conrad wiped the tears from his eyes with his sleeve; then he rose from his chair, and said, "Michael!"

Michael had not heard that sound for so many years, that he started, and looked up. Conrad stepped nearer, and said, "Michael, forgive me!" The hands of the brothers were in a moment fast locked in one another; and the parson laid his hand upon them to bless the act.

When Michael and Conrad were seen coming down the little hill by the court-house, hand-in-hand, every eye was upon them—not a man but felt a secret joy at his heart. As soon as they reached home, the first thing they did on entering the house was to wrench off every padlock and fastening; and having done so, they went into the garden, and levelled the hedge with the ground; no matter what cabbages were destroyed, all token of their former discord had instantly to be removed. Then they went to their sister's house, and they all ate together at the same table.

In the afternoon the two brothers sat in the church side by side, and each held a corner of their mother's hymn-book in his hand.

From that time forwards their lives were spent happily, in unity of spirit, and in the bonds of peace.

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The Village Spring.

LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A VILLAGE.

Once more, sweet stream ! with slow foot wand'ring near,
 I bless thy milky waters cold and clear.
 Escap'd the flashing of the noontide hours,
 With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers
 (Bre from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)
 My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
 For not through pathless grove, with murmur rude,
 Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph—Solitude :
 For thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
 The hermit-fountain of some dripping cell !
 Pride of the vale ! thy useful streams supply
 The scatter'd cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
 The elfin tribe, around thy friendly banks,
 With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
 Release'd from school, their little hearts at rest,
 Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.

The rustic here, at eve, with pensive look,
 Whistling lorn ditties, leans upon his crook,
 Or startling, pauses with hope-mingled dread,
 To list the much-lov'd maid's accustomed tread :
 She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
 Loiters, the long-fill'd pitcher in her hand.
 Unboastful stream ! thy fount with pebbled falls
 The faded form of past delight recalls,
 What time the morning sun of hope arose,
 And all was joy, save when another's woes
 A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
 Like passing clouds impictur'd on thy breast.
 Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,
 Or silv'ry, stole beneath the pensive moon ;
 Ah ! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
 Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along !

Coleridge.

THE CINQUE PORTS.—DOVER.

WE all know that "it is but a step from Dover to Calais," though, if all we hear be true, that "step" is sometimes a doleful and weary one; sufficiently so to call up pathological imaginings in the "sea-sick" mind, of the delights of dusty high roads, and even of those lines

"Where all antipathies to comfort dwell,"

the railroads. Yet, if ancient records speak sooth, our ancestors might, (had they invented steam,) have travelled by railway from London to Paris, if some untoward convulsion in ancient days had not ruthlessly riven our little island from its parent earth; or if the perpetual contests of Neptune's angry hosts of the north and southern oceans had not, by slower degrees, but with equally certain result, worn away the obstacle which opposed their meeting.

For there is an old tradition,—one, too, which has not lacked the support of the learned,—that our little island, which rises so proudly from her surrounding waves—which towers so independently from the bosom of the hoary deep—and which boasts so loftily of her Queenship over the whole earth, was once in truth and reality only an insignificant corner of the continent of Europe; and consequently, that "Master John Bull," of independent fame, was, not metaphorically, but literally, a boy's brother of "Mounseer." But wince not so desperately, John! It was in your nonage; nay, you were hardly even in your cradle: it was when the Aborigines of the earth were nursing mothers of future Goths and Scandinavians; when even Gauls were hid in the womb of futurity; when Franks were an unimaginable mystery, and French "lingo" and English "bulliam" were not. Therefore, John, be appeased: the "smiling plains" of modern France were then rugged enough even for thy fierce tread.

The early annals of ours, as of other countries, are somewhat enveloped in fable, somewhat involved in obscurity; but our imaginations will

easily conceive not merely the probability, but the certainty, of there having been loves, wars, murders, tumults, kings and usurpers innumerable, before there were historians to record, or chroniclers to transmit their names to posterity.

Yet do old chronicles—in some degree legendary, no doubt—carry us back to a period sufficiently early to satisfy all our yearnings after the antiquity of our land:—even to the time when

"—in his younger years
 Vast earthbred Giants woo'd her—"

Even at this period, as ever since, Dover was marked out as the arena of chivalry. Those happily constituted souls who, as a learned writer remarks, "swallow Jeffrey of Monmouth without chewing," may delight in his vivid and minute description of the fearful encounters here of "myghtie and strong Gyants." In these pages it may suffice to remark that Brute, the great grandson of Æneas, in obedience to the decree of an oracle, travelled to accomplish his fortunes somewhere about the time that Eli was judge in Israel. On arriving at our happy island, he found it inhabited by giants, whom he was fated to destroy, and the death of one of the hugest of these, called Gog Magog, by a push over the cliff at Dover, first gave name and fame to the place.

It is to a period later than this, and yet one deeply involved in the mists of obscurity—the reign of Lear, a British king, that Shakspeare has referred that description of one of the cliffs of Dover, which, more than all the histories ever written, has rendered this place familiar to the imaginations of his countrymen.

"How fearful
 And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
 The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
 Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half-way down
 Hangs one that gathers sampshire; dreadful trade!
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight: The murthering surge,
 Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong."

This cliff, however, which still bears the name of Shakspeare's Cliff, is supposed from the constant

(1) The exactly corresponding, yet somewhat peculiar form of the Dover and Calais cliffs, the existence of a reef of rocks of similar formation across the strait, and not far beneath the surface of the water, and the probable redemption of Holland, Zealand, and part of Flanders from the sea, are the chief circumstances which have induced some writers to believe that England was once a peninsula, not an island.

abrading of the summit and surface, and the unceasing wearing of the sea at its base, to bear a very different, and a much less imposing, aspect than it did in the time of the poet.

It is yet, however, sufficiently formidable for the unaccustomed foot to approach its verge very carefully, and for the unaccustomed eye to scan but fearfully the depths below; and we rather wonder at, than admire, the nerves of the lady who, the other day, could allow a coast-guardsmen to descend this fearful cliff in search of her parasol, which had escaped from her hand, and scale it again with the rescued ornament.¹ That these brave and adventurous men are accustomed to such exploits in the performance of a preeminent duty, can hardly justify the exposing them to a certain risk for an inadequate cause.

Our readers are probably all aware that this celebrated cliff has been excavated, and that all its gnomes and spirits are put to flight for ever by a railway tunnel through its heart.

Shakespeare's Cliff is situated on the opposite side of the ravine (in which the original town of Dover lay) from that hill which, having from time immemorial borne a fortified erection, is called the Castle Hill. It is hardly necessary to state that the lofty chalk cliffs collocated here give not only a majestic and imposing aspect to Dover, but led doubtless to its original and long continued importance, as offering not merely a natural barrier against hostile attacks, but one which a few additional precautions fendered an almost impregnable safeguard to the rising town, built in the ravine at the edge of the haven, the waters of which flowed much farther inland than they now do; Dover, in common with the other Cinque Ports, having been deserted by the sea, but, more happily placed than they, having been still able to conquer this drawback, and to maintain its maritime importance.

It seems to be pretty well ascertained that it was on the cliffs at Dover the Britons made that formidable display which, probably more than the inaccessibility of the coast (for the natural harbour which led to a commodious haven was there) drove Cæsar from the shore. Succeeding Romans, who in due time achieved what Cæsar had little more than attempted, were so fully aware of the natural capabilities of the place, that they early enlarged, extended, altered, and adapted as a Roman station, the British fortification which they found there, and in which, tradition says, Arviragus the British chief ensconced himself when he refused to pay tribute to Cæsar. The tradition that Cæsar built a tower here is fully disproved, and the first authentic account of any Roman masonry is during the consulship of Publius Scapula, who was ordered to Britain about A.D. 49. Within the fortress then raised was a Pharos, octagonal without and square within, of which a very considerable remnant still exists. Roman baths were subsequently erected in the valley below.

In the second century, the far famed Lucius, a Christian Briton of the highest rank, built a church within the fortress on the cliff. It became desecrated, and was reconsecrated by St. Augustine. By Edbald, the son of Ethelbert, it was transformed into a college for secular canons; but these were afterwards transplanted to St. Martin's in Dover, and the college was razed, though the church still

remained for the use of the garrison. Service was duly performed in it until about the year 1690. The ruins of this church and of the Roman pharos form an object of striking and romantic beauty on the summit of this lofty cliff.

Romance has not failed to scatter her roseate tints around. It is said that the ever famous Arthur spread his "table ronde" within the walls of the castle, in a spacious hall which he built for the purpose, with all suitable offices around; and that the beauteous Guenever had also a bower here of his designing, in which, at a later period, *cheu! cheu!* Henry the Eighth deposited stores when he went to France! And, that the tale may not want a fitting consummation, we are informed that some casks of this wine, being overlooked and become thick with long standing, and some salt hard as adamant from the same cause, were exhibited to our wonder loving grandmothers as part of the stores brought and deposited here by Julius Cæsar.

From its lofty and commanding position, Dover has ever been considered a place of vast importance, and has always been a noted place of defence—as noted, that it is said the piratical and fearless Danes ever avoided it, and made not even an attempt to land there. From the time of Alfred the town seems also to have been one of business, of cheerful activity and successful trade. It ranked as one of the earliest and most important Cinque Ports. Ere the Saxon line of monarchs drew to a close, it had a guild, for the purpose of defence, and the security of the commerce of the Town, and the Gihalla or Guild-hall of the burgesses is mentioned in Domesday Book. Before the time of this survey, however, it had procured its charter of privileges from Edward the Confessor, in whose reign the authority of Godwin, Earl of Kent, Governor of Dover Castle and Guardian of the Ports, seems to have much influenced the destinies of the town.

In speaking of this bold, crafty, ambitious and cruel man, it is hardly easy to divest the occurrences of his life of the fictions wherewith they have been embellished. The legend of his death—being choked at a banquet in the king's presence when attempting to take a false oath—is well known: the circumstances attending his first appearance on the stage of public and political life are hardly less romantic.

It was after a hot battle between the Danes and Anglo-Saxons, in which the latter were worsted, that a chief of Knute's army, having pursued the enemy too eagerly, suddenly found that he was not merely separated from all his comrades, but that he had wandered much farther than he imagined. In attempting to retrace his steps, he wandered still more widely, and found himself on the skirts of one of the dense woods which at that time almost covered the face of the country. Evening was fast closing around, and he saw himself thus benighted, without food or shelter or companion, in the midst of a hostile region. Whilst he looked hither and thither, hoping, yet almost despairing of success, he heard some one whistling a martial air, and, looking in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, ere long he beheld the *vocalist* emerge from one of the glades of the wood, accompanied, or rather preceded, by a numerous herd of swine. By his side stalked a magnificent mastiff, of the breed for which Britain was so famous that they

(1) We learnt the circumstance from the man himself, who had volunteered the task, and seemed to think nothing of it.

had been procured at any price for the amphitheatre at Rome. The herdsman was clad in the rudest garb of his country, a coarse tunic girt round his waist, and scarcely reaching his knees; his legs were bare, but on his feet he had rude brogues, made of the skin of a beast, with the hair turned outwards. His appearance was youthful; he was, as we have said, whistling merrily; and was, withal, so earnestly employed in whittling an oak branch with a rude knife taken from his girdle, that he did not observe the stranger until a low growl from the dog caused him to raise his eyes. The soldier, wishing to reconnoitre his new acquaintance before he accosted him, had drawn within the edge of the wood, but was betrayed by his bright helmet and armour, which sparkled among the branches as the sun glanced on it, and had attracted the notice of the faithful dog.

"Finding longer concealment useless, he advanced and accosted the shepherd, inquiring his name.

"Godun," replied the youth readily, replacing the knife in his girdle, and gazing on the armed stranger with perfect fearlessness, and apparently with much interest.

Encouraged by this, the Dane told the youth the predicament in which he was placed, and offered him liberal rewards to be conducted to Knute's ships.

Godun undertook the office, but refused the remuneration: the stranger was sheltered in his father's hut, and finally conducted safely to the fleet. His guide and preserver having rendered his own return unsafe by his conduct—for to assist an enemy was to forfeit his life—he remained (by previous stipulation) in the Danish camp with his new friend, whose sister he eventually married.

His rise to power, and the importance he obtained in the cabinets of the Danish-English kings, are well known; but it was in the reign of the Confessor that he crowned his assumption and arrogance. We may consistently add here that the fracas which led to open hostilities between him and his king, and to all the "pomp and circumstance" of incipient civil war, and resulted in the banishment and outlawry of himself and his family, and the confiscation of his estates, occurred at Dover, and was caused by Earl Godwin's supporting the interests of the town in a point which ran counter to the wishes of the king. The occurrence is recorded in the Saxon Chronicle, but the details are of no particular interest.

In such great consideration was the Castle of Dover held at this time, that, in the negotiation which William Duke of Normandy is said to have contracted with Harold prior to the death of the Confessor, in which Harold promised to further William's attempt on the crown of England, it is recorded, that the condition on which he placed most stress was, that the Castle of Dover should be at once placed in his hands. In accordance, therefore, with this idea of its importance, we find that, immediately after the victory at Hastings, he hastened thither to take possession of it. It was then deemed impregnable, and numbers of the natives had fled for safety to its walls; but it was soon yielded up to him, and he spent even then, when time was so precious, eight days in examining the fortifications, and in projecting improvements. It was at this time that the "men of Kent," made that demonstration of fearlessness and independence to which we have referred in a preceding sketch.

According to Lord Coke, Dover, with Sandwich and Romney, were the Ports of most especial note before the Conquest, and Dover especially continued to maintain its fame. William, having fortified and well garrisoned the castle, committed it to the keeping of his half brother Odo, whilst he himself repaired to Normandy. From this time, though the port continued to be one of the greatest consequence, being frequently, by royal command, the one at which embarkation and debarkation to and from the Continent was especially enjoined; still its importance as a military station was so very great, that the annals of the port seem to yield to those of the castle; and, as a history of Canterbury is little more than that of the prelates who have held archiepiscopal sway within its storied cloisters, so is that of Dover chiefly merged in the doings of the constables who have held the key of its battered castle. To the chief of these we shall now refer.

The high characteristics which Odo, the first constable after the Conquest, had displayed in a less brilliant position, were lost beneath the temptations with which his princely rank and kingly power (for he was Regent of the Kingdom) overwhelmed him. His cupidity became excessive, from the view, it was said, of purchasing the Papacy. It is said that he caused vast quantities of gold which he amassed to be ground to fine powder, and, stowing it into pots and crocks, sunk them for concealment in various marked spots in the beds of different rivers. He had also accumulations of treasure, money, jewels, plate, and various riches, confided to the care of different religious houses, which were afterwards yielded up to the King. He procured to himself 184 lordships in Kent, and 445 in different counties; and, at length, restrained by no principle either of justice or religion, he plundered a cathedral church at Durham, carrying away, amongst other spoils, a valuable crucifix of sapphire.

It may readily be imagined, that in such unscrupulous appropriations all feelings of honour and justice were soon discarded; but, worse still, in his eager cupidity his heart became hardened; he showed no mercy in his exactions, and became abhorrent in his cruelties. The "men of Kent" rose against him, and under the guidance of the Count of Boulogne, made an attempt to surprise the castle, which was, however, unsuccessful. But his career of extortion had drawn to a close; and at the very time when, all being achieved according to his wishes, he was in the act of escaping from the kingdom, the King (well informed of all his proceedings) accidentally encountered him. The old chroniclers thus describe the scene. The King himself sprung forward and seized him, shouting,

"I arrest thee, I arrest thee."

"You do me wrong," said Odo, "I am a bishop and bear crozier, and you ought not to lay hand on me."

"By my head," quoth the King, "but I ought; I will seize the Earl of Kent, my bailiff and steward, who has not accounted to me for my kingdom that he has held."

He was consigned to a prison at Rouen, whence he was not released till the death of the Conqueror.

The unremitting attention paid by William to the fortifications of the castle, and also to the defence of the town of Dover, are abundant testimony of the high ideas he entertained of its importance, even after, by his general and minute survey recorded in the Domesday-book, he had gained a

complete knowledge of the resources of his kingdom. He built a wall for defence of the town, studded at intervals with towers of defence, and intersected with ten gates. This wall, it is said, had been commenced by the Romans. There were very rigid duties of nightly watch and ward enforced for the safety of the town; and still more for the furtherance of this object—buildings being then chiefly of wood, and conflagrations frequent—each housekeeper, under a fine of twenty pence, was constrained to place a tub full of water nightly before his door. The town of Dover had already been nearly consumed by fire.

After the expulsion of Odo, William appointed John de Pies, a Norman of high rank and of the noblest character—for it is said "he died respected by the King, beloved by the people, and lamented by both"—Constable of Dover Castle, and Warden of the Cinque Ports, and entailed those high offices on his posterity. The King awarded to him upwards of one hundred and seventy knight's fees in land, in order that he might efficiently provide for the security of Dover Castle. The constable acted liberally and honourably. He immediately distributed the greatest part of this grant to eight other knights, whom he associated with himself; and a system of defence in turn was arranged, by which the castle was at all times manned and guarded by themselves and their followers. It was then that the castle and fortifications began to assume the outward appearance which we are almost, from habit, inclined to suppose was always their characteristic. Each of these associated knights undertook to build a tower and a specified portion of connecting wall; and some of these towers go even now by the names of the original founders. The constable, assisted by the King, built a new gateway, with hall, embattled gallery, and all other apartments suitable for a feudal baron of the time. The Saxons had always adopted low gateways and contracted passages, as a means of defence; but now, for the first time in England, the castle was entered through a lofty and spacious arch, secured with drawbridge, portcullis, and massy gates. The architect was of that body, to whom alone we can in those times look for aught elevated above the usual habitudes of rude military life. This great improvement was planned by Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester; and when, far on to a century afterwards (1153), the foundation of the keep was laid—that same keep which, altered, patched, and repaired, we still see—the architect adopted the plan which had been suggested by this prelate in William the Norman's time.

From this period, Dover was not only the chief ornament of the country, and the place where her chivalry assembled prior to any warlike expedition abroad, but its port became the usual passage to and from England, not only for English nobility, but for foreign potentates; and there was an old statute, repealed only in James's time, that none should take shipping for Calais but at Dover.

Perhaps her cliffs never re-echoed more martial sounds, her strand never witnessed a finer assemblage of chivalry, than that assembled here to accompany the King of the Lion-heart to the Holy Land.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH:

OR, OLD COMPANION IN NEW DRESS.

By F. E. S.

CHAP. XIV.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

"FREDDY, can I have half an hour's private conversation with you?" asked I, as soon as we had exchanged salutations.

"To be sure you can; but," he added, catching a glimpse of the anxious expression of my face, "there is nothing wrong, is there?"

I made a gesture indicative of silence, and he opened a door into a sort of lawyer's office, saying in a low voice—

"Come in here, we shall not be interrupted; the governor's in town, and the women are out walking."

"So much the better," replied I, "for the business I am come upon is strictly private, and will not brook delay."

I then told him as concisely as possible the whole affair from beginning to end; he listened attentively to my recital, merely asking a question now and then, to elucidate any particular point he did not clearly understand. I fancied he made a gesture of surprise when I first mentioned Wilford's name, and when I had concluded, he asked,

"Wilford, you say, this man's name is? What is his Christian name?"

"Stephen."

"And he's a young fellow?"

"About three or four and twenty."

"And you want to prevent his being able to shoot Harry Oaklands at five o'clock to-morrow morning?"

"I do not know the hour, but I conclude the meeting will probably take place to-morrow morning. Wilford would not want to remain in the neighbourhood longer than necessary, lest he should attract attention."

Coleman mused for some minutes, and then muttering, as though he were thinking aloud—

"It might be done so; yes, that would do. I suppose," he said at length, "if Master Wilford were taken into custody on a magistrate's warrant at half-past four a.m., that would suit your ideas very nicely. I can so arrange the matter that Wilford will never be able to trace the laying the information to our door."

"But how can you avoid that?" inquired I.

"Why, if you must know," replied Freddy, "I am acquainted with a man, who would give a hundred pounds any day to stop our friend Wilford from fighting a duel."

"What, do you know him, then?" asked I.

"Ray-ther," was the reply, accompanied by a very significant wink—"just a *very few*,—I should say we're not entirely strangers, though I have never enjoyed the honour of much personal intercourse with him; but I do not so deeply regret that, as from your account, it seems rather a dangerous privilege."

"But how in the world do you know anything about him?"

"Oh! it's a long story, but the chief points of it are these:—The aforesaid Mr. Wilford, if he can continue to exist till he is five and twenty, comes into £1,000 a-year; but, if we don't interfere, and Harry Oaklands has the luck to pink him to-morrow morning, away it all goes to the next heir. Wilford is now three and twenty, and the trustees make him a liberal allowance of £500 per annum, on the strength of which he spends between 2,000*l.* and 3,000*l.*: of course, in order to do this, he has to raise money on his expectancies. About two months ago he wanted to sell the contingent reversion of a large estate in Yorkshire, from which the greater part of his

future income is to be derived; and a client of ours thought of buying it—ergo, we were set to work upon the matter: whilst we were investigating his right, title, and all that sort of thing, lo and behold! a heavy claim, amounting to some thousands, is made upon the property,—by whom, do you think, of all people in the world!—none other than our old acquaintance, Richard Cumberland!

"Good heavens!" exclaimed I, "how strange!"

"Cumberland," continued Freddy, "has become somehow connected with a lot of bill-brokers, low stock-jobbers,—in fact, a very shady set of people, with whom, however, in our profession, we cannot avoid being brought sometimes into contact; he appears, indeed, himself to be a sort of cross between black-leg and money-lender, improved by a considerable dash of the gambler, and presenting altogether a very choice specimen of the thorough and complete blackguard. Somehow or other he contrives to have cash at command, and instead of being pigeoned, has now taken to pigeoning others; in fact, I fancy he does a very pretty stroke of business in that line. He is a good deal improved in manner and appearance since you remember him; and, among people who don't know him very intimately, he affects the man about town: in short, he is quite at the top of his profession. Wilford became acquainted with him at one of the Newmarket meetings, lost money to him, borrowed money of him, giving him as security a charge upon the estate of double the amount,—ergo, don't you see, if Wilford should by any chance get his quetous from Harry's pistol, he won't live to come into his property, in which case Master Dicky Cumberland is minus some thousands. So if I contrive to give him a hint, depend upon it he stops the duel. I will caution him not to let my name appear,—he will not hear yours; so in this way I think we may manage the affair, and defy the old gentleman himself, though he's a very cunning lawyer, to trace it to us."

"Well," said I, "as I see no other means of saving Oaklands's life,—for this Wilford is a noted duellist, and no doubt thirsts to wash out the insult he has received in blood,—I suppose we must do it; but it is an underhand proceeding which I do not at all like."

"There you are, with your chivalric, high-flown, romantic notions; you would stand coolly by, and see the best friend you have in the world butchered before your eyes, rather than avail yourself of a splendid chance of saving him which Fortune has thrown in your way, because, forsooth, it involves a little innocent manoeuvring!—for Heaven's sake, my dear boy, get off your stilts, and give common sense fair play."

"I can only repeat what I have just said," replied I, "I will do it, because I believe it is the only thing to save Harry, but I do not like it, and never shall."

"I cry you mercy, Signor Francisco de Fairleigh, the veritable Don Quixote of the nineteenth century," laughed Freddy; "and now, most chivalrous Sir, where do you imagine it probable that this evil faiseur, this man of powder and pistols hangs out?"

"He is most likely at the inn at Carsley, a village on the London road, about four miles from us," replied I, "I don't know of any other place in the neighbourhood where he could be lodged; but I'll tell you what I'll do;—the name of the inn is the White Horse,—if I should prove wrong in fancying that he is there, I will send a message to that inn to say where he may be found."

"Exactly," returned Freddy, entering the White Horse, Carsley, in his tablets; "now I think I know all about it; and it shall not be my fault if this duel comes off to-morrow morning. Good bye, old fellow! I wish you did not look quite so grumpy about it, but it's all those medieval prejudices of yours. I dare say you'd think it a much more manly way of stopping the business, to electotype yourself in brass and steel, throw yourself across a cart-horse plated to match, and shouting, 'Fairleigh to the rescue!' run a long pole pointed with iron through Wilford's jugular. Now I

consider mine much the most philosophical way of doing the trick; in fact, conducting a dodge of this kind always affords me intense satisfaction, and puts me into the highest possible spirits. Have you ever seen the war dance in which the Hottentots—from the wash-ki Indians usually indulge before they set out on an expedition? A quarter to three," he continued, pulling out his watch, "the coach to London passes in five minutes, I shan't have time to show it you, but it begins so." Thus saying, he flung himself into a perfectly indescribable attitude, and commenced a series of evolutions, more nearly resembling the contortions of a dancing bear, than any other Terpsichorean exhibition with which I was acquainted. Having continued this until he became very unnecessarily hot, he wound up the performance by flinging a summerset, in doing which he overturned the coal-scuttle into a box of deeds, whereby becoming embarrassed, he experienced much difficulty in getting himself right end upwards again. "There," he exclaimed, throwing himself into an arm-chair, commonly occupied by his father's portly form—"There! talk of accomplishments,—show me a fashionable young lady who can do that, and I'll say she is accomplished. It's rather warm work, though," he continued, wiping his brow, "unless one wears the appropriate costume, which, I believe, consists of a judicious mixture of red and yellow paint, three feathers, and the scalp of your opposite neighbour. Pleasant that," he added, pointing to the reversed coal-scuttle—"that's a new edition, not of 'Coke upon Littleton,' but of Coal upon—what's the suit? aye, Buffer versus Stoker. I shall have to make out a case of circumstantial evidence against the cat, or I'm safe for a rowing from the governor. Good bye, old boy! don't fancy I'm mad; I'm not the fool I seem, though I confess appearances are against me just at present; there's the coach, by Jingo, three bays and a grey,—no chance of the box—is this a hat off we go." So saying, he shook my hand warmly, bounded down the steps, and the next moment was rattling away towards London as fast as four horses could hurry him.

It was with a heavy heart, and a foreboding of coming evil, that I mounted my horse and slowly retraced my steps towards Heathfield. Coleman's exuberant spirits, which I believe were partly assumed with a view to cheer me by diverting my attention from the painful subject which engrossed it, had produced an effect diametrically opposite to that which he had intended, and I felt dissatisfied with the step I had taken, doubtful of the success of his mission, anxious to a degree which was absolutely painful about the fate of Harry, and altogether thoroughly miserable. I reached home in time for dinner, during which meal my abstracted manner and low spirits were so apparent, as to set my mother speculating on the chances of my having over-heated myself and "got a chill," whilst Fanny's anxious questioning glances, to which I was well aware I could furnish no satisfactory reply, produced in me a degree of nervous excitement which was unbearable, and, the moment the cloth was withdrawn, I left the room, and rambled forth into the wildest parts of the park. The quiet peaceful beauty of the scene, and the refreshing coolness of the evening air, had in a great measure calmed the excitement under which I laboured, and I was turning my steps towards the Hall, when I met Oaklands and Archer, who, finding I was not at the cottage, had come in search of me. Half an hour's conversation served to render all my previous conjectures matters of certainty. The challenge had been given and accepted, Wentworth was to be Wilford's second, and he and his principal were staying at the inn at Carsley.

The spot chosen for the scene of action was a plot of grass-land situated about half way between Carsley and Heathfield, so as to be equally accessible to both parties; the time appointed was five o'clock the following morning. Archer was to act as Oaklands's second; everything had been managed with the greatest

caution, and they did not believe a single creature, excepting themselves, had the slightest suspicion that such an event was likely to take place. They had resolved not to tell me till every thing was settled, as they feared my opposition. Having thus taken me into their confidence, Archer left us, saying, that "probably Oaklands might like to have some private conversation with me, and he would join us again in half an hour." Rejoiced at this opportunity, I used every argument I could think of to induce Harry not to return Wilford's fire.

Oaklands heard me for some time in silence, and I began to fear my efforts would be fruitless, when suddenly he turned towards me, and said—his fine eyes beaming with an almost womanly expression of tenderness as he spoke,—"Would this thing make you happier in case I fall?" A silent pressure of the hand was my only answer, and he added in a low voice, "then it shall be as you wish." A pause ensued,—for my own part, the thought that this might be our last meeting completely overpowered me; I did not know till that moment the strength and intensity of my affection for him. The silence was at length interrupted by Oaklands himself, and the low tones of his deep rich voice trembled with emotion, as they fell mournfully on the stillness of the evening air. "My father!" he said, "that kind old man, whose happiness is wrapped up in my welfare! it will break his heart, for he has only me to love. Frank, my brother!" he added, passing his arm round my neck, as he had used to do, when we were boys together, "you are young; your mind is strong and vigorous, and will enable you to meet sorrow as a man should confront and overcome whatever is opposed to him in his path through life. I will not disguise from you that, looking rationally and calmly at the matter, I have but little hope of quitting the field to-morrow alive. My antagonist, naturally a man of vindictive disposition, is incensed against me beyond all power of forgiveness, and his skill is fully equal to his malice: should I fall, I leave my father to your care; be a son to him in the place of the one he will have lost. This is not a light thing which I ask of you, Frank! I ask you to give up your independence, your high hopes of gaining name and fortune by the exercise of your own talents and industry, and to devote some of the best years of your life to the weary task of complying with the caprices, and bearing the sorrows, of a grief-stricken old man. Will you do this for me, Frank?"

"I will," replied I, "and may God help me, as I execute this trust faithfully!"

"You have relieved my mind of half its burden," returned Oaklands, warmly, "I have only one thing more to mention:—When I came of age last year, my father's liberality made over to me an ample income for a single man to live on: excepting a few legacies to old servants, I have divided this between your good little sister and yourself, which I thought you would prefer to my leaving it to you alone."

"Harry! indeed, I cannot allow you to do this; others must surely have claims upon you."

"There is not a being in the world who has a right to expect a farthing at my death," answered he; "the next heir to the entailed estates is a distant relation in Scotland, already wealthy. My father has always been a careful man, and should he lose me, will have a larger income than he can possibly be able to spend; besides, as the duties I have led you to undertake must necessarily prevent you from engaging actively in any profession, I am bound in common fairness to provide for you."

"Is it so, then," replied I, inwardly breathing a prayer that I never might possess a sixpence of the promised fortune.

"One thing more," added Harry. "When you return to the quietude of old Trinity, shall I ever visit you again?—How Miss Maurice is going on, and if she shall marry respectably in her own rank, ask

my father to give you 100*l.* as a wedding present for her; only hint that it was my wish, and he would give twenty times the sum. And now good—peas!"—he continued, drawing his hand across his eyes, "I shall play the woman if I go on talking to you much more—good night, Frank,—do you accompany us to the ground to-morrow morning?"

"I will go with you," returned I, with difficulty overcoming a choking sensation in my throat; "I may be able to be of some use,"—

"Here comes Archer," said Oaklands, "so once more good night; I must get home, or my father will wonder what is become of me."

My heart was too full to speak, and pressing his hand I turned abruptly away, and walked quickly in the opposite direction.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

(Continued.)

We resume with a bit of historical gossip, showing that, in all probability, the first cup of tea made in England was drunk upon the site of Buckingham Palace; for the Earl of Arlington took the first pound of tea to England, having bought it in Holland for sixty shillings; and at this time the Earl resided in "Arlington House," taken down prior to the building of Buckingham House.¹

We now return to the palace. Had the "triumphal arch" and its accessories been completed as originally projected, the cost of the archway, railing, and statue, would have exceeded 70,000*l.* As it is, the arch has been almost universally condemned as a monument of tasteless expenditure and extravagant folly. Cobbett, in his odd, sarcastic way, used to say, that he had often, in crossing the park, halted to look at the structure without being able to "make anything of it," in which unsatisfactory result there must have been many sharers.

The other arch, originally intended as a grand feature of the remodelling of the palace, may be noticed here: this is the costly "triumphal" structure facing Hyde Park Corner, which now forms the public entrance into the Green Park, by Constitution Hill, but was originally intended for the royal entrance to the palace gardens. This arch was built by Mr. Decimus Burton, in 1828; it is eighty feet in height, and has a single aperture, with an architrave surmounted by an archivolt, without a keystone; an innovation by no means pleasing. The sides are decorated with Corinthian pilasters, and sculptured wreaths of laurel, inclosing "G. R. IV.," and crowns, alternately. In each front, from the four central pilasters, a portico of four columns projects on two solid plinths. Above the entablature, on a lofty

(1) It will be remembered that against Arlington, as one of the Cabal ministry, articles of impeachment were preferred in 1674: one of the charges being that he had been wanting in fidelity to his trust as a private councillor, as a sworn defender of the Protestant religion. The Earl met this and other charges against him so dexterously, that the impeachment was dropped. At his, however, lately been proved that Arlington was of the Catholic faith; for, in "the Autobiography of Sir John Brampton, B.," printed for the Camden Society, we find this entry:—"About this time the Earle of Arlington, Lord Chamberlin, died, a Roman Catholic, and they tell this storie of him. That day that he dyed he askt his phisitian if there were noe hope left of his life; he sayd he did see none; he thought he would die verie speedily. Then sayd my Lord, 'Fetch me a pretist, for I am a Roman Catholic.' His servants were amazed, but he sayd he would have a priest fetcht; 'Yet,' says he, 'I will not have it knowen until I am dead.' Soe he had a priest, was absolved, and soe he died at that Church, tho' he had receaued the Sacrament very often, had taken the Test, where he renouced Transubstantiation, the worshiping of the Virgin Marie, &c. several tymes; as a Puer in the Lords House, and as the King's servant, both in the last King's tyme and in this present King's too."

blocking-course, is raised an attic, surmounted by an acroterium; the soffit of the arch is sculptured in sunken panels; and within the piers are apartments, and stairs ascending to the roof of the attic; the entrances being at the side, and, with the windows, having a mean effect. The gates, by Bramah, are of massive iron scroll-work, bronzed; the design comprising the royal arms, in a circular centre: they are handsome, but less original than the superb palace gates we have just described. Mr. Burton's original design for the arch, it should, in justice, be mentioned, has not been carried out. He proposed to embellish the main piers with groups of trophies; to place a figure of a warrior on each stylobate; to enrich the attic with a sculptural representation of an ancient triumph; to place a statue, flanking the attic, over each column; and to crown the acroterium with a figure of Victory, in a quadriga, or four-horse chariot. Had these embellishments been executed, the arch would not have been condemned, as it has been, for its insipidity of design, and absence of classic appropriateness. At this point, by the way, the late Sir John Soane proposed to erect an entrance into Piccadilly, of architectural stupendousness, and most elaborate sculptural enrichment: it was to consist of two large side arches, opening to Hyde Park and the Green Park, and a vast arch spanning the Piccadilly roadway, at a height entitling to the epithet of triumphal. The cost would have been enormous; but, had the design been executed, it would have presented the most magnificent metropolitan entrance in Europe, and have been really worthy of "the city of the world."

Upon Mr. Burton's arch, as the reader is, doubtless, aware, has been placed Mr. Wyatt's colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. Previous to this, to give security to the immense weight which the attic has now to carry, it was strengthened at each angle by a cross buttress; and the supporting slab is laid upon a strong brick arch. The statue was designed and cast expressly for this position, after the Queen's consent had been obtained for its location there; for which purpose also, the funds were subscribed by the public: and, on the royal permission being granted, Her Majesty remarked, that were the monument placed upon the arch, as proposed, in leaving the palace for a ride, she should have the satisfaction of seeing the statue of the greatest man in her dominions.

To return to the palace, the view from the platform of Mr. Burton's arch comprises a *coup d'œil* of the royal gardens, and shows the vast circular reservoir, the lake, &c. and the pavilion, of which we shall speak in detail hereafter.

To resume, chronologically: soon after the accession of William the Fourth, it was resolved to complete the palace, and have it furnished as a royal residence. Previously, however, to this being done, in the summer of 1831, the public were admitted to view the interior of the palace, by tickets, for parties not exceeding six persons; and within the limited time many thousands availed themselves of this privilege—ourselves among the number. The floors were then uncarpeted, but the mirrors were fixed throughout the several apartments. The general characteristic was a waste of gold, glare, and glitter, in the worst possible taste; the coved ceiling of the throne room, we remember, "fretted with golden fire," resembled the top of a work-box; the multitude of gilt capitals was very striking: each of these cost 30*l.*, whilst a contract for 18*l.* each had been refused! There were several pairs of gorgeous folding doors, of mahogany and plate-glass, overloaded with ormolu, each costing 300 guineas a pair: they were in very questionable taste, and were better adapted for a flashy gin-palace than the abode of royalty, and several of them were accordingly removed. We remember the obvious defect of there being but one state staircase; the sculpture gallery with only a borrowed light; and the library, at the door of which it was scarcely possible

to read. In the principal floor, the octagonal apartment of the library of George the Third was unappropriated. It had been proposed to fill the compartments of the walls with the cartoons of Raphael from Hampton Court; but no sooner was this proposition intimated to the public than it was loudly protested against, and at length given up. Indeed, this removal of the cartoons would have been an injustice to the public for the mere purposes of private gratification.

In our stroll through the palace we were much struck with the picturesqueness of the garden-front, and the cheerfulness of the apartments in this portion of the plan. The terrace-walk was very beautiful; and at each extremity was an Ionic temple-like conservatory, the roof and walls filled with plate-glass, and each to be filled with the rarest plants.

It was a strange sight to witness the eagerness with which the holiday folks rambled through the stately staircases, corridors, and saloons of the vast palace; how a few, of a more contemplative cast, lingered beneath the canopy in the throne-room, from whence the sovereign, by a slight turn of the head, might descry the architectural glory of the metropolis—the matchless dome of St. Paul's cathedral. Then, the lofty windows of the ante-room were thrown open, and by this means two or three of the visitors had strayed out upon the floor of the great portico, and were enjoying the park prospect astride the balustrade. However, as the people reflected upon the vast outlay for the palace, they saw before them as a sort of compensation, the landscape-garden of the hitherto enclosed waste of St. James's Park; and it may be worth while to glance at the effects of the change. "Sixty years ago," wrote the late Theodore Hook, "the Mall continued the fashionable promenade, in the evening: it is now only useful as a thoroughfare from Whitehall to Piccadilly, and evening promenade there is none; for the class of persons who give the tone to society dine at the hour at which their grandfathers supped, and dress for dinner at the period when their ancestors, two centuries since, were undressing for bed. But the beautiful garden which has superseded the swampy meadow, and the Dutch canal within the enclosure, is thronged in the summer evenings with those who *have* dined, and enjoy themselves quite as much as those who *have not*; and affords a new source of amusement to the public, and keeps pleasure-hunters away from the suburban tea-gardens and bowling-greens, which within the last quarter of a century were so popular with Londoners."

Soon after the admission of the public to view the palace, its fittings were proceeded with; which occasioned the small wits to say that it was "*built for one sovereign, and furnished for another.*" Considerable alterations were also made in the palace itself by Mr. Blore: the cupola, or dome, was taken down, and replaced by one of much smaller size; and the principal front was raised, so as wholly to conceal the cupola from the spectator in the park, while it continued a feature in the garden-front, as was originally intended. This amendment had also the additional advantage of preventing the principal front from being overpowered by the wings, and of giving increased stateliness to the whole pile.

At length, the New Palace actually became a royal residence, being taken possession of by Her Majesty, very shortly after her accession, viz. July 18, 1837. Thus, we see that seven entire years, or the whole reign of King William the Fourth, were spent in furnishing and altering the palace as a habitation for the sovereign; and even then, the state apartments were exceedingly limited in number, and by no means very spacious in themselves. King William and Queen Adelaide did not appear anxious to tenant the New Palace: they passed much of their time at Windsor, and a regular season at Brighton; using St. James's for levees and drawing-rooms, and a few apartments were refurbished to fit this palace in some degree for a royal residence. Hence the com-

pletion of Buckingham Palace was not expedited. We may here state that the cost of the palace itself, including the architectural after-thoughts, but exclusive of the expense of furnishing, has been 678,777*l.*; and never was outlay more unsatisfactory to the country. Satire of all sorts has been freely let fly at the design. Dr. Waagen, the eminent German critic, quaintly says:—"Buckingham Palace looks as if some wicked magician had suddenly transformed some capricious stage scenery into solid reality;" upon which another comments, "would that the same magician could re-transform it, and at the same time return the many hundreds of thousands of pounds it has cost into the exchequer."

The site of the palace, seen from Piccadilly, appears very low; and, in consequence, it is supposed to be smothered in the prospects from the windows. However, there is nothing so bad but that something may be said in defence of it; and so it is with the palace site. Looking at the structure, much of this censure may be correct; but situation cannot be duly appreciated by looking at it;—by looking from it, the extent and variety of the prospects can only be rightly estimated. In each direction, except on the Pimlico side, the views are not only the most extensive, but the finest in all the metropolis. From the eastern front, there is no other prospect in any part of London so magnificent. In the foreground lies St. James's Park, with the lake and island; on the left is the massive palace-house of the Duke of Sutherland; and next is the mansion of Lord Spencer, one of the best designs of Inigo Jones, with the other fine buildings which face the Green Park. On the right is Westminster Abbey; and in perspective the Horse-Guards, the Treasury, and the Admiralty; and beyond them are the dome of St. Paul's, and the spires of the City churches. Another fine feature, too, is the lofty colonnaded terraces of Carlton-gardens, and the statue-crowned York column. The view from the north side comprehends the Green Park, with the terrace of Piccadilly, from Devonshire House to the princely mansion of the Duke of Wellington; the beautiful entrance-screen to Hyde Park; and the loftier arch opposite, at the moment we write crowned with the most stupendous bronze group of modern times. The foreground of this prospect, too, has been much improved by the removal of the Ranger's Lodge and shrubberies from the verge of the Green Park, on the north side of Piccadilly. The south side of the palace looks towards Pimlico. The garden, or west front, looks over an extent of sixty-three acres, laid out in the very best style of landscape gardening.

The approach to the palace is by the main mall of St. James's Park; and had the communication been made direct to Charing Cross, as contemplated, the road would be by a noble straight avenue to the marble triumphal arch already described. We may here add, that over the side gates in each face of this arch are figures of England, Scotland, and Ireland; Genius exciting Youth; Virtue and Valour; Peace and Plenty; and over the central archway are figures of Fame and Victory, and a sculptured key-stone. It was, however, originally intended to place on the park face of the arch a representation in bold relief of the battle of Waterloo; and on the opposite face the battle of Trafalgar; besides medallions of Wellington and Nelson, groups of trophies, statues of heroes, &c.

Behind the arch, the palace comprehends a quadrangle, or open square, of 240 feet in extent on each side, being about the same size as the quadrangle of Somerset House. The principal and governing order is the Roman-Corinthian, raised on a Doric basement. The central mass of the design is composed of a bold *ports cochère*, or superior portico, of eight coupled columns, and corresponding towers, with four columns at either extremity. The tympanum of the centre pediment is filled with sculpture, and the pediment crowned with statues. The projecting wings or sides of the quadrangle are of a subdued character; the ends

towards the park presenting Corinthian porticoes, surmounted with statues, and adorned with sculptures: on the left wing are figures of History, Geography, and Astronomy; and on the right, Painting, Music, and Architecture. Around the entire building, and above the windows, is a frieze combining in a scroll the rose, shamrock, and thistle; and extending from each wing, facing the park, is a screen or wall, with private entrances. The northern wing was originally occupied by the Duchess of Kent and her Royal Highness's household: it is now the royal nursery. Of the northern and southern fronts we have already spoken: the octagonal apartment in the latter (intended for a chapel) has, we believe, been fitted up as an armoury. The garden-front is, however, in an architectural sense, the principal one: it consists of five highly ornamented Corinthian towers, the centre one being circular. A balustrade terrace, extending the whole length of this front, between the two Ionic pavilions, one of which has been converted into a chapel, adds greatly to the general effect, by seemingly increasing the elevation, while it spreads a broad base that augments the apparent strength and grandeur. The upper portion is embellished with statues and groups of trophies, and historical bas-reliefs, designed by Maxman and others.

We will now examine the interior.

Having passed through the triumphal arch into the quadrangle, which is surrounded by a peristyle of Grecian Doric columns, instead of an arcade, we pass under the portico into the marble hall. The ceiling is only eighteen feet high, but is supported by an extensive range of double columns, standing on an elevated continuous basement, every shaft formed of a single piece of veined white (Carrara) marble, with Mosaic gold bases and capitals; whilst the marble floor has a Mosaic Vitruvian scroll border. Thence you ascend by a broad flight of steps to the sculpture gallery, one hundred and twenty feet in length, with marble columns and floor corresponding with the hall. The sculpture in the gallery consists chiefly of busts of eminent statesmen, and members of the royal family. This gallery extends the whole length of the central portion of the ground plan, corresponding with the picture gallery above it. It opens into the library, or council-room, which has a semi-circular termination in the central portion of the garden front. When the door of this room is open, the vista from the grand entrance across the hall, sculpture gallery, and library, to the very windows opening to the garden terrace—indeed, through the entire edifice—is a scene of architectural picturesqueness. To the right and left of the library are moderately-sized rooms, which command the cheerful retirement of the garden scenery. These apartments, in their furniture and decoration, combine elegance and luxury with simplicity and comfort: they must be a welcome retreat from the gold and glitter of the state rooms; and opening upon the terrace, with its picturesque vases of flowers, they enable you to enjoy in the beautifully undulated grounds, "a mimic Arcady embosomed in deep foliage," as it has been called, "a gay delicious solitude rescued from the *sumum strepitumque Romæ*."

Re-crossing the hall, a spacious flight of marble steps leads to the grand staircase, also of white marble, and on the left hand as you enter from the portico. This staircase consists of a centre and two returning flights, the former being carried up to the entrance to the armoury, from which the effect is beautiful and theatrical. This staircase has lately been decorated, by Mr. Gruner, after the manner of the Italian masters; on the ceiling are four frescoes of morning, evening, noon, and night, on gold ground, with exquisite imitations of marble, &c. The staircase itself is too small; but the rail, supported on bold and rich Mosaic gold scroll-work, has a superb effect, especially in continuation of the golden capitals and bases of the columns in the hall. The library, by the way, is used as a waiting-room for deputations, which, as soon as the Queen is prepared to receive them, pass

across the sculpture gallery into the hall, and thence ascend by the grand staircase, through an ante-room and the green drawing-room, to the throne-room. The mahogany folding doors, over-ornate with looking-glass and ormolu, (of which we have already spoken,) are here unaparingly introduced. Upon state occasions, or grand receptions, the hall and staircase are lined by yeomen of the guard, with the exons, lieutenant, and clerk of the cheque, the whole presenting a magnificent scene of pageantry and regal state. A staircase for the egress of company has been constructed on the right side of the hall, since the original plan was made.

The green drawing-room, which occupies the centre of the eastern front, and opens upon the upper or Corinthian story of the portico, is a superb apartment; the walls are hung with green satin, striped, relieved with tasteful gilding; the room is some fifty feet in length, and thirty-two feet in height; it has an almost endless series of looking-glass in door and shutter panels, and elaborate frames, which reflect a beautiful little panorama of the park enclosure, caught through the marble arch and the pillars of the exterior portico. When state balls are given, the spacious tent, formerly belonging to Tippoo Saib, is raised beneath the portico, and the windows being removed, refreshments are served here to the company: it thus has the effect of enlarging the saloon. It is lit by an "Indian sun," eight feet in diameter, set round a chandelier, which throws down the light upon the company with brilliant effect.

We next advance to the throne-room, sixty-four feet in length, which presents a blaze of elaborate enrichment. The walls are hung with crimson satin, striped; and the alcove, on the north side, with crimson velvet, relieved with a profusion of gilding, and emblazonry of arms, &c. The fascia consists of massive gilt wreaths, and two large figures bearing a gilt medallion of George the Fourth. In this recess is placed the royal throne, or chair of state. The ceiling of the room is coved, richly emblazoned with arms, and gilded in the boldest Italian style of the fifteenth century. Beneath is a white marble frieze exquisitely sculptured by Bailey—the design, the Wars of the Roses, Stothard's last great work. In this room are presented addresses to the Queen, in state as picturesque as it is splendid: there, Her Majesty is seated on her throne in her royal robes, with the Prince Consort on her left, and surrounded by her ministers and great officers of state, the court, &c.; the deputation then advance through an avenue of the gentlemen-at-arms, and the address is duly presented. For the christening of the Princess Royal, in February, 1841, the throne was removed from the recess, and in its place was erected an altar, hung with crimson velvet and gold, and upon it was ranged the silver-gilt communion-plate; the font being placed upon a Mosaic table, upon a richly embroidered velvet carpet; the effect of the whole was impressive and superb. This room is, altogether, very gorgeously appointed. The profusion of gilding, the richly fretted cove of the ceiling, the curved and gilt *boriture* of the crimson satin hangings and draperies, and the large and brilliant mirrors in massive gold frames; and the richly-dight insignia and canopy of the throne recess; the superb lustres with their myriads of prismatic glitter—all make up a scene of overpowering richness, relieved only by the chaste beauty of Stothard's white marble frieze of the Wars of the Roses—the great chain of events, by which the royal family, as descendants of the Tudors, came to the throne. In this chamber, too, are ordered more important matters than mere forms of

state ceremonials; and the saloon is generally provided with a long table and a number of seats for the accommodation of the ministers when they and the Queen are "in Privy Council assembled."

A CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE COUNTRY.¹

CHAP. XI.

"Ah! James," said Lucy, "though you did remember our dispute when you wrote this, you have not, as I had hoped, made the *amende honorable* to the daisy. What can you advance from the poets in favour of the gaudy marigold?"

"I do not know how I shall acquit myself under this challenge, Lucy," he replied, "but it certainly has some poetical claim. Its botanical name *Calendula*, which affirms it to bloom in the course of every month, has a sweet echo in its Italian title *Fiore d'ogni mesi*, whilst it shares with the sunflower the honour of being considered an emblem of constancy, turning to look towards the sun in his course through the heavens, and opening its eyes to receive his first beams, when—

'The early morn lets out the peeping day
And strews his path with golden marygolds.'

As the exception is said to prove the rule, I will even quote from Beaumont's *Psyche* the only instance which I know to be on record of the marygold's fickleness.

'The marygold her garish love forgot,
And turned her homage to these fairer eyes;
All flowers looked up, and dutifully shot
Their wonder hither, whence they saw arise
Unparching courtous lustre, which instead
Of fire, soft joy's irradiations spread.'

But," he continued, "the most beautiful lines I know on this flower, are in that old work, 'Wither's Emblems,' and at the risk of tiring you I will venture to repeat them.

'When, with a serious musing, I behold
The grateful and obsequious marigold,
How duly ev'ry morning she displays
Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small tender stalk:
How, when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedew'd (as 'twere) with tears, till he returns;
And, how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked on
By an inferior eye; or, did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him.
When this I meditate, methinks, the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours;
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings, and idolatries,
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow.

But, oh my God! though grovelling I appear
Upon the ground, and have a rooting here,
Which hales me downward, yet in my desire,
To that which is above me I aspire:
And all my best affections I profess
To Him that is the Sun of Righteousness.
Oh! keep the morning of His Incarnation;
The burning noon of His bitter Passion;
The night of His Descending, and the height
Of His Ascension, ever in my sight:
That imitating Him in what I may,
I never follow an inferior way.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the whole party.
"How very beautiful!" said Rosaline. "Surely we must all adopt the marygold now amongst our favo-

(1) The venerable Stothard was between seventy and eighty years old when he designed this frieze; yet it possesses all the vigour and imagination which had distinguished his best days. As a whole, there is not, perhaps, to be found a more interesting series of historical designs of any country in ancient or modern times. The drawings of this frieze ought to be in the royal collection, but they were sold at Christie's with the rest, on the decease of the painter; Mr. Rogers was the purchaser.

rite flowers, though it is not indeed a native of this country."

"There is the marsh marygold, Rose," said Agnes.

"Yes, Agnes," replied Sophia, "but you know well that it is not one of the same class of plants as the real marygold, but is one of the ranunculus tribe, and allied to the buttercup, its botanical name *Caltha*, implying a goblet; and truly it resembles a golden chalice. We have, however, many flowers which, though not of the same family as the marygold, resemble it in turning towards the sun. Besides the daisy, there are the ox-eye, the hawkweed, the flea-bane, &c."

"Pray, does the hawkweed in any way resemble a hawk?" asked Mrs. Barlow.

"Not at all," replied Sophia. "For the derivation of that term, which is the same as its botanical name *Hieracium*, derived from the Greek name for a hawk, we must refer to the conceits of the old botanists, who believed that it was from using the juice of this plant that hawks and other birds of prey acquired their wonderful power of vision; and this strange opinion must have been pretty widely spread, if we take the testimony of the French name *Epervière*, and the German *Habichtskraut*."

"I suppose then the cuckoo eats the flower which bears its name in order to clear its voice," said Alleyn.

"Oh! Alleyn!" cried Agnes, "do you not remember the old nursery song says, 'he sucks little bird's eggs to make his voice clear.' I know the cuckoo-flower is called so because it comes in spring when the cuckoo does, and I remember Sophia told me that Gerade says, 'it flowers for the most part in April or May, when the cuckoo doth begin to sing her pleasant notes without stammering.'"

"Bravo! Agnes," exclaimed her father, "you are improving rapidly when you too begin to quote Gerade, and I do not despair of your being a second Sophia at last. What flower is it that Gerade calls the cuckoo-flower?"

"I believe, papa, it is the *Cardamine pratensis*, and you know that it is called so here, but Laura says the cuckoo-flower is a different flower at Woodthorpe."

"Laura is right," said Mrs. Barlow, "there the pretty little woodsorrel is called the cuckoo-flower, and I think I have heard the name given to other spring flowers besides these."

"I believe, however, that the *Cardamine* has the best established claim to it, Mrs. Barlow," said Mr. Hamilton; "and there are few flowers more interesting to me than this, from its association with the early days of Egypt and Greece. It is one of those ever recurring phenomena of nature which link us with the past; and, when I see the pale blossom springing in the fields, and at the same time hear the cheerful voice of the cuckoo, I am carried back to the days of Hesiod and Aristophanes, and remember that the latter tells us 'the cuckoo formerly governed all Egypt and Phœnicia, because when that bird appeared they judged it was time for wheat and barley harvest.'"

"Has not the *Lychnis Flos-cuculi* or Ragged Robin some claim to the name of cuckoo-flower?" asked Mr. Lorraine.

"It certainly has from its Latin appellation," replied Mr. Hamilton, "and the fig tree has likewise a claim from the Greek, since in that language the same word denotes both the cuckoo and the young fig. The reason assigned for this coincidence is, that they appear together, a circumstance remarked by Benjamin Stillingfleet to happen in this climate also. The early Greek writers paid much more attention to these natural signs than has since been done, and, though the writer I have just named, and also some of the Swedish botanists, endeavoured to follow out the hints they gave, there has been but little progress made. To my mind it appears a most interesting study, not only because it leads us to meditation on the beautiful and harmonious works of nature, but because it takes us

back as it were in the history of man, and, amidst all the superstition with which his mind has been darkened and debased, allows us to catch here and there a glimpse of purer light—a tint of the bright hues of paradise."

"To what do you allude?" asked Mrs. Barlow.

"I allude to the ancient superstition of augury, with which the subject under discussion is intimately connected. The word augury is derived from *avis*, a bird, and though in later times the augurs prophesied from the signs discovered in the entrails of their sacrifices, &c. &c., it seems that originally they drew their predictions solely from the flight of birds. And can we wonder that the mysterious migration of birds at certain seasons, and their return from the ocean or the desert with unfailing wing, without pathway, and without guide, should strike the inquiring mind with awe! and may we not fancy the wondering philosophers addressing them in the words of our own English poetess—

'Birds! joyous birds of the wandering wing!'

Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?"

"How beautiful, how wonderful," he continued, "is this perpetual harmony of nature, which brings the birds back with the reviving flowers, and, year after year, teaches us to look for the one accompanied by the other, and to anticipate pleasure after pleasure in welcoming them, until nature beams out in one universal flush of joy and love! As star after star becomes apparent in the heavens whilst the night advances, so do the bright things of the earth come up silently until they are spread thickly around us as the lights above. There is, indeed, a striking grandeur in the study of the heavenly bodies, which has given to astronomy a pre-eminence of awe, but, if rightly viewed in connexion with the harmony of the whole vast design, surely every branch of natural philosophy would awaken the same feeling, and I would maintain that the earlier and more true mode of prediction, drawn from the flowers and the birds, has a stronger claim to our belief and reverence."

"I do not quite understand you, James," said Mrs. Lorraine, "this theory is new to me. Surely the motions of the heavenly bodies are more strictly defined, and consequently more to be relied on, than the return of the birds or the revival of the flowers; and we cannot wonder that the former are preferred as guides for the times and seasons."

"I will grant you, my dear madam," returned Mr. Hamilton, "that the movements of the heavenly bodies are the most chronologically regular, but for this very reason they are less to be depended upon as prophets of the seasons—for I would speak only of predictions applying to husbandry, horticulture, &c. The first astronomical calendars were made in Egypt, and thence transplanted into Greece, where the difference of latitude and longitude was not so great as to occasion any material discrepancy between their calculations and the seasons, though some there certainly was; but when the Romans afterwards servilely copied the Greek calendar, the farther change of the locality rendered them still more unfaithful; and yet their great poet, Virgil, in his *Georgics*, has adopted them, and overlooked the signs of the trees and flowers around him. Hesiod, who was, according to some, an earlier writer than Homer, according to others, his contemporary, was the first known writer who noticed these signs, though doubtless in his time, and probably long before, husbandry was partly regulated by the blowing of plants and the migration of birds. Hesiod was followed by Theophrastus, but the subject, after the latter writer, was no farther explored, I believe, until the time of Linnaeus, who, with the help of his disciples, completed the Swedish calendar of Flora, in imitation of the Greek Flora calendar of Theophrastus."

"I think I have heard of the calendar of Flora," said Sophia, "though I do not remember to have seen

it. Pray, is it really useful, or merely a fanciful and poetical trifle?"

"Fanciful it certainly is not," replied Mr. Hamilton, "since it is founded on a strict observation of facts, compared together year after year. As to its utility, that has never yet been fairly tried, but I am inclined to believe, with Linnæus and Harold Barck, that it might be rendered permanently useful. Nature always adopts the most simple and easy method of working, and from the same cause brings forth different designs. In many cases we see and acknowledge this, in others it is concealed from us; yet we may well assert that, whenever two things, however distinct and separate they appear, to be in their natures, constantly accompany one another, they are actuated and influenced by the same causes. Thus the swallow and the wood anemone, like the cuckoo and the young fig, appear together about the middle of April. It is not the stars which guide the bird, or the sweet influences of the Pleiades which revive the flower, but it is the returning warmth of the season which acts upon the nature of both, and if the season be backward, and

'Winter lingering chills the lap of May,'

both will be equally retarded for a few days, whilst the stars move on in their distant and time-measured journey. When Aristotle says that the nightingale sings continually day and night for fifteen days, about the time when the young leaves begin to expand and thicken the woods, he not only marks the time when the nightingale might be expected to be heard in Greece, but the season of its melody in every other country which it frequents, which would not have been the case had he noted the month or day; for in England and Sweden it does not charm the ear at the same time it does in Greece, yet in the same season it is with all, 'when the young leaves expand and thicken on the mountains.' Trees observe fixed laws in their time of leafing, some requiring one degree of warmth, and some another. The oak never puts forth its verdure before the larch flings down its green tassels gracefully as an emerald fountain, nor does that timid stranger, the acacia, hang out her pale blossoms to rival our hardy native hawthorn, but the gay procession marches onwards in regular routine; and those who have been in the habit of watching its progress year after year may know, when they see one tree come into leaf, which will be the next to don the livery of spring. Nature herself—or, rather, the great God of nature—seems thus to trace in living characters his instructions to the husbandman; but man has sought out many inventions, instead of attending to the unerring signs so beautifully spread before him. In some places, indeed, the page of nature's book is still read unconsciously, and the mower guesses the proper time for cutting the grass from the flowering of the *parnassia*, the withering of the purple meadow-trefoil, or the ripening of the seeds of the yellow-rattle; but from scientific men the subject has met with less attention than it seems to deserve, and would botanists try to work out this sublime idea, as Howitt calls it in his 'Book of the Seasons,' doubtless surer guides might be obtained than those which now regulate the labours of the field."

"It is truly a sublime idea," said Sophia; "but has there never been a calendar of Flora constructed for this climate?"

"Benjamin Stillingfleet, a naturalist of the last century, took great pains in noting the seasons in which different plants flowered, and different birds appeared for several years together, and published an English Floral calendar, with a translation of that of Harold Barck, not as a perfect work, but as an assistance to those whom he hoped would follow in the same track. I should like to show it to you; but of course I do not travel with all my books in my portmanteau."

"Do you think we can get the work from the library at R—?" asked Cyril. "I will make the inquiry

to-morrow, if you like, as I intend to ride over in the morning on some little business of my own. Ladies, have you any commissions? Aunt Martha, you have been so busy over your knitting all the evening, you have not had time to speak one word, and I am sure you must have used up all your fine scarlet wool, and be in want of a new stock."

"No, thank you, Cyril," replied aunt Martha, "I have still this huge ball left, which will suffice to complete my task; but I think, perhaps, I may find some other little office for you at R—."

"Cyril need not fear a scarcity of commissions," said Charles, laughing, "for whenever I announce a journey there, I am obliged to strengthen my memory by a list as long as my first brief will be; and then, when I am setting off overwhelmed with business, old Watson is sure to pounce upon me from out of her den, with, 'Please, master Charles, would you be kind enough to call at the grocer's, and tell him he made a mistake in the last parcel;—and if you would only bring me this—and that—and the other;—till I rush out in despair, leaving the good old soul with a rueful countenance, which haunts me until I have executed all I so rudely refused to her.'"

"And then, Cyril," added Alleyn, "take care how you pass the Vicarage, or Charlotte Forster will be sure to want a bottle of paregoric, and Alice be longing for the second volume of some Winter's Tale or other."

"Oh! I have got all the commissions from the Vicarage," said Cyril, "I was there some time this morning, and I think it was the numerous wants of their party which induced me to plan the journey, so I hope I shall forget none."

"I think I must ride with you, Cyril," said Frederic, "in order to search the old book-stalls for a rhyming dictionary, as I find the task Agnes has imposed upon me too difficult for my genius, without such assistance."

"Write something in blank verse, then, Coz," said Agnes, "you know Cowper wrote his task in blank verse to please his cousin, and I like blank verse very much, though it is rather more difficult to learn by heart; and I shall like to learn your verses by heart, of course. I wish, James, she continued, turning to Mr. Hamilton, "I wish you would write a charade in blank verse, and Cyril shall buy me a pretty little book, that I may copy all the charades into it for Justine, as she wishes to have them."

"And I will draw the flowers in it, Agnes," said Sophia, "and Rosaline shall sketch the house for a frontispiece, and Lucy design a vignette for the title page; so take care Cyril, that you get the paper very good and very smooth."

"What a charming present that will be, and how much I shall value such a treasure!" exclaimed Justine.

"Well, Agnes, you must give me the proper dimensions for the book, and full particulars, that I may get it quite as you want it, or else I know you will shake your head at me most outrageously."

"Oh, dear! then mamma must let me see how many charades she has left, and I will leave plenty of room for that which James is to write for me. Do let me have a peep, pray do!" continued Agnes, whilst Mr. Hamilton begged he might select the following for their present amusement.

How joyful the welcome my *First* still receives,

As year after year he is heard!

As soon as sweet April hath put forth her leaves,

Returneth that passenger bird.

He calls for my *Second* from every spray,

And gladly the call will be heard;

Starting forth from each bank will my second obey

The voice of that passenger bird.

But surely my *Whole* with affection's quick ear

His earliest note must have heard,

Since her pale buds expand as his first cry we hear,

Delighted to greet him, but soon disappear

When away flies that passenger bird.

PISCATOR'S SKETCHES.

CHAP. II.

"Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon."

It is now noon. The sun pours down his rays; the breeze is hushed; the river reflects a thousand hues from mirrored surface.

A truce to sport! The associations of the angler are full of fascination, which the multitude can never discover. Come, citizen, leave, for a while, your ledgers and your calculations; come, worldly wayfarer, leave, for a while, the beaten and dusty road of life; come, votary of fashion, leave, for a while, the gay and giddy scenes of the capital. We do not purpose fixing your attention upon works created by art and science; nor do we purpose escorting you through the courts and palaces of kings; but we ask you to wander with us under the cloudless canopy of the blue expanse. By the clear stream may ye mark nature's own loveliness. Her productions have charms for the angler—why not for you? How often does he, in such seasons, and in such climes, cry "Truce to the angle," that he may explore the enchanting scenes around, and dive into the mysteries of botanical and entomological lore! His occupation with his angle in the running streams through the fair vales, first rendered him familiar with the sounds and objects of the surrounding landscapes. It was this that led him first to look upon the fair face of nature, and to exclaim, "How beautiful—how sublime art thou!"

Why, what clusters of flowers meet the eye at every turn! How brilliant their hues; how delicate their tints! These owe nothing to the culture of man; no art has arrayed them in such loveliness; they are fresh, and bright, and beautiful, from the fair hand of Nature herself. You cannot add one hue, or one tint, to render them more gay and glittering: "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Mark the tall and stately rush, with its inch of red and pink flowers; the fringed buck-bean, with its yellow hues and notched petals; the thick stems of the water-lily, with its broad leaves, in the centre of which the yellow flower rests its modest head; the iris, with its stately stems and flowers of flaming gold.

Mark also how transcendently beautiful the various tribes of insects which sparkle in the sun. See how the dragon-fly, the tyrant of the insect world, flits through the air: listen to the sharp buzz of his glistening wings as he darts up the stream: how splendid that purple coralet! what slim elegance and graceful ease in all his movements! How fiercely he pounces upon his prey; how voraciously he seizes that butterfly, and crushes it with his formidable fangs! Mark also the bustle and glitter of the multitude of whirlwigs of the beetle genus, at the surface of the still water, under the shade of the old willow. How their tiny backs flash as they describe their incessant round! See, too, the butterflies, which have strayed from their resorts, how in radiant wings they flutter from flower to flower. What a bright train! There is the lady-of-the-woods, from her sylvan retreat. With what pride she displays those wings, tinged with orange, and adorned with green! How delicate and how beautiful she appears, and how worthy her appellation! There too is our old friend, the peacock's-eye: how elegant his colours of pale silky brown, and yellow, and purple hues, with the eye-like spot on each wing. He has come forth rejoicing with the rest, and is evidently not a little proud of his race and lineage. But what have we here! The chalk-hill butterfly, revelling in the sun-beams. What a gay little

rover. Observe the light silvery blue, and the streaks of orange with which he is bedizened; these, with the fine silky lustre of his whole attire, distinguish him as one of the most elegant of this species of revelers in these sunny climes. Why, the earth and air are warm with millions of beautiful things. How poor the boasted productions of man when compared with the magnificent hues of the purple Emperor there, who selects as his throne the topmost sprig of yonder lofty oak! With what dignity he unfolds the varying lustre of his plumes! How brilliantly are the rich tints displayed, the delicate pearly lustre of his wings changing with each revolving motion to the imperial hues of purplish blue! No courts of earthly potentates could display so glittering and so gorgeous a train as that which disports on every side.

But let us seek the cool shade. Here will we rest awhile, and turn our back upon the turmoil of the world: here, for a season, care shall be a stranger to the heart, as we sing one of the songs of Isaac Walton—

"Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
Oh, ye valleys! oh, ye mountains!
Oh, ye groves, and crystal fountains!
How we love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!"

In this lovely and sequestered spot how grateful the refreshing breeze—before us the rippled and sparkling waters—the green wood on the left echoing to thousands of tuneful throats. Here, we say, let us rest, not to "rail at lady Fortune," but to offer the incense of gratitude to Providence for having created these scenes, teeming with so many beautiful things, to form the solace and delight of man.

Mark the aquatic birds, how they visit the stream. See that heron on outstretched wings, from the peaceful recesses of the old wood. He has now alighted on that large stone at the edge of the water in quest of prey. He loves the banks of streams. With what grace he wades into the current. How purely white that throat and breast—how graceful his black narrow plumes! He used to form the quarry for the falcon in the olden time, when fair dames and gallant knights rode forth,

"With hawk on fist, and hounds in leash,
And gold-tipp'd bugle horn."

See those troops of swallows in pursuit of insects; how they skim the surface of the waters! how wonderful their gyrations, as they wheel in the air, and then sweep along, and disappear under the arches of the old bridge! But listen! that is the sharp and shrill cry of the lapwing; his haunt is down in yonder fenny pasture. He is now in sight—what a beautiful fellow! His neck and breast are of deep rich black; and how smart he appears with his long crest of black feathers! How vehement his cries become, "Pee-wit—pee-wit:" you may be sure an enemy has invaded his retreats. We are not mistaken—there is the hawk sweeping overhead. He has left his favourite tree in yonder thicket, where he has so often displayed his dove-brown back, and the streaked plumage of his breast. See with what velocity he glides through the air. Now those keen eyes of his have descried his quarry; now he soars in circles; now he makes a swoop, and carries off his prey in his talons.

But we have lingered under the old oak long enough. The advanced noon warns us to resume our angle.

"Arise, and let us wander forth,
To yon old mill across the wolds;
For look, the sunset, south and north,
Winds all the vale in rosy folds."

How lovely the last two hours before sunset; the western horizon suffused with brilliant crimson tints; the trees intercepting the streams of light from the sun's broad disk, and throwing their long shadows across the landscape.

There is still a gentle ripple on the water. In the shade of those tall poplars, down by the piles driven into the bed of the river to guard the buttresses of the old bridge, and upon that gravelly bottom, lies a shoal of perch. They are now altogether at the edge of the sharp current which sweeps that margin, formed by tall weeds. See how they rise and descend in quest of food brought down by the rapid stream, like so many striped tigers of the deep.

What a noble fellow have we just brought to land;—he weighs upwards of one pound avoirdupois—one of the finest taken in these waters. Mark his colours; how exceedingly brilliant and beautiful! Talk of the denizens of Chinese waters!—why, the plump and well-fed perch lying at our feet, in vivid colouring is not inferior. Observe his back of rich olive green, shading into golden yellow; his body banded with bars of a deeper tint; his fins rivaling the brightest vermillion.

But there are many other things which invite the attention of the angler: at this serene hour the more minute portions of the insect world are on the wing.

"Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport."

Watch the myriads of delicate and fragile creatures; they have just undergone their transformations, to sport away an existence which terminates when the sun withdraws his beams and the dews begin to rise. What a hum from countless tiny voices, blending in one loud chorus, as, dancing their gay rounds, they rise and fall in the sunbeams, like "showers of brilliant gems."

Listen to that sound from the tall grass in yonder meadow. It proceeds from the "corn-crake," in his favourite retreats along the river's course. "Cra-a-ke!"—why, it now seems almost at our feet; "Cra-a-ke!"—it now appears far distant. How wonderfully the creature modulates the tones of his voice; he outrivals the ventriloquist, who, after all, must study nature as his best instructor.

But heard you that dull and jarring sound from the water's edge in that low-lying meadow? It is the solacing note of the mole-cricket. The sun is now sinking fast, the dews are just beginning to rise, and the mole-cricket has already left the winding passages which lead to his curious habitation in yonder bank.

This remarkable little creature has been nick-named "Jack-a-lantern." Superstition has rendered him a terror to many a rustic, and numerous are the anecdotes related of the wicked exploits of "Jack-a-lantern," in the bogs and fens of Lincolnshire. He is there reputed to have been a most wayward wight, his mischievous pranks having exceeded those even of a whole troop of Irish fairies. Fear has magnified him into a monster—the fiery demon of the fenny waste. By the cotter's chimney-nook it used to be related of him, that, when the benighted traveller had lost his road in the surrounding gloom, "Jack-a-lantern" would rise from the stagnant waters, and render himself visible for miles around. Woe to the poor traveller! the fiery demon would flit from point to point, and then remain stationary as if to serve the office of a friendly beacon. In quest of shelter and safety for the night, the solitary and way-worn traveller would endeavour to reach the spot, and eventually lose his life in the deep waters with which the fens of Lincolnshire were intersected, ere modern art interposed to bring these wild tracts of country under cultivation.

The simple inhabitants of the outskirts of the fens in the times of which we write never dreamt of phosphorescent exhalations. They never troubled their heads about chemical disquisitions; the spirit of philosophy had never ventured into their humble abodes, or made herself welcome at their blazing hearths—sufficient for them that they saw the red demon of the putrid waters, and looked with awe upon his vagaries. The horse-shoe cast by the steed of the jaded traveller,

and found upon some wild and beaten track—this nailed upon the door possessed a charm potent enough to protect them from all evil. In this belief they were happy, and felt secure from all harm; their more enlightened neighbours had no desire to uproot their customs, or to throw doubt upon their traditions, any more than have poets any desire to throw doubt upon the story of Blondel the harper, and the lion-hearted king pining in captivity on his road from Palestine.

But the sun has now sunk below the horizon; the evening star has appeared, like a large liquid pearl. We must away, for long since has

"The curfew tolled the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wound slowly o'er the lea."

Oh! it is at this hour alone that we share the inspiration of the poet—the hour for contemplation, when, solitary and alone, we can only feel the full truthfulness of the sweet poet's lines—

"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

How peaceful and how calm the scene. No longer do we hear the dripping and splashing of the waters from the overshot mill,—the various songsters have gone to their sylvan retreats,—all but "the wakeful nightingale," and the honest watch-dog, whose hoarse bayings are heard far down the vale, where

"——Drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

But our honest friend, Farmer Mayfield, is awaiting our return, with pressing invitations to another day's sport.

The world was all before us, with its joys, and its cares, and its troubles, and its disappointments. We were like a newly launched bark, prepared to commit our fortunes upon the waste of waters.

The promise is made to revisit the hospitable scene—Ah! when will it be fulfilled?

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HEARING.

I. THE PRODUCTION OF SONOROUS VIBRATIONS.

WHAT is a sound? Is it a substance having a material existence; or a state of motion into which a body is thrown; or a mental phenomenon, existing only within ourselves? It may appear strange to some that such a question should be asked; but we believe that a little close attention will show how vague and indefinite are the general notions on this point. We see a musician beating a drum, and we say we hear the sound of that drum; but the link by which the action and the perception are connected is generally lost sight of. Let us put the question, whether the sound be in the drum, or in the ear, or in the mind; and the variety of answers likely to be given to that question will test the accuracy of the common notions on this subject. It may not, therefore, be uninteresting to enter into a few explanations respecting the phenomena of hearing.

First, then, for the production of sound. It has been satisfactorily proved by numerous and varied experiments, that all bodies which produce sound are, at that moment, in a vibratory state; and that sound cannot be produced except by such vibrations. Now vibrations cannot be produced without the existence of elasticity in a body, and we thus arrive at elasticity as one of the causes of sound. Let us take the instances of a drum, a triangle, a harp, and a fife, and see how these vibrations are excited. In the drum we see a hollow cylinder with a piece of parchment stretched over the open end; and the tension of the parchment is so great, that any attempt to bend or press it is instantly followed by a powerful reaction.

When a blow is struck on the stretched drum-head with the stick, the parchment is momentarily bent into a concave form; and the tension by which it is instantly urged to its former position is so great, that the parchment is carried beyond its original position, and becomes convex on the upper surface. This again is an unnatural state, and the parchment recedes, and becomes a second time concave. Without any repetition of the blow, the parchment will make these oscillating vibrations several hundred or perhaps thousand times, before it assumes a state of rest.

In the case of the harp-string, we have a stretched cord, whose tension is such as to make it almost rigorously straight; and any attempt to draw the string out of the straight line is followed by an immediate recoil. But as in the instance of the drum-parchment, or of a pendulum, the string does not come to a stand when it has reached its original position; the impulse which it has acquired for the recoil carries it to nearly as great a distance on the other side of the original position, and the subsequent vibrations are nothing more than efforts on the part of the string to regain its original state.

In the case of a wind instrument, such as a flute, we have a tube filled with air in a quiescent state; but, by applying the mouth at some aperture at or near the end of the tube, and blowing forcibly into it, we disturb the repose of the air in the flute. There is, however, such a tendency to reaction and compensation, in this as in most other natural phenomena, that the disturbed air seeks to regain its original state, and in so doing, generates those oscillatory movements before alluded to. One blast at the mouth of the instrument is sufficient to engender many thousands of these oscillatory movements before the air in the tube regains its quiescent state.

In the case of a triangle, we have a modified variety of the drum-head vibrations. A piece of steel, possessing considerable elasticity, is bent into a triangular form; and when one side of this triangle is struck, it is turned momentarily out of its straight form, and slightly, though imperceptibly, curved. The recoil, by which the metal is urged to resume its original state, gives to it a momentum productive of a rapid series of oscillatory movements.

Now, if we consider all the varieties of sound-producing bodies, we shall find that they are susceptible of vibrations in one or other of the ways above enumerated. The violin, the viola, the violoncello, the double-bass, the guitar, the monochord, or "hurdy-gurdy," the lute, the pianoforte,—however differently they may be played,—all yield sounds by virtue of the oscillations to which they are subjected when struck or disturbed; and the same may be said of the humming or buzzing noise produced by the bow in the process of "bowing," in the cotton and the hat manufactures. The horn, the trumpet, the clarinet, the flageolet, the organ, the syrinx, or mouth-organ, the barrel of a key, and—most important of all—the human voice, yield sounds principally from the vibration of a column of air, as in the flute: it is true that in some of these instruments there is a small reed or metallic spring, the vibration of which assists in producing the effects; and that in the voice there is other mechanism of a complicated kind; but in all of them the vibration of a column of air is the chief cause of sound. The cymbal, the tambourine, the Chinese gong, yield their sounds in the same manner as the drum; and it is in the same class that we may place all the innumerable sounds resulting from hammering, filing, sawing, and analogous operations in common life; for every tooth of a saw or a file inflicts a distinct blow on the substance on which it is employed, and by that blow sets the substance more or less in a vibratory state. Lastly, every sound resulting from the vibration of a rigid rod or bar may be classed with that of the triangle. When a boy draws his hoop-stick across a range of iron railings; when he plays on the jew's-harp; when he places the head of a pin between his teeth, and

strikes sideways on the point; or when the springs of a musical snuff-box are set in action by the pin on the barrel; the various resulting sounds are all produced on the same principle as those of the triangle; the difference being that in some cases the rod is fixed at one end and free to vibrate at the other; while in other instances the two ends are fixed, but the middle is free to vibrate.

Sound, then, results from the vibrations of the sonorous body, produced by various disturbing causes; and the next enquiry is, how do we become cognizant of these effects? If a drum be vibrating at a hundred yards distance from us, by what evidence do we know that such is the case? The atmosphere is in most cases the connecting medium, and conveys to us intelligence of the disturbance which the stretched parchment is undergoing. It is a common experiment in lecture rooms, to exhaust the air from a glass receiver, by means of an air-pump, and then to ring a little bell in the vacuum thus produced; the effect is such, that though the clapper of the bell is seen to be in violent motion, the sound produced is so feeble as to be utterly inaudible except when the ear is close to the vessel. The vibrations, in this instance, are produced as fully and effectually as if the vessel were full of air; but the ear scarcely receives the effect of those vibrations, because of the vacuum in the glass.

The manner in which the air is affected may perhaps conveniently be explained by referring, as before, to the action of a drum. Under all the ordinary circumstances of common life, the objects around us are enveloped in the atmosphere, or to a greater or less degree exposed to its action. When the head of a drum is struck, and we reason on the resulting vibration, we must not forget that the air is in contact with it. The parchment assumes a concave form, and the layer of particles of air adjacent thereto follows it in its movement; the second layer (if such a term may be employed) follows the movement of the first; the third of the second; and so on until the original disturbance is propagated to a considerable distance. The rapidity with which this propagation takes place is astonishing, and might appear almost incredible to a person new to the subject. Any disturbance of this kind, to which the air in contact with a vibrating body is exposed, is propagated to a distance of more than eleven hundred feet in one second of time; so that if a drum-head be struck, and thereby set into vibration, the air at a distance of eleven hundred feet from it will be agitated in the following second. If cannon were fired in St. James's Park, the atmosphere at Hampstead would be set into a vibratory state in about a quarter of a minute afterwards; that is, the particles of air immediately surrounding the cannon are disturbed by the explosion, and this disturbance spreads from particle to particle with such rapidity that in about a quarter of a minute it would reach Hampstead, or any place equally distant.

But the particles of air do not continue to move onwards; they oscillate to and fro. When the parchment of the drum recoils, the particles of air in contact with it recoil likewise; and this recoil is communicated from particle to particle as fast as the original disturbance had been, but of course somewhat later in point of time. So likewise in the subsequent vibrations of the parchment: the layer of particles of air adjacent to the parchment follows the movements to which the latter is subjected, and vibrates to and fro with great rapidity; the adjoining particles are in their turn affected in a similar manner; and thus layer after layer—or, if it tends to simplify the conception—particle after particle, is thrown into vibratory states.

The atmosphere is not the only conductor of sound; though for practical purposes it is incomparably the most important. Solids and liquids are also conductors, and in many cases more energetic than air. If we place the ear close to a piece of timber, and a person scratch the other end of the timber with a pin, the sound will

be distinctly conveyed through the wood. If we place the ear near a long brick wall, and the wall be struck at some distant part, two sounds will be heard, the first resulting from the conduction of the blow or disturbance through the solid wall, and the other through the air; showing that the impulse travels more rapidly through the former than through the latter. A bell rung under water, though inaudible in the open air, may be heard by a person whose head is under the water at a considerable distance from it. The ticking of a clock, hanging on a wall in the upper room of a house, may be heard in a lower room by applying the ear close to the wall, when it could not be perceived in the middle of the room. These and many similar instances furnish proof that the vibrations to which the production of sound is attributed, may be conveyed through solid and liquid as well as aerial bodies.

When we state that the vibrations producing sound are propagated from particle to particle with a velocity of more than eleven hundred feet in a second, we allude to the atmosphere only, and not to other media. Experiments have been made, to ascertain the relative velocity of the conduction in different substances; and the results show that the velocity is in some cases greater and in others less than in common air. But into these extensions of the subject it is not necessary for us here to go. Suffice it to say, that the production of audible vibrations, or sound, results from a mechanical disturbance among the particles of an elastic body; and from the conduction of that disturbance, through the atmosphere, to the air immediately surrounding the ear. The consideration of various points connected with the perception of sound will occupy our attention in another paper.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

OUR BED-ROOMS.—*Useful Hints.*—Their small size and their lowness render them very insalubrious; and the case is rendered worse by close windows and thick curtains and hangings, with which the beds are often so carefully surrounded as to prevent the possibility of the air being renewed. The consequence is, that we are breathing vitiated air during the greater part of the night; that is, during more than a third part of our lives: and thus the period of repose, which is necessary for the renovation of our mental and bodily vigour, becomes a source of disease. Sleep, under such circumstances, is very often disturbed, and always much less refreshing than when enjoyed in a well-ventilated apartment; it often happens, indeed, that such repose, instead of being followed by renovated strength and activity, is succeeded by a degree of heaviness and languor which is not overcome till the person has been some time in a purer air. Nor is this the only evil arising from sleeping in ill-ventilated apartments. When it is known that the blood undergoes most important changes in its circulation through the lungs, by means of the air which we breathe, and that these vital changes can only be effected by the respiration of pure air, it will be easily understood how the healthy functions of the lungs must be impeded by inhaling, for many successive hours, the vitiated air of our bed-rooms, and how the health must be aesthetically destroyed by respiring impure air, as by living on unwholesome or innutritious food. In the case of children and young persons predisposed to consumption, it is of still more urgent consequence that they should breathe pure air by night as well as by day, by securing a continuous renewal of the air in their bed-rooms, nurseries, schools, &c. Let a mother, who has

been made anxious by the sickly looks of her children, go from pure air into their bed-room in the morning, before a door or window has been opened, and remark the state of the atmosphere, the close, oppressive, and often fetid odour of the room, and she may cease to wonder at the pale, sickly aspect of her children. Let her pay a similar visit, some time after means have been taken, by the chimney ventilator or otherways, to secure a full supply, and continual renewal, of the air in the bed-rooms during the night, and she will be able to account for the more healthy appearance of her children, which is sure to be the consequence of supplying them with pure air to breathe.—*Sir James Clark, "On the Sanative Influence of Climate."*

WEATHERCOCKS.

It can scarcely be doubted that means for indicating the winds were invented at a very early period. I must, however, confess that I have scarcely observed any trace of them among the Greeks and the Romans. In Europe the custom of placing vanes on the summits of the church steeples is very old; and as these vanes were made in the figure of a cock, they have thence been denominated weathercocks. In the Latin of the middle ages we meet with the words *gallus* and *ventilogium*. The latter is used by Randolphus, who wrote about the year 1270. Mention of weathercocks occurs in the ninth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. There is no doubt that the cock was intended as an emblem of clerical vigilance. The English are mistaken when they suppose that the figure of a cock was first made choice of for vanes in the fourteenth century, under the reign of Edward III., in order to ridicule the French, with whom they were then at war.—*Becman's History of Inventions.*

"MANY a marriage has commenced, like the morning, red, and perished like a mushroom. Wherefore? Because the married pair neglected to be as agreeable to each other after their union as they were before it. Seek always to please each other, my children, but in doing so keep heaven in mind. Lavish not your love to-day, remembering that marriage has a morrow and again a morrow. Bethink ye, my daughters, what the word *house-wife** expresses. The married woman is her husband's *domestic trust*. On her he ought to be able to place his reliance in house and family; to her he should confide the key of his heart and the lock of his store-room. His honour and his home are under her protection, his welfare, in her hands. Ponder this! And you, my sons, be true men of honour, and good fathers of your families. Act in such wise that your wives respect and love you. And what more shall I say to you, my children! Peruse diligently the word of God; that will guide you out of storm and dead calm, and bring you safe into port. And as for the rest—do your best!—*Frederica Bremer.*

* In Swedish the word is *Hustru* (i. e. House-troth) which, in its primary sense, signifies house faith—she in whom domestic faith centres.

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The Wish.

(See page 395.)

FRANK FAIRLEGH:

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

By F. E. S.

CHAP. XV.

THE CATASTROPHE.

I did not return to the cottage till just the usual hour for going to bed, as I did not dare subject myself to Fanny's penetrating glance, in my present state of excitement. The moment family prayers were concluded, I took my candle, and, pleading fatigue, retired to my room. Knowing that sleep was out of the question in my then frame of mind, I merely substituted the clothes I intended to wear in the morning for those I had on, and, wrapping my dressing-gown round me, flung myself on the bed. Here I lay, tossing about, and unable to compose myself, for an hour or

two, the one idea constantly recurring to me, "What if Coleman should fail!"

At length, feverish and excited, I sprang up, and throwing open the window, which was near the ground, enjoyed the fresh breeze, which played around my heated temples. It was a lovely night; the stars, those calm eyes of Heaven, gazed down in their bright effulgence on this world of sin and sorrow, seeming to reproach the stormy passions and restless strife of men, by contrast with their own impassive grandeur. After remaining motionless for several minutes, I was about to close the window, when the sound of a footstep on the turf beneath caught my ear, and a form, which I recognised in the moonlight as that of Archer, approached.

"Up and dressed, Fairleigh?" he commenced, in a low tone, as he perceived me; "may I come in?"

In silence I held out my hand to him, and invited him to enter.

"Like me," he resumed, "I suppose, you could not sleep."

"Utterly impossible," replied I; "but what brings you here—has any thing occurred?"

"Nothing," returned Archer, "Oaklands retired early, as he said he wished to be alone, and I followed his example, but could not contrive to sleep.—I don't know how it is, I have been engaged in an affair of this nature before, and never cared a pin about the matter: but somehow I have got what they call a presentiment that harm will occur. I saw that man, Wilford, for a minute yesterday, and I know by the expression of his eye that he means mischief; there was such a fiendish look of triumph in his face, when he found the challenge was accepted—if ever there was a devil incarnate, he is one."

A sigh was my only answer, for his words were but the echo of my forebodings.

"Now I will tell you what brought me here," he continued; "don't you think that we ought to have a surgeon at hand, in case of anything going wrong?"

"To be sure," replied I; "I must have been mad to have forgotten that it was necessary—what can be done?—it is not every man that would choose to be mixed up with such an affair. Where is it that William Ellis's brother, the man who came up to Cambridge two months ago to see him, has settled?—he told me he had bought a practice somewhere in our neighbourhood."

"The very man, if we could but get him," replied Archer; "the name of the village is Harley End: do you know such a place?"

"Yes," returned I, "I know it well; it is a favourite meet of the hounds, about twelve miles from hence I'll find him, and bring him here—what time is it? just two—if I could get a horse, I would do it easily."

"My tilbury and horse are up at the village," said Archer; "now Harry's horses are at home, they could not take mine in at the Hall."

"The very thing," said I, "we will not lose a moment—is your horse fast?—I shall have to try his mettle."

"He'll not fail you," was the reply, "do not spare time—I would rather have you ruin fifty horses, than arrive too late."

On reaching the inn, we had to rouse a drowsy hostler, in order to procure the key of the stables, and it was half-past two before I was able to start.

The road to Harley End was somewhat intricate, more than once I took a wrong turning, and had to retrace my steps; being aware also of the distance I had to perform, I did not dare to hurry the horse too much, so that it only wanted a quarter to four, when I reached my destination. Here however fortune favoured me. Mr. Ellis, it appeared, being an ardent disciple of Isaac Walton, had resolved to rise at day-break, in order to beguile sundry trout, and at the entrance of the village I met him strolling along, rod in hand. Two minutes sufficed to make him acquainted with the object of my mission, and, in less than five minutes more, (a space of time which I employed in washing out the horse's mouth at an opportune horse-trough, with which I took the liberty of making free,) he had provided himself with a case of instruments, and other necessary horrors, all of which he described to me *seriatim*, as we returned, with an affectionate minuteness for which I could have strangled him.

We started at a rattling pace on our homeward drive, hedge-row and paling gliding by us, like slides in a magic lantern. Archer's horse did not belie the character he had given of him. With head erect, and expanded nostril, he threw his legs forward in a long slashing trot, whirling the light tilbury along at the rate of between eleven and twelve miles an hour; and fortunate it was that he did not flinch from his work, for we had between thirteen and fourteen miles to perform in an hour and ten minutes, in order to reach the

appointed spot by five o'clock. In our way we had to pass within a quarter of a mile of Heathfield Hall; all seemed quiet as we did so, and I heard the old clock over the stables strike a quarter to five.

"We shall be in capital time," said I, drawing a long breath, as I felt relieved from an anxious dread of being too late; "it was a near thing though, and if I had not met you as I did, we should scarcely have done it."

"Famous horse," replied Ellis, "but you've rather over-driven him the last two or three miles; if I were Archer, I should have a little blood taken from him—nothing like venesection, it's safe practice in such cases, as the present; you've a remarkably clear head, Fairleigh, I know; now I'll just explain to you the common sense of the thing: the increased action of the heart forces the blood so rapidly through the lungs, that proper time is not allowed for oxygenization."

"We shall be in sight of the place, when we have advanced another hundred yards," interrupted I, as we turned down a green lane.

"Shall we?" replied my companion, standing up in the gig, and shading his eyes with his hand. "Yes, I see them, they're on the ground already, and, by Jove, they are placing their men; they must have altered the time, for it wants full ten minutes of five now."

"If they have," replied I, lashing the horse into a gallop, as I remembered that this unhappy change would probably frustrate Coleman's scheme, "if they have, all is lost."

My companion gazed at me with a look of surprise, but had no time to ask for an explanation, for at that moment, we reached the gate leading into the field, around which was collected a group, consisting of a gig and a dog-cart, (which had conveyed the respective parties, and a servant attendant upon each, to the ground,) and two or three labouring men, whom the unusual occurrence had caused to leave their work, and who were eagerly watching the proceedings—whilst, just inside the gate, a boy, whom I recognised as Wilford's tiger, was leading about a couple of saddle-horses, one of them being the magnificent black thorough-bred mare, of which mention has been already made.

Pulling up the horse with a jerk which threw him on his haunches, I sprang out, and placing my hand on the top rail of the gate, leaped over it, gaining as I did so, a full view of the antagonist parties, who were stationed at about two hundred yards from the spot where I alighted. Scarcely however had I taken a step or two towards the scene of action, when one of the seconds, Wentworth, I believe, dropped a white handkerchief, and immediately the sharp report of a pistol rang in my ear, followed instantaneously by a second. From the first moment I caught sight of them, my eyes had become riveted, by a species of fascination which rendered it impossible to withdraw them, upon the figure of Oaklands. As the handkerchief dropped, I beheld him raise his arm, and discharge his pistol in the air, at the same moment he gave a violent start, pressed his hand to his side, staggered blindly forward a pace or two, then fell heavily to the ground, (rolling partially over as he did so,) where he lay, perfectly motionless, and to all appearance dead.

On finding all my worst forebodings thus apparently realized, I stood for a moment horror-stricken by the fearful sight I had witnessed. I was first roused to a sense of the necessity for action by Ellis the surgeon, who shouted as he ran past me,—

"Come on, for God's sake, though I believe he's a dead man!"

In another moment I was kneeling on the turf, assisting Archer (who trembled so violently that he could scarcely retain his grasp) to raise and support Oaklands's head.

"Leave him to me," said I; "I can hold him without assistance; you will be of more use helping Ellis."

"Oh! he's dead—I tell you he is dead!" exclaimed Archer, in a tone of the most bitter anguish.
 "He is no such thing, Sir," returned Ellis, angrily; "hand me that lint, and don't make such a fuss; you confuse one."

Though slightly reassured by Ellis's speech, I confess that, as I looked upon the motionless form I was supporting, I felt half inclined to fear Archer might be correct in his supposition. Oaklands's head, as it rested against me, seemed to lie a perfectly dead weight upon my shoulder; the eyes were closed, the lips, partly separated, were devoid of the slightest tinge of colour, whilst from a small circular orifice on the left side of the chest the life-blood was gushing with fearful rapidity.

"Open that case of instruments, and take out the tenaculum.—No, no! not that; here, give them to me, Sir; the man will bleed to death while you are fumbling," continued Ellis, snatching his instruments from the trembling hands of Archer. "You are of no use where you are," he added; "fetch some cold water, and sprinkle his face; it will help to revive him."

At this moment Wilford joined the group which was beginning to form round us. He was dressed, as usual, in a closely-fitting suit of black, the single-breasted frock coat buttoned up to the neck, so as not to show a single speck of white which might serve to direct his antagonist's aim. He approached with his wonted air of haughty indifference, coolly fastening the button of his glove as he did so. On perceiving me, he slightly raised his hat, saying—

"You are resolved to see this matter to its conclusion, then, Mr. Fairleigh: no one can be better aware than you are how completely your friend brought his fate upon himself."

He paused, as if for an answer; but, as I remained silent, not daring to trust myself to speak, he added, gazing sternly at the prostrate form before him,—
 "Thus perish all who presume to cross my path!" then casting a withering glance around, as he marked the indignant looks of the by-standers, he turned on his heel, and stalked slowly away.

"He'd best quicken his pace," observed one of the countrymen who had joined the group, "for there's the man coming as may stop his getting away quite so easy."

As he spoke, the gate of the field was thrown open, and a couple of men on horseback rode hastily in. Wilford, however, as soon as he perceived their approach, made a sign to the boy to bring his horse, and springing lightly into the saddle, waited quietly till they came near enough for him to recognise their faces, when, raising his voice, he said in a tone of the most cutting sarcasm,—

"As I expected, I perceive it is to Mr. Cumberland's disinterested attachment that I am indebted for this kind attempt to provide for my safety; it so happens that you are a quarter of an hour too late, Sir. I wish you good morning."

Thus saying, he turned his horse's head and cantered lightly across the field. The man he had addressed, and in whom though he was considerably altered, I recognised the well-remembered features of Richard Cumberland, paused, as if in doubt what to do; not so his companion, however, who shouting, "Come on, Sir, and we may nab him yet,"—drove the spurs into the stout roadster he bestrode, and galloped furiously after him, an example which Cumberland, after a moment's hesitation, hastened to follow, though at a more moderate speed. Wilford, finding the foremost rider to come nearly up to him, and then, quickening his pace, led him round the two sides of the field; but perceiving that the gate was closed, and men had stationed themselves in front of it to prevent his egress, he doubled upon his pursuers, and putting the mare for the first time to her full speed, galloped towards the opposite side of the field, which

was enclosed by a strong fence, consisting of a bank with oak palings on the top, and a wide ditch beyond. Slackening his pace as he approached this obstacle, he held his horse cleverly together, and without a moment's hesitation rode her at it. The beautiful animal, gathering her legs well under her, faced it boldly, rose to the rail, and, clearing it with the greatest ease, bounded lightly over the ditch, and continued her course on the further side with unabated speed. Apparently determined not to be outdone, his pursuer, whipping and spurring with all his might, charged the fence at the same spot where Wilford had cleared it; the consequence was, his horse rushed against the rail, striking his chest with so much violence as to throw himself down, pitching his rider over his head into the ditch beyond, whence he emerged, bespattered with mud, indeed, but otherwise uninjured. As he reappeared, his companion rode up to him, and, after conversing with him earnestly for a minute or so, turned and left the field without exchanging a word with any other person. During this transaction, which did not occupy one-fourth of the time it has taken to describe, Ellis had in a great measure succeeded in staunching the flow of blood, and a slight shade of colour became again visible in Oaklands's lips.

"He will bear moving now," said Ellis, quickly, "but you must find something to lay him upon; take that gate off its hinges, some of you fellows,—that will answer the purpose capably. Come, bestir yourselves; every moment is of importance."

Thus urged, five or six sturdy labourers, who had been standing round gazing with countenances of rude but sincere commiseration on the wounded man, (for Harry's kind-heartedness and liberality made him very popular amongst the tenantry,) started off, and returned in an incredibly short space of time with the gate; upon this were spread our coats and waistcoats, so as to form a tolerably convenient couch, on to which, under Ellis's direction, we lifted with the greatest caution the still insensible form of Harry Oaklands.

"Now," exclaimed Ellis, "raise him very slowly on your shoulders, and take care to step together, so as not to jolt him;—if the bleeding should begin again he's a dead man. Where's the nearest house he can be taken to? He'll never last out till we reach the hall."

"Take him to our cottage," said I, eagerly; "it is more than half a mile nearer than the hall."

"But your mother-and sister!" asked Archer.

"Of course it will be a great shock to them," replied I; "but I know them both well enough to feel sure they would not hesitate a moment where Harry's life was in the balance. Do you want me for anything, or shall I go on and prepare them for your arrival?"

"Do so, by all means," replied Ellis; "but stay,—have you a bedroom on the ground floor?"

"Yes," returned I, "my own."

"Have the bed-clothes opened," continued Ellis, "so that we can put him in at once; it will save me half an hour's time afterwards, and is a thing which should always be thought of on these occasions."

"Anything else?" inquired I.

"Yes, send somebody for the nearest surgeon; two heads are better than one," said Ellis.

Remembering, as I approached the cottage, that the window of my room, by which Archer and I had quitted it the previous night, would be unfastened, I determined I would enter there, and, proceeding to my mother's door, call her up, and break the news as gently as the exigency of the case would permit, leaving her to get by Fanny as she should think best. Accordingly I flung up the window, sprang in, and throwing myself on the nearest chair, sat for a moment, panting from the speed at which I had come. As I did so, a timid knock was heard at the door. I instinctively cried, "Come in!" and Fanny entered.

"I have been so anxious all night about what you told me yesterday, that I could not sleep, so I thought

"I would come to see if you were up," she commenced; then, for the first time remarking my breathless condition and disordered dress, she exclaimed, "Good Heavens! are you ill? you pant for breath, and your hands and the sleeves of your coat are saturated with water—with—oh! it is blood; you are wounded!" she cried, sinking into a chair, and turning as pale as ashes.

"Indeed, darling, you are alarming yourself unnecessarily; I am perfectly uninjured," replied I, soothingly.

"Something dreadful has happened!" she continued, fixing her eyes upon me, "I read it in your face."

"An accident has occurred," began I; "Oaklands—"

"Stop!" she exclaimed, interrupting me, "the two shots I heard but now—his agitation—his strange manner yesterday—oh! I see it all, he has been fighting a duel!" She paused, pressed her hands upon her eyes, as if to shut out some dreadful vision, and then asked, in a low, broken voice, "Is he killed?"

"No," replied I, "on my word, on my honour, I assure you he is not; the bleeding had ceased when I left him, which is a favourable symptom."

Fanny sighed heavily, as if relieved from some unbearable weight, and, after remaining silent for about a minute, she removed her hands from her face, and said, in a calm tone of voice, "And now, what is to be done? can I be of any use?"

Astonished at the rapidity with which she had regained her self-control and presence of mind after the violent emotion she had so recently displayed, I replied, "Yes, love, you can; the Hall is too far off, and they are bringing him here."

As I spoke these words, she shuddered slightly, but seeing I was doubtful whether to proceed, she said, firmly, "Go on, pray."

"Would you," I continued, "break this to my mother, and tell her I believe—that is, I trust—there is no great danger—and—do that first."

With a sad shake of the head, as if she mistrusted my attempt to reassure her, she quitted the room, whilst I obeyed Ellis's instructions by preparing the bed, after which I unclosed the hall-door, and despatching the gardener's boy to fetch the surgeon, stood anxiously awaiting the arrival of the party. I had not done so many minutes, when the measured tramp of feet gave notice of their approach, and in another instant they came in sight.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.¹

We have thus completed our survey of the eastern front of the palace: its main apartments open into the picture gallery, on the opposite side of which is the western front, comprising a suite of three drawing-rooms, and other apartments. The gallery is about one hundred and eighty feet in length, and twenty-six feet in breadth. It has a semi-Gothic roof, lighted by a triple row of compartments filled with rich diapered ground glass, bearing the stars of all the orders of knighthood in Europe. At each end is a semi-circular arch resting upon coupled Corinthian columns, and communicating with a lobby with an enriched doorway. "The gallery, like that of the Louvre, is long and straight; but, unlike the French picture corridor—that lane of pictures with no turning,—the otherwise monotonous flatness of the walls is broken by the ornamented doorways, which lead to the two suites of apartments east and west. These ornaments are of a chaste character, and present nothing to attract the eye from the paintings hung upon the walls." The settees and chairs are plain, the frames of the pictures are neat rather than gorgeous; in short, there is no rivalry set up, as is too often the case, between the decorator and the painter.

(1) Concluded from page 378.

The roof, or ceiling, is, however, a fine specimen of skilful and elaborate design; yet, as a means of lighting the apartment, its merit is much disputed by artistic critics. Von Raumer, for instance, condemns the immensely high wall which cannot be hung with paintings; and he maintains that the light, coming from above, or two sides, is false, insufficient, and moreover broken by the architectural decorations. "It is to be remarked, that the lighting of the whole of the state apartments has been effected under the most rigid artistic taste. In each of the various drawing-rooms, for instance, the glass is tinted, so as to harmonize with the general tone of the decorations."

Occasionally, this gallery is used as a ball-room; or, shortened by screens, bearing beaufets of superb plate, and priceless articles of *vertu*, in it are given state banquets.

The collection of pictures is very valuable, and comprises, in the main, works of the Flemish and Dutch schools. The chief exceptions are Reynolds's *Death of Dido*, and his *Cymon and Iphigenia*; a landscape by Gainsborough, and a few recent English works; some pictures by Watteau; and an interesting evidence of Titian's versatility—a landscape, with herdsmen and cattle, by that master. Among the finest works are three by Albert Dürer, seven by Rembrandt, seventeen by Teniers, five by Ostade, six by Gerard Dow, nine by Cuyp, eight by Wouvermans, three by Paul Potter, six by Rubens, five by Vandyke, in addition to his various portraits of children. Among Rembrandt's pictures is *The Wise Men's Offering*; among Vandyke's, *The Marriage of St. Catherine*; among Albert Dürer's, *The Miser*; and among Rubens's, the portrait of his wife. Claude's *Europa* also enriches the collection. Its history explains the great number of Dutch pictures: they belonged, for the most part, to George the Fourth, who purchased them from Sir Francis Baring, and was proud enough ever afterwards of his acquisition.

Nor are the arts in Buckingham Palace confined to this gallery; for there is not a room which does not boast of some paintings. Music, also, has its full patronage; there being a grand pianoforte in each of the state rooms, except the throne chamber.

Leaving the picture gallery, we enter, from its centre, the Roman drawing-room, which, because it contains, like the library immediately under it, a circular front, is called, also, "the bow-room." South of this is the yellow drawing-room, and beyond it the state dining-room. Northward of the bow-room is the music-room, communicating with the private apartments of Her Majesty, which extend along the whole of the northern front of the palace.

The most interesting feature of the bow-room, and the drawing-rooms right and left of it, is a series of sculptures in relief, by Pitts, an artist of great promise, who died young. Thus, the frieze in the bow-room represents Eloquence, Pleasure, and Harmony; and in the music-room, within arches of the elliptical ceiling, are three reliefs, representing the apotheoses of the poets, Spencer, Shakspeare, and Milton—each comprising numerous subordinate figures. In the yellow drawing-room, the sculptor has left us a series of twelve reliefs illustrative of the origin and progress of Pleasure: namely, Love Awakening the Soul to Pleasure;—the Soul in the Bower of Fancy;—the Pleasure of Decoration;—the Invention of Music;—the Pleasure of Music;—the Dance;—the Masquerade;—the Drama;—the Contest for the Palm;—the Palm Resigned;—the Struggle for the Laurel;—the Laurel Obtained. The floors of these drawing-rooms are very superb; being bordered with satin and rosewood, inlaid with devices of rose and tulip-wood.

The bow-room has a domed ceiling, enriched with the national emblems, and supported by scagliola lapis-lazuli columns. The music-room has an orchestra gallery at the south end; and for the company are provided brass-framed seats, with velvet cushions. Of the

entire suite, however, the yellow drawing-room is the most superb. It has a lofty cove, richly gilt, and ornamented with heraldic shields, beneath which is the series of bas-reliefs described above; and in these designs there is so much classic beauty that we regret to see the continuation broken by the introduction of medallion portraits, even though they be of royal and illustrious personages. But the main beauty of the apartment lies in the harmony of colour adopted for its draperies, &c.; namely, a series of shades of yellow, ranging almost from brown to green; the effect is truly elegant and artistic, and we remember the like success in the principal drawing-room of the Reform club-house in Pall Mall. Upon the figured yellow silk walls of the palace apartment are hung whole length portraits of royal personages; and at each end, and above the chimney-piece, are placed brilliant mirrors. The chimney-piece is of exquisitely white marble, sculptured by Westmacott. The furniture of the room is truly sumptuous; as is also the assemblage of vases filled with flowers, clocks, bronzes, inlaid tables, cabinets, &c. To quote a contemporary, "all that luxury can desire, or skill and wealth accomplish, to make this apartment magnificent, in the ordinary mode of obtaining magnificence, is to be found here in an extraordinary degree."

We must now sum up the characteristics of the entire pile.

The principal merit, such as it is, lies in the sculptural enrichments of the palace; and the appropriate nationality of their subjects, for the intellectual adornment of the residence of a British sovereign. The marble chimney-pieces, too, are sculptured with caryatides and other figures of life size, and a profusion of fruit, flowers, &c. Yet, the figures are condemned as groups of "pigmies and Brobdignagians huddled together; people from two to six feet high, living in admirable harmony. The smaller figures have such miserable spider legs and arms, that one would fancy they had been starved in a time of scarcity, and were come to the king's palace to fatten."—(*Von Raumer*.)

This acute critic also points out in the same apartment, "fragments of Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, and the Middle Ages, all confusedly mingled together;" and he concludes by asserting "this palace to stand as a very clear proof that wealth, without knowledge of art and taste, cannot effect so much as moderate means, aided by knowledge and sound judgment."

With all these artistical defects and drawbacks, it cannot, however, be denied, that for mere purposes of show and state splendour, the suite of rooms at Buckingham Palace is not ill adapted, now that an additional staircase for egress has been provided. The suite, for convenience, cannot be compared with that of St. James's Palace, which, indeed, has scarcely a parallel in Europe. The rooms of the latter are, however, somewhat heavy in their style of decoration (that of the reign of Queen Anne); there are certain aims at classic elegance, and that of an intellectual character, in the embellishments of Buckingham Palace, which are attractive and interesting, though their success be but fragmentary. The nationality of the sculptures, as we have before said, is one of their redeeming points; and the variety of the styles of decoration is another attraction, though a subordinate one. It is impossible to deny a certain grandeur and beauty to the sculptured marble door-cases and chimney-pieces, with their colossal caryatid figures, their bold scroll-work and medallion portraits; the claim to the originating of all this symphoniousness is somewhat frequently asserted in the royal cyphers G. R. which meet the eye at every available opportunity; and remembering how unsparingly abuse, critical and unartistic, has been showered upon the entire design of the palace, the last of the Georges has not been grudging this distinction by one of the liege subjects of his successors.

Upon no occasion are the gorgeous appointments of the palace so successfully called into requisition as

for the purposes of state balls, two or three of which entertainments are usually given by Her Majesty during the London season. Then, the entire suite of rooms, seven in number, (including the picture-gallery,) is used; and the space beneath the central portico, and over the entrance to the great hall, by aid of Tippee Saib's tent, is formed into a refreshment-room, as we have already described; whilst a similar extension is gained by drapery, in the balcony of the central western or bow saloon. These temporary extensions are set with flowering plants, and thus supply the relief of fragrant coolness. Plants are likewise placed in the picture gallery, where the brilliant bloom of nature thus alternates with the perfection of art. The rooms are mostly lighted by wax; and in cases where lamps are employed, Professor Faraday's beautiful mode of carrying off the heat and smoke by tubes is employed, with increased brilliancy of illumination and perfect ventilation.

There have been two memorable occasions since Her Majesty's accession to the throne, upon which Buckingham Palace presented a scene of almost gorgeous enchantment. These were at the costume balls, or masques, given in 1842 and 1845. The first fête was in the style of the reign of Edward III., the best age of English costume and architecture; so that, in the latter respect, the palace presented, everywhere, an ill-assorted anachronism. In the fête of 1845, the costumes (1740 to 1750) harmonized better with the palace interior. This was the age of hoop and embroidery, brocade and stiffened point lace, high-heeled shoes, powder and patches, such as we see in the porcelain figures of Sevres, Dresden, and Chelsea, and the pictures of Watteau, and Boucher; nor must we forget the equally characteristic male costume of the period—the square-cut coats, and long-flapped waistcoats; the large hanging cuffs and lace ruffles, and stiffened skirts; the long outer stockings, and high-heeled shoes; and the endless wigs, and laced and feathered three-cornered hats—all belong to the exquisite of the time of our second George.

At the ball of 1845, Musard wielded his baton in an orchestra built in the cove of the throne-room, where the graceful minuet was danced; the picture-gallery being appropriated to the more joyous "Sir Roger de Coverley." Supper was served in the great dining-room, where the magnificence of the plate, the brilliancy of the lights and flowers, the elaborate richness of the costumes, and the beauty and noble mien of the actors in this retrospective drama of taste, presented a scene of surpassing splendour. When, indeed, "did morning ever break" to dispel a more delightful illusion than the royal masques of 1842 and 1845.

There are certain points of improved construction in the palace, which we must not lose sight of among its less intrinsic merits. In roofing the edifice, Mr. Nash employed a composition of hot coal-tar, lime, and sand, which has withstood wear and tear much better than his architectural taste; and the floors, formed of cast-iron, arched with hollow bricks, are fire-proof. The offices are, generally, well-appointed; but numbers of blackened supplementary pipes which rise from the roof, seem to indicate that one of the greatest plagues of domestic life, "a smoky chimney," is by no means a rarity at the palace.¹

(1) Immediately under the palace passes "the King's Scholar's Pond Sewer," the main drain of one of the principal divisions of the Westminster Commission of Sewers, occupying the whole channel of a rivulet formerly known as Dye Brook, having its source at Hampstead, and draining an area of 2,000 acres, 1,000 of which are covered with houses. Within a few years, a large portion of this sewer has been reconstructed, under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty; arches of considerable span having been worked to a great extent under densely populated neighbourhoods, without any suspicion on the part of the inhabitants of what was going on a few feet below the foundations of their houses. In its present complete state, it is, perhaps, the most remarkable and extensive piece of sewerage ever executed in this, or any other country.

We shall briefly advert to the works just commenced for enlarging the palace, to meet the requirements of Her Majesty and the royal family. Mrs. Jameson, speaking of the edifice, says:—"George the Fourth had a predilection for low ceilings, so all the future inhabitants of the Pimlico Palace must endure suffocation; and, as His Majesty did not live on good terms with his wife, no accommodation was prepared for a future Queen of England." The first statement is scarcely correct; for the principal floor of Buckingham Palace is by no means of low pitch, and the ground floor is part of old Buckingham House, its retention being rather a matter of necessity than choice. The second statement is truthful scandal; and the palace, accordingly, reminds us of "apartments for a single gentleman," rather than for the enjoyment of married life. Hence the alterations in progress, under the superintendence of Mr. Blore, to meet the cost of which Parliament have voted a large sum. At present, it is understood that the marble arch is doomed to be removed, and a fourth side of the great quadrangle constructed. There has been great objection to the expenditure of more money upon so unsatisfactory a building as the palace has proved; and a new royal residence has been suggested.

THE PALACE CHAPEL,

As we have already intimated, has been adapted by Mr. Blore, from the Southern Ionic Conservatory. The cast-iron framework has been preserved, with open tie-beams of elegant design; and a row of fluted composite columns on each side forms an aisle, which is pewed, the remainder of the area having open seats. The chapel is lit by lofty windows at the sides. Across the west end, and facing the altar, is the Queen's closet, supported by Ionic columns taken from the screen at Carlton House. Here are state chairs for Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Kent. The fittings of this closet, the pulpit, and reading-desk, are of crimson velvet and gold; and the pews and seats are covered with cloth of this colour. The organ is placed in a gallery, to the right of the altar. The building is coloured throughout white and French white, and relieved by the crimson fittings, has a chastely elegant effect. The chapel was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, March 25, 1843.

THE ROYAL Mews,

Is a handsome pile of offices entered from Queen's Row, Pimlico, at the rear of the palace. Here are a spacious riding-school; seven large stables; a room expressly for keeping state harness; stables for the state horses; and houses for forty carriages. Here, too, is kept the magnificent state coach, designed by Sir W. Chambers in 1762; and painted by Cipriani with a series of emblematical panel subjects; the entire cost being 7,661*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* It may be seen by application at the mews; and the stud of horses and the entire establishment may be inspected by application, properly made, to the Master of the Horse.

THE GARDEN PAVILION.

Within the last eighteen months, the palace garden has received a very interesting embellishment, which is closely associated with the patronage and progress of art in this country. Upon an eminence in the garden, looking over the piece of water, is a small cottage, which was selected by Her Majesty and Prince Albert, as the locality in which the experiment of painting in fresco might be made by some of our leading artists. "It may be remembered," says Mrs. Jameson, "that some of the most beautiful examples of Italian decorative art are to be found in garden-houses and the appendages to villas, and that some of the most celebrated compositions in the world were decorative pictures. Raphael's *Galatea*, for instance, is on the

wall of the villa Farnesina; and Guido's *Aurora* is on the ceiling of a summer-house in the gardens of the Rospiigliosi Palace."

For the purpose of this peculiar decoration, the cottage in the Buckingham Palace garden was altered: the external appearance is picturesque and graceful, without any regular style of architecture; it has a sort of minaret roof, and is flanked with a parapet, on which are placed vases with plants. The interior contains an octagonal room, and another apartment on either side: in the basement is a kitchen; and as the apartments have fireplaces, the exterior has the ungenial disfigurement of chimneys.

The octagonal room rises into a dome, sustained and divided by eight ribs; and in each compartment is a circular opening, with sky background—those on the west representing Midnight, with its star; and those on the east, the approaching Dawn. A rich cornice runs beneath, and under it are lunettes, each of which is painted in fresco with a scene from Milton's *Comus*; the painters being Stanfield, Uwins, Leslie, Ross, MacIise, Landseer, Dyce, and Eastlake; seven of whom are distinguished Members of the Royal Academy.

Beneath the lunettes are panels adorned with arabesques, medallions, figures, and groups, from a variety of Milton's poems.

The Octagon or Milton Room opens into a room on the right, decorated in the Pompeian style, "a very perfect and genuine example of classical domestic decoration, such as we find in the buildings of Pompeii; a style totally distinct from the other two rooms."

The room on the left of the Octagon is decorated in the "Romantic" style; the subjects taken from the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott; richly coloured festoons of flowers; medallions by Pistrucel; statues of children, &c.; and the pavement is bordered with the thistle.

The experiment is considered perfectly successful, and has, unquestionably, accomplished its object—"to offer to some of our artists at once a high motive and a fair opportunity to try their powers in this new old method;" and an excellently illustrated description of the work has been published by command of the Queen, by Mr. Gruner, under whose superintendence the decorations were executed.

Hence, the pavilion has a twofold attraction; and, embosomed in foliage, it presents a delightful retreat in summer. The grounds are otherwise beautifully disposed. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, when in town, usually take their early morning walk in this charming seclusion; and the royal children participate in its advantages.

ROAD-SIDE SKETCHES OF GERMANY AND THE GERMANS.

In studying the history of Germany, one is continually struck by the sameness which pervades the whole,—by the want of any real radical changes in the principles, in the modes of thought and action, of the nation at large. Incidents are plentiful. In the history of Germany, as of other countries, we have a continual recurrence of wars and rumours of wars; great battles are fought, dynasties are changed, one hero rises, and establishes a dominion, which finally falls before the prowess of another leader as successful. But, whilst these variations take place in the superficial aspect of things, there is no substantial alteration in principle; the great undercurrent remains the same, and, whether we regard it politically, as regards the constitution, or popularly, with respect to the general condition of

society, the progress, *de facto*, is very small and very gradual. It is this fact which makes the history of Germany, comparatively, of so little interest to the philosophical student;—to him who looks only to what may be termed the picturesque side of history, there is much to interest and amuse; but he who reads history as the philosophical record of the progression of society, will find little instruction in the annals of Germany. It is not so with the history of other nations. In France, we can trace the gradual change by which the power, at first vested in an aristocracy, combated by the monarch and the people, and restrained by the Church, was by degrees wrested from the nobles, and at length vested in a despotism, which, growing rotten from long continued prosperity, unbridled by any check, fell before the overwhelming tempest of the revolution. The history of Italy, perhaps more than any other, presents society under continually shifting aspects. Even Spain, though it cannot, like Italy, point to progressive movement as the moral of its history, has its re-conquest from the Mahomedans, its constitutional struggles, its wonderful period of almost universal dominion, and all but irresistible power, to give it interest in the eye of the philosophical student. Our own country has its gradual formation of a constitution, its change from the government of a conquered people by the conquerors, to the claiming of equal rights by the two amalgamated nations; its wars of the roses, in which the power of the feudal aristocracy was lost; its great rebellion, in which the power of the commons was established, and that of the crown curbed; its revolution; its union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland; and so forth. All these are great landmarks in the waste of history,—eras to which we can refer as marking the period at which society put on a new countenance, at which some great change took place in principles and ideas; eras, in fact, which we may style revolutions. But in Germany we find little or nothing of all this; we look in vain for some great event, or some stirring period, to which we may refer, and say,—from this may be dated a great change in the social economy of the country: there are no such landmarks, because, in fact, there never was any such change. Germany has never seen a revolution. From the days of Henry the Fowler, down to the latter end of the last century, there was no real change in Germany as it substantially existed. Even the Reformation, which in other places produced such mighty effects, in England and Scotland almost creating the political movement, and in France and other countries working with it, had, in the land of its birth, no important or lasting influence. The long and desolating war which succeeded, whilst in civilization it threw Germany behind the rest of Europe, at its close left things, in fact, much where it found them. The period which followed was one of utter stagnation; all spirit, national as well as private, seems to have completely died out. Germany, for about a hundred years, is only remarkable now and then as having had battles fought in it; but, as a nation, as a country, its history is a perfect blank. Here then, in the middle of the eighteenth century, we find Germany really very much where it was in the twelfth. It was in fact very much behind the Germany of the middle ages; for, in those days, although the inhabitants were not particularly enlightened, although it was esteemed rather a disgrace than otherwise for any one who considered himself a gentleman to be able to write his own name, or to live by any other means than what we should consider highway robbery; yet the Germans were a nation, keeping up their own customs and principles, and relying on themselves for their own advancement. Whereas, in the eighteenth century, everything like German nationality had become a mere dead letter—everything German was looked on as boorish and vulgar; the national spirit was dead, or, at least, the only symptoms of life were the wretched attempts universally made to ape their neighbours, the French. The very language was looked on by the Germans themselves as

barbarous and incapable of improvement. When I say, then, that the Germany of the eighteenth century was the same as the Germany of the twelfth, I do not mean that there was no outward difference, but that the principle remained the same. It was as in the old legendary tale, where the king and his court remain sleeping in *statu quo* for hundreds of years, though their beards and nails are growing all the time. So in Germany, the people had left off wearing trunk hose and slashed doublets, the nobles ceased themselves in broad cloth instead of armour of plate, and the people were not liable to be hung at the gate of their lord's castle, if he wished for an after-dinner amusement. A few books were printed, and a fewer still were read. But all these important changes may take place, without any real alteration in the character and condition of a nation. And in Germany, the petty princes, the prince-bishops, the free towns, and the microscopically small imperial fiefs, still remained the same. The nobles were still feudal lords, enjoying every absurd privilege and power which a wrong-headed imagination could invent. The burghers of the towns still remained, as of old, fenced in and embarrassed by a set of ridiculously useless and extremely hurtful regulations, which were as injurious as they had once been beneficial; and the peasantry were, in plain words, exactly what they had been in former times—mere serfs, chattels belonging to the land, who were sold along with it, and could not remove from the estate to which they were attached, without the lord's permission. To complete all this, the whole nation was plunged into a sort of lethargic somnolency, much resembling those fits of abstraction in which the great Professor Grossbauch was wont to indulge, when after a dinner of two or three pounds of boiled beef, a corresponding ration of sour kroust, six bottles of march beer, and as many pipes of canaster, he gave himself up (as he said) to the consideration of the knottiest points of Kantian metaphysics, so that the mere turning over of such mighty cogitations in his brain produced a hoarse and rumbling sound, which, issuing mellifluously from the Professor's nose, struck his astonished pupils with mingled awe and admiration.

From this state of lethargy, Germany was roused by Frederick of Prussia; and, though old Fritz was one of the most thoroughly selfish and stony hearted despots that ever filled a throne, he undoubtedly did much for Germany; for he was awake, and wide awake too, and he built a city, and established a monarchy which was really alive. And thus, in spite of himself, (for he had no patriotic feeling of nationality, and looked on a French valet as superior to a German servant,) he benefited the country at large. People began to rub their eyes, to stretch themselves, and wonder they had slept so long. A new spirit arose, and the modern German literature, which, whatever be its demerits, has the advantage of being German, awoke to being. Then came the mighty flood of the French Revolution, and Napoleon's invasions, sweeping away many of the old fences and bulwarks, and rendering necessary a new order of things. Germany was thoroughly roused; it woke to life and activity, and set about doing business in earnest. Here, at length, we have an era and a revolution to date from in the history of Germany.

The outward signs of this peculiarity in the history of Germany, this want of change, are everywhere visible, and the traveller is especially struck by it, in considering the characteristics of the various towns through which he passes. One never sees any traces of a middle period, or transition state, according to the phrase of the day, in their history. The considerable towns have either a sort of bran new, Brummagem appearance, such as Berlin, which was created by the new military despotism, Weimar and Munich, which may be considered to have been produced by the revival of the arts and literature, and the new town of Frankfort and Hamburg, the creations of modern commerce. Or, on the other hand, the towns retain all the characteristics of a period long gone by;

they are mere patched up ruins of the middle ages, such as Ratisbon, Augsburg, and, above all, Nuremberg. These are towns of considerable magnitude and importance, but the smaller ones, those on which the progressive spirit of the age can of course have made less impression, retain, still more, the appearance of their original structure. You have the same antique walls and fortifications, the same heavy low-browed houses, narrow streets and peaked roofs, with gables to the front, which filled the same positions two or three hundred years ago. Nowhere, except in some of the Spanish cities, are the characteristics of the middle ages to be found in such perfection as in these old towns of Germany.

The question then comes to be a very curious one, from what cause it arises, that the Germans should have remained so long stationary in the march of improvement, and why it is that even yet they should be so much behind some of their neighbours—for, in spite of all that has been done of late years, I cannot help thinking that the Germans, as a nation, have not advanced socially and politically, anything like so much as they should, nor anything like so much as they believe themselves to have advanced. They enjoy, one would suppose, many advantages; they are sprung of the same stock as ourselves; they are ingenious, frugal, and laborious to a fault; their country, too, is rich, and abounds in material for improvement; their love of freedom in ancient times was proverbial, and their old institutions were liberal in the highest degree. And now that their eyes are opened, they feel and express an ardent desire for a thorough improvement of everything that is defective in the general system, and see the necessity for genuine practical activity. This is much; but, with all this, I believe that Germany is behind France in real political improvement, and yet the French era of liberty, though not of advance, dates from much the same period as the German era of awakening. What is the cause of this ancient and still continued backwardness in practical advancement? I remember putting this very question to two Germans, men of the highest talents, and most profound learning: "To what cause do you refer it," said I, "that, whilst the Germans and English are in fact the same people, sprung from the same stock, and whilst their original institutions were extremely similar, the latter should have so much outstripped your nation in practical development." The one to whom I first put the query, answered, that the elective form of the German monarchy had been one main agent in retarding improvement: but this, as I said, ought not to have had any such material effect—for, during a long period, our own monarchy was in truth elective, that is to say, the strongest took it, and held it as long as he was the strongest. And in Germany, though the Imperial dignity was nominally elective down to the late war, yet it had been for neat two centuries in reality hereditary, and had been confined to certain families long before that. Nay, more, though the Emperor's title was not hereditary, he was but the mere head, and sometimes only nominally the head, of the various free states, the succession to which had always been hereditary. As this answer then was not satisfactory, I put the same question to my other German friend. The reply which he gave was certainly very free from anything like national pride, and was curious as being characteristic of the metaphysical and far-fetched reasoning of his nation. He said, that he considered the effect as produced by the circumstances of the original invasion of England by Hengist and Horsa. Their expedition attracted and drew away from Germany all the superior and practical spirits of the nation. Those who were left were an inferior class of minds, or at least they were men of less practical and active energetic turn. The descendants of the two parties retained the characteristics of their forefathers. The English were thus superior in practical action: the Germans, being sprung

of a less noble, or at least less enterprising stock, fell behind, and wasted those powers in mere speculative improvement, which should have been directed towards actual advancement.

I was a good deal amused by my friend's historical deduction of hereditary qualities, but at bottom he was not very far wrong—for, in truth, the main cause of the backwardness of the Germans in all matters of practical life, is to be found in their peculiar organization. They never have been a practical people, and I don't laugh if they ever will become so. Even in their richest and most unideal days, when they were most alive to the stern realities of life, their leaders and their governors were foreigners. Charles the Fifth, their greatest emperor, was almost a Spaniard—Wallenstein, their greatest general, was a Bohemian—and, in the present day, many of the leading ministers of the German courts are strangers by blood, whilst the greater part of the commerce of the country is still, as it was in former times, in the hands of the Jews. And the effect of this organization is to verify, in a great measure, Voltaire's saying, "That the English are grown up men, the French children, and the Germans old men in their dotage,"—for they cling with the utmost tenacity to the routine of their old habits, and are uncomfortable at a change, whilst, though, so long as they plot on in the old accustomed track, they make no mistakes and fall into no errors, they appear unable without a very great effort to make any serious alteration in their mode of proceeding. I laughed at the answer given me by a dapper English merchant, of whom I asked, his opinion of the Germans as men of business.—"They are," he said, with an expression of good-natured pity, mingled with some contempt, "good enough sort of people in the way of trade, as long as you don't hurry them, and allow them to go on in their own way. But, Lord bless you, Sir, they have no enterprise, and what's more, they are not ashamed to own it. If you say to one of them, 'such and such a thing would be a good speculation, I wonder you don't try to get up something in that way'—he will answer—'Ah, it's a great deal too hazardous—it would require a very quick, clever man to attempt it—these sort of things suit you English well enough, because you are so clever, but we dare not be so rash—we must just go on in the beaten road.' And so they do go on in the beaten road, Sir, and never dare to take the slightest short cut, or even to put the steam on somewhat higher, and go a little faster, while they are on the road. No, no, Sir, the Germans are an excellent, honest people, and I like doing business with them very much; but they are a slow people, very slow, Sir, and they want enterprise and practical energy.—That's my opinion. And it is extraordinary what a mean opinion they have of themselves—I wonder they're not ashamed to own it. They think there is nothing which the English can't do—but of anything new or difficult, they always say, 'Ah, it's not for the like of us.'" This was the account of a man who had lived long in, and had had much intercourse with, the commercial world of Germany, and my own small experience fully corroborated all that he said—for it must have struck every one who has made the experiments that, however much the Germans in the mass, by their newspapers and their publications, may boast of their perfect ability to cope with England in commercial matters, yet every individual with whom you may converse will candidly avow his sense of the inferiority of his nation to ours, in all practical matters. And the very fact of this timid feeling of inferiority, however strange the avowal of it may appear to us, who generally consider ourselves in every, the smallest point, so infinitely superior to everybody else, and make it a point of good breeding to impress upon every foreigner our sense of his lowly condition,—whilst it is a proof of the undeniable honesty of the Germans, is the strongest evidence of their unfitness for those pursuits with regard to which this timidity exists, for no man will

which he is always fearing that he shall lose. The first step which must be taken; the next must be, to scheme less and do more. They are the most splendid builders of castles in the air,—but, when these imaginary edifices are to be built up of wood and stone, they shrink from the task. Their schemes are frequently most magnificent, but instead of fixing their attention on the important and the essential, they generally run a muck about some trivial detail, leaving the necessary and really beneficial portion to go to the dogs. Thus, when the formation of the Customs' League was exciting so much interest, and well-deserved interest too, for the scheme is one of the most important ever attempted, a point of most grave dispute between the different parties, and one fiercely debated in the newspapers, was the device for the flag which should be borne by the ships belonging to the League—and this before ships, or commerce, or even the League itself, had an existence.

On the whole, however, I doubt very much if the Germans will ever succeed as a practical people. Of late, certainly, they have made a very great change, and a very considerable progress, but that progress has been made exactly because they have turned to those pursuits for which the national mind is by nature best adapted. The high position which Germany now holds amongst European nations is based, not upon commercial greatness, or even military prowess, (for the elaborate military system of the country, of which so much is said, is in truth a perfectly adventitious circumstance, quite foreign to the turn of the public mind,) but upon literary and mental acquirements. Goethe

and Schiller have done more towards elevating the German name, than the victory of Leipzig, or the tariffs of the Zollverein. And, after all, is it not best that things should remain as they are? They have a saying on the Continent, that the English rule the sea, the French the land, and the Germans the clouds—and if this be the case, it is surely far better that each nation should content itself with exertion in that direction for which it is best adapted, without striving for excellence in a department for which it is altogether unfitted. *Ne sutor ultra crepidum* is a very safe rule. For, speaking abstractedly, nations nationally considered are but individuals, now, if every one were to be smitten with the desire to turn tailor, who would get us bread and butter? and, if every one were to turn farmer, the world must go without inexpressibles, which would be, to say the least, embarrassing. In the same way, if Germany is to enter into competition with England in the manufacture of pocket handkerchiefs and tenponny nails, which would appear to have been the peculiar object of Providence in peopling this island, who is to compose waltzes and invent systems of metaphysics? No, no, let the Germans go on publishing editions of the Classics, compiling Oriental lexicons, and writing artistic romances, and leave the matters of the every day world to less intellectual minds. I have a notion, that each nation will succeed better by confining itself to one object, and that, in the end, those objects will be far better attained in this way, than if each goes on the principle of universal rivalry.



Network Castle, on the Yarrow.

Every lover of the poetry of Scott will recollect this picturesque ruin, to be enshrined in the "wood-notes, native, wild," of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel;" and to be, indeed, the *locus in quo* of that charming poem. Although upwards of forty years have rolled away since this successful attempt of the bard "to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry," the locality has a fresh and enduring interest in literary history, over and above the romantic character of the scenery, and its association with chivalrous times.

The river Yarrow, on which stand these famed ruins, flows from the east end of the celebrated vale which bears its name. Of the many Scottish streams which poets have commemorated, the Yarrow is, certainly, one

most worthy of such distinction. We will only glance at the latest, the venerable Wordsworth, who, in these beautiful verses of his, "Yarrow Revisited," gives the following excellent description of the scenery—

"And is this Yarrow? This the stream,
Of which my fancy cherished
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter tones of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness.

"Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrail'd meanderings
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been sooth'd in all my wanderings."

And through her depths, St. Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

"Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed, perchance, was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And, haply, from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thence,
And gave his doleful warning.

"Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers;
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers;
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love:
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

"But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival, in the light of day,
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decay'd,
And pastoral melancholy.

"That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from these lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin howry!
The shatter'd front of NEWARK'S TOWER,
Renown'd in Border story!"

"Further down the vale," says the *Picturesque Tourist in Scotland*, "is the village of Yarrowford, near which are the remains of the strong and venerable castle of Hangingshaw, one of the possessions of the outlaw Murray, and, till within these few years, of his descendants. It stood in a romantic and solitary situation, and was the scene of the beautiful old ballad, called, 'The Song of the Outlaw Murray.' " The *Tourist* adds, by way of note, "the scene is, by the common people, supposed to have been the castle of Newark; but this is highly improbable, as Newark was always a royal fortress; and Mr. Plummer, who, at one time, held the office of sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, assured Sir Walter Scott that he remembered the *insignia* of the unicorns, &c., so often mentioned in the ballad, in existence upon the old tower at Hangingshaw. The house was burnt down, by accident, about seventy or eighty years ago, to the great grief of the people, who loved the proprietor on account of his numerous virtues. As a trait of the hospitality practised at Hangingshaw, it is recorded by tradition, that whosoever called at the house, was treated with a draught of stout ale from a capacious vessel, called 'the Hangingshaw ladie.' "

When the mountains around Hangingshaw were covered with a wild copse, which constituted a Scottish forest, a more secure stronghold for an outlawed baron can hardly be imagined. A little beyond is the modern mansion of Broadmeadows; and a mile below are the romantic ruins of NEWARK CASTLE, standing on an eminence overhanging the Yarrow, with dark wooded hills rising closely around on both sides. Turner has chosen this locality as one of his charming vignette illustrations of the poetry of Scott; and his fascinating pencil has invested the subject with all the graces of art. The spot is about three miles from Selkirk; and, at about a mile below, the fierce and precipitous stream unites with the Ettrick.

Newark, as we have said, was always a royal fortress. Turner's sketch, taken in 1831, shows it in a more perfect state than our illustration, though it was then

but a massive tower, unroofed and ruinous, surrounded by an outer wall, defended by round flanking turrets. It is now the mere shell shown in our engraving.

The castle was built by James II.; and the royal arms, with the unicorn, are sculptured on a stone in the western face of the tower. There was a much more ancient castle in its immediate vicinity, called Auld-wark, founded, it is said, by Alexander III. Both were designed for the royal residence, when the sovereign was disposed to take his pleasure in the extensive forest of Ettrick. Various grants occur in the records of the Privy Seal, bestowing the keeping of the castle of Newark upon different barons. Upon the marriage of James IV. with Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., the castle, with the whole forest of Ettrick, was assigned to her as a part of her jointure lands. But of this she could make little advantage; for, after the death of her husband, she is found complaining heavily that Buccleuch had seized upon these lands. Indeed, the office of keeper was latterly held by the family of Buccleuch, and with so firm a grasp, that when the forest of Ettrick was disparked, they obtained a grant of the castle of Newark in perpetuity. The court-yard of the castle was once the scene of a strange story of blood. Not very far from hence is the plain of Philiphaugh, the scene of the defeat of Montrose, by General Leslie, 13th September, 1645; and, after the battle, Leslie caused a number of his prisoners to be executed in the castle court, in cold blood. The spot where this atrocious deed was perpetrated is still called "The Blain Men's Lea."

The castle continued to be an occasional seat of the Buccleuch family for more than a century; and here, it is said, the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth was brought up. For this reason, probably, Scott made it the scene in which "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is recited in her presence, and for her amusement. The reader will recollect the introduction of the Minstrel—

"He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
Th' embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had off roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb."

It will be recollected that Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, was representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

At the time when "The Lay" was composed, Bowhill was the favourite summer residence of Lord and Lady Dalkeith, (afterwards the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch), and the ruins of Newark are all but included in the park attached to this modern seat of the family. Sir Walter Scott was, no doubt, therefore, influenced in his choice of the locality, by the predilection of the charming lady who suggested the subject of his "Lay," for the scenery of the Yarrow,—a beautiful walk on whose banks, leading from Bowhill to the old castle, is called in memory of her, "The Duchess's Walk."

Opposite Newark is the farm of Foulshiels, where Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveller, was born. Bowhill stands further down, at the mouth of the vale, on the right, on the face of the eminence, embowered amidst its beautiful woods; and on the left is Philiphaugh House, situated on a hill, looking

over Carterhaugh and the confluence of the Ettrick and Yarrow; by which the road passes, and enters the town of Selkirk.

Scott's own account of the origin of "The Lay" is very interesting. The Poet had scarcely made up his mind to use "the measured short line, which forms the measure of so much minstrel poetry, that it may be properly termed the Romantic Stanza." He was, however, "at a loss for a subject which might admit of being treated with the simplicity and wildness of the ancient ballad. But accident dictated both a theme and measure, which dictated the subject, as well as the structure of the poem." The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband, with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs, as well as its manners and history. Of course, where all made it a pride and a pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Borderlore; among others, an aged gentleman of property, near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the traditional story of Gilpin Horner. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, enjoined on Scott as a task to compose a ballad on the subject—of course, to hear was to obey. His triumph was complete; and among those who smiled on the adventurous minstrel, were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox. Upwards of 30,000 copies were sold; so that this was one of Scott's most brilliant as well as earliest successes. Its culminating point lies some six miles from Newark, where, upon a bank overhanging the Tweed, is the romantic home of the Poet and Novelist—Abbotsford, one of the most interesting shrines of genius at which man delights to pay homage to his species.

THE WISH.

A FAIRY TALE.

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT many years ago, before railroads and stage coaches had chased the fairy people from the green meadows and smooth lawns, where they loved to sport beneath the soft light of the moon,—and from the shady groves, and sequestered glens, where they were wont to repose, during the long summer's day, cradled within the bell of the modest cowslip, or the fragrant honeysuckle,—and before Sunday schools, and national schools, and infant schools, had driven them from their homes in the hearts and imaginations of England's simple peasantry;—in those days when the active industrious maiden would, on awaking in the morning, find "a tester in her shoe," and the lazy sloven who had been sleeping when she ought to have been working would be "pinched black and blue;"—when joy was often turned to grief, and mourning to gladness, by fairy agency; there lived in a village in the west of England a young man named Robert, or as he was commonly called, Robin Maynard. He was the son of poor parents who died when he was very young. But the little orphan was not deserted, his uncle William Maynard received him under his humble roof, and brought him up with a father's care.

Robin was taught to read and write at the village school, and, as soon as he was old enough to work, his uncle began to instruct him in his own trade, which was that of a shoemaker.

As Robin was a clever industrious lad, he was able in the course of a few years to be very useful, and, by his

attention and diligence, to make some return for the kindness which he had received from his uncle during the years of his helpless infancy. William Maynard was very fond of his nephew, and loved to look forward to the time when he would be a comfort and support to his old age. But this time was never to arrive. William was taken suddenly ill; earthly help was vain, and, before many days had elapsed, Robin followed to the grave the remains of his kind uncle.

It is a sad feeling to awake in the morning with an undefined sensation of grief lying cold and heavy at the heart, and gradually, as the memory awakens, and the perceptions become more clear, to feel, as the mournful truth presents itself by degrees to the mind, that the dreams of the night, gloomy though they were, were not so dark as the sad reality.

Such were the feelings of Robin when he opened his eyes, and gazed around the desolate apartment, on the morning after his uncle's funeral. He had lost all that was most dear to him in this world, and he felt that he was indeed alone.

But he was not of a disposition to give way to useless despondency. He thought how much cause he had to be thankful, that so kind a friend had been spared him for so many years, and he felt more than ever grateful to that friend for having brought him up in habits of industry and self-denial.

Robin now set himself seriously to consider his present situation, and to arrange his plans for the future. He was nineteen years of age, strong and active, and an excellent workman; he certainly was but young to commence business for himself, but yet he did not despair of success: he trusted that his uncle's old friends would not desert his nephew, and he resolved it should not be his fault, if those who employed him were not satisfied. He soon found his best hopes realized; he was honest and obliging, and moreover he was the only shoemaker in the village. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that work came in rapidly.

Now Robin was not only a very good workman, but he was also a very good-looking young man. His figure was tall and well proportioned, and he had a bright eye, and white teeth, and dark hair which fell in rich curls over a smooth open forehead, and, as he sat by his cottage door, on a summer evening, singing at his work, it may readily be supposed, that many a bright eye peeped from beneath its dark fringe, and many a rosy lip disclosed the pearly teeth within, as it parted in a smile of greeting to the handsome young shoemaker, as the village maidens passed and repassed, on their various errands of business or pleasure. Robin had a sunny smile and a merry jest ready for all, but, after they were gone, he returned to his work and his song, with a heart as light and as free as ever. Yet there was one gentle quiet girl, perhaps the only one who took no notice of Robin, and, probably for that very reason, because she did not look at him, he was particularly anxious to look at her. But this is not a love story, therefore the sooner we come to an end of this part of our tale the better. Suffice it to say, that "where there is a will there is a way," and Robin's will was to become acquainted with the pretty Alice and to make her his wife. All this in due time he accomplished.

And now, instead of sitting alone in his porch on a summer's evening at his solitary labour, Robin had a pleasant companion always with him, to lighten his toil with her cheerful conversation. And, while he worked with his awl and his last, she would sit by his side, and ply her needle with skilful busy fingers.

CHAPTER II.

Robin and his wife were very happy; they loved one another, and they were general favourites amongst their neighbours, and Robin's business went on prosperously.

But clouds will arise in the brightest sky. After they had been married nearly a year, an infectious fever broke out in the village. Alice, who had recently become a

mother, and could not leave the house at the time, escaped the disorder; but Robin, trusting too much to the strength of his constitution, would not be persuaded to take precautions. He went constantly to the houses of his sick neighbours, bringing them such assistance as his own slender means would allow him to give; and, in some cases, where the nurses had fallen victims to the disease, and others were afraid to undertake the dangerous office, he remained night and day in attendance upon the sufferers. At length his strength failed, and he was seized with a violent attack of fever.

For many days there appeared to be scarcely a hope of his recovery. At length, however, the disorder took a favourable turn, but he was reduced to such a state of weakness, that his life seemed but to hang upon a thread.

Weeks, months passed away, and still Robin was feeble and weak, and quite unfit for any exertion, either mental or bodily. During the time of suffering and danger, Alice's thoughts were too much occupied with the dread of losing her beloved husband, for any other fear to enter her heart; but, now that his life was no longer in danger, and she could direct her attention to outward circumstances, sad truths began to force themselves upon her mind.

For months, Robin had been unable to work; consequently, for months he had earned nothing. All the little he had saved during his prosperity had been spent in relieving the wants of his sick neighbours; and now there was a doctor's bill, and house-rent, to be paid, and nothing to pay them with. They sold all they could possibly spare of their furniture, and even their clothes, to pay the doctor. Their landlord waited,—as long as most landlords will wait for a poor tenant; that is, till he could get a better—and then he told them he should take possession of their remaining furniture for his rent, and that they must quit his house that day week.

It was on the eve of the day on which Robin and his wife, and their helpless babe, were to be cast homeless wanderers on the wide world. It was also on the eve of the first anniversary of their wedding-day. They sat together before the dying embers of a wood fire; it was a gloomy evening in November; the rain beat heavily against the casement, and the wind howled through the leafless boughs; and Robin shuddered as he looked at his gentle Alice and her babe, and thought of the morrow. They were silent, for they had only sorrow to speak of, and each feared to add to the grief of the other, by giving utterance to sad thoughts. Alice was slowly rocking the cradle of her sleeping infant with her foot, and, as she looked on its calm peaceful little face, large tears coursed one another down her pale cheek. She was startled from her melancholy reverie by a sudden exclamation from Robin—

"I have found it out, Alice! I have found it out!" he cried, as he snatched a burning brand from the hearth, and held it so as to throw its red light upon the part of the floor immediately before the place where he sat. Alice gazed at him as if she thought his troubles had turned his brain. But what that was which he had "found out," must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE floor of the cottage in which Robin Maynard lived, was paved with large flat stones, and on one of these was an inscription, which not only had the simple occupants of the cottage failed to decypher, but which had been proof against the united learning of the school-master and the parish-clerk. It was as follows:

"Li. Fam. Sup. Andy. O. Us. Ha. Lis. E. E.

"Wh. Ati. Shi. Dd. Enu. Nde. Rm. E."

As Robin's eye wandered vacantly over the floor, his glance had been suddenly arrested by the appearance of these letters. He had often pondered over them before, in vain; but now, they seemed all at once to arrange themselves into words.

"Look here, dear Alice," he said; "look at these letters; I have found out their meaning. See, you must spell them straight on, without minding the divisions, and only stop when you find that they form a word; thus L I F T spells *lift*, and so on; and you will see it makes—

"Lift me up and you shall see

"What is hidden under me."

"Now depend upon it, Alice, there is a treasure concealed under this stone."

"At all events, dear Robin, it is worth while to raise the stone and see," replied Alice, though she did not appear quite so sanguine as to the result as her husband.

Robin began immediately to remove the earth from round the edges of the stone with his knife; and then, with the help of the iron bar, which he took from the window-shutter for the purpose, he succeeded, at length, in displacing the heavy stone.

An exclamation of delight escaped from his lips as he did so, for he beheld underneath a small trap-door of iron, with an iron-ring in the centre of it. "Now for the treasure, Alice!" he exclaimed, as he seized the ring, and pulled at it with all his might. But almost before the words were uttered, he fell to the ground, almost blinded and almost suffocated. The trap-door had yielded at once to his touch,—thus the violence of the effort had caused his fall; his momentary suffocation and blindness were occasioned by a tremendous gust of wind, laden with dust and sand, which rushed through the aperture.

Robin soon recovered his presence of mind, and, clearing the blinding dust from his eyes as well as he was able, he gazed around, with wonder not unmixed with awe.

The room, which, a moment before, was in utter darkness, for the wind had extinguished the blazing wood, was now filled with a soft yet brilliant light. It was not moonlight, it was too bright; it was not daylight, it was too soft and silvery; it was a pure, unearthly radiance, which pervaded the whole apartment, and in the centre there stood a figure.

It was that of a man, aged, but not decrepid; his height did not exceed one cubit, his form was of the most perfect symmetry; his countenance was calm and beautiful, and his long white hair fell in soft ringlets over his shoulders. He was clad in a tunic of bright green, which descended in graceful folds to his feet, and was confined at the waist by a zone of sparkling diamonds, from which proceeded the light that streamed through the apartment. In his right hand he held a small wand, and the other was raised, as if to command attention.

Robin and Alice remained in breathless silence, waiting till their wonderful visitor should speak. Presently his lips moved, and in a soft low kind of chant, he uttered these words,

"Mortal, thou hast sought me, thou hast found me; what is thy will?"

"Who, and what art thou, beautiful stranger?" said Robin.

"I am thy guardian fairy; I was present at thy birth; my protection was invoked by thy dying parents, and I have watched over thee ever since."

"And why, kind fairy, have I not beheld thee before?"

"Because thou hast not before stood in need of my aid; I know thy wants; I know that thy sorrow has not been brought on by sin or imprudence; therefore I am here to assist thee."

Robin would have expressed his gratitude, but the fairy again raised his hand in token of silence, and proceeded,—

"It is in my power to grant thee three requests; one at the present time; the other two, on the same day, and at the same hour, two successive years. But, beware! There is one wish forbidden, and shouldst thou ask that, all which thou hast gained before will be lost,

and my power to grant any further wish of thine will be gone."

"And what," inquired Robin, "is this forbidden request? Tell me that I may avoid it."

"I may not tell it," replied the fairy; "but I will give thee a rule, by following which thou wilt be in no danger. It is this, '*Be moderate in thy desires, and do as thou wouldst be done by.*' Attend to this, and all will be well. Name thy first wish."

Robin considered for a moment, and then said, "Give me wealth sufficient to support myself and family in ease and comfort, and to enable me to relieve the wants of those who suffer, as I have done, from poverty."

The fairy's brilliant girdle beamed yet more brightly, and a smile of satisfaction illumined his countenance, as he said, "'Tis well! thy wish is granted. Farewell." And the light gradually faded away, and the beautiful being seemed to dissolve itself into darkness.

"Was it only a dream?" said Robin.

Alice struck a light, and they looked, first at one another, and then around the gloomy apartment. No change was visible, the large stone had returned to its place, and bore no trace of having been disturbed, and the inscription looked as unintelligible as ever.

"Was it but a dream? No, it could not be a dream," added Robin; "and yet I thought the fairy would show us a treasure, or tap our cottage with his wand, and change it into a nice comfortable house, or something wonderful of that kind, as fairies usually do."

"So did I, dear Robin; but let us trust him; he was so beautiful, and looked so good, I feel sure he will not deceive us. Let us go to rest as if nothing had happened, and we cannot tell what to-morrow may bring forth."

Robin sighed, as he thought what the morrow would but too probably bring forth; however, like a wise man, he followed his wife's advice.

CHAPTER IV.

It was daylight, the clouds and storms of the preceding night had given place to a bright and beautiful morning, and, as the beams of the rising sun shone upon Robin's closed eyelids, he awoke. He gazed around him—he closed his eyes—he opened them again—he looked once more;—yes, he was indeed awake. Yet, could it be real? There he lay on a soft bed of down, hung with rich curtains of many-coloured tapestry, in a spacious and luxuriously-furnished apartment; and there was his dear Alice sleeping peacefully by his side. The fairy had not deceived them. "Wake up, my love!" cried Robin joyfully, "wake up and see what the fairy has done for us."

So, indeed, it was. They found themselves transported into a delightful mansion, with everything around them that moderate wealth could supply, or moderate wants require.

Robin drew aside the heavy folds of the curtain, and, putting on a dressing-gown and slippers, which lay ready for his use, he walked to one of the windows, and looked forth. Below him lay a beautiful garden, with its closely-shaven lawns, smooth gravel walks, and beds filled with the choicest flowers; for, though the autumn was far advanced, the house and grounds lay in such a warm, sheltered nook, with hills on the east, and woods on the north, that the summer seemed to linger there as if it loved the spot; and the sun still called forth, with his genial rays, the fragrant breath of many a sweet-scented flower. When Robin had admired the lovely garden, and gazed at the pleasant landscape beyond, he turned to examine more minutely the wonders within. On his right hand he saw a door, on opening which he found himself in a dressing-room, fitted up with everything needful for a gentleman's toilet. On one side was a wardrobe; filled with clothes of all descriptions; there were great-coats and little-coats, dress-coats and plain-coats, piles of snowy linen, and whole regiments of boots and shoes, which he

examined with the eye of a critic, and pronounced most excellent.

When Robin and Alice met, after they had both completed their morning's toilet, they were at first so astonished at the alteration in each other's appearance, that they could not find words to express their admiration. Alice had been lovely in her husband's eyes in the coarse and toil-worn garb of poverty. Now he beheld her radiant in smiles, her graceful figure displayed to the utmost advantage by a closely-fitting robe of dark silk, and her soft cheek, looking softer still, shaded by the rich lace of her morning cap, which confined, without concealing, the luxuriant tresses of her golden hair; and, as Robin embraced her, he thought her lovelier than ever—dearer she could not be!

CHAPTER V.

At this moment Robin and his wife heard tap—tap—tap on the floor, just behind them, and, looking round, they beheld their friend the fairy.

"Mortal," he said, "I have visited thy world again, because there are some things of which it is necessary I should inform thee. Know then, that, foreseeing what thy first wish would be, I had, before I appeared to thee, purchased this mansion, and all belonging to it, from its owner, in thy name. I placed servants here, and yesterday, assuming thy form, I took possession of it; therefore thy arrival here will excite no surprise amongst thy fellow mortals. Now follow me." The fairy pointed to a particular fold of the rich tapestry, with which the walls of the room were hung, and desired Robin to draw it aside. He obeyed, and beheld a small door of carved oak; the fairy presented him with a key, and bade him unlock it. He did so, and it flew open; beyond he saw, at the end of a short passage, a stone, bearing the same inscription as that in the cottage; at his approach it slowly raised itself, disclosing a flight of steps. The fairy descended, and Robin followed, lighted by the brilliant girdle; another door opened, and Robin found himself in a small vaulted chamber, in which stood ten empty chests; the fairy struck each in succession with his wand, and it was filled with gold coins. Robin's eyes sparkled with delight, but he restrained the strong inclination which he felt to fill his pockets, and the fairy again spoke,

"Behold," he said, "all this is thine. Use it, but do not abuse it; and, on the next anniversary of the wedding-eve, as the clock strikes twelve, thou shalt find me here. I shall then replenish these coffers, and I shall be ready to grant thy *second wish*."

As he concluded these words the fairy disappeared, and Robin, with some difficulty, groped his way back to the room he had left.

Here he found Alice waiting for him, and they proceeded down stairs. A door was open, and, entering, they found themselves in a well-furnished breakfast parlour; a cheerful fire burnt in the grate, and on a table lay preparations for a repast, which, when we consider that they had had but a slender dinner, and no supper the day before, we may suppose was far from an unpleasant sight.

Whilst the servant was placing on the table all the et cetera which, in those days, were required to complete a substantial morning meal, Robin had been standing at a door which opened out on the lawn, again admiring his beautiful garden, and inhaling the delicious perfume of the roses which clustered round the trellised porch; suddenly he exclaimed,

"Look, Alice, it seems we are not the only inhabitants of this place; see, there is a nurse and child in the garden; and walking about as if they had a right to be there," he added, rather discontentedly.

Before he had finished speaking, Alice had sprung through the open door, and was pressing the infant to her bosom, and covering it with kisses. The mother's heart had told her what a father's eye had failed to discern. It was her own babe, as much changed for the

better, in outward appearance, as its parents; but, in the midst of all the lace and embroidery, one glance had discovered to her that it was her own dear little Robin.

This was all that was wanted to complete the happiness of both parents, and they sat down to their breakfast with thankful hearts.

After breakfast was over, Robin and Alice proceeded to examine their newly-acquired possessions. Whilst Alice was wandering from room to room, admiring one thing, and trying to discover the use of another, amongst the costly and elegant luxuries with which she was surrounded, and bestowing due praise upon all the household arrangements, Robin visited the stable, tried the horses, and explored his delightful gardens and pleasure grounds, from one end to the other.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOHN FOSTER.

THE death of a famous orator, statesman, philosopher, or poet, is frequently compared to the setting of the sun, the extinction of a star, or to some solemn eclipse stealing over the nations. The poetic mind feels no impropriety in such comparisons, but rather sees a high truth and striking significance in these passionate figures of the heart, as, standing by the quiet grave of some child of genius, it meditates over the loss which this world has sustained.

The lover of nature often gazes upon the receding splendours of the setting sun, as cloud after cloud loses the gorgeous tintings, and the highest peaks of a Chamouni or a Blanc reflect the last faint rays. The observer may hope to see again such revelations of material beauty; but, when one of those great lights of the mental world—a deep thinking, and far seeing man—disappears, we can look for no return, no rising on the morrow, with a renewed splendour.

Astronomers call our attention, at certain times, to the extinction of some star long chronicled on the sidereal catalogue, and men speculate on the mysterious disappearance of the remote companion of the heavenly host; but how often are we startled by the notice of other disappearances—the deaths, of the great and wise, whose names have been to us words of mighty power!

The men whose thoughts have kindled within us the aspirations of a spiritual nobility, whose precepts have sounded in our ears like voices from some holy shrine, should not retire from our view into the hidden depths of the surrounding world, without inducing a momentary pause from the tumult and the din of life. Whilst the tolling bell announces their departure, we must reverently turn aside from the dusty and beaten tracks of daily business, to gaze upon the departing symbols of intellectual or moral greatness. The death of "John Foster the Essayist," and the publication of his Correspondence and Diary, have suggested these reflections.

Many however may inquire, Who, or what, was John Foster? For it must be confessed that he, the profoundly meditative man, was not spoken of in populous haunts of men, nor fixed on high before the gaze of the great multitude. Like some distant and remarkable

star, only seen by the astronomer who quietly watches its appearance, so Foster was not "the observed of all observers," but the prized friend of the contemplative, and the loved teacher of many whose understandings have been disciplined by his wisdom and eloquence. These now turn, with many a rich remembrance, to the place where last his voice was heard lamenting over human evils, or filling with powerful suggestions the minds of all within that circle over which his influence exercised a poetic power. But, as this original thinker is so little known, even to very many of those who deem themselves versed in modern literature, some notices of this remarkable man, the character of his writings, the peculiarities of his mind, and the influence exercised by his works, may justly claim our present attention.

Who then was John Foster? The outlines of his life may be given in few words, for he was a retired and thoughtful man, loving the gentle shadows of the world's twilight, and shrinking from that glare of publicity so delightful to thousands. He saw from his quiet retreat at Frome, or Stapleton, the distant bustle on the highway of life, marking the dusty clouds raised by the excited hosts in their race for honour or gain. The crowd passed on, thinking little of him who, pen in hand, was observing and noting the caprices, follies, and weaknesses of men, but actuated by no desire of mingling with the throng. That he was little known to the "million" excites no surprise, though it may occasion many regrets that struggling men should be cut off from the invigorating and original thoughts abounding in his writings.

But it may happen that many of those who have never formed a close acquaintance with Foster as an author, desire to know something of a man whose name they have heard uttered with loving respect by men of the highest abilities. Let such persons first accept the following summary of his life, and then follow us in a brief survey of his intellectual and moral character.

John Foster was the son of a poor Yorkshire weaver and farmer, for, strange as the union may appear, he followed both pursuits; and, as if these occupations were insufficient, added the scarcely definable labours of an occasional preacher. The reader will infer from this last statement that the father of the essayist was a dissenter, and, we may add, held the notions of the Baptists. This fact will explain some peculiarities in the character of the son, who, being educated in the midst of a narrow circle, inevitably contracted certain eccentricities, which often obstructed the brightness of his genius.

On the 17th of September, 1770, John Foster was born, in a small house, in the parish of Halifax, and there he grew up during fourteen years, exposed to all the unpoetic influences of the spinning-wheel, and the labours of a manufacturing people. The circumstances of his father rendered the help of his children desirable, and the future writer was early placed at the spinning-wheel, to extract from its hum such associations as fancy might form in the susceptible mind of such a boy. The beautiful forms of the imagination's universe appear, even then, to have had more attractions for Foster than the money-getting loom or wheel, to neither of which he applied with sufficient earnestness to secure a pre-eminence in handicraft. The manufacturer who employed Foster's father used frequently to complain of the condition in which the work was brought to the "taking-in room," upon which occasion the boy was accustomed to "turn his head aside," as if shrinking from the close inspection of the material, and the sharp censures of the foreman. Whenever time would permit, he stole into some sheltered nook, far from the sound of wheels and looms, where, listening to the ripple of the stream, as its waters fretted against the gnarled roots of ancient trees, which had for centuries sheltered the winding banks, he suffered his imagination to wander far into the depths of thought's limitless sea. The isolation of the boy was, it may be supposed,

extreme, for, amongst the spinners and weavers of Yorkshire, few could sympathise with one whose mind was ever communing with the ideal and the grand. His father, a precise Baptist, had little appreciation of the powers working in his son's mind, though he seems to have been, for his station, a superior man, and did not, therefore, discourage the speculative habits of his child. Sometimes the youth would take his bowl of milk, and hurry to a secluded nook when the sun was setting, and there watch the changing colours of the sky, and the long shadows from the tall trees; and gaze with ecstatic delight on the rich tints of the autumn woodlands. Thus some spirits ripen into greatness, where no human eye marks the silent development of genius, as, struggling through the mist, it seeks the highest regions of truth and knowledge.

Foster's father being a dissenter, the son was naturally led to adopt the same habits and modes of thinking; and, as he never seized a thought by halves, held to his principles with no little pertinacity. At Hebden-bridge, near his birth-place, was a Baptist chapel; thither the young Foster resorted for religious services, and soon attracted the observation of certain educated members of the society, who began to think that so acute a mind might do good service to their sect, by developing its principles, and vindicating its pretensions. "Will not young Foster make a good preacher?" was now the point to be settled; and in quick time it was decided that he would. He was, therefore, called by his friends to decide upon the proposal now laid before him; and none will be surprised to see the young Foster adopt a plan which promised that culture of the understanding, and that communion with elevating subjects, for which he longed. Little did his sanguine friends imagine the kind of mind they were now drawing from its deep obscurity. To make a Baptist preacher was their object; but in this respect they were woefully disappointed, as Foster was most unfitted for such an office, and opposed to the whole tone of thought cherished by the majority of his sect. He was, however, appointed to the work of a preacher in his *seventeenth* year, and entered upon a course of education under the direction of Dr. Fawcett, the preacher at Hebden-bridge chapel, and a man of much influence among the Baptists. As yet, Foster did not leave his spinning-wheel, but combined with mechanical labours the severest application to study; frequently spending great part of many a night in reading, and especially in those prolonged meditations which furnished him with a key to the secret and deep places of the mind, providing him with that microscopic species of perception which detects whole realms of life where others see but a tame dead level.

After some time had been thus employed, another transition-point occurs in Foster's life, which was his removal from the spinning-wheels of Yorkshire, and the narrow circle of Hebden-bridge, to the Baptist Seminary or "College" at Bristol, where the preachers of the sect are prepared by a course of theological studies for their future pursuits. It cannot, however, be said of Foster that he laid the tolerably furnished library under any extraordinary contribution; many a student of the humblest powers has more frequently visited the book-cases in the long room, and more diligently used the full shelves in the lecture-room, where Gill, Poole, Doddridge, Henry, and other biblical commentators, invite to a study of their portly folios. Foster was indolent in the pursuit of strictly *Academical* studies, and does not seem to have paid much court to Plato or Cicero, the Greek dramatists or the Latin poets, though he professed in later years an ardent admiration for Lucan. We must not, however, infer that our student was really idle; the youth who had passed whole nights of study in his father's humble house, was not likely to sink into slothfulness amid the greater advantages of Bristol. Foster gave himself up to that miscellaneous, dreamy, and meditative line of

study more suited to his tastes than a systematic training. Such men are ever working, and find materials for their intellect in crowded streets or silent moor-sides; and thus our Bristol student was occupied, though little troubled with the prosy speculations of Whitty or Gill. Indeed, he seems to have been, at this time, a contemner of the whole host of biblical critics, of whom he thus writes to a friend:—"As to expositors, we have here Gill, Henry, and twenty more, but I very rarely open any of them." His mind was not fitted to delight in the common-place remarks with which so many commentators have filled their bulky tomes, rather choosing to look at a simple statement, and then exercise upon it that reverential scrutiny which generally detects some latent principle or hidden beauty in the most common fact. Some persons will pass through a forest rich in the mellowed tints of autumn, and never pause to mark the grandeur of the scene; but others will find a world of interest in a single leaf, and observe in its delicate structure facts, pointing to the great laws of nature, and the attributes of the Divinity. In the latter class was Foster, and to him a text of scripture suggested more sublime thoughts than could ever be collected from the prolixity of Gill, or even from the simple piety of Henry. It may be fearlessly asserted that the long gloomy-looking building in Stoke's Croft, Bristol, which the stranger looks at, deeming it some prison, has never since had within its walls so powerful an intellect; not one of those small studies, ranged along each side of the first corridor, has witnessed the meditations of a second Foster.

The future essayist had now become a noted character amongst his fellow students; for the exercises delivered in the lecture-room¹ could not fail to develop the genius of the Yorkshire spinner, and the classical tutor, Mr. Hughes, was able to appreciate the abilities of the young student, though far his inferior in mental power. But Foster was now a preacher; what did the simple villagers around Bristol think of the lecturer? Little honour, we suppose, awaited him from the rustic congregations, or the rude mariners of the villages along the Avon or the Severn. His friends indeed now began to apprehend, that, as a preacher, Foster would never do much; oratorical powers he had not in the smallest degree; and he himself declared, "My tongue rubs against my teeth, like Balaam's ass against the wall, and will not, cannot perform the movement which its master requires." The causes of his non-acceptance as an orator were not, however, merely physical; the greater part must be ascribed to the peculiar cast of his mind, which led him to luxuriate in subjects most distant from the thoughts of common and illiterate men. We have frequently heard the quaint but emphatic remarks made by the uneducated upon Foster as a preacher, and the result seemed to be this,—that, whilst untutored common-sense would not fail to be interested by the originality of his remarks, and the force of his illustrations, it was wholly unable to sympathise with the *mould* into which Foster cast his thoughts. Indeed, we have heard persons ranked amongst the educated classes declare that they could not understand the peculiar style of this author, and were not ashamed to avow their inability to "comprehend him."

He left Bristol at the age of twenty-two, and became the teacher of a congregation in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the unfitness of his mind for pulpit-work began to show itself in a variety of painful forms. His audience was small, and, what was more grievous to him, of most ordinary elements, to whom a rough common mind would have been far more pleasing than the fastidious Foster. Often, when he walked in his solitude to the

¹ A sermon and an essay were read by each student in his turn from a small desk placed in a corner of the lecture-room; all the tutors being present with the pupils, each of whom it allowed to criticise the production read. How did Foster relish such an ordeal, before such critics?

dull meeting-house on Sunday evenings, listening to the chiming bells from the parish churches, must he have desired a wider, or at least a more intellectual, circle of hearers: he must have seemed like some isolated dweller in a country the language of which he knew not: and the illustration holds good in Foster's case especially, for, with all his deep insight into the mind, he was unable to find his way into understandings widely differing from his own. Foster, therefore, wanted that highest peculiarity of genius, the power of speaking to the hearts and intellects of *all* men. Finding himself thus isolated in populous Newcastle, he sought to find in the visible forms of nature that matter for his musing mind which his fellow-men were not able to afford, and often betook himself in quiet evenings, or the stillness of moonlight nights, to the quay between the ancient walls and the deep Tyne, where he pondered on the sights presented by the starlit heavens, or the varying aspects of the earth. But Newcastle was no place for Foster, and in about three months he left the place, returning to his native home in Yorkshire.

We next find him in Dublin, whither he had gone at the invitation of a small congregation, who perhaps expected great things from one of whose abilities they had heard, without inquiring minutely into the peculiarities of those powers they sought to gain. To Dublin he went, but the only result was, that his unfitness for a preacher's work became more manifest, a deficiency proved by the small audience becoming so much reduced, that to remain there was impossible. The place in which he preached in Dublin was situated in *Swift's Alley*, but this local name was the only thing pertaining to intellect connected with the spot, so that Foster was again a wanderer, and returned to England dispirited, and really grieved, that the sanguine expectations of his friends should be disappointed in him. Remedy there was none; as he could not alter the modes of thinking popular among his sect, nor materially modify the cast of his own intellect.

In 1797 we find him at Chichester, officiating as preacher to a congregation for whose benefit he appears to have exerted all his efforts; but, as he could not *preach popularly*, disappointment again ensued. The hearers dwindled away until the mere shadow of a congregation remained to listen to beautiful sentiments and profound thoughts—with which they could not sympathise. Something of this general unacceptability must be attributed to Foster's *eccentricities*, which reached such a reprehensible point, that he even laid aside the dress generally worn by those who profess anything approaching to the character of religious teachers; and, if Foster had doubts respecting his *right* to exercise such an office, an instant resignation of the work would have been more suitable to his character as a Christian, than the adoption of practices which necessarily brought ridicule upon religion. He appeared in the pulpit attired in the common lay garb, having his hair bound up in a tie, and wearing a red waistcoat, which though not so startling then as it would be now, was sufficiently so to excite severe condemnation.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

THE LEGEND OF THE HOUSE OF THE DWARF, IN THE ANCIENT MEXICAN CITY OF UXMAL.¹

"THIS is called the Casa del Enano, or House of the Dwarf, and it is consecrated by a wild legend, which, as I sat in the doorway, I received from the lips of an Indian, as follows:

There was an old woman who lived in a hut on the very spot now occupied by the structure on which this building is perched, and opposite the Casa del Gober-

nador (which will be mentioned hereafter), who went mourning that she had no children. In her distress she took an egg, covered it with a cloth, and laid it away carefully in one corner of the hut. Every day she went to look at it, until one morning she found the egg hatched, and a criatura, or creature, or baby born. The old woman was delighted, and called it her son, provided it with a nurse, took good care of it, so that in one year it walked and talked like a man, and then it stopped growing. The old woman was more delighted than ever, and said he would be a great lord, or king. One day she told him to go to the house of the gobernador, and challenge him to a trial of strength. The dwarf tried to beg off, but the old woman insisted, and he went. The guard admitted him, and he flung his challenge at the gobernador. The latter smiled, and told him to lift a stone of three arrobas, or seventy-five pounds, at which the little fellow cried, and returned to his mother, who sent him back to say, that if the gobernador lifted it first, he would afterward. The gobernador lifted it, and the dwarf immediately did the same. The gobernador then tried him with other feats of strength, and the dwarf regularly did whatever was done by the gobernador. At length, indignant at being matched by a dwarf, the gobernador told him that, unless he made a house, in one night, higher than any in the place, he would kill him. The poor dwarf again returned crying to his mother, who bade him not to be disheartened, and the next morning he awoke, and found himself in this lofty building. The gobernador, seeing it from the door of his palace, was astonished, and sent for the dwarf, and told him to collect two bundles of cogviol, a wood of a very hard species, with one of which he, the gobernador, would beat the dwarf over the head, and afterward the dwarf should beat him with the other. The dwarf again returned crying to his mother; but the latter told him not to be afraid, and put on the crown of his head a tortillata de trigo, a small thin cake of wheat flour. The trial was made in the presence of all the great men in the city. The gobernador broke the whole of his bundle over the dwarf's head, without hurting the little fellow in the least. He then tried to avoid the trial on his own head, but he had given his word in the presence of his officers, and was obliged to submit. The second blow of the dwarf broke his skull in pieces, and all the spectators hailed the victor as their new gobernador. The old woman then died; but at the Indian village of Mani, seventeen leagues distant, there is a deep well, from which opens a cave that leads underground an immense distance to Merida. In this cave, on the bank of a stream, under the shade of a large tree, sits an old woman with a serpent by her side, who sells water in small quantities, not for money, but only for a criatura, or baby; to give the serpent to eat; and this old woman is the mother of the dwarf.

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The Battle of Otterbourne.

See next page.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

(FOUGHT A.D. 1388.)

"O Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"—*Old Ballad.*

It is the Percy's pennon that strangely waves on high,
 In wan moonlight, amid the fight of Scotland's chivalry;
 But Percy comes, he comes amain, and loud the battle raves
 Where o'er the gallant Douglas that haughty standard waves;
 And all Northumbria's noblest are mustering on the plain,
 With Neville's and with Dacre's, that standard to regain;
 And all the flower of Scotland is mingling in the war,
 St. Clare and many a Drummond, with Moray and Dunbar,¹
 And he whose hand the mightiest brand in all the battle drew,
 In blooming youth, with graceful mien, the Douglas brave and true.

Then evermore like waves that roar in vain on rock-bound strand,
 That southern army charges home the chiefs of northern land;
 But stern and high the battle cry, that bids the Borderer close,
 Of "Douglas, Douglas, for the right!" from all that line arose,
 As proud and calm the peerless knight to his last charge drew nigh,
 With boding soul, but flashing eye that spake of victory!
 Oh! glory to the "Bloody Heart" that gleams upon his shield!
 And glory to the stalwart arm that bids the foeman yield!

And now the moon is waning; nor friend nor foe descries
 The blood-stained spot where, faint and low, the wounded Douglas lies;
 A soldier-priest² that ever nigh his dauntless chieftain stood,
 Bends over him he loved so well, in sorrow's darkest mood;
 Sore-smitten was the knight, but yet, with eye whose burning light
 No mortal foe might ever quench, he watched the doubtful fight.

"On, on," he cried, "my merry men! and thou whose faithful shield
 Alone supports the Douglas on this his last red field!
 Go, shout on high the stirring cry that bids our comrades close,
 That so the fame of my good name may still confound the foes;
 For these strong limbs shall never waste on couch of lingering pain,
 But like my sire I meet my death on battle's blood-red plain;
 And yet I know, the conqueror's shout shall sound ere early morn,
 Meet requiem to the Douglas that falls by Otterbourne;
 For once in watches of the night, I dreamed a dreary dream³
 Of spectral man, that pale and wan, 'mid living hosts did seem
 With good broad-sword to win that day the crown of victory,
 And now I know 'tis true at last that spectral knight was I!"

Once more the ranks of England are charged with might and main,
 And once they seemed to rally, then madly scour the plain;
 For the great brand of the dying Earl seemed mighty as before;
 No living knight such wonders wrought as he who fought no more.
 A simple cross amid the heath, with pious hands they rear,
 Then bear away, in sad array, the Douglas on his bier.
 And now he sleeps amid the sirois of his own lofty line,
 And banners wave above his grave, in good St. David's shrine.
 And Scotland's maidens many a day in simple song shall mourn
 The dying knight that won the fight so well at Otterbourne.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.⁴—No. III. CHAP. VI.

I found Owen, as I expected, in great wrath. He was walking rapidly up and down the room, while Kinnaird, whose levity was unconquerable, stood on the hearth-rug, coolly regarding him, and looking ready to laugh—an inclination which good breeding scarcely restrained. My brother stopped in his angry walk as I entered, and, coming close up to me, said, with great vehemence, "Peggy, this is the most incredible piece of absurdity that I ever met with in my life. Of course, it cannot be permitted to go on for a moment, and I only wonder that you—but you have evidently been duped in the matter."

I saw Frank's colour rise at the offensive word, and hastened to interpose. "I have been mistaken, certainly,"

I said, "and I am very sorry that I have misled you unintentionally." Here I stopped, for I was afraid to attack his opinions, and unwilling to acquiesce in them, so I resolved to stand on the defensive.

"Misled me!" replied my indignant brother. "Yes—but I have my own folly to thank for it, in not putting Miss Kinnaird under the charge of a person who knew something of the world—Mrs. Albanley for instance"—(oh, could Mrs. Albanley have heard him!)—"Yet, even allowing you the simplicity of a pinafores girl of thirteen, I can't understand how you should have so completely lost your wits. The insanity of allowing this Captain Everard's perpetual visits is to me perfectly inexplicable."

(1) See *Protestant*—(Johnson's Edit. Vol. II. 362) who adds, "Of all the battles that have been described in this history, great and small, this of which I am now speaking was the best fought and the most severe; for there was not a man, knight or squire, that did not quit himself gallantly, hand to hand with his enemy."

(2) The "Bloody Heart" was the well-known cognizance of the House of Douglas, assumed from the time of the good Lord

James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart to be carried to the Holy Land.—*Scott's Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

(3) William of North Berwick, who was Chaplain to the Douglas.

(4) See the Ballad of the "Battle of Otterbourne" in *Scott's Border Minstrelsy.*

(5) Continued from page 362.

"This Captain Everard," remarked Kinnaird, "is one of the most distinguished officers in the service—a man as superior to Lord Vaughan, in mind and manners, as Lord Vaughan is to a chimney-sweep—and, moreover, my most intimate friend."

"So be it," returned Owen, more calmly, but with intense obstinacy of tone, "nevertheless, his pretensions to the hand of Miss Kinnaird are simply ludicrous, and I do not intend that he shall have the opportunity of urging them again. Perhaps you will have the goodness to notify this to him."

"No, Mr. Forde," retorted Frank, "I must request you to be the bearer of your own messages—I cannot undertake the office."

"My dear Frank," said I, putting my hand on his arm, "it is not by irritating my brother that we have any hope of changing his resolution. You are naturally excited; now, do go away, and leave me to do the best I can with him. Go to Edith," added I in a whisper, urging him gently towards the door, "I think she ought to hear the truth at once."

He seemed, at first, disposed to resist my suggestion—but at that moment a step was heard in the hall, and with a half-laugh and a significant look to me, he quitted the room, leaving me with the consolatory impression that he had gone out to join his friend, and, not improbably, to conduct him to Edith!

By this time Owen had quite recovered his coolness, which, indeed, rarely forsook him, and turning to me he said, with a deliberation which left no room for hope, "There is no use in discussing the subject. The young lady will, I dare say, shed a few natural tears, and pout a little, as in duty bound—but in a fortnight she will be ready for another lover, and by the year's end she will congratulate herself on having some one to act for her, who has the good luck to possess a little common sense. Only let this be distinctly understood, that I allow no interview, no engagement, no correspondence. I won't have an under-current of mystery to keep up sentimental nonsense in a silly girl's brain. Let it all be at an end, and, if she behaves well, I promise to say nothing to her about it. Tell her this, Peggy, and now let me get my luncheon."

"Owen, you are positively cruel. I do assure you this is no new girlish fancy that will pass away. It is unfortunate, I admit, but she is really and thoroughly attached to him."

My brother began to laugh. "I admire the real and thorough attachment of a girl of eighteen," said he. "A pack of nonsense! I beg your pardon, Peggy, but I certainly never made a greater mistake than in selecting you for a duenna—your manner of viewing things is so imitatively youthful. Take her to choose a new bonnet, or talk to her about her court-dress for the spring!"

The tone in which he spoke was inexpressibly provoking, and I felt my temper beginning to give way. "As you say," I replied, "it is useless to discuss the subject—our views are so utterly opposite, that each speaks to the other as if in a foreign language. I consider you at least as much in the wrong as you consider me. Only, if you fancy it will be an easy task to induce Edith to give up her engagement, I can tell you you are completely mistaken."

"You are angry," he answered, "yet you can scarcely be surprised that I don't feel any very profound confidence in your judgment just at present. I know your intentions are the best in the world—but I can't forget that it is scarcely a week since you wrote me word that Miss Kinnaird was in a fair way to become Lady Vaughan. My dear Peggy, if you will walk through the world with your eyes shut, and resist every effort to open them, you must at least suffer yourself to be led by the hand."

I bit my lips and was silent, and Owen withdrew to his bedroom. I went slowly up stairs to Edith's boudoir, where, as I had anticipated, I found both Kinnaird and

Everard. Edith herself was sitting on the sofa, her face bowed upon her hands, and her tears falling fast through the clasped fingers. Captain Everard addressed me at once:

"Miss Forde, before I go—and I feel that I must not remain—I am anxious that you should do me justice. Till this morning I was not aware of Mr. Forde's existence, much less of Edith's"—(he pronounced the word with a lingering hesitation of tone very unusual with him, and a most eloquent glance at the drooping figure on the sofa)—"much less of Edith's dependence on his will. I imagined that Frank and yourself were her sole guardians, and you know that, even when I thus thought, I was not guilty of the presumption of supposing myself an acceptable suitor."

"No, no—not presumption—don't use the word!" murmured Edith.

He looked at her for a moment in silence, and then proceeded, though in a less steady tone of voice, "I am as conscious as Mr. Forde himself can be, that a poor man, and a man of no family, is, as the world judges, without a right—"

But here Edith interrupted him. Suddenly clasping his hand between her own, and lifting her beautiful face, all burning with blushes and suffused with tears, she exclaimed, "Oh, hollow nonsense! It is *yourself* that I love. One unset diamond is more valuable than a tiara of glittering paste! What could family or fortune have to do with you, except to solve honour from you?"

Recovering himself with an effort, and still keeping Edith's hand in his, Everard continue in a low restrained voice, the calmness of which betrayed the intensity of the agitation which he was repressing, "I should despise myself for ever were I capable of taking advantage of those feelings to involve her in a clandestine engagement; at her age—under her circumstances—it were unmanly and dishonourable. No! I must go—for three years we part, and she is as free as if she had never known me."

"She is free!" repeated Edith. "Ah! say it of me if you will; but you do not dare say it to me. You cannot mock me by telling me that I am free, at the very moment when you are riveting my chains. But oh! such a happy prisoner!" she added, relapsing into tears, and speaking in a broken, faltering voice; "we have not time for all this conventionalism—this acting—oh! speak *really* to me!—this once more—this last time—speak as you are, and as you feel!"

His stoicism was fairly conquered. "My own Edith!" said he, in a voice tender as a mother's to her first-born—reverent as a devotee's to his saint—"I will not wound you any more by false phrases. It is true; you are my own; and were we to part for ten years, instead of three, I should esteem it sin to suffer one doubt of you to trouble my peace. My faith in you comes next to my faith in God; (God grant it be not the stronger of the two!) Bear these three years, for my sake; knowing that I am with you the whole time, though the wide world be between us, and that, when we meet, we shall meet as though we had never parted!"

She subdued her emotion to listen to him; raising her head, and holding her breath, as though she feared to lose a word. What evil spirit brought to my mind at such a moment her vain and girlish love of general admiration and attention, and suggested to me that she would fall in the refined and impassioned constancy which he demanded of her?

"And, remember this, my beloved," he continued more hurriedly, "that I go from you, a changed man, and that the change is your work. My misanthropy is gone from me. I feel that I have sinned against the world, and the race to which I belong. I feel and confess the folly and self-sufficiency of my distrust of others. Even at this moment, this thought makes me happy; for my faith and love are restored."

anew. Frank," wringing his hand, "I have wronged you; forgive me; I know you now,—aye, and I know myself too. Edith—but it is enough! God bless you!"

Silently returning my silent pressure of the hand, he hurried from the room, and the low sobs of Edith were the only sounds which disturbed the stillness.

And so ends the history of the first period of my acquaintance with Edith Kinnaird. A nervous fever was the natural result of that day of agitation; but it was neither long nor severe; and Owen classed it with the hysterics and fainting-fits which he believed that all young ladies were capable of summoning to their assistance at pleasure. When I resigned her to the charge of Lady Frances Moore, she had recovered her health, and, in some measure, her spirits; for she was of an elastic and energetic nature, and was now possessed by the one sole purpose of cherishing secretly the recollection of her lover, and endeavouring to employ the three years of separation in rendering herself more worthy of him. I knew how soon this enthusiasm would flag; how wearily the slow hours would struggle onward; but in very pity I would not disturb it. Like the eagerness of a young horse at the foot of a long steep ascent, though transient, it was real, and would carry her forward unconsciously over a portion of the way. But the toil must begin; and, alas! how would she bear it!

With her tacit engagement Owen could not interfere—about the state of her feelings he did not trouble himself; and the next thing I heard was that she had been presented at Court in white satin and diamonds, and all London was raving of her matchless beauty.

ROAD-SIDE SKETCHES OF GERMANY AND THE GERMANS.¹

WHATEVER the future fortune of Germany may be, it is to be hoped that its children will never lose their present moral character. They are the most engaging people possible, meaning not sprightly and amusing, but people with whom you rapidly and easily feel yourself at home. The first point in their character which strikes one, is the honest simplicity which distinguishes almost every one you meet; there is none of the vain-glorious vapouring of the French, or the loquacious impudence of the Yankee, or the morose self-sufficiency of the English, but a good-humoured and affectionate single-mindedness and probity of thought and action, which at once sets one at ease even in a company of perfect strangers. From the fat old fellows, with scarce any necks and enormous paunches, whose whole life seems devoted to smoking long pipes and drinking coffee, to the chubby cheeked, yellow haired, round-sterned little dandels whose existence is divided between reading romances and knitting stockings, this charming simplicity is universally apparent. And, united to this, is a good humour and kindness of disposition which renders it still more agreeable: one seldom sees a German in a passion; this may be attributed to their phlegmatic temperament; but then, one still more seldom sees one of a sulky sullen demeanour; on the contrary, they seem always to have a smile and a kind word for every one and everything. All those little inconveniences, which would set an Englishman fretting and fuming for a day, are disposed of with a laugh, or at most a long winded but most harmless execration, and an extra whiff; nor, as they grumble less, do they enjoy less; on the contrary, they not only delight in all the beauties, whether rural or urban, of their land, but always take pleasure in pointing out to strangers whatever may be of interest to them. In fact, I do not know how the Germans ever acquired that character for boorish rudeness and bluntness of bearing which, in former

times at least, was commonly attributed to them. To me it seems that the honest kindliness of their dispositions has led them to exactly the right medium between our own surly reserve, and the chattering showy politeness of the French. The politeness of the French, from the peer to the meanest peasant, as contrasted with the demeanour, especially of our lower orders, has been commented on with admiration from the days of Addison and Goldsmith to our own, till it has become proverbial; and I do not deny them all the merit which they are entitled to claim on this score; but yet the politeness of the French always seems to me to have too much gloss and tinsel about it; the substratum of genuine kind feeling, which is the foundation of all true politeness, I cannot help thinking is generally wanting, or at any rate the outward froth and foam is so superabundant as entirely to conceal the reality beneath. But with the Germans it is quite the contrary: all their politeness seems to spring from, as it is accompanied by, good feeling and kindness of heart, so that, though there may be more homeliness and less finish about them than with their French neighbours, there is a heartiness and benevolence mingled with their courtesy, which makes it far more pleasing. Nor are these agreeable manners confined to the upper and middle classes. I remember, one morning rather early, in a somewhat out of the way place not far from the Rhine, being in want of breakfast, going into a small Gasthaus, or, as we should call it, road-side public house; the only provisions which could be produced without delay were brown bread and beer; and I sat down to discuss this breakfast at a table at which a labouring man was making his way through a repast composed of similar materials. He was but a working mason, and evidently very poor; but he made room for us, and proffered various little courtesies with as much politeness as if he had been a nobleman. Finding we were English, he entered into conversation about the country, and so forth, and, telling us that several of his relations had emigrated to America, asked our advice as to the expediency of his doing so himself, as to the best way of doing it, and various other matters; always apologizing for the liberty he was taking, and uniting in his conversation a degree of simplicity and politeness which contrasted strangely with what would have been the bearing of a peasant in Suffolk or Yorkshire in similar circumstances. When he had finished his breakfast, he rose with an apology and a regret that he was obliged to go, and, with a low bow, wished us good morning and a pleasant journey. Now, there was something very striking about all this to an Englishman, who is accustomed to connect boorishness of address with lowness of station, especially as there was nothing cringing or servile in the man's demeanour, but, on the contrary, a proper respect for himself, mingled with a sense of what was due to others. Then, the upper ranks reciprocate the same politeness of behaviour, and no one can travel in Germany without seeing everywhere numerous instances of perfect affability amongst those highest towards those lowest in station. One meets with very few of the Limkins class, very few of those superb personages who, feeling that

"Nature had but little clay
Like that of which she moulded them,"

are always afraid of the least communication with those of common mould, for fear that the pure china of which they are composed, should suffer from contact with mere earthenware. On the contrary, princes and nobles seem to put their patents of nobility into their pockets, and only to take them out with their passports. Our friend the Bavarian general was a capital instance of this sort of thing. Baron though he was, and knight of I don't know how many orders of merit, from the Black Eagle of Prussia to the Lion and Sun of Persia, he sat at a common table in an inferior inn, with shopkeepers, mailguards, and travelling pedlars, and conversed with them as comfortably as if they had all been titled guests,

with their legs under his own mahogany, whilst they, though evidently a little proud of their table companion, joked and laughed with him, conversing as freely and unceremoniously as if he had been one of themselves; all the time, however, giving him his title, and treating him with proper politeness. The Baron had but two acquaintances in Wurzburg, one a young nobleman who was a student at the college there, and was not to be found, and the other a poor apothecary, who kept a small shop hard by. On coming in, in the evening, from a walk, we found the Baron and the poor medico sitting together over a bottle of wine, and chatting as comfortably as if there had been no difference in their ranks. These panegyrics, however, on the ease and familiarity with which all ranks mingle together in Germany, must be taken with a reservation; for, when we hear the English abused for the exclusiveness with which they avoid communication with those of inferior rank, the answer to the accusation is, that this very exclusiveness is in reality the best proof that no essential exclusiveness founded on difference of rank exists. I have read somewhere a remark on the greater formality of the forms of society in the highest circles in England, now-a-days, than in former times, inasmuch as that, whereas a hundred years ago it was common to address and speak of noblemen of the highest rank by familiar and christian names, every one now is mistered and my lorded even amongst friends; and the explanation given of this anomaly was a very satisfactory one,—that in former times the persons who met in the common circle of acquaintanceship were all of the same, or nearly the same, rank, so as to be able to speak with perfect freedom without fear of offending; but now that these exclusive barriers are broken down, as persons of various stations mix together, the same familiarity cannot exist outwardly, though the essential familiarity of intercourse is much greater. So in the present day amongst the most exclusive society in the world, the *crème de la crème* of Vienna, princes and princesses often call each other by their Christian names, while, on the other hand, in America, where all real difference of rank is unknown, there exists the greatest exclusiveness of circle, and the utmost formality of politeness. And this in a great measure accounts for the difference in this respect between our own habits and those of Germany. Whoever classes are separated by a real and distinct line of demarcation, there may be much intercourse, and that intercourse may be much more familiar between individuals of those classes, than where there is no such division, and where, consequently, in order to keep up the distinction at all, the upper classes must necessarily be exclusive. In the middle ages, the lord sat at the same table with his dependants; he mingled in their sports, and held much more frequent intercourse with them than now, because the line between their ranks was so distinctly drawn, that it could never be encroached upon; but now, no one sits down to table with his footman, or has the housemaid to do plain work in the drawing-room, because John is no longer the born vassal of, but as good a man as, his master, and Sally may wear silks and satins, and ride in a coach, if she chooses to pay for it, without fear of the sumptuary laws or any others. Now it is this state of matters, this real want of exclusiveness, which produces that outward exclusiveness, of which so much is said. But in Germany, on the other hand, things are in a different position; till very lately the privileges and the rights of the various classes in the nation were very different, and ranks were rigidly divided by a very distinct line; the influence of this constitution of society has not yet passed away. Even now, the nobles form a very distinct class; the pride of pedigree still exists almost as strongly as ever; we often see a man without ten pounds in his pocket, with his coat of arms of sixteen or twenty quarters emblazoned on his pipe, or his pocket-book. There are several orders of knighthood, to be eligible for which the candidate must produce a genealogical tree,

displaying a certain number of unblemished descents; and marriages between the nobility and the burgher class are looked on with great suspicion and spoken of as *mésalliances*. Then the system of orders of merit of itself creates a palpable distinction of classes; so that, on the whole, the division of ranks is far more strongly and more directly recognised in Germany than in England, and thus a greater familiarity of casual intercourse is admissible in the former country, than with us.

With regard again to another point which is generally urged against the English by foreigners, namely, their coldness towards strangers,—their intense dislike to hold communication with any one to whom they have not been introduced, as contrasted with the foreign custom, that, if three or four persons are casually thrown together, they shall begin chatting as if they had known one another all their lives;—the foreign system is undoubtedly the pleasantest and the best. Every one knows the story of the young gentleman at Oxford, who declined to assist a fellow-collegian out of the river when drowning, because they had never been introduced; and every one too has experienced the martyrdom of an evening party where you know no one; every one knows the misery of such a situation, the intense labour of the attempt to appear comfortable, whilst all the time you feel continually in the way, and think everybody must be looking at you; the ardent longings to get home, and the Byronic misanthropy which grows on you, and the frightful conviction of the demoniac joy which you would feel if every one of the human beings present, but who to you are mere tabooed dolls, were to be annihilated on the spot. Nothing, certainly, can be more absurd than our fashions, with regard to the necessity of an introduction, before two rational and sentient beings can recognise the existence of one another,—but we must not let our indignation hurry us too far. It may be laid down as a pretty general rule, that the most savage and warlike nations are the most polite: an American Indian is as full of punctilios as a Spanish hidalgo; and the highlanders, who were the last of the inhabitants of Britain in the general custom of carrying offensive weapons, were, and still are, distinguished for politeness; and the reason of this is apparent; the principle is the same as that which renders every member of a company precisely observant of the minutest rules of good breeding, the instant that a professed duellist is introduced amongst them; but, on the other hand, the very state of society, which renders universal politeness necessary, prevents people from suddenly forming acquaintances, for an acquaintance with any individual is not then a mere casual interchange of intercourse, but a binding friendship, an engagement to stand by one another in all circumstances. Thus, in the feudal times, men either knew each other not at all, or were sworn allies. The effect of this state of society is still traceable in the difference between the manners of Scotland and England, wherein the former country, being latest civilized, the inhabitants are notoriously colder, and more reserved towards strangers, than in the latter, whilst, at the same time, the bond of connexion is far stronger amongst relatives and intimate friends. On this principle, however, it may be said, that the difference between English and German manners should be exactly the reverse of what it is in fact; that in Germany, the latest and less civilized country, there should be less aptitude for acquaintanceship than in England. I have heard this contradiction explained by the Germans, by saying that the old principle which formerly obtained in consequence of their warlike turn, has been continued from the commercial habits of the people of England: that, as in former times, one required to know something of a man's *following*, before making friends with him, so as to calculate what his aid might be in a feud, so now it is necessary to have the recommendation of a friend in order to be assured that he is a good man. There may be some truth in this view, but the

gist of the matter, as I have read or heard somewhere, lies in this point, which is generally misunderstood by those who complain of the English reserve, that the effect of a foreign acquaintance picked up at random, and of an English one following an introduction, is not the same. If Count A. meets Count B. on the deck of a steamer, and exchanges cigars with him, and they talk together for half a day, then if Count B. is detained as a suspicious person on account of an error in his passport, Count A. does not concern himself in the matter; his friend may be a pickpocket, or one of the Carbonari, for all he knows or cares, and, had he known him to be such, he would, very probably, have formed the acquaintance with him all the same; but, when Mr. Jenkins is introduced to Mr. Tomkins by their mutual friend Mr. Simpkins, then, if Jenkins gets into a scrape, things take a very different course,—he appeals to Tomkins; and he, though he may know no more of Jenkins than of the man in the moon, yet knows that he has been introduced to him by Simpkins, and, acting on Simpkins's introduction, he does what he can, in an ordinary way, for the distressed one. Thus an English acquaintanceship is very different from a foreign one, for the introduction, the letter of credit, produces in effect a sort of friendship, a something tangible, whereas the sum total of the casual acquaintance is, in reality, a mere cipher. Thus the principle which I stated above is not in truth contradicted, for the real acquaintance, the confidence in each other, is not sooner acquired abroad than at home, or rather, it is not nearly so soon acquired, from the very frequency of these casual acquaintanceships; and, to produce anything like real acquaintance, an introduction is just as necessary there as here. No doubt, with foreigners, the act of talking is performed, when with us absolute silence is imposed as a rule; and no doubt, in this point, their system is better than ours; but this difference, I suspect, must be attributed to the smallness of our organs of loquacity: for the rest, all that I wished to show was, that it is wrong to contrast the conduct of Englishmen and of foreigners, with regard to introductions and acquaintance, as completely parallel, because, in truth, the circumstances and effects are not the same.

All this grand discussion, however, has led me far enough away from the little inn at Wurzburg, at which we put up on arriving in the Heidelberg diligence. I have said, that the old towns of Germany are well worthy of study, on account of the *statu quo* state in which they remain. But Wurzburg, though it must be included in this class, is amongst the least interesting of the old towns, and this for the very reason, that it never was particularly distinguished as a town. Its power and influence arose from its being the seat of a bishopric, one of the richest in Germany, and the holder of which was a prince of the empire. His clerical monarchy came to an end in the late war, at the close of which this city with its territory was made over to the kingdom of Bavaria, and the grand palace which the bishops built for themselves now belongs to his Bavarian Majesty. It is considered the great show of the place, and the inhabitants are very proud of its mirrors, and hangings, and bad pictures; but unfortunately this is a species of exhibition from which I never can manufacture any enjoyment. The palace is a huge pile, and the countless suites of rooms are fitted up in imitation of Versailles, and I dare say with almost as good effect. But though a Frenchman might consider my opinion rank blasphemy, I must confess that even that gigantic repository of plate-glass and ormolu appeared to me as anything but imposing. It strikes me that there should be a difference between the fittings up of a kingly residence and a theatre, and that a palace should not be merely an extended edition of Swan and Edgar's. However, the fault may be in my own want of taste, and not that of the upholsterers of the last century, and those who are blessed with a finer feeling of art will doubtless find much to admire in the palace of

Wurzburg. At any rate, they will be delighted with the palace gardens, which are truly beautiful, and in which all the "beauty and fashion" of the city disport themselves of an afternoon. We walked there for some time, with great pleasure, and should have remained longer, but that our Bavarian general hurried away in a fury at being obliged, by one of the sentries, to put out his pipe, because, as the baron observed with a sneer, it would destroy the respect due to royalty, if people were allowed to blow a profane cloud in the vicinity of a house which might, by possibility, contain a king.

Wurzburg, being a clerical city, is of course remarkable for the number of its churches; but, though the bishops were amongst the richest of the German prelates, having, if I remember right, a revenue of full half a million of florins, they have not contrived to make any of them very handsome, except, indeed, the cathedral, which, however, is more remarkable for the gorgeousness of the decorations of the interior, than the architectural beauty of the building. The most striking of these decorations are the statues and tombs of I don't know how many of the deceased prince-bishops, each holding the cross in one hand, and the temporal sword in the other, the latter being quite in keeping with the character of the German bishops of old, who were obliged to fight far oftener than to preach. Indeed, there is a story of a bishop, who, on his inauguration, desiring to see the episcopal library, was conducted to a large room full of weapons of all kinds, and was informed that these were the books which his predecessors had invariably used, and which it was hoped he himself understood to handle with advantage.

As it was a saint's day (I forget whose) there was a sort of fair or market, in a very humble way, in the principal square; and the churches were thronged to the doors, chiefly by country people; for these peasants appear to be much more strict in their religious observances than their fellows of the towns, who, I suppose, consider themselves far too enlightened to trouble their heads or their consciences with such matters. Nothing shows more strongly how small is the real intercourse between the different classes of the population in Germany, than the difference in dress and appearance of the people of the towns and those engaged in rural pursuits, in the immediate vicinity. You know a country man or woman the moment you see them in the street. The advantage, however, is entirely on the side of the townspeople, the others being a stunted, hard-featured race, evidently over-worked and under-fed. The dress of the men is funny enough, and reminds one of old illustrations of the Vicar of Wakefield, consisting, as it does, of a huge three-cornered hat, breeches, and enormous boots. That of the women is still more grotesque, and very much resembles some of the Swiss costumes. The petticoats are improperly short, and the whole of the front of the *body* of the gown is covered with ornaments consisting, in the general case, of bugles, tawdry lace, and gold beads; but frequently, also, there is intermingled with these a number of more costly ornaments, and even gold and silver coins; in short, the great object seems to be to cover the stomach in a costly manner if possible, but at any rate to cover it. Besides these braveries, moreover, the ears are generally loaded with huge gold or silver ear-rings, and the neck is absolutely covered with necklaces. All this splendour of the upper part of the person contrasts oddly enough with the coarse petticoat, still coarser worsted stockings, and huge clouted shoes which cover the less behonoured portion; and the *tout ensemble* reminds one strongly of Horace's mermaid,

"ut tarpiter atrum
Desinat in picea mulier formosæ superne."

Grotesque, however, as the costume is, it is certainly extremely picturesque, and in fancy paintings and at fancy balls I have seen dresses much in the same style

look extremely well ; but then, in real life, one requires something more than mere beauty of dress to excite one's admiration ; the shortness of the petticoat may be an advantage, but it is one which, in my opinion, depends very much upon the goodness of the legs which it displays ; and jewels and lace are very pretty, but their lustre is sadly tarnished if they adorn an extremely plain face, as they generally do in the case of the German peasants ; for it pains me to make the avowal, but it is the truth, that more unfortunate specimens of the diviner portion of the human race it was never my misfortune to fall in with, and the sight of them has given me a stronger distaste than I had before for the German pastoral poetry, if, indeed, there be anything which can increase the distaste of every reasonable being for all pastoral poetry. *Dellias* and *Chloes* are had enough in verse, but Heaven preserve me from the originals, and, above all, from the German originals !

The situation of Wurzburg is beautiful, lying in a plain, by the bank of the broad and calmly flowing *Maine*, and surrounded by sloping heights, covered with the vineyards which produce the justly famed *Franconian* wine. The town, to complete the picture, ought to be as handsome as its position is lovely ; but Wurzburg, as it owed its rise, not to the industry and enterprise of its inhabitants, but the residence of its bishops, displays none of those relics of antique magnificence which are found in other towns of the same date. Much of the old-fashioned air still hangs about its narrow streets, its huge houses, the sides of which turn to the road, and the gloomy and massive looking churches, some amongst the oldest in Germany ; but there is little to remind one of bygone days, and still less to attract the lover of the picturesque. The finest edifice about the town is the ancient bridge, of heavy stone, bordered by old worm-eaten and discoloured statues, which spans the river, and is a fine specimen of the architecture of the period. Above it, on the other side of the stream from the town, rises the steep hill on the summit of which the citadel is perched—a very ancient fortification, but now modernized, and I believe still capable of a stout defence. There is some little difficulty about obtaining an entrance to it, but I made no attempt to do so, for there is nothing more unmeaning to a person ignorant of the science of fortification than one of our modern citadels ;—huge stone walls and frowning buttresses give one an idea of impenetrability, but to my unpractised eye, though I know that it is only want of knowledge which blinds me, there is nothing less imposing than the square dry ditches, and the huge mounds of grass, looking like the graves of buried giants, which one sees now-a-days in strong forts.

We walked along the river side, however, meeting large groups of peasants returning from their devotions, some to the saint, and others to the beer-shops ; and on arriving at home made our preparations for starting the next morning for Nuremberg. To one who has but an imperfect knowledge of the language, it is a serious embarrassment that the Germans are very slow at picking up the meaning of what is said, unless it be properly and grammatically expressed. It seems strange that a people so clever in the acquisition of foreign tongues, should not have more quickness in this particular, whilst the French again, who are notoriously slow in learning any language but their own, are so apt and ready in understanding the meaning of what a foreigner may wish to say, as to be able to catch it up from the faintest indication of his intentions, so that, unless a person speaks extravagantly bad French, he need never be afraid of not being able to make himself understood. I have often been astonished at the way in which I have been helped out of a sentence by a Frenchman, when I had so bungled it that I felt that had he murdered English as I had French, it would have been impossible for me to have understood him. On the other hand, I have frequently been horribly perplexed

at not being understood by Germans when I was sure that my expression was very near the proper one, and have found afterwards that what I had said looked, in fact, all but the very same turn which a German himself would have given to the sentence. Again, it is a curious peculiarity of the German, that it is much more easy to say what one wishes oneself than to understand what is said to one ; and yet, the idiom and turn of the language bears much more similarity to English than does French ; and the Germans do not speak with at all the same rapidity as the French, and almost invariably with far greater distinctness. The solution of this difficulty, however, I apprehend, is to be found in the great richness of the German language as compared with ours. The great obstacle to the perfect knowledge of that tongue lies not so much in the acquisition of its idioms and grammatical inflection, the latter of which so closely resembles our own, but in the vast number of its words, and the various ways of compounding them ; so that, though one may be able to speak for oneself, using the terms with which one is acquainted, yet, when an answer is returned, composed of synonyms utterly dissimilar, and with which, though meaning the same thing, one is unacquainted, the response is unintelligible. The consequence of this is, that the speaking of German, and understanding it when spoken, offers to an Englishman exactly the same difficulty as is felt with regard to English in this respect by the Germans, who have often told me that they found it extremely easy to learn to read English passably, but incredibly difficult to understand anything like a connected conversation.

We encountered something of this embarrassment in settling matters at Wurzburg, chiefly, I believe, with regard to the manner in which our luggage was to be disposed of, but everything was in the end put to rights, and, having taken an affectionate farewell of our friend the old Bavarian general, we started the next morning for Nuremberg.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH ;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

By F. E. S.

CHAP. XVI.

THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW.

"ALL well so far," replied Ellis, in answer to my look of inquiry ; "the bleeding has ceased, and he is fast recovering consciousness. Where is the room ? We must get him into bed at once."

When we had placed him in the bed, *Oaklands* lay for a short space with his eyelids closed, uttering a low groan at intervals ; at length the rest appeared in some measure to restore him, and, slowly opening his eyes, he gazed languidly around, asking in a low voice, "Where am I ?"

"Let me beg you not to speak, Mr. *Oaklands*," said Ellis ; "your safety depends upon your keeping silence : you are at the cottage of your friend Fairleigh." As he heard these words, Harry perceived me standing near the bed, and smiled faintly in token of recognition ; then, making a sign for me to stoop down to him, he whispered, "My father,—you must break this to him—go, Frank."

"This instant," replied I ; and I turned to leave the room, beckoning to Ellis as I did so to follow me. "Tell me the truth," exclaimed I, as he closed the door behind him, "will he live or die ?"

"It is early in the business to pronounce a decided opinion," was the answer ; "nor can I venture as yet to do so,—everything depends upon the course the ball has taken, and that, as soon as the other surgeon arrives, we must endeavour to ascertain ; all I can say at present is, that I have seen worse cases recover. There is one thing," he added, "which may be a satisfaction to you to know,—if you had not brought me, or some one in

my profession, to the ground, he would have bled to death where he fell; no one but a surgeon could have stopped that bleeding."

"If we had been too late, I should never have forgiven myself, and we very nearly were so," returned I. "I cannot understand how it was."

"I can explain it," said Archer, who now joined us. "You left me up at the village, you remember, Fairleigh, when you started to fetch Mr. Ellis; well, just as I was leaving it to return to the Hall, a boy ran past me at the top of his speed, and began knocking at one of the cottage doors hard by; surprised to see any one about at so early an hour of the morning, I inquired what was the matter. 'Master's just had word brought him that some gentlemen is a going to fight a jewel at five o'clock, and I be come to call the constable, for master to give him a warrant to take 'em hup.' 'And who is your master?' questioned I. 'Justice Bumbleby,' was the answer. This was enough for me; I made the best of my way to the Hall, woke Oaklands, who was sleeping as calmly as a child, poor fellow! and he immediately sent his own groom, the lad who went with us to the field, to inform Wilford and his second of what I had heard, and to propose that the meeting should take place a quarter of an hour earlier than the time originally agreed on, to which they willingly consented."

"This, then," thought I, "is the reason why Coleman's scheme failed, and Cumberland arrived too late;—well, one good thing is, it will clearly prove that neither Archer nor Oaklands connived at the intended interruption."

The deep, the agonizing grief of Sir John Oaklands, on receiving from my lips the account of his son's danger, was most painful to witness, and I was obliged to yield to this desire to return with me to the cottage, although Ellis had strictly forbidden his being allowed to see Harry, lest the excitement should prove injurious to the patient, in the precarious state in which he lay. On my return, I found the surgeon of the neighbourhood, Mr. (or as he was more commonly styled Dr.) Probehurt had arrived, and that they were endeavouring to extract the ball, which, after a long and painful operation, they succeeded in doing. From the marks on the coat and waistcoat it appeared that Wilford had aimed straight for the heart; but his deadly intentions had been providentially frustrated by the accident of Oaklands having a half-crown piece in a small pocket in his waistcoat, against which the ball had struck, and glancing off, passed between two of the ribs, finally lodging amongst the muscles immediately under the shoulder-blade. The great effusion of blood had been occasioned by its having divided one of the smaller arteries, which Ellis had succeeded in securing on the spot. The wound was, therefore, a very severe one; but it was impossible to pronounce upon the exact amount of danger at present, as the course which the ball had taken trencched closely on so many important organs, that time alone could show the extent of the injury sustained. With this opinion, in which (strange to say) both doctors agreed, we were fain to content ourselves, and we passed the rest of the day in alternately watching by the wounded man, and attempting to comfort and support Sir John, whom we had the greatest difficulty in keeping out of Harry's room, till Ellis asked him abruptly, "whether he wanted to murder his son?" after which nothing short of force could have induced him to enter it. One of his first acts, having consulted with Dr. Probehurt, who graciously approved of the measure, was to enter into an arrangement with Ellis to induce him to remain constantly with Harry, till his health should be perfectly re-established, if, indeed, that happy event was ever destined to occur. As Sir John's liberality was unbounded, and Ellis's professional prospects rather hazy, his practice at Harley End being chiefly confined to the very poor, who went on the advice gratis system, and expected to have medicine given them into the bargain, the negotiation was soon concluded to the satisfaction of both parties.

Towards evening Harry became more restless; the pain of his wound increased, and feverish symptoms began to make their appearance. As the night advanced he grew delirious, and before morning, was in a high state of fever. For many days his life was despaired of. Ellis never left his bed-side, save to snatch an occasional hour's sleep on a sofa, when I took his place. Sir Benjamin Brodie was summoned from town, and held a consultation with Dr. Probehurt and Ellis. Sir John's grief was something fearful to witness. Although naturally a strong-minded man, this unlooked-for blow and the subsequent anxiety had completely unnerved him. At times he would cry like a child; at others he would sit for hours without opening his lips, his head resting dejectedly on his hands, the image of despair; he could with difficulty be prevailed upon to take sufficient nourishment for his support, and appeared scarcely to notice any thing that was going on. On these occasions, Fanny was the only person whose influence was of any avail; with her own hands she would prepare some delicacy of which she knew he was fond, and, when with a melancholy shake of the head he rejected it, she would seat herself at his feet, and, taking his hand within her own, whisper kind words of hope and consolation to him, till the old man's heart was softened, and he could refuse her nothing. Sometimes even this failed, and then she would begin singing in a low sweet voice some plaintive simple air that he loved well, till the tears would steal down his grief-worn cheeks, and, laying his hand upon her fair young brow, he would bless her, and say, that the God who was about to take his noble son from him, had sent an angel to be a daughter to him in his stead. And so the weary days wore on, and, still vibrating between life and death, the strong man, his unequalled powers now reduced to the weakness of childhood, lay stretched upon the couch of suffering, whence it appeared too probable he might never be removed, save to the last sad resting-place of frail humanity—the grave.

About the eighth day, the ligature with which Ellis had tied the artery came away, and the wound assumed a rather more favourable appearance, but the fever remained unsubdued, and the delirium continued. Each day which passed without improvement added to the length of Dr. Probehurt's solemn visage, and I could see that in his own mind he had little or no hope of the patient's recovery. Ellis was by far the most sanguine of the party, and, whenever we urged our gloomy forebodings upon him, invariably replied—"Yes, I know all that—it would have killed any other man, but it won't kill him. Wait a bit, and you'll see."

A fortnight had now elapsed, and the continued burden of his grief began to tell visibly upon Sir John. The ruddy hue of health faded from his cheeks; his eyes grew dim with weeping, his hands shook, and his firm manly step became feeble and uncertain; it seemed as if in that short space of time he had grown ten years older. My mother also began to look ill and harassed, and Fanny, though she still kept up wonderfully, and was the life and soul of us all, waxed paler and thinner every day, while for my own part, I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep to any efficient purpose, and divided my time between watching in the sick room, and pacing up and down the garden, beyond the precincts of which I never ventured, from a nervous dread lest any thing might go wrong in my absence.

On one occasion, Ellis, completely wearied out, had thrown himself on a sofa, to snatch an hour's repose, while I took his place by Harry's bed-side. It was between two and three o'clock in the morning, and the first rays of early dawn, stealing in through the partially closed shutters, and mingling with the faint glimmer of the night-lamp, shrew a pale and ghastly light over the surrounding objects, when I fancied that I heard my name pronounced in a low, scarcely audible voice. I glanced at Ellis, but his hard and regular breathing proved him to be sound asleep. I next turned towards

the bed where Harry lay, and, carefully shading the lamp with my hand, advanced with noiseless step towards it. As I approached, I perceived the patient's eyes were open, and, oh, happiness! once more animated by the mild light of reason—"Harry," whispered I, "did you call? Do you know me?" A faint smile passed across his pallid features, as he replied in a voice so weak and low, that I was obliged to stoop my head almost to a level with his lips, ere I could catch his words—"Know you, dear Frank? why not?" "Thank heaven," murmured I, "he is no longer delirious!" As I again turned towards him, he endeavoured to stretch out his hand to me, but his strength was unequal even to that slight exertion, and his arm dropped heavily by his side; as it did so, he spoke again—"Frank, what is all this? I cannot—I am very weak—very tired." "Lie still, dear Harry, and do not try to talk—it may do you harm. You have been very ill, but God in his mercy will soon, I trust, restore you to health." I then crossed over to Ellis's sofa, and laid my hand lightly upon his shoulder. "Oaklands is no longer delirious," said I, as he started up; "he knows me, and has spoken to me."—"Is he?—does he?—has he?" exclaimed Ellis, in an eager whisper. "I told you it would never kill him. Why didn't you call me before? but it's always the way; if I do by any chance fall asleep once in a week, there isn't another head properly so called in the whole house, they might as well be chair-nobs—Yes, I know," he continued, as I attempted to get in a word of explanation, "if you couldn't wake me before it happened, that doesn't prevent your giving me the medicine chest now, does it?"

I may as well take this opportunity of mentioning, that Ellis, though in the main one of the most good-natured fellows in the world, whenever he was particularly interested or excited, and had to act with promptitude and energy, became extremely cross and snappish, and was certain at such times to scold every one who came in his way, without the slightest regard to age, sex, or station. However, it was always over in two or three minutes, and I have seen him laugh till the tears ran down his face, when the rude things he had said were repeated to him afterwards. While he was staying with his brother at Cambridge, it used to be a favourite amusement with some of the men to start a subject which they knew would excite him, for the sake of "getting a rise out of the doctor," as they termed it. But I am digressing.

The medicine Ellis gave Harry threw him into a heavy sleep, from which he did not awake until late in the morning, when he appeared perfectly conscious. The fever had in great measure abated, and on Dr. Probehurt's arrival he was fain to confess a surprising improvement had taken place, and that, if not positively out of danger, the patient was in a fair way to become so. As for Ellis, he was exactly like one beside himself. He ran all over the house—into bedrooms and all sorts of places where he had not the slightest business, shaking hands with every one, and repeating, "I know it—I knew it—I always told you so—it would have killed any other man, but it couldn't kill him!"

Let us pass in silence over the first interview between Sir John Oaklands and his son. There are some of the deeper feelings of our nature, planted in our bosoms by the hand of God himself, which, when called forth to their fullest extent by the chances of life, reveal so clearly their divine origin, that those who witness their display stand reverently by, and, with throbbing hearts and averted eyes, bow the head as in the presence of some holy thing; and if such pure and sacred influences shed their lustre over that meeting, and the old man wept tears of deep and fervent thankfulness on the neck of the son whom he had, as it were, received from the dead, it shall not be for us, with sacrilegious hand, to remove the veil which shrouds from careless eyes the hallowed mysteries of feeling.

From that day Oaklands began to amend slowly, and,

at the end of another week, even the cautious Dr. Probehurt declared all immediate danger was over; for which admission however he took care fully to indemnify himself, by detailing at length every possible evil which might accrue for the future. The state of weakness, to which Harry's once herculean frame was reduced, was melancholy to witness; for many days he was unable to turn in his bed without assistance, and even when he began to recover his strength, it was by very slow and lingering degrees. Utterly unable to support himself, he was lifted from his bed to a sofa, and wheeled into the drawing-room, where all our powers of entertainment were called into requisition to relieve the monotony of such a state of existence. In doing this, little Fanny made herself pre-eminently useful; by a sort of intuition she appeared to divine every thing he could possibly want before he asked for it, and contrived to have it waiting his pleasure as if by magic; and yet it was done so quietly, that I believe Harry had not a notion to whom he was indebted for the forestallment of his every wish. Did his lips appear parched and dry from the low fever which still hung about him—unobserved by any one; Fanny would glide out of the room, and in another minute his servant would enter with a tray, containing jelly, lemonade, or some refreshment of a like nature, and Harry would say with a languid smile, that the fairies must have been at work, for that Wilson had brought him the very thing he was wishing for. As he grew stronger, and required less attention, I yielded to his request, and once more resumed my studies, reading doubly hard in order to make up for lost time. The duel had taken place early in June, but it was not until the latter end of August that the surgeons would allow of their patient's removal to the Hall. Under Ellis's directions a kind of litter was prepared, drawn by a stout Shetland pony, and hung upon a complicated arrangement of springs, by which means all possibility of jolting was avoided. With the assistance of this machine, Harry was enabled to take short airings in the park, and, when it was found that no ill effects ensued, a fine day was chosen, and Heathfield Hall swung wide its ample gates, to receive once more within its walls the heir of that noble property. It was a glad day for every one—the old servants shed mingled tears of joy and sorrow; of joy that their young master had been spared to come among them again, and of sorrow when they gazed on his pallid cheeks and long thin hands, and thought of the amount of suffering that manly frame must have undergone, ere it could have become such a wreck of its former self.

After his return home, Oaklands progressed very slowly; he had so far recovered as to walk about the house and garden with the assistance of Ellis's arm; but the wound in his side still presented an unsatisfactory appearance, and obstinately refused to heal. Ellis's skill and attention were unparalleled; he took the greatest interest in the case, and though he pretended that his zeal was entirely professional, yet it was clear the fascination which Harry seemed unconsciously to exercise over every one who became intimate with him, had subdued even the sturdy doctor, and that he had conceived a strong affection for his patient.

The only one of the party on whom the fatigue and anxiety appeared to have produced any lasting effect, was dear little Fanny, and she continued to look much more pale and thin than I liked to see her. Her spirits, also, seemed less gay and buoyant than usual, and when Sir John and Harry left us, and she had no longer any motive for exertion, a kind of languor came over her, producing a listless distaste for all her former employments; and she would sit for hours poring over one of the Italian poets, without exchanging a word with any one. In order, if possible, to rouse her from this state of apathy, I used every means in my power to interest and amuse her, but unfortunately my time was now so fully occupied that I had little leisure to bestow upon her. I was to take my degree at the commencement of

the new year; and, as I had made up my mind to try for honours, I had not a moment to lose, and read eight hours a day. The rest of my time was devoted to Sir John and Harry, (save an odd hour or two for a constitutional scamper with my gun through the preserves just to keep down the rabbits, or a gallop across the country, to prevent the hunters from getting too fat,) and our kind friends were never so well pleased as when they could persuade us all to come to them. My sister, however, seemed to prefer dreaming over her book to the exertion of accompanying us to the Hall, and even when she did so, appeared unequal to the labour of amusing Harry, and devoted herself to the more easy task of pleasing Sir John, who, happy beyond expression in the prospect of his son's recovery, was in high good humour with everybody and everything. Becoming at length far from satisfied about Fanny, I mentioned my uneasiness to my mother, who comforted me by the assurance, that she considered it merely the natural consequence of the fatigue and anxiety she had undergone, a sort of reaction of the spirits, for which time and rest would prove the most effectual cure.

And again the leaves upon the trees grew brown, presenting in their varied richness those exquisite shades of colouring that gladden a painter's eye,—and the swallows, those summer parasites, taking alarm at the first sharp blast from the North, had departed to prosecute their annual pursuit of sunshine under difficulties, leaving the honest robin redbreast to renew his friendship with the race of men,—when I, dissatisfied and anxious about those I was leaving behind me, and nervous in the highest degree as to the result of the struggle for distinction in which I was about to engage, once more took up my abode at Trinity.

Reader! there are pauses in the life of every one of us—seasons in which no perceptible change, either mental or bodily, takes place—lulls in the tempest of existence, which enable us to recruit our exhausted energies after the dangers we have surmounted, and brace our nerves for the coming struggle, in which we may be engaged we know not how soon. Such a pause, gentle reader, is now about to occur in this veracious history; should you have kindly taken sufficient interest in “the subject of this memoir” to feel surprised at hearing nothing further respecting him for a short period, let me beg you to imagine him very laudably employed in reading hard for his degree. Whether his labours will be productive of a successful result, or whether he is fated to the ignominy of being “plucked” for his pains, you shall be duly informed in the third and concluding portion of Frank Fairleigh.

NOTE.

It has been suggested to the author, that, after the strictures on duelling which he has placed in the mouth of Frank Fairleigh, he is guilty of inconsistency in allowing Oaklands to accept a challenge, and in placing Fairleigh himself in a situation in which he might have been compelled to fight a duel; and that, for these reasons, as example is always stronger than precept, his tale is calculated rather to encourage the practice than to dissuade men from it.

In reply to these objections he begs to remark, that his intention from the very beginning of the story, to which he has steadily adhered throughout, has been to describe things, not as he would have them, but as they really are, endeavouring, at the same time, by pointing out the evil which arises

from following impulse only, and the different results which ensue where principle is the guide, to do some little good in his generation. Thus, in the affair of the duel, he has endeavoured to carry out his intentions in the following manner:—

The reader must be aware that there is a marked distinction between the characters of Oaklands and Fairleigh. Oaklands acts solely from impulse, although, possessing naturally a high and generous disposition, his impulses usually lead him right, save where his two great faults, extreme indolence and an ungovernable temper, interfere to prevent it. Fairleigh, on the contrary, intends to act upon principle, and although, from the weakness of humanity, and the hasty passions of youth, he fails lamentably often, he sees his errors, endeavours to palliate their ill effects for the present, and to guard against them for the future. Through an act of Fairleigh's they become involved in a sort of compound quarrel with a noted duellist, and Fairleigh is placed in a most embarrassing situation; he must either fight a duel, a deed which he considers likely to “endanger his happiness here and hereafter,” and which he dreads accordingly, or he must submit not only to be branded as a coward, but to endure the double infamy of allowing his friend to sacrifice himself in his stead. Whether it was his duty to have done so, the author leaves to casuists more able than himself to determine, satisfied, that in making him earnestly repent the rashness which had involved him in the affair, and determine that if he must risk his own life, nothing shall induce him to attempt that of a fellow creature, he is describing a more natural course of action. On the other hand, Oaklands allows his animosity towards Wilford to overcome any scruples he may entertain against duelling without a struggle, and it is only at Frank's earnest entreaty, and after he had in great measure satisfied his revengeful feeling by the chastisement he had inflicted on his opponent, that he agrees not to return his fire. We know that the condition in which we are now placed is not one of temporal rewards and punishments, yet, even in this world, we are sometimes allowed (doubtless in mercy) to feel the consequences of our own rash actions, and Oaklands, in the pride of his matchless strength, is reduced to the helplessness of infancy, while grief lays the burden of years upon his father's ~~green~~ old age.

Surely no thinking person can read the account of Fairleigh's agony of mind, when he believes he may be forced to meet Wilford, “the misery, the self-reproach, the bitter penitence of that moment when he reflected on the fearful situation in which he had placed himself, a situation in which crime seemed forced upon him, and in which it appeared impossible for him to act rightly,” without being led to feel that duelling is alike repugnant to the will of God and the laws of man, while those (if such indeed there are) who look only to present consequences, may be led to pause ere they commit an act which may entail upon them the narrow escape from death, and the prolonged sufferings of

Oaklands. If the tale be indeed not calculated to excite these feelings, the author can only add his sorrow, that he should have so completely failed to express his deeply-rooted abhorrence of the unchristian practice which he has before designated as "a fashionable compound of murder and suicide."

THE WISH.

A FAIRY TALE.

CHAPTER VI.

TIME passed on; Robin and Alice became, by degrees, accustomed to their new way of life, but it did not lose its pleasures, though it lost some of its novelty.

Amongst the many enjoyments which they derived from their change of circumstances, was the possession of books. Of these, at first, they could understand but little; but, as they read more, their minds became better informed, and their desire for knowledge increased; and they both enjoyed the long winter evenings, when, whilst Alice sat at her work, Robin read aloud to her some book of amusement or instruction.

In the course of a few weeks they became acquainted with several families who lived in their neighbourhood. Nor were the poor forgotten; they constantly devoted a large portion of their wealth to the relief of the sick and indigent.

Respected by the rich, blessed by the poor, the Maynards of "Fairy Hill Court" were general favourites. Months passed on, and still they were happy and beloved.

At length the time drew near when the fairy's second visit was to be made, Robin's second wish to be heard, and his now yet empty coffers replenished.

It was evening, the supper,—for in those days supper was the most cheerful and pleasant meal of the day,—the supper had been removed; Robin and his wife sat by the blazing fire. Robin had not taken up his book to read as usual, and Alice had allowed her work to drop listlessly from her hand. Robin thought of their situation at that time the year before; of the anxiety, the cold, the hunger, they had endured, and then he looked around at the comforts of his happy home; and his heart was full.

"Alice, my love," he at length said, "what are you thinking of? You do not look as if you felt as happy as I do."

"Yes, dear Robin, I am happy," replied Alice, "very happy."

"Then why do you look so very serious?" said Robin, half playfully, and half anxiously, as he passed his arm round her slender waist, and gently drew her towards him.

"I have been thinking," replied Alice, "of one thing in which we have not quite followed the fairy's injunctions."

"What can that be, my love? Surely we have been moderate in our desires; and consider how much we have given to the poor,—what is wanting yet?"

"Why, I will tell you, Robin, what I have been thinking about; it has pressed heavily upon my mind for some time. Do you remember your old friend, Walter Collins, the carpenter, whom you always liked so much, who helped to nurse you when you had the fever; and his wife, poor Mary, who took care of my baby, while I was too much engaged with your illness to attend to it as much as usual, and it was pining, and, I believe, would have died, but for her kindness. Well, during all our prosperity, we have never once thought of them."

"You are right, Alice, we have not done as we would be done by. But how can we repair our neglect? Shall we seek them out, and give them half the contents of our treasure chests next year?"

"That would be a very good plan," rejoined his wife, smiling, "but I think I know a better."

"Do you? Well, let us hear it."

"Why, you know, dear Robin, this night at twelve o'clock you are to make your second request."

"I have it!" interrupted Robin, "I will ask the fairy to make them as rich as we are, and to bring them here that we may have them for neighbours. You know that beautiful house which has been uninhabited ever since we have been here,—'Elfin Lodge' it is called; how delightful it would be for them to find themselves there some fine morning!"

"Yes, how I should like to be invisible, in some corner, to enjoy their surprise," rejoined Alice; "and only fancy," she added, laughing, "how Walter would stare about him, and then begin to handle all the pretty things with his dirty fingers! And then, how happy poor Mary would be! I hope this is not a forbidden request."

CHAPTER VII.

Before twelve o'clock, Robin took out his golden key, and hastened to the vaulted chamber.

Punctual to his promise, the fairy appeared as the hour sounded. He filled the coffers as before, and then Robin made known his wish. The bright zone shone more brightly than ever, and, with an approving smile, he pronounced the welcome words, "Thy wish, thy request is granted!" and vanished.

The next morning symptoms of a recent arrival were visible at Elfin Lodge. Smoke was seen curling through many chimneys, and servants hurried to and fro. Robin and Alice lost no time in renewing their acquaintance with their old friends. They were not at first recognised by Walter and his wife, but they soon made themselves known. After the expressions of mutual satisfaction at meeting were over, Collins endeavoured to account for the change in his circumstances by pretending that a fortune had been left him by a distant relative. Robin felt disappointed in his friend, but he was too generous to inform him of the part he had himself taken in occasioning his good fortune.

Walter was of course anxious to know how the change in Robin's affairs had been brought about, and Robin, after exacting a promise of secrecy, told him all that had taken place, only suppressing the part which related to Walter and Mary.

There are some flowers, which, as long as they remain in their native shade, with their blossoms only peeping forth, with drooping head and closed petals, from beneath the shelter of their thick foliage, appear brightly tinted and sweet; but, when the sun shines on them and draws them forth from their hiding place, and they unfold their leaves, and raise their modest heads to the light of day—all their beauty, all their fragrance is gone, and the unfolded petals only disclose the hollowness within.

So it was with the character and temper of Walter Collins. While he was poor and neglected, he was humble, and, when he had nothing to give, he was good-natured; but no sooner had the sun of prosperity shone upon him than he became proud and hard-hearted.

This change, however, did not show itself all at once; it came on by degrees, and the warm-hearted Robin and his gentle wife were little inclined to think ill of their old friend.

The neighbours were on the most intimate terms; the gentlemen hunted, and fished, and dined together; and the ladies walked, and worked, and talked together; on the whole, things went on pleasantly enough for a time. Robin, it is true, felt vexed sometimes, that Walter seemed to take so little interest in his plans for promoting the comfort and improvement of his poorer neighbours; and Alice would have been glad, if Mary had not been always poorly or busy, when she asked her to accompany her in her visits to the abodes of suffering and want.

At length the fatal pride and envy, which were gradually

gaining possession of Walter's heart, began to show themselves in many ways. Whatever the Maynards had, the Collinses were never satisfied till they could procure something better and more costly. Nor was this all; though Walter did not in direct terms betray Robin's secret, yet he was so desirous of degrading him in the eyes of their mutual friends, that he was continually letting fall mysterious hints concerning his former life, so that an idea by degrees prevailed, that there was something not right about the Maynards, and they found themselves looked upon with an eye of suspicion and distrust.

All this was a source of deep grief and anxiety to Robin and Alice. At first they endeavoured by kindness and good offices to win back their friend; but, the more they tried to conciliate him, the more insolent and overbearing he became.

By degrees somewhat of this bad spirit began to communicate itself to Robin, and, though still far more sinned against than sinning, yet he was not entirely free from blame. The constant indulgence of this envious rivalry between the two families was also a heavy tax upon Robin's purse; and he found every month that he could spare less and less to his poor penitents.

CHAPTER VIII.

THINGS were in this state, and the year was drawing to a close, when Robin and Alice received an invitation to a grand entertainment which Walter was about to give in honour of the christening of his first son. Alice was prevented, by a slight indisposition, from being of the party; and, indeed, she was not sorry for the excuse to remain away, for her intercourse with the Collins family had become anything but pleasant to her.

As Robin bade his wife farewell, she begged him not to forget to return before twelve; "for remember," said she, "to-night your *third* request is to be made." Robin sighed, as he thought how much happier and better he had been a year before, and he said almost sullenly, "I shall ask nothing more."

When Robin arrived at Elfin Lodge, he found preparations on a most magnificent scale for a splendid banquet. His host received him in the presence of the other guests with a condescending air, and then utterly neglected him. Well would it have been for both had he continued to do so; but after dinner, when the ladies had retired, and Walter had, in some degree, become heated with the wine which was circulating freely, he seemed to delight in making Robin the object of his insolent sarcasms; woe succeeded sneer, and one insulting jest was followed by another. Robin's generous forbearance was attributed to cowardice, and only served to embitter Walter's unmanly attacks upon his character and conduct. At length, when some coarse personality, directed against Robin, had drawn upon him the ridicule of the now half-intoxicated guests, he leaned across the corner of the table which separated him from Collins, and said in an under tone, "Do not carry this too far, Walter, or you may repent it."

Walter started from his seat, pale with rage; and, pointing with his outstretched finger to Robin, he exclaimed, "Listen, my friends; this base-born scoundrel threatens me! He tells me I shall repent. Look at him; and I will tell you *who he is*, who dares to insult a gentleman in his own house! He is a foundling brat, brought up to the trade of a cobbler, and rescued from starvation by a fairy godfather."

A smile of contempt passed from one guest to another, and they looked as much as to say—"I thought so!"

But they had no time for comments. Robin, who was now as much beside himself with passion as his enemy, had also risen from his seat, and, with his eyes flashing and lips quivering, he cried—"Coward! I do not hurl thee from thy pinnacle of pride, and crush thee in the dust, because I have sweeter vengeance in store. *Think of me to-morrow!*" Saying this he strode from the apartment.

Walter concealed his inward trepidation under a smile of derision; and, turning to an attendant, ordered him to "see that man safe out of the premises."

Robin walked rapidly home with "a fire in his heart, and a fire in his brain." He arrived at his own house just as the hour of twelve was sounding from the clock of the village church. All was calm and peaceful around; the soft moonbeams played over the ivy-clad tower, and glittered on the white graves below; but Robin heeded it not: on he rushed with frantic steps, and at length he reached the vaulted chamber. The fairy was already there. Robin paused not to observe the dimmed light of the starry belt, or the mournful expression of his visitor's countenance; but, with a voice hardly articulate from passion, he exclaimed—"I demand of thee to take from Walter Collins the wealth he has so misused, and plunge him in his former poverty."

The light waned yet more dim; and the fairy's countenance assumed an awful sternness, as he said—"Thy wish is granted!"

The fairy disappeared; and Robin sank down in a state of insensibility upon the stone floor.

CHAPTER IX.

BUT too soon, alas! Robin recovered from his trance. It was morning; and, as he by degrees recovered his senses and looked around, he became aware of the dreadful change which had taken place.

He lay on his old mattress, in his old cottage, surrounded by poverty and want. Poor Alice was calmly sleeping, unconscious of the sorrow that awaited her. The wailings of her child aroused her from a dream of peace and joy. She gazed at the sad scene too much bewildered fully to comprehend it; but the mournful truth was soon too evident to her; and Robin, amidst tears and bitter self-reproaches, told her all that had happened—how he had fostered and indulged his growing hatred of Walter, till it was ready to burst forth at the first provocation; and how, blinded by passion, he had forgotten the fairy's precept, and wished the fatal wish,—*Ill to his neighbour!*

Alice could not restrain her tears, but she loved her husband too well to reproach him with an error of which he had already so deeply repented. She arose from her humble couch, attired herself once more in the coarse garments of poverty, and then endeavoured by her caresses to soothe the clamorous sorrow of her little boy, who was crying loudly for his breakfast.

Whilst Alice was thus employed, she was startled by something falling at her feet; and, to her great joy, she beheld her purse. How it came there she never knew. Probably the fairy had relented so far as to grant this small supply for their immediate wants; it contained two or three gold coins and some silver. Little indeed, but yet sufficient to save them from perishing with want before Robin could earn anything by his labour.

Alice took from her small hoard as much as was necessary to purchase some bread, and went to the nearest baker's shop. The baker was a stranger, and, of course, did not recognise her; but, as she was returning, she met one of her former neighbours, who greeted her with—"So, you are come back again, Mistress Maynard; well, you don't look much better off than before you went." Alice simply said, "we have again been unfortunate." The neighbour shrugged his shoulders, and bade her good morning, and Alice proceeded home.

And what became of Walter and Mary Collins? The same sad change had taken place in their circumstances. They had opened their eyes that morning on a scene of squalid misery, far worse than that to which Robin and Alice were reduced.

Walter had been carried the previous night, to his luxurious couch, stupified by intoxication. When he recovered his consciousness, his aching head was resting on a pillow of straw, in a dreary wretched apartment; his ears were assailed by the bitter complaints of his wife, and the cries of his helpless little ones. Woe and

wallings were around him, remorse and despair in his heart. Not only was Walter reduced to his former poverty, but he had not received the small relief which had been granted to the good Alice, by the restoration of her purse. Besides this, both Walter and Mary had, during their prosperity, given way to sloth and self-indulgence; therefore they were quite unfitted for any exertion.

Mary could do nothing but weep, and Walter sat in sullen silence, resting his burning temples on his hands, and only occasionally rousing himself, to silence, with fierce threats, the importunities of his hungry children.

The day was far advanced, and things were still in the same sad state, when a gentle knock was heard at the door. "Come in," said Walter, in a surly tone. The latch was raised, and Alice stood before them.

"Are you come to mock our sorrows!" exclaimed Walter, bitterly.

"God forbid!" replied Alice; "but I bring you food, and money to buy more," and she handed a basket to Mary, who was instantly surrounded by her famishing children, who with clamorous eagerness seized and devoured the bread which she distributed amongst them.

Walter looked on, with a morose and gloomy countenance. It was a hard struggle between his pride and his wants. But hunger prevailed, and he received the food which Alice had brought, though not with thanks, yet with a sort of sullen resignation.

On her return Alice found her husband busily employed; during her absence he had procured some materials, and now he had set in good earnest to work at his old trade.

When it was known that Robin was come back, he soon got plenty of work. The shoemaker who had set up in his absence was idle and drunken, and, finding that no one would employ him after Robin's return, he went away to try his luck elsewhere.

CHAPTER X.

Time rolled on; and, when the end of the year approached, it found Robin and his wife contented, and in tolerably prosperous circumstances. They had been able by degrees to supply the place of most of the furniture, which during their former distress they had been obliged to part with; and their cottage had again assumed a neat and cheerful aspect. Robin would have been quite happy, but remorse kept its place in his heart, and he could not be at rest; and, whenever he beheld the care-worn, sorrowful faces of Walter Collins and his wretched wife, and half-naked little ones, he felt, that no sacrifice would be too heavy, if by it, he could restore to them, what, in a moment of anger, he had deprived them of.

Again the anniversary of the memorable day had arrived. The frugal supper had been removed, and the small oaken table drawn near to the fire, and by it sat Robin and his beloved Alice.

Robin was a wiser, and a better, though a sadder man. He had learned how a fault, committed in a moment of unguarded passion, may destroy that peace which the repentance of a whole life cannot restore. "What would I not give," he said, "if the fairy would but grant me one more request!"

"Dearest Robin, you would not ask —"

"I would not ask for worldly riches," interrupted Robin; "no, I would entreat him to give me back my peace—to destroy this demon which is gnawing at my heart, by restoring to poor Walter, and his helpless babes, the wealth, which in an evil hour I took from them; but it is all in vain," and Robin covered his face with his hands, and sighed deeply.

"Robin," said Alice, after a long silence, "The fairy told us he would not answer again to your call, or grant any future request of yours; but he did not say he would not come if I sought him, or grant my wish. Suppose I were to raise the stone."

"You, Alice! you could not move that heavy stone."

"I will try at least," said Alice, and she proceeded to remove the earth from the edge of the stone, as she had seen her husband do, on a former occasion.

Scarcely had she commenced her efforts, when the stone began to move, and in another moment it slowly rose from its resting place. Alice drew up the trap door, and the fairy stood before her, repeating the same words as before, in the same soft cadence, "Mortal! thou hast sought me, thou hast found me; what is thy will?"

Alice was so much overcome by surprise and delight at the success of her attempt, that all she could do was to burst into tears, repeating the name of Walter,—

"Listen!" said the fairy. "It is in my power to grant to thee but one wish. It is only to those who have been placed under my special care, that I can grant three requests. I give thee permission to reconsider thy wish, and to consult with thy husband, before thy final decision is made. Remember, if I restore Walter Collins to wealth at thy desire, thou wilt be left in poverty."

"Poverty is light compared to the weight of an uneasy conscience," said Robin. "We have enough for our wants, only give me back my peace. Ask him, dear Alice, to restore Walter's wealth to him, and we will be happy in our poverty."

The request was made, and the welcome words, "Thy will, thy wish is granted," were heard with unmixed joy, by the now happy couple. But the fairy did not vanish as usual, he remained gazing on them with a beaming countenance. Once more he spoke, and these were his words: "Mortals! Though I had only the power to grant to thee one request, I have yet the power of bestowing upon thee a boon unasked; I therefore give thee back all that thou hast lost! and thou art worthy to enjoy it, for thou hast learnt to be moderate in thy desires, and to do as thou wouldst be done by. Farewell!"

M. A. S.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOHN FOSTER.¹

FOSTER'S eccentricities were not, however, opposed to the cultivation of studious habits, and so frequently did he meditate in one favourite path near Chichester, that the spot is still called "Foster's Walk," and the brick flooring of his chapel is said to retain the marks of incessant pæciings up and down, during the tranquillity of moonlight nights, when the pale spectral-like light aided his meditations. In such a place, and at such a time, we suppose him to have framed those remarks on Coleridge which we find in his journal. "The eloquent Coleridge sometimes retires into a sublime mysticism of thought; he robes himself in moonlight, and moves among images of which we cannot be assured for a while whether they are substantial forms of sense, or fantastic visions." The quietude so loved by Foster was favourable to that contemplativeness which he earnestly cultivated in himself, and strongly recommended to others; and which tended still more to alienate him from the activity of life. Writing to a friend who had expressed a high degree of respect for men of energetic and practical habits, he says, "I cannot join in your reverence for that amazing busy activity of the world. Is it cynical to ask, What is effected by it all? Much of this huge bustle seems to be as important, if it were as innocent, as the ripping of a rill, or the frisking of a company of summer flies. If I had the power of touching a large portion of mankind with a spell amid all this insane activity, it should be this short sentence, 'Be quiet, be quiet.'"

Such a man was more likely to luxuriate in his meditations in the stillness of the grove, or the solitude of his room, than to seek popularity by a course of bustling effort amongst the good folks of Chichester, from whence, after remaining about two years and a half, he retired to Downend, four miles from Bristol. This spot was endeared to Foster by its association with the musings of Coleridge, whose far-stretching speculations

(1) Concluded from page 400.

and musical eloquence gave to him a delight of the same kind with that derived from the poetries of Nature, the deep voices of the sea, or that melody which whispers to the imaginative mind the mysteries of the stars. Downend, therefore, was at first liked by Foster, whose imagination was impressed by the consciousness that the trees on which he daily gazed, had fed the thoughts of Coleridge; and here he resided about four years, training his powers by hard and even laborious thinking. But he was not to remain fixed, for the simple reason that no village or town was wholly inhabited by John Fosters, but by respectable, plodding drapers, butchers, bakers, and such solid items of the social system. With these good men, worthy as they were, Foster could not get on,—his region of thought was not theirs; hence the constant changes of place, from Newcastle to Dublin, thence to Chichester, to Downend, and from this place to Frome, whither he was invited by a small congregation. Whilst in this town, a deep melancholy would, at times, steal over him, produced by the painful consciousness of his isolation from men, and the dread lest the energies he felt working within should never find an utterance. A kind of exclusiveness, a dislike to human society of the common order, was fast becoming ingrained into his nature, threatening to plunge him into the gloomiest depths of misanthropy; he felt that the age was against him, that the wide world, with all its multiplied coteries and literary clanships, seemed suspicious of him.

From the sad consequences of this gloomy feeling he was partly saved by that love for nature which still brought to his view many precious visions. Frome itself he hated, and hastened from its streets to green lanes and bubbling rivulets, as the following passage to a friend significantly intimates. "As to the town itself, I do not know whether I told you how much I nauseate it, but no length of time will ever cure my loathing of it. But sweet Nature! I have conversed with her with inexpressible luxury. A flower, a bird, a tree, a fly, has been enough to kindle a delightful train of ideas and emotions, and sometimes to elevate the mind to sublime conception. When the Autumn stole on, I observed it with the most vigilant attention, and felt a pensive regret to see those forms of beauty, which tell that all the beauty is soon going to depart."

Foster now began to try his fortune in the world of literature, and sent from his retirement at Frome the famous "Essays" to the press; these soon procured him that fame and sympathy which could not fail of delighting a mind constituted like his. Some readers might deem those compositions hard to be understood, and class them amongst "dull books," but the thoughtful and educated of all orders received with delight those productions of so able a thinker.

We shall not pause here to analyse these compositions, as a few lines on them will form a suitable close to this article.

The idea of writing these essays was suggested to the author in the course of a conversation with the lady whom he subsequently married, a fact well worthy of note in the history of these pieces. They were in their original form written to her, a circumstance indicating the possession of tastes and abilities kindred to those of Foster himself, and proving her fitness to be the wife of such a man. Becoming more deeply engaged in literary pursuits, Foster left Frome in 1806, and began to prepare for his marriage, an event which contributed so highly to his happiness, and prevented the further development of that melancholy spirit which had been stealing over him. He was married in May, 1808, being then thirty-seven years old, and the lady six years his junior. Foster took up his abode at Bourton, in Gloucestershire, his wife's place of residence before she was married, and both began a vigorous course of mental exertion. Foster now became an author of high consideration, for, though the multitude did not hail

him as one of their pet writers, he was the favourite with those who delighted in the poetic discursiveness of Coleridge, or the moral beauty of Wordsworth: people began to mention him familiarly, not as Mr. Foster, but with a simple emphasis, as "John Foster;" and the *Essays* soon found their way into literary circles, passing through numerous editions, and so tending to urge on the progress of the human understanding by the hints and suggestions thrown out, like signal lights on a dangerous coast, for the guidance of men. Periodical literature now absorbed much of his time, and some have regretted that a mind, capable of producing an intellectual pyramid for all ages, should have been absorbed in erecting, month by month, a number of trifling works, serving, in most cases, but the purposes of the present hour. However, many of these miscellaneous reviews exhibit proofs of the most powerful and original thinking, clothed in a forcible style, and illuminated by the splendours of a rich imagination.

Thus occupied, Foster's life passed with few of the events called "startling" to colour its different epochs, and mark more vividly its contrasts. His study at Bourton, a long narrow garret, furnished him with the means of preparing rich repasts of thought for himself and others, and beyond its walls he rarely wandered, except on calm summer days in company with his wife, to gather from the lights and shadows of natural scenery those colourings which were afterwards moulded into the forcible imagery of his essays or reviews.

About the year 1817 he returned to Downend, bearing with him a name very different from that which had distinguished him during his former residence in that place, when most persons thought him an odd compound of eccentricity and ability, in which the former much predominated.

In 1820, his essay on "The Evils of Popular Ignorance" appeared, in which he depicts with his peculiarly powerful painting the degradation of a people crushed and blighted by ignorance, and contributed to rouse men of all parties to a thoughtful survey of the great masses of mankind, and to the adoption of means by which the fatal consequences of error, long working in the midst of populous multitudes, might be obviated.

Foster, in 1821, once more changed his place of residence; he removed to a pleasant village named Stapleton, about three miles from Bristol, where his subsequent labours were prosecuted, and his remaining days passed. Some of his noblest productions came from that quiet, solitary-looking house, begirt with its massive walls of time-worn and moss-covered stones, which stands on the left hand of the road as the passenger enters Stapleton from Bristol. It seemed a fit home for Foster, massive and sombre, without a particle of modish pretension, and looking as if those rough stones robed in lichen had something of the poetic spirit in them. This abode witnessed some of Foster's acutest trials; here his wife, the fond and faithful companion of his joys and sorrows, slowly sunk until death completed the sad work which disease had for years been preparing. Again he felt the cruel melancholy of his former loneliness; for neither children nor friends could compensate for her loss whose sympathy had been to Foster a species of inspiration, infusing hope amid his despondency, and holding a bright light to his spirit, when, tossed by its speculations, it too often wandered near the dark regions of mystery. Some portion of the sorrow which her death produced may be gained from such passages as this:—"Left quite alone for some hours in the house, I have been walking about the rooms, and looking at the various objects, the fire-place, the prints suspended round the walls, with the mournful consideration she will see these apartments—will be seen in them—no more; there is a strange sinking of the heart at the thought." What a touching image of a desolate spirit is this! The first moment Foster finds himself freed from observation, he leaves his study, and, passing through the deserted rooms, gazed on the

symbols of that being, now far, far away, and sees the whole of her past life rise in vivid distinctness as scene after scene appears at the suggestive call of that book, or this chair, which tell so touchingly of the dead.

After such a deprivation, Foster's mind was more than ever disposed to hover around the mysteries of departed spirits; what they were feeling or doing was ever in his thoughts, or rather what *she* might be feeling and doing. His love for ruins, for places buried in the deep quietude which the voices of the world never disturbed, returned, and to be far from the sight of houses seemed a luxury. The village in which he dwelt could not be called populous, but its attractions would have been greater for Foster had all its neat residences been suddenly changed into ivied ruins, the moss-covered and time-broken walls of which could have held communion with his spirit. Often has the writer of this article met him in a lonely valley about two miles beyond Stapleton, where a stream rolled silently between masses of rock, the huge and time-blackened slabs of which, projecting from the enormous roots of ancient trees, seemed like the torn and desolate wreck of a mountain region. In summer evenings, just as the sun threw his warm light upon the foliage along the face of the cliffs, and brought into full view the deserted mill at the bottom of the vale, and shed beauty upon a huge pile of black rock, towering above the stream, Foster was often met by one accustomed at the same time to seek the romantic beauties of the spot. Slowly, by the side of the stream covered with thousands of water-lilies, was the stooping, thoughtful form of the essayist seen to advance. The writer and he on such occasions never exchanged but a passing salute, for it would have been the height of cruelty to have disturbed his meditations in this solitude, which had been singled out as offering the retirement he loved. Glad was the writer to find that the presence of another in this wildly beautiful spot did not scare Foster from his walk, though it would have been difficult to find another so appropriate to his meditative mind in the immediate vicinity of Stapleton; for the mill, and that abandoned, the wild banks, the stillness of the stream, the deep shade of the trees, contrasted with the vivid green of a narrow slip of mead, presented that combination most adapted to Foster's taste. None could disturb him here, where few, save the simple peasants, wending to the distant hamlet at eventide, were seen; and these gave Foster no annoyance. He did not flee from the simplicity of nature, but the affectations of art; the rustic in the path was never avoided, though the circuit of a mile would have been made to escape the intrusion of some modish gentleman.

This quiet spot is now left for other thoughtful wanderers. Foster's footsteps have not of late pressed the turf, and long will it be ere such another frequenter of the vale will admire its beauties. He was now gradually withdrawing himself from the business of earth, for seventy years began to affect both his bodily and mental powers, his eyes and memory were failing, thus threatening him with an isolation, not only from the visible forms of nature, but from the stores acquired by reading. Slowly, but surely, the end was approaching, and descending from one degree of weakness to another, he gradually drew near to the event which through the whole of life Foster had constantly kept in view. The year 1843 was the limit to Foster's earthly career; for then, on the 14th of October, he departed this life for that which had so often occupied his meditations, leaving a name which the lovers of original thinking and earnest thoughtfulness will not quickly forget.

The essays, by the publication of which Foster first attracted the notice of the world, are four: the first being "On a Man's writing Memoirs of himself," in which he develops, through a series of seven letters, the deep knowledge of the mind's secret workings with which his habitual thoughtfulness made him familiar. He imagines

various persons writing their own memoirs, and revealing, for the solemn scrutiny of men, the secrets of their past lives, and especially the *courses of training* by which their characters had been formed. He then instances the kind of process through which a misanthrope, a prejudiced thinker, a tyrant, and an atheist, have passed, describing the influences which had perverted the intellect and heart of the latter. The following *terse* irony on the easy stages by which some have reached the degrading depths of atheism, will give a notion of Foster's peculiar style. "It was not strange if this man read with avidity a few of the writers who have attempted the last achievement of presumptuous man. After inspecting these pages awhile, he raised his eyes, and the great spirit was gone. Mighty transformation of all things! The luminaries of heaven no longer shone with his splendour; the adorned earth no longer looked fair with his beauty; the darkness of night had ceased to be rendered solemn by his majesty; life and thought were not an effect of his all-pervading energy; it was not his providence that supported an infinite charge of dependent beings; his empire of justice no longer spread over the universe; nor had even that universe sprung from his all-creating power."—Again, "The wonder then turns on the great process by which a man could grow to the immense intelligence which can know that there is no God. What ages and what lights are requisite for this attainment! This intelligence involves the very attributes of Divinity, while a God is denied. For unless this man is omnipresent, unless he is at this moment in every place in the universe, he cannot know but there may be in some place manifestations of a Deity, by which even he would be overpowered. If he does not know every agent in the universe, the one that he does not know may be God. If he is not himself the chief agent in the universe, and does not know what is so, that which is so may be God. If he does not know every thing that has been done in the immeasurable ages that are past, some things may have been done by a God. Thus, unless he knows all things, that is, precludes all other divine existence by being Deity himself, he cannot know that the being whose existence he rejects does not exist."

The second essay is "On decision of character," which rare quality he exemplifies in a variety of modes, exhibiting the miserable consequences attending its absence, and instancing examples of this high quality in the men whose names shine out from the crowd on the long roll of history.

The third essay is entitled, "On the application of the epithet Romantic," in which Foster details the mischievous consequences of an *undue* tendency to the imaginative in the affairs of life, and the evil of Utopian schemes in literature, politics, and in religious efforts for the advancement of Christianity.

The last essay contains a series of just reflections "On some of the causes by which evangelical religion has been rendered unacceptable to persons of cultivated tastes." In this he exposes the low tone of thought, and feebleness of style, characterizing much of the printed theology and popular Divinity. These essays, with his treatise on "Popular Ignorance," and his "Discourses," to which must now be added his "Journal," are the materials from which a full estimate of his character must be formed.

What are the principal outlines of Foster's intellectual and moral character? A sombre grandeur, such as Milton often dwelt in, is one especial mark of his mind, which appeared ever at home in the midst of those shadowy mysteries where the soul, by long watching, perceives forms of infinite brightness and purity. Such minds love a home on the outside of the world, and a fellowship with the spirits that walk unseen this earth. This is not the grandeur of mere imagery, but of solid thought, making the reader feel as if treading holy ground, and listening to the voices of mighty

spirits. Such loftiness of meditation and amplitude of range are especially seen in some of his discourses, in which Foster moves amid the dread solemnities of religious verities.

Great subtlety is also joined, in Foster, to grandeur of imagination, and this enabled him to detect the secret workings of thought, and note the peculiarities of his own inner life, with a distinctness far greater than that with which ordinary men observe the most common facts of their daily life. His command of beautiful and appropriate imagery was remarkable, and all parts of his writings bear witness to the employment of illustrations drawn alike from the simplest objects of life, and the grandest forms of nature. The rustic bridge over the lonely stream, the trunk of a leafless tree, the dust raised by the wind, and the bright beauty of the midnight heavens, are all in turn employed to suggest ideas, or enshrine a powerful reflection. Many, when reading Foster's writings, are somewhat surprised to find "so little imagination" in the pages, and deem it "rather dry," but these forget that imagination may be employed on loftier objects than the mere trappings of wordiness. Great thoughts are often brought down from on high by imagination's aid, as Franklin conducted lightning from the skies by his line. This faculty was in Foster the auxiliary of thought, not its substitute. His love of natural beauty proceeded from this vigorous and healthy tone of his imagination, which enabled him to see the rich colourings and diversified beauties of scenery, so as to employ them for the enrichment of his style, and illustration of his thoughts. He was thus ever feeding his mind with the suggestions and images furnished by woods, mountains, and rivers, and this oratory of the visible universe has been well rendered by him in many of those compact masses of illuminated reflection which often compel the reader to pause, and peruse again the expressive sentence.

It may now be asked, What has Foster done for the advancement of knowledge and the improvement of mankind? Little, *perhaps*, if we contrast his powers with the *visible* results of his life; but the same conclusion was made in the case of Coleridge; though it must not be supposed that such minds have passed through a long course, and, like shooting stars, left no trace of good behind. If a check has been given to frivolity, and many minds have been called from trifling pursuits to manly habits of thought, a great good has been accomplished, and the seeds of future blessings sown upon the earth. Such an end, it is presumed, Foster laboured to effect; nor will a considerate man deem him to have failed. Thousands must have had their intellectual faculties braced and hardened for the great work of life by his teaching, and vast numbers may yet derive similar benefits from his instruction. We must not regard every man a useless labourer who does not produce some novelty which we may touch or see; as some discovery in physical science, a new kind of steam engine, or a fresh explanation of astronomical phenomena. Such a mode of estimating will exclude from the ranks of the *useful* a Milton, a Shakspeare, and a Wordsworth. It is true we may regret that Foster isolated himself by eccentricity, or let us say nervous, peculiarities, from the great masses of mankind; but this insularity was a result of his peculiar genius, and formed a part of the man's character. Others will still more strongly grieve that the *nature* of his theological views should have disposed him to keep aloof from, and even to attack, those long-established forms in which religious truths have been handed down to us from remote ages. A third party of readers will condemn the vehement impulses which too frequently carried Foster away from just conclusions, and separated his force of thought from correct judgment. But, amidst all these regrets, let us not forget the originality and simple-mindedness of this distinguished writer, nor hide his merits behind his faults, so that the former shall become wholly obscured by the latter.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

THIS I know, not only by reading books in my study, but also by experience of life abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, best learned, and best men also, when they were old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young. Quick wits be apt to take, unapt to keep; soon hot and desirous of this and that, as soon cold and weary of the same again; more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far; even like our sharp tools, whose edges be very soon turned . . . Also for manners and life quick wits commonly be in desire new-fangled, in purpose inconstant, light to promise any thing, ready to forget every thing, both benefit and injury, and thereby neither fast to friend nor fearful to foe; inquisitive of every trifle, not secret in the greatest affairs; bold with any person, busy in every manner: soothing such as be present, whipping any that is absent:—of nature, always flattering their betters, envying their equals, despising their inferiors; and by quickness of wit, very quick and ready to like none so well as themselves. Contrariwise, a wit in youth that is not over dull, heavy, knotty and lumpish, but hard, tough, though somewhat stuffish,—such a wit, I say, if it be at the first well handled by the mother, and rightly smoothed and wrought by the schoolmaster, both for learning and whole course of living, proveth always the best. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep; painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without new-fangledness; bearing heavy things, though not lightly, yet willingly; entering hard things, though not easily, yet deeply; and so come to that perfectness of learning in the end that quick wits seem in hope, but do not indeed ever attain unto. Also, for manner, and life, hard wits commonly are hardly carried, either to desire every new thing, or to marvel at every strange thing; therefore they be careful and diligent in their own matters, not curious and busy in other men's affairs; and so they become wise themselves, and also are counted honest by others. They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart; not hasty in making, but constant in keeping, any promise; not rash in uttering, but wary in considering every matter, and thereby not quick in speaking, but deep of judgment, whether they write or give counsel on weighty affairs. And these be men that become in the end, both most happy for themselves, and also most esteemed abroad in the world.—*Roger Ascham*.

ERRATA.

In the stanzas entitled "A True Tale," which appeared in No. 74, the reader is requested to correct the following mistakes:—

Verse 4, line 2,—for "fair cadence" read "far cadence."
Verse 10, line 1,—for "frontal" read "fontal."

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PREFACE.

WE have so fully entered into detail, in the Address presented to our Subscribers in the columns of our last number for October, and explained so minutely our arrangements and intentions for the future, that little more remains for us to add.

Actuated by a sincere desire to advance the cause of truth and right principle, by striving, while we amuse, insensibly to instruct and elevate the minds of our readers, we have expressed a not unreasonable hope, that our endeavours will be met in the same spirit in which they are made, and that all good men and true will, by according us their support and assistance, advance the good cause, and enable us to extend the sphere of our usefulness. And that the task we have assigned ourselves, viz., that of providing wholesome food for the minds of the thousands whose sole reading consists of the cheap periodical literature of the age, is no light or unimportant one, our experience tends daily and hourly to convince us. The only alterations we propose making in the general conduct of the Magazine are, that we hope to introduce a higher and purer style of writing than has hitherto been observable in our pages ; that in the tales and stories inserted from time to time, a deeper and more elevated tone of feeling will be perceptible ; that we shall give more frequent notices and reviews of new publications, and that in every article we shall write with a view to cultivate the honest common sense, and instil the upright, healthy spirit which so peculiarly distinguishes the English character. To that clear good sense and sound judgment we confidently submit our pages ; only requesting our readers, if their opinion should prove favourable to us, to *take us in*, and advise their friends to do so likewise,—an equivocal recommendation, by the way, which we rely on their honesty not to misinterpret.

One word more, and we have done : should certain papers of a more humorous cast than have yet appeared in our columns be occasionally inserted, we must entreat our more sober-minded readers to pause ere they condemn us on this account, till opportunity shall have been afforded us to prove that our wit is tempered with discretion, and that, though always ready to promote a laugh, we shall never, we trust, be found willing to do so at the expense, either of good taste or of right feeling.

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Return of the Sennerin.

(See page 16.)

NATURE'S WITCHCRAFT.

ONE of the most distinguished cultivators of science in Paris, in the middle part of the eighteenth century, was the Abbé Nollet. He was the first to give to his countrymen a popular account of the brilliant discoveries of Newton on Light; and he was associated with Dufay in researches in Electricity, then occupying the attention of all Europe. His extensive acquirements in natural knowledge, his simple eloquence, and

benevolent disposition, gained him general love and esteem.

One day, at the beginning of July, 1736, he was seated in his study, preparing a lecture, when a country gentleman, a landowner of Andelis, a village on the Seine, was announced, requesting permission to ask the favour of the abbé on a point of importance. He was accompanied by several domestics, among whom was one whose pale and anxious face displayed the torments of his mind. The gentleman briefly stated that, being in

Paris on business, he was surprised that morning by a visit from his gardener, with the report that his garden was bewitched, and that, if means were not taken to arrest the evil, his tenants feared the whole estate might be similarly cursed.

"What leads you to suppose that your garden is bewitched?" asked the abbé.

"My gardener here," said the proprietor, "has brought me sundry rolls of leaves, which he says have been concealed here and there under the surface of the ground. I took them to my physician, who, though a very skilful man in his profession, was unable to explain the matter; but recommended me to apply to you as more skilled in such things than himself."

"Let us see these rolls of leaves," said the abbé.

Whereupon the gardener produced a small box, which he opened, and turned out upon the table some half-dozen rolls of leaves, curiously twisted into cylinders, two or three inches long. The abbé looked at them attentively, and inquired when they were found.

"The night before last, your reverence," said the gardener.

"How did you happen to find them?" asked the abbé.

"Why, your reverence, I was cleaning up the garden, and, thinking the walks did not look so tidy as they ought to do, I determined to put down a little new gravel. While walking along them, and looking down, my attention was caught by a number of holes. Stooping down to see the cause, I saw something green, like a leaf, sticking out. The gravel about it was very loose, and on removing some of the pebbles I saw one of these rolls. I had not to search far before I found a good many more."

"And you think these rolls are the work of a witch?" asked the abbé.

"Of a witch or a sorcerer," said the gardener, "and the abbé of our village thinks so too, and recommends holy water, and I don't know what."

A slight blush and a smile passed over the Abbé Nollet's face at the latter remark. Perhaps he thought the Abbé of Andelis would not be a worse curé if he knew something of natural history. "And why do you think these rolls of leaves the work of a witch, or a sorcerer?" he asked.

"Oh, because I don't believe a man could make such things; and if he could, why should he bury them in master's garden, if it were not by way of a charm? The whole village is full of alarm about it, and something terrible will happen if your reverence cannot help us."

"Have you opened any of these rolls?" asked the abbé.

"God forbid!" exclaimed the terrified gardener, as if the very mention of the thing was as dangerous as the thing itself.

"Well," said the abbé, "I strongly suspect these rolls are the work of neither witches nor sorcerers, but simply of insects, and are, in fact, nests for their young. I have in my possession some rolls not unlike these, which I know to be the work of insects. I will show them to you." The abbé then opened a cabinet, and pulled out a sliding shelf, on which various insects, their nests and eggs, were arranged; and among them was a roll similar in construction, but not of the same size, as those which had excited the terror of our honest gardener.

"This," said the abbé, "is an insect's nest; now let us open one of these which have caused you so much alarm." Whereupon he pulled one apart, and a large white grub fell out before the astonished eyes of his company.

The gardener's face, which before had expressed terror and dismay, now suddenly changed to delight and surprise. He rubbed his hands, laughed, and appeared like a man who had just escaped from some heavy calamity. His master exchanged a smile with the abbé, and the gardener was beginning to express his gratitude, when the abbé told him he would do him

a great service, if, on his return to Andelis, he would collect as many of these nests as he could find, and pack them carefully in a box, and send them to his friend M. Réaumur, at Bercy, by the mail. This the gardener promised to do, and the party took leave of the good abbé, well pleased with the result of their visit.

At an early hour the next morning, the Abbé Nollet proceeded to Bercy, in the neighbourhood of Paris, to the house of his friend and benefactor, M. Réaumur, the celebrated naturalist, who was then engaged in those studies on the habits and economy of insects, which have secured to him the reputation, which still attaches to his name, of being the best observer of insects that ever lived.

"You remember," said the abbé, "our conversation respecting some curious nests formed by insects out of leaves, a single specimen of which was sent me from Martinique."

"Perfectly," said Réaumur, "and I have been anxiously looking for similar nests in our own country. My rose-trees are visited every year by some insect which cuts out circular and oval pieces from the leaves; but I have never been able to find how they are used, although I have diligently dug up the ground all about the trees, and watched for hours, both by night as well as by day."

"A very odd adventure happened to me yesterday, which I think will help you out of your difficulty," said the abbé; who then related the adventure of the gardener, and ended by placing a number of the rolls before the delighted naturalist.

"Thanks, my kind friend," he said, and proceeded at once to examine his treasure. It consisted of a roll of leaf, or rather of several large oval pieces of leaf of the elm tree, perfectly dry and brittle; on removing the first two or three pieces, which appeared to form an outer case or envelope, about half a dozen little cups were seen fitting into each other like so many thimbles, the smaller end of one passing into the larger open end of the other, and forming altogether a sort of cylinder. On pulling this apart, a large worm was discovered lodged in a silken cocoon.

"Why, this is the nymph of a bee!" said Réaumur, "and I strongly suspect that this is the nest of a solitary bee hitherto unknown in this country. You have, indeed, brought me a treasure. Yes! here is a grub not so far advanced: it has not consumed all its bee-bread."

"My honest gardener has engaged to send you some more of these nests," said the abbé; who did not prolong his visit, since he saw how eager his friend was to study the specimens without interruption.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that insects provide for the continuance of their species by depositing their eggs in some safe place, with food at hand for the sustenance of the young grubs as soon as they are hatched. In many cases, the parent insect constructs a separate cell for each individual grub, filling it with food, depositing a single egg in the midst of the food, and then carefully sealing up the cell. In due time,—in some species not before the following spring,—the grub is hatched and begins to consume the food provided by its careful mother; it grows rapidly, and fills up its narrow cell in proportion as its food disappears. When nothing more is left to eat, the grub prepares for its metamorphosis; it spins a silken shroud or cocoon,

(1) His *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Insectes* extend to six thick quarto volumes, illustrated by numerous plates. They were published between 1734 and 1742, and contain the result of numerous observations made principally in his own garden, where he kept insects of all kinds, for the purpose of studying their habits, metamorphoses, &c. His style is somewhat diffuse, but for sagacity of observation, ingenuity of means, and cautious deduction, they are perfect models for the naturalist, and possess all the charms of a romance for the general reader.

(2) Bee-bread is a mixture of honey and the pollen of flowers, with which bees feed their young.

in which it entirely conceals itself, remaining perfectly motionless and without food often during the whole winter. It is now called a *chrysalis*, and is the transition state between a caterpillar with perhaps sixteen legs, powerful jaws, and a voracious appetite, and a winged insect with six legs and a tube or proboscis for sipping the nectar of flowers, or other liquid or juicy food. This is the *imago* or *perfect insect*, which passes a short but active life, employed chiefly in providing for another generation, which she is destined never to behold; for as soon as her nest is complete, and all her eggs deposited, she falls a victim to the first cold of autumn. Such is the general outline of insect existence; there are many variations, it is true, but these need not occupy our attention here.

As soon as M. Réaumur had received the promised supply of leaf nests from Andelis, he examined them very minutely. Each roll contained six or seven little cups of equal size, all concealed under a common envelope of leaves. These cups, as already noticed, fitted into each other, end to end, forming cells, each of which was destined to shelter a single worm from the time of its birth until it had attained the perfect insect form, and containing also the proper supply of liquid honey, or bee-bread, for its nourishment. All this was done with morsels of leaf skilfully arranged without paste or glue, but simply by lapping over each other in a curved form.

The pieces which compose each cell are of nearly the same shape. When cut from the leaf each piece is of course flat, but the bee knows how to bend it to her purpose, and she even folds down a portion of each piece so as to form a base to the cell. Three similar and equal pieces of a somewhat oval form are more than sufficient to form a cell three lines in diameter and about six lines long. Strength is given to the cell by making the pieces which compose it lap over each other, and they are retained in their places by the spring which they acquire in drying. A cell, however, of three pieces is not sufficiently strong to hold the grub securely, and prevent the escape of its liquid food; the careful mother, therefore, folds three more pieces round the cell, and adjusts them in the same manner, and sometimes three or even six more; so that it is not uncommon to find a cell composed of twelve pieces of leaf, all of the same size, or nearly so, skilfully and artistically folded into the form of a hollow cup, capable of holding liquid honey.

Nor is this all. The little pot of honey being placed horizontally, a cover must be provided to prevent the liquid from flowing out. As soon, therefore, as the bee has filled the cell with bee-bread, within about half a line of the top, and has deposited an egg, she cuts out a circular piece of leaf and fits it accurately into the open mouth of the cell. If one does not seem sufficient, she applies another, or even a third of these circular plates, which are kept in their places by the slightly conical form of the cell. The rim of the cell projects above these covers, forming a slight hollow, into which the bee carefully inserts the base of a new cell which is finished as before; and in this way she completes a pile of six or seven cells, forming a tolerably equal cylinder. Lastly, she covers up these cells with an envelope formed of larger pieces of leaf than those previously used, and thus the nest is complete.

M. Réaumur found the bee-bread in the cells to be of a reddish colour, of a sweet yet acid taste, and as fluid as honey.

Quand on sait ce que l'on doit chercher à voir, et où on le peut voir, on a une grande avance pour y parvenir, thought M. Réaumur on entering his garden, after having carefully examined the nests of the leaf-cutter bee. He examined his rose-trees, and found that portions had been cut out of the leaves exactly corresponding to the sections which composed the nests. He therefore determined to watch during several hours at different parts of the day, in hopes of seeing the insect

at work. He had not long to wait, for, about noon on the second day of his watch, he observed a bee alight on a shrub near the rose-bush to which he chiefly directed his attention, and, apparently finding every thing quiet, the insect came over to the rose-bush, placed herself beneath a leaf, seized with her two mandibles the edge nearest to her, and cut it as easily as with a pair of scissors, advancing first towards the principal nervure of the leaf, and then sweeping round again to its edge, soon detached a piece, with which she flew away. All this was done with as much rapidity as one could cut out a similar piece from a sheet of paper with a pair of good scissors.

M. Réaumur did not see this operation repeated more than two or three times during this season; but, in the following spring, no sooner were his rose-trees in leaf, than he cast an eye upon them every time he went into his garden, and, as soon as any of the leaves had been cut, he began to watch them: this was about the end of May, and he soon had the satisfaction of frequently witnessing the little artisans at work in collecting sections of leaves for their nests. During this season he made an immense number of observations, from which we select the following general remarks:—

When a bee arrives at a rose-bush, it generally hovers over it for some seconds as if to select a leaf. In the very act of alighting she seizes it between her mandibles, and begins to cut, not ceasing until the whole piece is detached. As the piece is cut, the bee bends it between her legs, and, when in the act of separating it from the leaf, she vibrates her wings; then, giving the final cut, she falls through a few inches, recovers herself, and flies merrily away. The facility and precision with which she cuts the different pieces, the oval, the semi-oval, and the circular, varying their size according to circumstances, are truly wonderful; without any guide but the instinct with which the Almighty has furnished her, she cuts out geometric figures in a position which one would think most disadvantageous to correct workmanship. Without rule or measure, and even without seeing the line along which she cuts, she is able to tell at a distance from her nest the exact size of the little circular lids to her honey pots, and also to adjust the varying dimensions of the oval pieces for the cells, and for their common envelope.

But, before the little insect begins to form her nest, she must excavate a tunnel in the earth for its reception. This is a work of great labour, in which she is entirely unassisted (the male taking no part in the concerns of the household): she has to dig and to remove much loose earth before a nicely rounded cylinder is completed, proper to mould the leaves to the necessary degree of curvature. This being done, M. Réaumur supposed her proceedings to go on in the following order: she first lines the tunnel with leaves, which, in fact, form the outer case or envelope of the pile of cells already noticed. Entering the tunnel with the piece folded between her legs, she spreads it out, pressing it carefully against the sides; she repeats this process many times, always using large oval pieces, until a very compact lining is formed. She then proceeds to construct the first cell at the bottom of this tube, and, having completed it, goes out to collect the nectar of flowers, covering herself at the same time with pollen; she elaborates the one in her stomach into honey, and discharging it into the cell mixes the other with it, thus forming her bee-bread. She next deposits an egg, and then once more visits the tree to cut out a disk of leaf, with which she stops up the cell. This cell being completed, and not before, a second is begun and finished in like manner, then a third, and so on until the whole is finished.

Although a great number of bees flew away every day with their segments of leaves, M. Réaumur had not as yet succeeded in tracing the locality of any one nest. Were he able to follow a bee to her home he would not be able, it is true, to watch her proceedings in her dark

abode; yet, by examining the nest when about half finished, some new circumstances might be developed tending to confirm the view taken of the course of the insect's proceedings in constructing her nest.

M. Réaumur was one day at Charenton, watching, with the patience of a naturalist, a bee excavating a tunnel for her nest, when, happening to raise his eyes to the surface of a terrace near him, he saw something green disappear in a crack between two badly joined stones. On cautiously approaching the spot he saw fly out therefrom a bee of a larger size than the rose-leaf cutters. She flew to a young chestnut-tree ten or twelve feet off, and cut out a large oval piece, with which she returned. She was soon out again for another piece, and in less than half an hour had made more than twelve excursions, returning laden each time.

As none of the pieces which the bees had cut were circular, M. Réaumur judged that the nest was only just begun, and that no cell was yet finished. He therefore determined to examine the work, to see if an outer case or envelope was really made first, as he supposed. The stones (below one of which the nest was situated) were covered with a grassy turf some inches thick, which being removed, he gently disengaged one of the stones, choosing for the purpose the moment when the bee had quitted the nest, after having remarked that her journeys occupied more and more time. As soon as the stone was removed, the pieces of leaf were soon rolled up into a sort of tube which immediately sprung open when relieved from pressure, because, not having had time to dry, they still retained their natural elasticity. It was, however, perfectly evident, that nothing but the outer case or envelope of the nest was as yet prepared. M. Réaumur put everything in order as well as he could, removed some of the loose earth which had fallen among the leaf cuttings, and carefully replaced the stone. He had not time to replace the turf when the bee arrived: she had no sooner entered her nest than she darted out, doubtless in alarm and amazement at the disorder and confusion in which she found her household. Soon, however, she took courage, and returned; and began to repair the damage, removing the loose earth by pushing it out with her hind legs. M. Réaumur watched her till eight o'clock in the evening, when he was obliged to return to Paris.

At the end of two days he returned to Charenton expressly to see how the little architect was getting on with her nest. He arrived at about five o'clock in the evening, and saw her enter the chink without carrying any leaf; he therefore thought it probable she was bringing in a supply of bee-bread. After she had gone out and returned two or three times without conveying any leaf, M. Réaumur removed the stone and found the nest now to consist of a tube nearly five inches in length. The leaves did not burst open as on the former occasion, for they had taken in drying a permanent bend. On introducing a straw at the open end, it penetrated only to the third of its length, the remaining two thirds being evidently occupied with cells. The stone was again carefully readjusted; but the bee, on returning, was evidently aware that all was not quite right, for she flew out in evident alarm; gradually, however, she took courage, and returned to her nest, which in due time was filled with the usual number of cells.

Such is the history of the leaf-cutter bee, for the knowledge of which we are indebted, first, to the simplicity of the gardener of Andelis, next to the enlightened and benevolent Abbé Nollet, and lastly, to the genius and skill of M. Réaumur; and it is highly creditable to this naturalist, to be able to state, that he made this history so complete, that little or nothing has been added to it. Mr. Newport has recorded a curious fact of one of these bees, which, being about to construct her nest in a brick wall, and finding the hole uneven, first carefully lined it with cotton, thus proving that the insect can vary its proceedings according to

circumstances. It may also be stated that the grub is quite white; that its cocoon consists of a thick solid silk attached to the sides of the cell. The exterior of the cocoon is of a coffee-brown colour, but the interior is a fine whitish silk, smooth and lustrous, like satin. So that, should the leaves become damp and decay, the cocoons afford a warm and dry abode, in which the insect, in one of its states of worm, nymph, or perfect fly, passes the whole of the winter.

C. T.

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A WILTSHIRE CURATE.

[GOLDSMITH'S Vicar of Wakefield was first printed in London in the year 1772. This circumstance, but little interesting to the generality of his readers, is merely mentioned, because it is possible that celebrated author took the first idea of his work from the British Magazine of 1766, which contains the Journal, or, more properly speaking, some Extracts from the Journal of a poor Wiltshire Curate. The editor of the British Magazine assures the reader of the undoubted authenticity of the Extracts, which are not indebted for any of their beauty to poetical additions or embellishments.]

It is, however, difficult to establish this authenticity upon any other grounds than inward conviction; and the kind reader is therefore requested to peruse these extracts, in all faith and confidence; perhaps he may be sufficiently pleased with them to regret that they are but extracts.]

December 15, 1764.—This day I received from Dr. Snarl, my rector, the sum of ten pounds sterling, being the amount of my half year's salary; but even this hardly-earned pittance was not obtained without undergoing much mortification. After waiting for three-quarters of an hour, I was at last shown into the rector's study. He was sitting in a large arm-chair at his writing table; my money was ready counted out beside him. He replied to my salute by a majestic nod, just removing for an instant the black silk cap which covered his head. Certainly, there is a great deal of dignity about him; I always feel somehow as if I was afraid of him. I do not think I should feel more awe in the presence of the king himself. The rector pointed to the money; and my heart beat powerfully when I attempted to give utterance to a request for a slight increase to my miserable salary. Although this request had long been prepared, and I had almost learned by rote the words in which I intended it should be proffered, yet my unconquerable *mauvaise honte* (which gives me the feelings of a criminal, even when doing the most innocent things) quite overcame me. I stammered, I trembled; thrice I began in vain; voice and memory both deserted me: large drops of perspiration stood upon my forehead.

"What is it you wish for?" said the rector, in a most condescending manner.

"What I wish is . . . every thing is so dear . . . with my small income, in these bad times, I can scarcely manage to live."

"Small income, Sir!—What are you talking about? Why, I could find another curate for fifteen pounds a-year, any day I pleased!"

"For fifteen pounds!—Well, if he has no family he might possibly manage to live upon it; but . . ."

"I imagine your family is not increased, Sir? You have but two daughters?"

"No, Sir, but they are growing up. Jane, the eldest, is not eighteen, and her sister Polly is twelve years old."

"So much the better. Can't the girls work for themselves?"

I was going to answer, but he interrupted me, rose from his seat, walked towards the window, and, tapping the glass as he spoke, said, "Well, I have no more time to waste. Consider whether you will retain the curacy with a salary of fifteen pounds a year, and let me know. If not, I wish you a better curacy by New-year's Day." He bowed civilly, and raised again his cap.

I gathered up my money, and took my leave. I was completely thunderstruck. Never before had he received me so coldly, or dismissed me so hastily. Doubtless, he must have heard something to my disadvantage. He never even offered me any luncheon, as he had always done hitherto, and I had reckoned upon it, for I left Cricklade early without breakfasting, and now felt faint and tired; however, I bought some bread in the town; and that was sufficient till I got home again. How subdued and disappointed I felt, as I retraced my steps! I wept like a child!—the bread I was eating was moistened with my tears! . . . At last, I roused myself: "For shame!" I exclaimed; "shame upon this weakness! Is this your trust in God? What more could you do had you lost the curacy itself? It is but a reduction of five pounds! though that is one-fourth of your little income, which must support three people; and though it is but a diminution of a few pence daily, still it will deprive us of some of our little comforts! And what then?—He who clothes the lilies of the field, He who feeds the young ravens, will not desert us!"

December 16.—"Truly, my Jenny is an angel! Her mind is still more lovely than her person. I am quite ashamed to see her so much better, so much more truly pious than myself.

I had not courage yesterday to tell the children of our misfortune. When at last I mentioned it to them, Jane became very serious; then smiling sweetly, "Do not be uneasy, dearest father," said she.

"Not uneasy!"

"No, indeed, you must not."

"My poor child, how can we ever avoid debt and want? I know not which way to turn. We wait so many things—and fifteen pounds will scarcely give us bread!"

Instead of answering, Jane put one arm softly round my neck, and, pointing with the other to Heaven, said, "There, father—there we shall find help!"

My little Polly seated herself upon my knees, and, stroking my face, said, "Do let me tell you a dream I had last night. I thought it was New-year's Day, and that the king, mounted on horseback, with all his court, came to our door. There was a piece of work! What a noise of drums and trumpets! What a clatter and confusion! Then we all set to work to roast and bake . . . However, the king had brought his own food in gold and silver dishes, and, when it was served, what should they bring in upon a crimson velvet cushion, but a golden mitre for you, just such a one as is on the bishop's head, in the pictures in the old Bible. You looked very well in it, though I was ready to die with laughter when you put it on. Just then Jenny woke me, which made me very angry. There must be some meaning in such a dream, particularly when it only wants a fortnight to the new year."

"Pooh! nonsense, child!" said I. "Dreams are all folly!"

"But," she answered, "dreams come from God."

I cannot help thinking so too, sometimes; so I have noted this one down, to see if it was really sent to console us. It is very possible we may receive some New-year's gift, which may be welcome to us all!

I have passed this whole day in calculating, though it is an employment I detest. All money matters puzzle my head, and leave my heart barren and empty, yet very heavy.

December 17.—God be praised! All my debts are paid, except one. I have paid away seven pounds, eleven

shillings; so that I have only two pounds, nine shillings, remaining, and with this I must keep house for half a year! God help me! The beautiful black suit, which tempted me so much in Outby the tailor's window, must now be given up, though I am sadly in want of it. To be sure, it was not dear, but Jenny must have a new dress. I cannot bear to see the poor girl going about in a cotton gown this cold weather. Polly must be satisfied with the merinos her sister wore last year, which she has turned and arranged for her so nicely.

I am sorry to say I must also give up my share in the weekly paper which I have been in the habit of taking with Westburn, the bookseller. I regret this very much; for without it, in this secluded place, one never hears what is going on in the world. They say that at the last Newmarket Races the Duke of Cumberland won five thousand pounds from the Duke of Grafton. How curious it is, that we should thus, every day, see the words of Holy Writ so literally fulfilled, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath!" Even I must lose five pounds from my poor little income!

But shame upon me, here I am again complaining! and why? Because I must give up the luxury of a newspaper. Shame upon me! Surely I shall know soon enough, whether Paoli can maintain the independence of Corsica. The French have sent assistance to the Genoese, but Paoli has at least twenty thousand veteran troops. However, it does not matter much to me.

December 18.—How happy we are all to-day! Jane has bought an excellent second-hand winter dress from a pedlar, wonderfully cheap, and there the two girls sit, working at it, as merry as possible. Jenny understands bargaining far better than I do; indeed, I almost think her sweet and winning manner makes people give her everything she wants on her own terms. How they are both laughing as they work! Jenny means to appear in it for the first time on New-year's Day; and Polly is prophesying what wonderful conquests she will make. No queen was ever so pleased with her diamonds, as these two girls with this simple dress: but, after such an expense, Jenny says we must be very economical.

What a worthy man is Westburn, the bookseller! I told him yesterday that I must give up the newspaper, because I had lost part of my income, and was not even sure of retaining the curacy itself. He shook me kindly by the hand, and said, "But I will continue to take it in, and you, my revered friend, will do me the favour of reading it as before." One should never be tempted to despair; there are many more good men in the world than one thinks; and full as many may be met with among the poor, as among the rich.

Same Day. Evening.—The baker is a hard-hearted man after all! The last time Polly went for bread, she found fault with it for being under weight, and badly baked; this offended him so bitterly, that he called her all manner of names, and ended by desiring she would tell me, although I am no longer a sixpence in his debt, that he would not serve me upon credit, and that we might get our bread elsewhere.

Poor Polly! We had enough to do to console her! I cannot make out how the inhabitants of Cricklade get all their news. Every one in the village says that Dr. Snarl is going to put another curate in my place. It would be the death of me! The butcher must have heard something of it. But for that, he never would have sent his wife to me, to complain of the hard times, and to tell me that, in future, he could only sell his meat for ready money. The woman was very civil, and repeated many times how greatly she esteemed and respected us. She advised us to try Smith, for the small

(1) It must be remembered that our curate had probably a provision of corn meal, dried vegetables, fruit, and other necessaries stored away for winter use.

quantity of butchers' meat that we require,—said he was better to do in the world, and could perhaps afford to wait for his money. I did not tell her how this extortioner had treated us during a year, when he sold us meat a penny a-pound dearer than to other people, charged us for a much larger quantity than we had, and, when at last we proved it to him, declared roundly, with many oaths, that his money must bring him in good interest, if he had to wait a year for it; and so showed me the door.

I now possess but one pound one shilling and three-pence in cash! What will become of us, if no one will give us the necessaries of life on credit, even for a quarter of a year! And if the rector should turn me out!—I shall be upon the wide world with my two poor children!—and is not God there too?

December 19. Early.—I awoke early this morning, and endeavoured to consider calmly the situation in which I find myself. My thoughts turned to Edward Sitting, my rich cousin, at Cambridge; but *poor* people have no cousins! If the new year were to bring me the mitre which Polly dreamt of, half England would find out they were related to me. After much deliberation, I wrote the following letter to Dr. Snarl; and have despatched it by to-day's post:—

"I write with a heavy heart; for every one says your reverence has determined to remove me; I know not whether there is any foundation for this report, or whether it only arises from my having mentioned to one or two persons the conversation I had with you. I have endeavoured to discharge the sacred office committed to my care with zeal and faithfulness; I have taught and preached the word of God in all its truth and purity: have given occasion for no complaints. My inmost conscience has nothing to reproach me with. I humbly requested a trifling addition to my salary. Your reverence immediately spoke of reducing the small income, which is barely sufficient to furnish me and my family with the absolute necessaries of life!—I appeal to your own feelings of humanity. I laboured with your predecessor during sixteen years, with yourself a year and a half. I am approaching to old age, my hair is already grey. Without friends, without a patron, without a hope of other preferment, or the power of obtaining my bread by any other means; the fate of myself and children hangs upon your word. If you desert us, nothing can save us from beggary and ruin. My daughters are now of an age to occasion me greater expenses, in spite of the strictest economy. The eldest, Jane, has filled the place of a mother to her younger sister, and does everything in the house. We cannot even keep a maid; my daughter cooks, washes, cleans the house, sews, &c. I myself perform the other menial offices of my little household. In one respect, God has most especially shown his mercy towards us. He has blessed us with excellent health, we are never ill. We could not have afforded medicines. My daughters have, in vain, attempted to obtain employment. They were ready to wash, to iron, to do any kind of needle-work; they can scarcely ever get it: for, in a poor village like this, all help one another, no one can afford to pay for assistance. It would be hard enough, if I must still endeavour to exist upon twenty pounds a year, but it would be still worse if I am to find myself reduced to fifteen pounds; but I trust in the goodness of God, and your own humanity; and humbly entreat your reverence speedily to put an end to my present state of anxiety."

When I had finished my letter, and given it to Polly to take to the post, I threw myself on my knees, and prayed for the blessing of God on the step I had just taken; and soon I felt strangely comforted and cheered; for a word addressed to God, has ever the same blessed effect as a word from him. I had entered my chamber bowed to the earth with grief, and now left it cheerful and composed. Jane sat working at the window. She looked as calm, as happy, as peaceful as an angel. Her sweet face beamed with joy and contentment. A faint

sunbeam shone through the little window, and illuminated the whole room. I felt inexpressibly happy. I seated myself at my desk, and wrote my Sermon "*Upon the Joys of Poverty.*" God grant it may infuse into the hearts of others a portion of the consolation I felt while writing it—while reviewing the joys and blessings which still remain to me, and giving vent to the feelings of thankfulness which they inspire! Even if it does good to no one else, it has been of use to myself; should my weak words comfort no other soul, they have soothed my own. But the preacher is like the physician, he knows the power of his remedies, though not always the exact effect they will produce upon his patients.

The same Day. Noon.—This morning I received a note from a stranger, who arrived last night at the inn, and entreated me to come to him for a few minutes upon pressing business. I went immediately, and found a handsome young man of about six-and-twenty. He had a noble countenance, and very prepossessing manners, but I remarked that his coat was old and shabby, and his boots patched in many places. His hat, though originally a much more expensive one than my own, was now much more worn and old. In spite, however, of his shabby dress, I could not help suspecting that the young man was well-born. He certainly had on a shirt of the very finest linen, and as white as snow, but it is possible it may have been a present from some benevolent person. He conducted me into a small private room, and after making a thousand apologies for the trouble he had given me, he confided to me, with some embarrassment, that he was in the greatest possible distress. He knew no one in this village, where he only arrived last night, and had addressed himself to me, the clergyman, as the only person from whom he could have the slightest hope of obtaining assistance. He told me his profession was that of an actor, but he was now without any engagement, and on his way to the town of Manchester. Unfortunately, however, he had got to the end of his money, and had not enough even to pay for his lodging, much less to carry him to the end of his journey. In his despair, he had recourse to me. Twelve shillings were all he asked for: and he promised, if I would advance him this small sum, to pay it me back faithfully and honourably, the moment he obtained an engagement. His name is John Fleetman.

There was no necessity for describing to me so fully his trouble and distress; his countenance expressed it even more vividly than his words; but he must have read something similar in my features, for, on raising his eyes to mine, he started, and said, "Will you not assist me?" I then confided to him the exact state of my own affairs, without any attempt at concealment: I told him, that what he asked of me was the fourth part of all the money I possessed in the world; and that I had great reason to apprehend the approaching loss of my curacy. His manner suddenly became cold and constrained, and he said, "You are relating your misfortunes to one still more miserable: I ask nothing from you; but is there no one else in Cricklade, who, if he does not possess riches, has at least some humanity?"

I felt rather confused and ashamed, and as if I had confessed my miserable position to Mr. Fleetman, in order that I might be hardhearted without blushing for it!—I thought over all my parishioners, but there was not one to whom I could venture to recommend him with a certainty of success. Perhaps I did not know their hearts sufficiently! I then approached him, and, offering him my hand, said, "Sir, you grieve me much. Have a little patience. You now know how poor I myself am, but I will help you if I can. In an hour I will give you an answer."

As I returned home I could not help thinking how extraordinary it was, that the stranger should have addressed himself to me!—an actor to seek help from a clergyman! There really seems to be something in me, which, like a magnet, attracts the unfortunate and the distressed! All who are in want turn to me, who,

unluckily, have so very little to bestow. Even if I dine with a friend, if there is a dog in the room, I am perfectly certain that he will come and rest his head upon my knee, and fix his eyes so beseechingly upon the morsels which I carry to my mouth, that I cannot help giving them to him.

When I got home, I related to the children who the stranger was, and what he wanted. I asked Jenny her opinion; she said, compassionately, "Nay, my dear father, I know well enough what you wish; you have no need of my advice."

"And what is it I wish?"

"You wish to treat the poor actor as you hope God and the rector will treat you."

I own this had not been my feeling; I wish to God it had! I took out the twelve shillings, and gave them to Jenny to carry to the traveller,—I should have felt humbled by his thanks. I can better bear ingratitude; besides, my sermon was very far from being finished.

The same Evening.—No doubt, the comedian is an honest man. When Jenny returned from the inn, she had plenty to tell me about him, and of the landlady too; for the woman had easily discovered that her guest had an empty purse, and my daughter could not conceal from her that I had furnished him with money, with which to continue his journey. This drew down upon her a long discourse on my improvidence, on the wickedness of encouraging tramps, of giving one's children's bread to strangers, that charity begins at home, &c. &c.

I had just settled myself to my sermon again, when Fleetwood entered the room. He said he found it impossible to leave Cricklade without thanking the benefactor whose generosity had extricated him from the most distressing situation. Jenny was just laying the table for dinner. We had bacon, and plenty of potatoes. I invited the stranger to share our meal. He readily accepted. Indeed, it must have been welcome, for I suspect he had but a poor breakfast. I sent Polly to draw some beer; and it was a good while since we had enjoyed such a comfortable meal. Mr. Fleetman appeared pleased with his reception; he soon lost the look of suffering and distress which he had at first, but preserved that modest, timid demeanour, which I have often seen in those who are a prey to the persecutions of fortune. He thought us very happy, and we assured him that he was right. He imagined I must be richer and better off than I chose to appear; but there he was in the wrong. No doubt the good man was deceived by the order and neatness of our rooms, where everything was bright and clean; our furniture, though plain, was in perfect order, the table linen white as snow, and spoons and forks as bright as hands could make them. One is accustomed to find dirt and disorder in the abodes of poverty, for the poor never understand true economy. But I always endeavoured to impress upon my late wife, and upon my daughters, that order and cleanliness are ever the very best economy; and Jane understands this thoroughly: she almost surpasses her poor mother, and brings up her sister admirably in the same way; I do not think the smallest speck would escape her quick eyes.

We soon became quite intimate with our visitor; but he spoke less of his own affairs, than of our precarious situation. Poor young man! there appears to be something weighing heavy upon his heart! God grant it may not be upon his conscience! I remarked that he sometimes suddenly ceased speaking, and a dark cloud came over him, which, with a strong effort, he threw off, and strove to be gay again. God help him! When he left us after dinner, I thought it my duty to give him a great deal of good advice; for I know that stage-players are often light and thoughtless people. However, he gave me his sacred promise, that as soon as ever he was in possession of the necessary sum, he would faithfully return what I had lent him. He must have meant what he said, for his words and manner were

noble and impressive, and he asked more than once, for how long the money which remained would suffice to procure us the necessaries of life. His last words to me were, "It is quite impossible that you should ever be unhappy; you have heaven in your heart, and" (pointing to my daughters) "two of God's angels at your side!"

(To be continued.)

ON THE SUPERIORITY OF VOCAL OVER INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

It would appear at a first glance, that there could be no question as to the superiority of instrumental over vocal music; the varied, complex harmony belonging to the one, would apparently be far beyond a power which has only simple melody at its command—at least comparatively speaking it can hardly be said to possess more. Why is it, then, that the most spirit-stirring instrumental music, however it may dazzle and delight, can neither at the moment make so deep an impression, nor yet linger with us through life, as the tones of some simple song from the lips of one who knew well how to feel, and to express, its beauty? That this is the case with persons in general will be readily conceded, and but one reason can be given; good singing really touches the heart, while instrumental music, with all its wonderfully-blended harmonies, capable indeed of dazzling, of delighting, possesses not the power, at least only in a very inferior degree, of making us feel; and it may be, too, there is something in the *mechanism* of an instrument which renders us less susceptible of music proceeding in any way from such a source.

There is also a most important cause of its want of permanent impression. A performer may be entire master of music as a science, and yet not possess one particle of feeling—he may be perfection in the knowledge and execution of his art, and yet be a mere automaton. Now with good singing this is impossible; feeling is its very essence, its being; it has no existence apart; and well may mechanism and science shrink before a power which fills the soul of the poet, the painter, the sculptor, which alone can create the beautiful in all things. None would assert that all instrumental performers are deficient in the more subtle and refined portion of their art; yet even Thalberg, with all his depth of feeling, can never speak as he would have done, from the soul to the soul, had nature given him the power of utterance without the mechanical medium of keys and wires.

Some persons rest the claim of superiority on an orchestra. We will speak of one which is unrivalled, the orchestra of the Italian Opera; and yet the audience, unquestionably persons of the utmost refinement, surrounded by perfection in every art, familiarised with the great masters of music in all their excellence, and therefore likely to possess the power of feeling and appreciating, yet these persons listen with apathy, or more properly, can hardly be said to listen at all, until the first low notes of the singer change in a moment the character of the whole scene. Shall we speak of one to whom, in all human probability, we shall listen no more, of perhaps the most exquisite singer England ever will hear,—of Rubini. When that most perfect voice fell on the ear, so unbroken was the stillness, that the vast house seemed filled only by an assemblage of statues, save only for the expression which soul-subduing influence called up into every face capable of expression at all. Let any one listen to Phillips's singing from the Messiah—it is impossible for any combination of sound to be more thrilling, more majestic, more perfect, than that single voice. When he utters the words, "And darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people," who does not tremble with a dim

elling of that desolation where the light of God shone not, even as "darkness which might be felt." We will imagine, as the last tones of the singer die away, the organ pouring forth the glorious magnificence of its music—magnificent it indeed is, and we shall acknowledge while we listen that it is indeed the triumph of art, but we shall feel that the first sound, the voice of the singer, was the triumph of nature. It may be remarked, that part of the effect produced by the Messiah is from the sublimity of the words. This will readily be conceded; but, as poetry and vocal music are so legitimately linked, are so entirely one, it is of their united charm we speak, in dwelling on the beauty of vocal music in its highest perfection. But we need not look so high as the inspired writings, or the noble melodies of Handel, for beautiful and lasting effects; none ever heard Moore's Irish melody,

"Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour,"

sung under the circumstances for which it was written,—sung at the parting hour by a dearly loved friend who could feel and express its exquisite spirit, without remembering it through life—without feeling, whenever the song might be heard again, though at the interval of years, that one evening come back, vividly as it had been but yesterday,

—"the day, the hour,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,"
remembered faces—familiar voices—the singer, the circle of "happy friends," it may be, dispersed never to meet on earth again; all, at the moment, would return with a distinctness, a reality, which we would defy all the instrumental music in the world to produce. The power to soothe and charm the present hour, to embalm the memory of the brightest past away, is surely not a light one, and may well claim pre-eminence over all the splendid perishing gratification which instrumental music can give. We willingly concede its scientific superiority, its more brilliant qualifications, but we claim for the union of melody with poetry, something more refined, more exalted, an abiding influence over the inmost soul which cannot pass away.

RAMBLES IN BELGIUM.

No. I.—OSTEND.

I HAD for a long time felt a great desire to see the Low Countries; my wish was gratified. After a voyage (for that it literally was) of two days, the minutiae of which I will not detail, I landed at Ostend. There is scarcely any sensation more pregnant with novelty, and a sort of confusion of ideas, than that which awaits a traveller from the shores of Old England, when first he sets foot on a foreign land. Something new, something strange is about and around him everywhere. New customs, new costumes, new ways, new habits, solicit his attention on all sides; and though the intercourse of all the continental nations with the inhabitants of Albion's isle has become more and more frequent, as civilisation, with all its concomitant blessings of steamboats, railroads, &c. has advanced, still novelty and a difference are visible in every aspect of the *terra nova*.

That such were my own feelings I must frankly confess, when, after a night's repose in the *Hôtel de la Cour Impériale*, I sallied forth to see Ostend.

First, the whiteness of the houses, so different to the exterior of our own habitations in smoky London: this had for me an extraordinary effect, inasmuch as I could not refrain from fancying that they had all been recently painted or cleaned. This very agreeable appearance arises from the fact of the prevalence of wood as an article of fuel.

Sensation the second, was produced by the garments of the populace, so picturesque and distinct. The many priests I encountered, with their flowing cassocks and tri-cornered hats, added very considerably to the grouping of the scene: their name in Belgium is legion: in almost every street, in every nook or sequestered spot, on the beach, in the outskirts of the town, there they were. I must say they did not give me the notion of rigid abstinence from rich men's feasts, for all that I saw wore of a very comely port.

Ostend, as well as I could ascertain, is not a very remarkable place: there are few remains of antiquity in it. It stands on a low flat shore, the sands of which, and the fortifications, especially the rampart, present a charming promenade for the many visitors who flock here, during the season, to avail themselves of the opportunities the place affords for bathing. Oysters are sent to all parts of the kingdom, and the Ostend oysters are considered of great excellence. There is a great deal of fishing carried on. One of their contrivances in the piscatory art afforded me much entertainment: a round net is fastened by loops to the end of a long pole, and repeatedly ducked in and out of the water: many of these nets were, however, left all night attached to boats; I had no means of knowing with what success.

I had an introduction to a widow lady, who resided in the *Rue de la Chapelle*, but it happened unfortunately that she had the day previous gone on a visit to some friends at Bruges, so that I did not see her. The grisette, a lively young Frenchwoman, gave me permission to see Madame's pictures: the gem of the collection was a small Rubens, equal to anything I ever saw by that master. I could not ascertain whether there was any particular lion visible in or about the neighbourhood.

The church has no especial feature to invite the attention of the tourist eager to behold others well known to fame. Far out at sea, you may descry the steeple, a very welcome sight to all who love not, and are not loved by, the rolling deep.

I was much amused with the obstinate adherence of an old epicier, to the faith of a *fact* somewhat dubitable. I certainly had heard that the celebrated "huitres d'Ostende" were really and truly an English importation, sent here to be improved, or rather educated, to suit the Belgian palate: indeed, I had seen the oyster parks a few hours previous to my conference with the Fleming. When I expressed my belief that the fish were not Ostenders, but English born, he had for all reply, "Monsieur, mais Monsieur, vous êtes trompé; c'est bien drôle, mais pardonnez, vous êtes trompé." The same worthy, on hearing me exclaim that I had not seen a tree in or near his patriotically loved dwelling-place, offered, with no small pomposity of manner and proudness of voice, to guide my ignorant person to a spot where I should behold a tree of large dimensions. A short walk brought us close to this famous specimen of the forest tribe. Shades of Pansanger, noble avenue of Hatfield, how you rose to my mind's eye, in your quiet, stately grandeur, with all your majesty of limbs rich with the hoar of ages! Imagine a common sycamore, in one of those out-of-the-way churchyards in the great metropolis, and you have before you an exaggerated specimen of the leafy glory of Ostend.

After a walk on the sands, and round the ramparts, I was not sorry to partake of a most comfortable and

well-served dinner. Nothing could exceed the spotless purity of the table-cloth, or the cleanly and neatly-arranged style of the whole apartment. It will not do to detain the reader over further particulars of Ostend, for within a few miles lies a town far more interesting, and one to which I will direct his attention speedily: but let us for the present pause.

THE WANDERER'S RECEPTION.

CHAPTER I.

THE sky was dark and stormy, the clouds sent forth torrents of rain, and all nature threatened a dark and dreary night, when an old man, tottering along the road, turned aside to rest against the stem of an ancient oak. His dress bespoke great poverty, his staff could scarcely support his weak frame, but no shrinking fear could be traced in his countenance; his white hair, blown by the boisterous winds off his wrinkled forehead, showed a restless, anxious eye; and, while his bodily infirmities demanded repose, he turned eagerly towards the road, his heart apparently longing to resume the journey. The large drops of rain could not cool his brow, and the lightning that played with destructive beauty around the branches above him, served to show more clearly his haggard and worn features. Could we have seen his heart, we should have discovered that, although his journey through life had been sad, yet the hope of future joys, and faith in the love and support of his Maker, had ever proved, as it still did, his strength and consolation.

The old man's eyes were closed, as if to shut out the distance between him and his destination, when a low, gentle voice recalled his attention to the present moment, and, looking down, he found a little child clasping his hand, in sweet tones trying to comfort him.

Stroking her fair hair, now damp with the falling rain, he inquired why one so young and tender braved the dangers of such a storm.

"I am looking," replied the little one, "for my dear 'Trust.' If you have seen a large black dog pass this way, pray tell me, that I may find him."

"Poor child! you must not wander to seek the animal now. While you speak so kindly of your favourite, have you no considerate parent to be uneasy at your absence?"

"They call me Mary. I never saw my father, but my mother told me he was not lost; and one day, when she was very ill, that she was going to him, that they would both wait for me, but that I must stay amongst the green fields till I was called to them. I never saw her again; and my aunt brought me to her home. I called 'Trust,' and he ran by the cart all the way; I cannot bear to lose him, he loves me better than any one."

"How is it you have lost your pet? and why have you been allowed to come out now to look for him?"

"This morning my uncle took me to school; I had never been there before, but my aunt has so many babies at home that she has no time to teach and love me. I begged very hard that my dog might come with me, but they would not let him, and when I came back he was gone; he would not eat the dinner they offered him, and I am sure he went away to look for me. I must find him; I am very unhappy without him;" and the tears ran down her cheeks as she spoke.

"I should not have thought it possible, this morning," reasoned the old man, "that I could turn aside during to-day's journey; but this little girl requires assistance, and I must place her under some protection."

Turning towards her he raised her drooping head, and desired her to tell him where she lived, that he might take her home.

"Not without 'Trust,' indeed, I cannot go back without him. It did not rain so fast, and there was no thunder, when I ran from home. I am sure if I could call loud enough he would hear me."

The little girl could not be persuaded to return without the missing favourite, and entreated the old man to let her go to a shed in the next field, where he might have taken shelter: it was quite in vain to tell her how unlikely it was that they should find the dog; and, rather than leave his young companion in distress, he moved towards the spot. The child put her little hand into his, and jumped forward as if to reach the hovel in one bound, but, when she found her friend so feeble, her heart reproached her, and, with a few tears at the idea of not seeking her pet, she begged that he would turn towards her aunt's cottage, where he would find rest, and could have his clothes dried; but, seeing he would not listen to her thoughtful proposal, and persisted in his intention to grant her former request, she determined that he should not expose his health on her account, and appearing to consent, and to guide him to the hut, she gently led him round the tree in the opposite direction, and did not discover to him her simple artifice till at the door of the cottage. With warm gratitude did the old man regard her; but, intent on securing him a welcome, Mary hastily let go his hand and pushed open the door, when, to her great joy, Trust sprang upon her with every manifestation of satisfaction at the meeting. Upbraiding him for running away, she drew near to her uncle, earnestly entreating him to take care of the aged traveller. She was soon made quite happy by seeing him seated by the fire, and partaking of their frugal supper.

Mary's long absence had caused some alarm, but she begged for forgiveness, and soon ran off to her bed. Quite exhausted with crying and running about in the damp fields, she directly fell into a sound, quiet sleep. Her aunt, wishing to point out how mistaken she had been in going at such a time to seek the dog, went to her room as soon as she could leave the other children. She felt unwilling to disturb her, and sitting down by the bed-side she watched her slumbers. The lightning still played round the house, but did not agitate the sleeper; her soft dimpled arms were crossed over her, her fair locks fell over her shoulders, and her half-closed lips seemed ready to impart some mystery of sleep: presently she moved uneasily, and with suddenly outstretched hands murmured, "Mother! Mother!" For the first time her companion felt tenderly towards the poor orphan. She had unhesitatingly taken charge of her as her sister's offspring, but, with none of her own, she had not paid any particular attention to Mary, and, seeing the child apparently happy, singing in the fields, and playing with Trust, she had felt contented about her. She was too generous to feel the addition to her family a burden, and without reluctance offered her such advantages as her own children enjoyed. Mary troubled no one, and had become so independent that none of the family thought of guiding her actions or consulting her feelings. Her aunt now felt drawn towards her, and she blamed herself for not having taken greater interest in the child's pursuits and tastes; gently bending over her and kissing her smooth brow, she prayed for strength to be able to take the place of that parent with whom the slumberer, in spirit, seemed now to be united.

CHAPTER II.

On joining her husband and their guest in the lower room, Martha, Mary's aunt, found the old man ready to relate the circumstances of his journey, and, on their expressing sympathy in his apparent troubles, he offered to recount the most important events of his life; to which proposal they willingly acceded.

"I was born in the north of England," he began, "and, in so remote a village as ours, my parents would

have found it difficult to provide instruction for me. They were not able to give me advantages themselves, and I shall never cease to feel grateful that events were ordained in such a manner as to afford me these benefits. Until I was nearly fourteen years of age I helped my father in his workshop; he was a carpenter, but I never much liked this trade, and for some time he spared me part of the day to attend the school, which an excellent clergyman, who had just come to us, had established; but as I became more useful my father required my assistance constantly, and I was obliged to leave my book. This privation made me very unhappy, and I fear discontented, although I had so many blessings around me. Soon after this change in my employment the elder son of our good clergyman was ordained to the holy office in which his father had set him so bright an example; he proposed taking me as his servant. Nothing could have afforded me greater satisfaction, and I soon became sincerely attached to my kind master; he bore all my youthful failings with charitable forbearance, and devoted some time every day to my instruction. As I became older I learned fully to understand his worth, and to appreciate the lessons he taught me: nothing could persuade me to leave him, although he promised to try and procure me a better situation. His charities were too extensive to allow him to give me very high wages, but I felt I was happier in trying to assist him, and could not tell what my temptations might be were I to leave him. When about thirty years of age I married a farmer's daughter; but until my dear master's death I continued to reside with him;—my wife acted as his housekeeper. When we lost his earthly presence we removed to a small farm in a distant part of the country; there we had the satisfaction of seeing our children benefit by the excellent advice I had enjoyed, which I was then enabled to repeat. One by one they left us for homes of their own, until we had only one daughter remaining with us; she was several years younger than the rest, and we looked forward to her cheering presence for some time; but at the early age of seventeen she attached herself to a young man of whom we knew very little. For some time we refused to consent to their union, but our poor girl seemed determined, and, as we could not give any decided objection, with reluctance we suffered him to take her from us; he appeared to have good prospects as a settler in Canada, and they sailed shortly after their marriage. My wife and I were then advanced in life, and after some few years of domestic peace, she was taken from me: I gave up my farm and spent my time amongst my children. I had not received any intelligence of my youngest daughter since her departure, until some months ago, when she wrote to me begging for tidings of her family; she dated her letter 'Southampton,' and desired me to direct my answer to a post-office in that town. She had just arrived at England, and intended coming to us as soon as possible; she never mentioned her husband. I instantly wrote and told her of her mother's death; but fearing that my dear child might want a home, I arranged that she should come to me at a cottage which I took for the purpose in the village where one of my sons resided. She never answered this letter, and, thinking that distress caused the delay, I enclosed her money for the journey. After this all my letters were returned, and months passed away without my knowing where she was until three days ago; I heard from a person whose name was unknown to me, that my daughter was very ill, and wished I would come to her: I had given up the cottage on finding that she was not likely to come to it, but I had spent nearly all that I had in making it comfortable. I was anxious to reserve some small sum for her use, and therefore determined to undertake my journey on foot; for two days I have travelled over tedious roads, in spite of bad weather and fatigue; this has brought me to the condition in which you find me. To-morrow I hope to reach my destination."

"You shall not proceed another mile on foot," interrupted Mary's uncle; "I am a farmer, and can send you on in one of my carts; my eldest boy can drive you, and my wife will find him some commissions to execute in the town which is the nearest to this village, and is not more than a few hours' drive."

The old man gratefully accepted this offer; and turning to Martha expressed a hope that more care might be taken of Mary for the future. He eagerly listened to her short history; asked several questions, and, when he had heard the whole account, he expressed his wish of residing near them, in order that the child might be with him constantly. "I cannot," he added, "say how deeply she interests me. Should my dear daughter be willing, I shall bring her back with me, and should be glad to be near those who would be kind and feel interested in us."

The farmer and his wife were much pleased with the proposal, and at once told him of a small cottage, not many yards from their door, which they knew was then vacant and likely to suit him; it was agreed he should stop and see it on his road the next morning. The night was now far advanced; Martha had made a bed for the old man in the sitting-room, and he gratefully sought the rest he so much needed.

CHAPTER III.

WITH early dawn little Mary awoke, and sprang eagerly to the window; the storm had passed over, and all around glistered in the morning sun; she fancied the birds welcomed her, and joined in her prayer and thanksgiving for the many blessings she enjoyed. While listening to their joyous songs, her little heart blessed the Great Giver of all mercies, and rejoiced that she was gifted with a mind that could understand and feel what their instinct alone made them value.

Impatient to visit "Trust," she was not long dressing, and ran merrily into the yard to unchain him; her joyous laugh soon brought the old man to her side; he gently remonstrated with her for the anxiety which she had caused the previous evening.

"I thought," answered the child thoughtfully, "that only mothers were anxious; my aunt is very good and kind; but you know I am not her own child."

"You have a Father who will guide you and direct you, if you will listen to His voice; He will take you to a home in heaven; but it is His will that you are now here; He allows you to enjoy the protection and affection of those around you; and you must learn to cherish, deserve, and feel grateful for their care."

"You love me; may I not come and live always with you?"

The old man's heart yearned to take the little girl under his own eye; she much resembled what the daughter he now sought had been in infancy.

On observing the old man's eyes so mournfully fixed on her, the little one felt quite frightened, and meekly inquired whether she had been very wrong in asking to live with him.

Not wishing the child to observe his emotion, he answered her by telling her of his intention to return soon, and perhaps stay in the village, when he should be able to see her every day.

"I shall be very glad if you will always be with me, and teach me what is right," exclaimed the child, clapping her hands; but seeing her friend still look grave, she became suddenly silent, and gazed inquiringly at his face.

"I cannot alone make you do what is right, Mary; you must seek such guidance from your Maker. Should He graciously deem me a worthy instrument to instruct you, I shall be thankful for being permitted to show you the path to perfect happiness. Come," he added cheerfully, "you shall now show me the cottage I hope to live in."

"We will call it our home," said the child, "for you know I may come and see you very often." Gaily skip-

ping along the path, but keeping tight hold of his hand, she led the old man to the spot. The dwelling was very small, but clean and neat; the little garden offered pleasant and profitable employment.

Mary gathered some flowers for a wreath for "Trust's" neck, who had kept close to her side, as if fearful of again losing her, and then, insisting on her companion's taking a beautiful little rosebud to remind him of her during his day's journey, followed him back to her uncle's house. Breakfast was ready; and soon after she was obliged to part with her new acquaintance. His blessing brought tears to her eyes; for she remembered the time when she came daily for her mother's kiss; she turned sadly away, but found her aunt by her side, with such a look of kind sympathy, that she, with surprised joy, received her caresses.

The traveller's history had much interested all who heard it; and Martha much desired that he should return and assist her and her husband in the guidance of their children. She was good-hearted, and endeavoured to do what was right herself, and to influence them to do so likewise; but she had not enjoyed the benefit of education, and lamented her own deficiencies too sincerely not to know that she was wanting in much, which she desired that her children should understand.

Mary sat silent in the porch, puzzling to find out what could make her cry so much; for she fully expected her aged friend would return; and she thought her aunt's kindness ought to have made her quite happy.

"Are you going to school to-day, Mary?" inquired little Johnny.

This question roused his cousin; she felt she had much rather stay away. "Trust," who had sat at her feet, with his head and paws resting on her knees, as if to express his wish to share her feelings and cheer her, now jumped up, wagged his tail, and looked wistfully in her face; she thought she would gladly escape to the fields with him, and hastily answered the little boy,—"I shall not go to-day, Johnny; you must go without me."

The astonished look of the inquirer, who had never seen her so irritable before, recalled Mary's sense of duty; and taking the child's hand, she told him to go with her to her aunt, that she might ask her.

Martha guessed what passed in her niece's mind, and tenderly sought to indulge her without allowing her to spend the day in idleness, which would make it appear so much the longer. "You shall take this bundle of work to the Squire's, instead of going to school; I want it carried home, and Mrs. Adams will perhaps be able to give you some more to bring back to me; James will be home in the afternoon, and you can return in time to meet him, and receive any news he may bring of your friend." Nothing could have given Mary greater pleasure than this errand. The kind inhabitants of the Hall were always good to her; took pleasure in instructing her; and encouraged her visits. Mr. Stanmore was very wealthy; but he had so conscientious a belief that riches were entrusted to him to benefit others, and to be a means of extending his duties as a Christian, that a large portion was each year put aside for the relief of his poor tenantry, and more for other charitable purposes. The only being on whom he lavished extravagance was his daughter. Her mother had frequently objected, when she was very young, to her having such large sums at her own disposal; but latterly, when she saw how her daughter had been led to view her wealth, she never checked her father, and thankfully allowed her the full control over what he put into her hands. This only child, so dear to her parents, had been brought up with every care; and her instructors now rejoiced to find that their precepts had taken effect on her heart,—her daily, hourly actions setting forth the principles which she had embraced. With her, Mary was a great favourite, and she would often call for her, on her pony, and take her with her when she visited the poor on her father's estate; they used sometimes to go some distance, and spend hours in the fields and woods; Ellen

Stanmore constantly made Mary ride. The child amused her with her ideas upon everything around them, and her friend took great delight in directing and improving her protégée. Their favourite resting-place was an old ruinous chapel; it was well shaded by ancient trees; and here they spent the hottest days of summer. Ellen brought books and work, and found a ready pupil; such a kind mistress soon became dear to the scholar; and when her aunt gave her the errand to Mrs. Stanmore, she rejoiced that she should have an opportunity of relating her adventures with the old man.

When she came to the housekeeper's room, she found Mrs. Adams very busy; she had also much affection for Mary; and when the ladies were engaged, made her sit with her, and the old woman took great pride in teaching her to work; but on this occasion she appeared too much occupied to attend to her. Mary gave her aunt's message, put down the bundle, and timidly inquired whether she might see the ladies.

"I am not sure that you can go to them to-day, but you can run round to Miss Ellen's sitting-room; she may be alone with her cousin, Miss Francis, who is staying with her; there are several visitors here now, but the young ladies spend some part of the morning in their own sitting-room."

Mary, for an instant, thought she would rather not see her friend than meet a stranger; but she remembered her desire to interest her in the old man's history; and, trying to be courageous, she skipped on to the lawn, and ran to the window, where she had so often found admittance. Peeping in, and knocking gently on the glass, she was disappointed to find only the strange lady there.

"I came to look for Miss Stanmore," she hesitatingly replied to the inquiry of what she wanted.

"My cousin will soon be here; what have you to say to her?"

To relate her tale to any one else seemed impossible; yet, fearing it was rude to refuse, she was much puzzled what to say, when Ellen's entrance relieved her; she warmly welcomed her little favourite, and soon employed her by begging for her assistance in arranging some flowers. The presence of a third person put a restraint on Mary, but she was happy in being useful. Some more flowers were wanted from the garden, and, carrying the scissors, she went with Ellen to pick them.

"I fear, Mary," said the latter, "we shall not have many more rides this summer; my cousin Anna will stay some months with me, and I must consult her wishes."

"But cannot she come with us; I am sure she would like to walk in the woods?"

"She would not, I think, find the attractions in nature that we do, and I believe would prefer a drive in the carriage."

"Then it must be that she has never seen them."

"We will not try to find out what her reasons may be; it is sufficient for us that we give up our own pleasure without a murmur."

Unfortunately, Mary was not inclined to be so contented, and would readily have expressed her dislike of such an obstacle, had she not feared that her companion would be displeased; looking at her peaceful countenance, she felt almost ashamed of her own thoughts, and walked on for some time in silence. At last she recollected that this might be the only opportunity for mentioning her new acquaintance. She looked doubtfully in her friend's face, half fearful that she might not have time to listen.

"I see, Mary, that you have something to talk about this morning; as we cannot indulge in our walks, and conversation at the ruin, you must learn to speak to me here."

"I would gladly do so; but although there are so many beautiful flowers here, and the birds sing around me as sweetly, I feel as if these neat walks and made-up

seats took away all the ease that I have with you in the woods."

"Dear child, you must not feel thus; all the beauties here are as natural, and I am as ready to hear you; such trifles should not influence you. Come, we will rest on this bench, it may not be as soft as our turf seat; however, it is in the shade."

But the child would not sit down, and remained timidly leaning on the arm of the seat, while she gave her account of her new friend.

"You certainly have found a pleasant acquaintance, and I hope he may prove a valuable adviser; but I cannot see why you should have hesitated telling me this before."

"The difficult part is to come: he loves me already; he has no one to take care of him, and I want to live with him; I can do a great deal of house work, and I would not then run about the fields all day; I want to learn all he has to teach me. I am afraid you will think this very bold of me, when he has never given me leave, and he looked so grave when I told him, that I thought you might do the same."

"This is a strange idea; and I can scarcely think you are right in dwelling on such a plan. I fear you are not sufficiently grateful to your aunt. Had you a more contented mind, you would be less restless, and happier where you are."

"But I am certain that the old man would teach me what was right much better than my aunt."

"Have you already learned perfectly all the duties which she teaches you? Is there nothing that she tells you, that you neglect?"

Mary felt that she was very wrong; the beautiful scenes that surrounded her seemed to reproach her; she covered her face with her hands, and now bitterly repented her ill-humour. She owned her errors, and knew where to seek for that forgiveness and direction which no human being could give her. After a few minutes' silence, she ran after Ellen, who had walked on; her smiling face was now as cheerful as ever.

"My heart is quite bright now," she exclaimed, "and I want you to grant me a favour before I go, then I can run home and wait for James."

"You may ask your favour; but I shall be obliged if you will carry the flowers in for me."

Mary had not intended to meet the stranger again, but, remembering how uncharitable her ill-temper had made her towards Anna, she ran in with her basket, and taking the prettiest rose she could find, laid it by her side; and without waiting for an acknowledgment, bounded back to Ellen.

"Now for my request. Will you promise to come and see my old man directly he comes? You know I may sometimes, if my aunt will let me, visit him; and if you were there at the same time, it would be almost as pleasant as the ruin."

"I will try and come, if you will first ask him whether he would like to see me; and if my cousin does not require my company."

"Will she not come with you?" In her heart Mary hoped Anna would not come; but she thought of her former bad feelings about her, and fancied she should thus make some amends, as she could not doubt that she would like the visit.

"We will see, Mary; I cannot say what would be most agreeable to her; but when you let me know that your friend is come, and willing to see me, I shall use every endeavour to come to him."

With this assurance the child was obliged to be satisfied; taking leave of Miss Stanmore, she returned to Mrs. Adams for the fresh supply of work, and was soon running down the road leading to her uncle's cottage.

(To be continued.)

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Painters.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

HAVING traced the history of some of the most eminent painters of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and French schools, we seek for instances of genius and celebrity in artists of our own country; and the name of Sir Joshua Reynolds is foremost on the list. His birth took place on the 16th of July, 1723, at Plympton, in Devonshire. His father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, had eleven children, five of whom died in infancy. He was master of the Grammar-school at Plympton, and he instructed his son in the classics himself.

When quite a child, Joshua's great delight was in copying his elder sister's drawings, and some prints which he found in his father's books, particularly in Dryden's translation of Plutarch's Lives; and in his eighth year he made himself so completely master of a treatise on perspective, which he accidentally met with, that he never had occasion afterwards to study any other book on that subject. He then put his knowledge into practice, by drawing, according to rule, the Grammar-school of Plympton, which was a building raised on stone pillars; and he accomplished his task so well, that his father was struck with this evidence of his little son's talents, and being fond of drawing himself, he encouraged his child in his love for the art.

Young Joshua now began to take the likenesses of his family and friends with tolerable success; and the perusal of Richardson's Treatise on Painting so delighted him, and inspired him with such enthusiastic feelings with regard to Raphael, that he considered that great painter to have been the most illustrious character of either ancient or modern times.

Until he was about seventeen years of age, he exercised his juvenile pencil in different parts of his native county; and at that period his father placed him under the tuition of Hudson, who was also a native of Devonshire, and the most distinguished British artist of that day. He remained in London, with Hudson, three years, and then left him in consequence of some slight disagreement, and returned to Plympton; this he afterwards considered to have been a fortunate circumstance, since it induced him to abandon the tame and insipid style of his master, and to adopt a manner of his own.

Reynolds was in his twenty-third year when his father died, and the young man was left to make his own way in the world; and, although he is said to have made but few efforts, and to have improved but little during the three preceding years, he now devoted himself assiduously to the practice of his profession, and, after the lapse of about four years, having been introduced to Lord Mount Edgecumbe, and to Captain, afterwards Lord Keppel, the latter, upon being appointed to a command in the Mediterranean, invited Reynolds to accompany him on the voyage. Having spent two months in the island of Minorca, he sailed for Leghorn, whence he proceeded to Rome.

The works of Raphael, in the Vatican, did not at first make that striking impression on him which he had anticipated; this mortified and dejected Reynolds, but, with becoming diffidence, he imputed the disappointment to his own want of taste, and his incapacity to appreciate the real excellence of a painter of whom he had conceived so exalted an opinion. He was, however,

consoled by the assurances of those with whom he conversed on the subject, that a similar effect had been produced on many persons of acknowledged genius; as the beauties of those great performances are by no means superficial, and require to be studied by the eye of a real artist in order to discover and appreciate their genuine merit.

In his Notes on Du Fresnoy, he says: "Notwithstanding my disappointment, I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I viewed them again and again. I even affected to feel their merit, and to admire them more than I really did. In a short time a new taste and new perceptions began to dawn upon me, and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art; and, since that time, having frequently revolved the subject in my mind, I am of opinion that a relish for the higher excellences of the art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, great labour, and attention."

It is not probable, however, that when at Rome he spent much of his time in copying, for in a preserved fragment of his writing he says, "the man of true genius, instead of spending all his hours as many artists do while they are at Rome, in measuring statues and copying pictures, soon begins to think for himself, and endeavours to do something like what he sees:" but he minutely examined the works of the great masters, and fixed in his mind their peculiar and characteristic merits.

Reynolds in the same paper says, that he considered general copying placed the student in danger of imitating without selecting; and that, as it requires no effort of the mind, those powers of invention and disposition, which ought particularly to be called out and put in action, lie torpid, and lose their energy for want of exercise.

After an absence of three years, he returned to England, and hired a large house in Newport-street, in London; and the first specimen he gave of his great ability is said to have been a boy's head surmounted by a turban, in the style of Rembrandt, which so attracted the attention of his old master, Hudson, that he called every day to watch his progress, and perceiving at last that there was no trace of his own manner in any part of the picture, he exclaimed:—"Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England!"

He soon afterwards painted a whole length portrait of his friend and patron, Admiral Keppel. It was so admirably executed, that it at once placed him at the head of his profession as a portrait-painter.

Reynolds possessed the art of uniting to a dignified characteristic resemblance of the head, an endless variety of spirited and graceful attitudes, picturesque back-grounds, novel and striking effects of light and shade, with great richness and harmony of colour. His performances at this period did not, however, possess those excellences to the degree which is observable in his later works; for he was one of the few whose efforts to improve ended but with his life. He was accustomed to say, that he never began a picture without a determination to make it his best; and his favourite maxim, which he was fond of repeating continually, that "nothing is denied to well-directed industry," seems to have been justified by his own unceasing progress.

Reynolds's portraits were not only correct likenesses,

but he had the happy art of diving into, as it were, and embodying the minds, habits, and manners of those who sat to him.

Though the landscapes forming the back-ground of many of his portraits are extremely beautiful, he seldom exercised his hand in regular landscape-painting. In the historical department, however, he was eminently successful, and has not only enriched various collections at Rome by his works in that higher branch of his art, but he extended the fame of the English school of painting to other foreign countries.

Soon after his return from Italy, Reynolds became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, and a friendship was afterwards formed between those two great men, which lasted until the end of their lives. Reynolds supplied his learned friend with three essays on painting, which were published in the *Idler*, in the latter part of the year 1759:—these essays were his first literary productions.

In December 1768, His Majesty, George the Third, was pleased to incorporate, by charter, the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, to be composed of the ablest and most respectable artists resident in Great Britain. Reynolds was unanimously elected president, and shortly afterwards the king conferred on him the honour of knighthood.

The expenses of this new institution were at first only partly met by the product of annual exhibitions of works of art, and the deficiency was supplied out of the king's privy purse. The aid of his Majesty's bounty was required for a few years, but the exhibition became eventually so profitable, as to suffice for more than the support of the establishment; and it still continues to afford a cheap and delightful annual gratification to the lovers of the fine arts, and to encourage the taste for cultivating and improving them.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, when president of the Royal Academy, voluntarily undertook the task of giving periodical lectures on painting; and, between the years 1769 and 1790, he delivered fifteen discourses, which contain such just criticisms on that difficult subject, couched in such clear and elegant language, that they compete with the efforts of his pencil as monuments of his fame.

The Empress Catherine of Russia was so pleased with the perusal of these lectures, that she sent Sir Joshua a gold box with a *basso-relievo* of her Imperial Majesty on the lid, set round with diamonds. Within the box was a complimentary note written with her own hand.

In 1773, the University of Oxford honoured Sir Joshua Reynolds by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. In the summer of 1781, he went to the Netherlands and Holland, and on his return he wrote an account of his journey. It contains much excellent criticism on the works of Rubens, Vandyck, Rembrandt, &c., which he saw in the churches and collections at Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent, in the Dusseldorf gallery, and at Amsterdam.

The elegant translation of Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*, by Mr. Mason, was published in 1783, with a very ingenious commentary by Sir Joshua Reynolds, consisting chiefly of practical observations on, and explanations of, the rules laid down by the author of that poem; and in the following year he was appointed principal painter in ordinary to His Majesty, in which office he continued until his death.

Sir Joshua had now reached the highest step in his profession; but he was a man whom prosperity could not spoil. His whole life, until his sight failed him, was passed in the unwearied practice of the art which formed his chief delight. His house was filled to the remotest corners with casts from the antique; statues, pictures, drawings, and prints by the various masters of all the different schools and nations; and thus he was constantly surrounded by objects of amusement, of study, and of competition.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was rather under the middle size; his complexion was florid, and his countenance had an honest, lively, and pleasing expression. His manners were polished and agreeable, and he possessed a constant flow of spirits which rendered him at all times a most desirable companion. His hours of recreation were chiefly passed in the society of his numerous friends and acquaintance; and at his hospitable table were assembled, in succession, for above thirty years, almost every individual in the three kingdoms who was distinguished for his attainments in literature and the arts, or who was remarkable for his eminence in the pulpit or at the bar, in the senate or in the naval and military service.

This amiable man was always ready to be amused, and to contribute to the amusement of others, and anxious to receive information on every subject which presented itself. In the exercise of his professional talents, he was, as we have shown, indefatigably assiduous, and he neither suffered a failure to make him despond, nor success to render him negligent.

In conjunction with Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua established the Literary Club, a society which can boast of having had enrolled among its members many of the most enlightened characters of the last century.

From the period of Sir Joshua's return from Italy, he had the misfortune to be very deaf; this affliction arose from a severe cold which he caught when painting in the palace of the Vatican near a stove, which attracted the damp vapours of the building. When in company with several persons, he was obliged to use an ear-trumpet to enable him to enjoy and share in the conversation of his friends; and such was the serenity of his temper, that what he did not at once hear he never troubled those with whom he conversed to repeat.

For a long series of years, Sir Joshua enjoyed excellent health, which has been in a great manner attributed to his custom of standing to paint; but in the year 1782 he was afflicted with a paralytic affection, from which he soon recovered; but in 1789, whilst painting the portrait of Lady Beauchamp, his sight became seriously affected, and it was with difficulty that he could proceed with his work. He had recourse to the aid of the most skilful oculists, but he was shortly afterwards deprived of the sight of his left eye.

After many struggles, he made up his mind to desist from painting, lest his right eye should also fail him. This resolution must have been the result of a painful effort, since it deprived him of an occupation, which he loved more for its own sake than for the great emolument which it produced. Nevertheless, his usual flow of spirits remained unchanged, and he enjoyed the society of his friends as much as ever. In the latter part of the year 1791, however, he became afflicted with disease of the liver; he bore this painful malady, and a confinement to the house of nearly three months, with

great fortitude and gentleness, and expired at his house in Leicester Fields, on the 23d of February, 1792, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

On the 3d of March following, his remains were interred in the crypt of St. Paul's cathedral, near the tombs of Sir Christopher Wren and Vandyck. A great number of the most distinguished persons in this country attended his funeral, and the pall was supported by three dukes, two marquesses, and five other noblemen: indeed, every respect that could be paid, by an enlightened nation, to the memory of worth and genius, was displayed on this occasion.

THE FALSE MERCHANT.

SIR FELIX was a warrior of high prowess, but therewithal of small possessions and slender income, and careful of his little patrimony. Summoned to the defence and rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, he looked around for one in whose hands he might repose confidence: for he had sold his few fields in order to raise a sufficient following of armed esquires to enable his banner to be raised with credit on the fields of Palestine. Some little of his money yet remained, and Sir Felix desired to place it with some man of trust, that it might remain for him, should he ever return from his hazardous expedition.

Among all the merchants of the imperial city no one bore a higher or more extended reputation than Cautus; from east to west, from north to south, his agents were in motion, and every nation recognised the power and the energy of the great Roman merchant; the wild hordes of the deserts of the east, and the roving bands of the Scythians, were alike in his pay,—the hired guardians of the long files of camels, or the countless waggons that bore his goods from one nation to another people.

"His argosies with portly sail,—
Like signors and rich burghers of the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—
Did over-peer the petty traffickers,
That cowered to them, did them reverence,
As they flew by them with their woven wings."

To outward appearance, no man was more calm, or less excited by good or evil fortune, than Cautus. The least part of his affections seemed placed on his many ventures; he cared little how the wind blew, whether fair or foul, and seldom consulted in his maps for the ports or tracks to or over which his vessels were sailing.

"His ventures were not in one vessel trusted,
Nor to one place; nor was his whole estate
Upon the fortune of a present year;
Therefore his merchandise made him not sad."

To this merchant Sir Felix went.

"Good Sir," said the knight, "I come to entrust you with the little that remains to me of my paternal fortune, after raising my followers for the Holy Land, and furnishing their and my equipments. There are a thousand pieces of gold; receive them in trust for me should I ever return. If I fall in Palestine take them to yourself. For nor wife, nor child, nor relative have I, and of my wealth none can I take with me to the grave."

"Freely do I receive the trust, Sir Knight, and

honestly will I, if it so please you, employ your money until you come, that you shall receive back your own with interest."

"Nay, nay, good merchant, I am no trader; make thou what thou wilt of the gold, so that I do but regain my money on my return."

With these words Sir Felix turned to leave the house of the merchant, when Cautus stayed him.

"Sir Knight,—stay, Sir Knight, until I can give you a written acknowledgment of the trust, and a bond to return it on your demand."

"Nay, nay, Sir Merchant," rejoined the knight, "no scholar am I. If I cannot believe the word of Cautus, how can his bond profit me?"

Years passed over before the merchant and the knight met again. Mixed fortune had followed the merchant; some of his ventures had gone to wreck, but the majority had come to a good market, and the wealth and reputation of Cautus was greater than ever. Far different had been the fortune of the crusader. His life indeed had been spared to him, but sickness had borne down his frame, and death in every form had destroyed one by one the gallant and faithful band that had followed his person. Eager to regain the small sum he had deposited in the hands of Cautus, the knight made his way to the imperial city.

Meanly clothed in a pilgrim's dress, Sir Felix entered the splendid house of the merchant.

"What news, Sir Pilgrim?" said Cautus.

"But little good, Sir Merchant. Disease and war wear down the bodies of the holy warriors, and dissensions weaken their strength. I, too, have suffered; and now I return to redeem the pledge with which I entrusted you on my departure."

"The pledge, good pilgrim—what pledge?"

"Dost thou not know me?" asked the knight, as he bared his face and head. "Sore as disease has wasted me, many must there be that know me."

"Sir Pilgrim, I know thee not—who art thou?"

"Am not I the knight Sir Felix, and art not thou the merchant Cautus, in whose hands I placed a thousand pieces of gold, when I sailed for the Holy Land?"

"Nothing know I of thee or thine, Sir Knight; but come, if that thou sayest be true, show me my bond, and I will pay thee that I owe."

"I have no bond," rejoined the knight.

"No bond, Sir Knight,—and yet wouldst persuade a merchant that thou didst entrust him with a thousand pieces of gold? Go to, ask of any man whether the merchant Cautus ever takes a pledge without giving his bond. Go to,—thou art a bold impostor."

"If thou wilt deny thy trust, Sir Merchant, at least have pity on my distress, and of thy abundance give me that which thou dost deny me of my right."

"Away, Sir,—away, Sir; to a case of real woe and misery, the ears of Cautus and his wealth were ever open, but to an impostor he has nothing to give but punishment. Go, Sir Pilgrim, for thy garb's sake I refrain from giving thee up to justice."

Driven from the merchant's house amid the sneers and threats of Cautus and his subordinates, Sir Felix wandered haplessly through the noisy city, and sought the silence of the fields without its walls. Wandering along a bye-road, deeply grieving over his miseries, the knight met an old and feeble woman, dressed like himself in the weeds of a pilgrim. Hardly able to support herself on her staff, the old woman tottered along, stumbling over the stones that lay scattered in her path. In pity on her condition, Sir Felix moved some of the impediments out of her path, and assisted the devotee to a part of the road whereon her shoeless feet might walk with less pain and discomfort.

"Thanks, good father, for thy kindness. Old as I am, and worn with fasting, prayer, and travel, methinks my aged features bear a less mournful appearance than thine."

"Good mother," rejoined the knight, "sorely have I suffered in the Holy Land by disease and wounds; but now more grievous is my loss, for he to whom I had entrusted the little remnant of my property denies the pledge, and drives me from his house as an impostor."

When the old devotee heard the whole of the knight's story, she bade him take comfort and follow her advice: then the old devotee sent for a crafty workman, a man of trust and ability, and he made by her order ten large and fair chests of wood, well adorned with ornamented locks and hinges, and enriched with curious devices and colours on the outside. When these chests were well filled, she sent for ten porters, and told them to take the ten chests to the house of Cautus, each successive man to be at least several minutes after his predecessor. With the workman she went herself to the merchant's house, and told Sir Felix to come in with the porter that brought the first chest.

"Good mother," said Cautus, as soon as he saw the old woman come tottering in, and recognised her as a devotee of great repute, "good mother, what can I do for thee?"

"My son," replied the old woman, pointing to the workman, "this my friend leaves Rome to-day for Egypt, and would find some safe place for his great wealth. To thee, my son, for thy known probity, have I brought him; and look, where the first of the ten chests in which it is contained is now being brought hither."

At this moment the porter entered with the first chest, and placed it with apparent difficulty on the ground. Hardly had Cautus expressed his thanks to the old devotee, and her supposed friend, before Sir Felix entered, and not far behind him was seen another porter staggering under the second chest. Only too glad to sacrifice the thousand pieces to obtain the treasure of the ten chests, the merchant hastened to Sir Felix and embraced him with every demonstration of joy.

"Ah, my friend, my dear knight! where have you been? when did you return? Receive, I pray you, the gold you entrusted to my care, and take the interest it has made during thy absence,—three hundred like pieces. Come, my dear friend, receive thine own."

Whilst Cautus was paying Sir Felix his money, the ten chests continued to arrive, until the whole number were arranged on the floor, and gladdened the eyes of the merchant with their external glitter, and apparent weight.

"My son," said the old devotee, "there be yet more than these ten chests; we will go and see after them; do thou take care of these during our absence."

With these words the old devotee and the workman left the shop of Cautus and followed Sir Felix. Every day, every hour, Cautus expected their return, but they came not; the ten chests were borne into another ware house, and the merchant regarded them as his own, as he had given no document for them. After much delay, his avarice overcame him, and he proceeded to open the first chest. The labour was great, but endured gladly in the hopes of the treasure within: at last, lock after lock was forced, and the lid kept down by its own weight alone. Sending every one away, Cautus entered the closet and approached the chest: with a trembling hand he raised the heavy lid, and held the lamp over the box, that he might better scan its contents. With a sudden scream he reeled backwards, and the lamp fell from his hand, and was broken on the stones with which the box was filled. With the three hundred pieces he had given to the knight, he had purchased nought but tons of pebbles.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

THE RETURN OF THE SENNERIN.¹

From the German of Anastasius Grün, by M. H.

THE mountain tops are glancing
With ice all silvery sheen,
And autumn from the valley
Strips the wreaths of leafy green.

The slopes around the village
Still verdant meadows show,
But all the meadow flow'rets
Are withered long ago.

Hark! Hark! What from the mountain
Like joy-bells peals along?
What through the dale resoundeth
Like sweetest bridal song?

'Tis, with her herd returning,
The youthful Sennerin;
Down from the Alps she cometh,
Her home once more to gain.

The fairest of her heifers
Bears tinkling bells with pride,
With fresh flower-wreaths bedecked,
Moves foremost like a bride.

Round her in frolic measure
The whole herd press and play,
As gay young friends together
Make glad some festal day.

The swarthy bull, as stately
As such a chief should be,
Brings up the rear, as Abbot brings
A bridal company.

Before the nearest dwelling
Three times the maiden cries;
Through alp and dale and village
Far, far, the glad sounds rise.

The matrons and the maidens
All quickly round her stand,
And warm and true the Sennerin
Reaches to each her hand.

"A thousand welcomes, fair and fresh,
Brought from green alpine height!
How long, how very long since we
Have met each other's sight!

"For all the long, long summer
I sat there quite alone
With the herd and with the blossoms,
As sunlight—moonlight shone."

With look serene her greeting
She gives to the young men,
To one alone, the bravest,
She gives no greeting then.

He never seems to heed it,
Lets it pass with smiling mien;—
Can it be true that fair one
So long he hath not seen?

He wears a hat all garlanded
With Alpine roses round;—
Ne'er blooming in the valley
Are such Alpine roses found.

(1) Sennerin.—The young girl who has the care of the herds sent to the higher region of the Alps in summer.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

ANECDOTE OF LORD KENYON.

AN interesting anecdote of Lord Kenyon's sensibility was related in the House of Commons by Mr. Morris, in the debates of 1811. Of the occurrence that gentleman had been an eye-witness. "On the Home Circuit," he said, "some years since a young woman was tried for having stolen, to the amount of forty shillings, in a dwelling-house. It was her first offence, and was attended with many circumstances of extenuation. The prosecutor appeared, as he stated, from a sense of duty; the witnesses very reluctantly gave their evidence, and the jury still more reluctantly their verdict of guilty. The judge passed sentence of death; she instantly fell lifeless at the bar. Lord Kenyon, whose sensibility was not impaired by the sad duties of his office, cried out in great agitation from the bench, 'I don't mean to hang you; will nobody tell her I don't mean to hang her?' I then felt, he justly added, 'as I now feel, that this was passing sentence, not on the prisoner but on the law.' This deserved reproach never startled the learned judge, who was a devout believer in the perfection of the penal laws; and, without rising superior to the prejudices of the age in which he lived, gained a reputation for mercy above his colleagues, by yielding more frequently than they did to the impulses of compassion. His humanity, active in cases of life and death, so far as his conscience would allow, was less alert in behalf of those criminals to whom secondary punishments had been awarded; and never slumbered so soundly, as when a fashionable libertine was to be amerced in damages; a seditious libeller to be sent to gaol, or a knavish attorney to be struck off the rolls."—*Townsend's Lives of Eminent Judges*.

It is much safer to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him. Victory deprives him of his power, but reconciliation, of his will: and there is less danger in a will which will not hurt, than in a power which cannot. The power is not so apt to tempt the will, as the will is studious to find out means.—*Feltham's Resolves*.

In former times a popular work meant one that adapted the results of studious meditation, or scientific research, to the capacity of the people: presenting in the concrete by instances and examples, what had been ascertained in the abstract and by the discovery of the law. Now, on the other hand, that is a popular work which gives back to the people their own errors and prejudices, and flatters the many by creating them, under the title of the public, into a supreme and unappealable tribunal of intellectual excellence.—*Coleridge*.

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True Walter.

(See page 32.)

MEMOIR OF BERNARD DE PALISSY,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF COLOURED GLASS AND OF ENAMEL.

THE two problems of Aristotle, (if indeed they ever were propounded by that philosopher,)—Why do we see through glass? and, Why is it not malleable?—comprise, perhaps, the earliest written mention made of that substance. Many authorities concur in assigning the merit of the discovery to the Phœnicians, and the assertion of

Pliny is often cited which attributes it to accident. Some storm-driven mariners were boiling their food on the sands, at the mouth of the river Belus, (a small stream running from the foot of Mount Carmel in Galilee,) where the herb kali was growing abundantly, and are said to have perceived, that the sand, when incorporated with the ashes of this plant, melted, and ran into a vitreous substance. It is certain that the sand about this spot was well adapted to the manufac-

ture; and probably the glass-houses of Tyre and Sidon were supplied thence with this material, which may have given rise to the tradition.

According to the Venerable Bede, we are indebted to the Abbot Benedict or Biscop, the founder of the Monasteries of Jarrow and of Weremouth, for the introduction of glass into England: he brought over into our land, from France, glaziers, as well as masons; by which means, the stately Abbey of Weremouth became celebrated, not only for its architectural beauty, but also for the glass windows with which it was decorated. As soon as glass became known in France, it was used as a luxury in the dwellings of the rich; and in this respect they were far before their English neighbours; for it was not until the eleventh century that glass windows were at all commonly used, either in private dwellings, or in public and religious edifices, throughout England. Even as late as the reign of Elizabeth, the glass in the windows of Alnwick Castle was taken down from the nails which attached it to the frames, and laid by, during the absence of the Earl and Countess of Northumberland: and, generally speaking, it was considered rather in the light of moveable furniture, than as forming part of the house.

It appears probable, that the art of colouring glass was discovered and prosecuted at a period very little subsequent to that of the manufacture of the article itself: the most ancient authors, who have mentioned the existence of the material, have also recorded the fact of its being tinged with various colours, in imitation of gems. It was long, however, before the art of transfusing the colouring matter through the whole mass of the glass became known. The date of true painting on glass may be fixed about the middle of the fifteenth century; its tints were then enamelled by the action of fire, and thus remained in pristine beauty, as long as a fragment was left of the window they had adorned. Jacques l'Allemand, and the celebrated Albert Durer, in Germany; Henri Mellein at Bourges, and Leprince at Beauvais, were the first men of genius who responded to the call of the newly awakened science: but while they were occupied in developing all its powers, and applying them to their noblest use in decorating the Cathedrals and Churches of their native land, others, again, thought that it might likewise be employed on porcelain, so that the potteries of modern Europe should rival those of the ancient world.

It may be well, before we enter on the life of the singular man to whom the art of the potter is so much indebted, to give some account of that peculiar branch of it which he brought to a high degree of perfection; and, in doing so, the connexion between painting on glass, and the production of porcelain, will become evident. Enamel in glass made opaque by the oxide of tin, and rendered fusible by the oxide of lead: all glasses that contain lead participate in the properties of enamel: it is necessary to vary the composition of the glaze, in order to suit the different materials that form the body of the ware; since that would be a very fine glaze for one mixture of earths, which would be wholly inappropriate to another, proving deficient in lustre, and being liable to crack. No philosopher had then discovered, as long afterwards Reaumur did, that "the Chinese porcelain was a semi-vitrified compound, in which one portion vitrifies at that degree of heat, and enveloping the infusible part, produces that smooth, compact, and shining texture, as well as transparency, which are distinctive of true porcelain." At the time Bernard de Palissy was seeking the secret of enamel, only the coarse earthenware was known in France, which served for the commonest purposes; and, if not its inventor, he had at least the merit of discovering it as it were a second time, and of introducing it into his native country. He was born near Blon, a village in the old diocese of Agen, in 1499;

his parents, in spite of their poverty, had him taught reading and writing, which at that time was a great deal. A land surveyor, who had come to Agen to lay down a plan of that part of the country, remarked young Bernard's singular precocity, and the attention with which he watched his operations, and asked his parents' leave to take him away with him to learn his business.

This was readily granted, and such progress did he make in practical geometry, that he was often employed in making out charts of contested property by the local authorities, and in mapping out districts, when he had scarcely ended his apprenticeship: but, besides this, which was his regular avocation, he occupied himself in drawing and in painting on glass, and was sent for to many places, as his name became known, to adorn both churches, and the castles of the nobles, with windows of stained glass. In 1539, Palissy quitted his native village, and established himself at Saintes, where he married: here he had the mortification of seeing his various modes of obtaining a livelihood become daily less profitable, and employment itself was often not to be had. In the comparative idleness which thus was forced upon him, he gave himself up more and more to the indulgence of scientific theories; he felt the working within him of energies which had never yet been called into full action, and, in this state of mind, a beautiful cup of enamelled porcelain, which had probably been made at Faenza, in Italy, fell into his hands. This happy accident gave a fresh impulse to his genius, and was the means of leading him into the path in which he was destined to excel: from that moment he thought only of how to produce a similar vase; what had once been accomplished he knew might be done again, but he had not the power of obtaining the experience of others, and his first essays were made in the dark. Giving himself wholly to this one object, he entirely abandoned painting on glass, which, however unproductive he had found it, had at least sufficed to give bread to his family. Palissy burnt the clay himself, mixed it with various ingredients, covered it with ever varying preparations, and tried them, with constantly renewed hope, in the furnaces of glaziers, and those of potters; but he was doomed as constantly to disappointment. He represents himself in his "*Traité de l'Art de Terre*" as alternately building and demolishing his furnace, for on this, he found at last, that his success would ultimately chiefly depend. In those days, a man who, like himself, was endowed with genius, which placed him in advance of his neighbours, and with perseverance to carry out his views, was almost sure to be suspected of sorcery, and his friends soon began to look upon him with terror; others imagined him to be a coiner of false money, from which one would have thought his poverty must have been a safeguard, and the more charitable thought him mad: but worse than all this was the consciousness of the poverty to which he was reducing his family.

His wife and children continually implored him, with tears, to renounce his chimerical hopes, and to return to any one of his former honest employments, which would bring back comfort to his home. He has described in terms of bitterest feeling the conflict in his own breast at this time, and we cannot fully applaud his determination under such circumstances to persevere in his perilous course; yet he bore outwardly a cheerful countenance, and strove to inspire them with the confidence he felt himself, that he should one day place them in affluence, and be enabled to overpay with happiness all the privations they were enduring then. Fifteen years thus passed away: Palissy was still firm in his conviction, and yet had not succeeded; and nothing short of producing enamel in all its perfection would satisfy him.

One day, when he thought himself on the very point of attaining the great object of his life, a workman, whom he had engaged to assist him in his labours, suddenly announced his intention of leaving him, and

insisted on receiving the wages that were due to him: Palissy had no money, and paid him with the few clothes he had left. He had now to do all his work alone, to prepare his colours, and to heat and watch the furnace that his own hands had made. Once more he found himself on the verge of success: he placed in his oven a vase, on which his last hopes were centred, and ran for wood to feed the fire; but what was his consternation at finding it all consumed? He stood for a moment overwhelmed with despair, but it was only for a moment;—he rushed to his garden, and tore up the trellis that supported his fruit-trees, broke it in pieces, and heated his furnace: up sprang the flame once more, then sunk into the deep red glow that promised the fulfilment of his desires; but again it burnt low, and this time, he lost no time; for want of fuel, he had recourse first to his chairs and tables, then to the doors; after them, the window frames were consumed, and at last the very flooring of his house fed the furnace.

It was the final effort of the artist, but this effort insured his triumph. One long shout of joy echoed through the dismantled dwelling; his wife and his children ran to him. Was it a cry of exultation or of despair? Palissy showed them the vase he had just taken out of his furnace: it was bright with the imperishable colours that till then he had only seen in dreams, since he had once beheld the goblet of Faenza! While yet they scarcely could believe that their trials were over, he was again calm: he had always expected to succeed sooner or later, and he had now to perfect his discovery. It was not long before his beautiful works found their way into all parts of France, and fortune smiled at last on the man of genius who had endured so much.

The king, Henry the Second, wished for vases and figures to adorn the gardens of his palace, and Palissy was commissioned to make them: soon afterwards he sent for him to Paris, and gave him apartments at the Tuileries, with a patent, which set forth that he was the inventor of a new kind of pottery, and under the especial protection of the king, the queen, (Catherine de Medici), and the Constable de Montmorenci: he was known at Paris by no other name than that of Bernard des Tuileries.

Bernard de Palissy is worthy of our admiration, not only for the intelligence, and the love of the beautiful, evinced by his discovery, but also for its utility. It was to him in process of time that France owed her transparent porcelain, which even now England can scarcely rival: he may be styled the father of ceramic art; but the services he rendered to his country did not end here. He showed himself no less persevering in imparting to others the knowledge he had won with so much toil and sorrow, than he had been in obtaining it for his own advantage. He formed the first cabinet of natural history that France had ever possessed: he lectured on this science, as well as on those of chemistry and agriculture, before the ablest physicians and the profoundest scholars of his day; and in his lectures he substituted positive facts, and ocular demonstration, for the fanciful and superstitious doctrines of the science of that period. Palissy had thought deeply, and struggled long to bring forth his thoughts into actual realities, and now he spoke simply, but with the eloquence of truth, knowing that neither his words, nor his life, would fail of influencing the minds of his audience. Thus also he wrote with singleness of purpose, and in a style which, though he knew neither Latin nor Greek, reminds one of the style of Montaigne. Every page of his "*Traité de l'Art de Terre*" breathes an unspeakable charm; there he tells us the story of twenty years of anxiety, labour, and dire privation, and we feel our hearts sink at the recital of so much suffering. Bernard de Palissy warmly embraced the principles of the Reformation. He was arrested at the time of the first edict against Protestants, framed at Orleans by Henry the Second in 1559: he recovered his liberty in consequence of the intercession made for him

by the Constable de Montmorenci to the queen, and it was owing to the same powerful protection that he escaped from the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. In the course of time, however, he was again accused of heresy, and dragged to the Bastille, within whose dismal walls he died with consistent firmness when he had passed his ninetieth year. E. O.

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A WILTSHIRE CURATE.

December 20.—This day passed quietly, though I cannot say very pleasantly; for Loster, the grocer, sent me in his bill. It was larger than I expected, considering what we have had from him, although we never sent for anything without writing it down ourselves. But, though it agreed with our account, he had increased the prices of every single thing. The worst is, there are still some arrears from last year, which he begs me to pay, as he is in great want of money. The whole amounts to eighteen shillings.

I went to Mr. Loster, a civil and well-behaved man; and hoped to persuade him to take half on account, with the promise that I would pay the remainder at Easter. But he was inflexible, and regretted that necessity might oblige him to have recourse to extreme measures. If it had been possible, he said, he would willingly have waited, but he was obliged to make a remittance within three days, and, in trade, punctuality is everything. I saw that any further remonstrances were useless, and as I could not run the risk of being arrested for debt, as he threatened, I sent him the entire sum: by which means, I now possess but eleven shillings in the world! Please God, the actor may soon repay my loan; if not, I know not where to turn for help. But if you know not, weak and doubting man, there is One who knows it! Why is your heart so troubled? You have no crime wherewith to reproach yourself, and in the eyes of God poverty is no sin!

December 24.—After all, what slight things will make one happy. We are all delighted with Jenny's new gown, in which she looks as lovely as a bride. She means to appear in it, for the first time in public, at church on Christmas-day. She tells me every evening how small the day's expenses have been. To be sure, she sends us all to bed at nine o'clock, to save coals and candles: but there is not much harm in that: the girls work harder in the day-time, and they lie chattering together till past midnight. We have a good provision of potatoes and dried vegetables, and some bacon; and Jenny thinks we can manage to get on for six or eight weeks without running into debt: which would indeed be a great feat; and, before that time, we trust Fleetman will repay me honourably what I have lent him. If I ever express the slightest doubt upon the subject, Jane gets quite angry with me; she will let no one speak ill of the actor. He is constantly the subject of our conversations; it is strange how much the two girls have to say about him. His appearance was a great event in the uniformity of our life, and will give us something to talk about for at least half a year. Jenny's indignation is really quite amusing when Polly teases her, by saying, "What a pity he is nothing but a player!" She tells her of all the great performers in London, who have been known even to dine with royal princes, and says she is certain Fleetman will become one of the very best actors in the world: that he has great abilities, much grace and dignity, and a beautiful choice of language in speaking.

"Yes, indeed," said Polly, silly; "a beautiful choice of language, for he called you an angel!"

"And you too!" said Jane, half angrily.

"Oh, yes, I was thrown in to the bargain, but his eyes were fixed on you when he said it."

This childish talk made a painful impression on me. Polly is growing up; Jane is eighteen. What prospect have I of ever being able to provide for the poor girls? Jane is a lovely creature, modest, and well-educated; but everybody in Cricklade knows how poor she is, and it will be difficult for her to find a husband. Now-a-days, an angel without money is not thought half so much of as a devil with a sackful of guineas. The only advantage that Jenny gets from her sweet face is, that she is kindly treated wherever she goes. The other day, when she carried the grocer his money, did he not make her a present of a pound of almonds and raisins; and assure her that he was much grieved at being forced to take the money from me; and that, if I chose to employ him again, he would give me credit till Easter? He never said as much to me! But if anything were to happen to me, who would protect my unfortunate children? . . . Who but their Heavenly Father, and their own good name, which may procure them some honest service? Let me not torment myself about the future.

December 26.—These last have been two painful days. Never have I passed so sad a Christmas. I preached five times in the two days, and in four different churches. The roads from one village to another are dreadful; the wind howled, the rain fell in torrents. I begin to feel that I am no longer young. I am not as active or as cheerful as I used to be. Perhaps living so much upon potatoes and vegetables, and drinking nothing but water, has made me thinner and weaker than I used to be.

I dined both days with Farmer Hurst. People are more hospitable in the country than in towns; it is more than six months since anybody has thought of asking me to dine with them here. What plenty! what profusion! Ah, if my poor daughters had only been with me! Could they but have had the remnant of the farmer's feast to celebrate their Christmas! However, they have had some cake for their share, which they are enjoying famously at this moment. How lucky it was, that I had courage, when the farmer and his wife pressed me to eat, to say that, if they would allow me, I should like very much to take some cake home to my daughters. These excellent people made me up a large parcel of good things, and, as it was raining furiously, sent me home in a covered cart. Certainly one ought to be content if one has enough to satisfy hunger and thirst, but it is impossible to deny that a good dinner is a very comfortable thing. One feels more in charity with the whole world; one's ideas are more liberal and enlarged.

December 27.—This has proved a most joyful day; but we must learn moderation even in joy. This is a lesson which I must teach my daughters; and therefore I have laid aside, unopened, the packet of money which has just reached me from Fleetman. I will not break the seal till after dinner. My ladies are true daughters of Eve; they are dying with curiosity to know what Fleetman says: they have studied the direction over and over again, and take up the packet every minute to examine it anew. To say the truth, I am more astonished than pleased. I lent Mr. Fleetman but twelve shillings, and now, from the superscription, I find he has sent me five pounds sterling. He must have met with some extraordinary good luck.

What a mixture of joy and sorrow is this life! I called this morning on Squire Fieldson, the magistrate, to endeavour to ascertain the truth of a shocking report which reached me yesterday, that Colonel Brooke, of Wottonbasset, had cut his throat. The extreme disorder of his affairs was said to be the reason of this dreadful act. He was a distant connexion of my late wife's, and some years ago I was induced to become security for him for the sum of a hundred pounds, and he still possesses my bond to that amount. The poor man has met with many misfortunes, and latterly has taken to drinking. Mr. Fieldson has rather quieted my anxiety, although the same report had reached him;

but he seems to think it quite impossible that poor Brooke could have made away with himself, at least no official intelligence has been received, so I came quietly home, praying to the Almighty to spare me this new misfortune.

Then it was, as I approached the house, that Polly rushed to meet me, almost breathless with delight, screaming out, "A letter from Mr. Fleetman, father, enclosing five pounds!—it is written on the outside; and there's sevenpence to pay for the postage." And, before I had put down my hat and stick, Jenny, with a face as red as fire, came and put it into my hands. The children seemed really out of their wits with joy. However, I rejected the scissors, which they produced, to open the packet without breaking the beautiful seal, and said, "Now, you see, my children, how much more difficult it is to bear great joy with self-possession and calmness, than great sorrow or distress. I have often wondered at your cheerfulness when we were enduring many bitter privations, and scarcely knew how we should provide for the morrow. Now the first smile of fortune quite turns your little heads; so, to punish you, the packet shall not be opened till after dinner." In vain Jenny assures me, she is not half so much pleased with the money (much as we wanted it) as at the excess of Fleetman's gratitude, and his honourable conduct; she says she is only impatient to know what he says, and whether any good fortune has befallen him. I persist, however, in my determination. This childish curiosity must be punished.

The same Evening.—Our joy is quickly changed to grief. The money and letter were not from Fleetman, but from Dr. Snarl, who informs me, in answer to my letter, that, from Easter next, my duties as his curate cease. He tells me I shall have sufficient time, in the interval, to look out for another curacy; to facilitate which, he not only encloses me the last quarter of my salary in advance, but has given instructions to my successor, if I do not object, to take my duty immediately.

So, then, there was some truth in the reports which circulated in the town, and there may be even some foundation for what I have just heard, that the new curate has received his appointment so speedily, in return for his complaisance in marrying a relation of the rector, whose character was not quite as good as might be wished. So I am to lose my place, and my children's bread, to hide the misconduct of an unprincipled woman!—and I, and my poor innocent girls, are to be turned into the street, because there exists a man base enough to purchase advancement with his own dishonour!

Jane and Polly turned as pale as death when, instead of news from Fleetman, I read out to them the rector's cruel letter; and they found the packet to contain, not the liberal gift prompted by gratitude, but the last and bitter wages of the labour of years. Polly threw herself back in her chair, sobbing aloud; Jane hurried out of the room. My hands trembled so, that the letter fell to the ground. I, however, hastened to my closet, shut the door, threw myself on my knees, and endeavoured to pray, still hearing my poor child's sobs. Soon I arose, consoled and tranquillized, and opened the Bible. The first words on which my eyes fell, were, "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine." (Isa. xlii. 1.) Fear and distrust fled from my bosom, and, raising my hands to Heaven, I exclaimed, "Yea, Lord, I am thine!" Polly's sobs had ceased; I returned softly to the room; but, when I beheld the sweet child kneeling, her hands folded, while a beam of consolation lighted up her face, I went back to my closet, closing the door gently, that I might not disturb her. Jane soon entered the room, and I then joined my daughters, who were seated at the window. I saw, by Jenny's red eyes and pale cheeks, that she, too, had bitterly felt this last blow. They both looked timidly in my face; I believe they

dreaded to read those traces of despair; but they soon recovered their spirits when I spoke cheerfully to them, and they found me resigned and comforted. I picked up the money and the letter, and carelessly humming a tune, I placed them in my desk. They spoke no more on the subject; I dared not touch upon it again; kindly and tenderly, they wished to spare my feelings, and I feared to betray my weakness to my children!

December 28.—It is well that we let the first fury of the tempest pass without looking too narrowly into the devastation which it must bring with it. We all passed the night calmly, and we now speak of Dr. Snarl's letter, and of my destitution, as a misfortune which is worse in anticipation than in reality. We form a thousand plans for the future, but no one is exempt from this bitter drop;—we three must separate! Nothing better can be devised, than that Jane and Polly should find employment in some honest and respectable family, whilst I travel about in search of an occupation, which shall give bread to myself and children. Polly is as gay as ever; she has been chattering about her dream, and the bishop's mitre. She appears to me to reckon almost superstitiously upon this New-year's gift; for my part, I do not reckon upon it; yet it does so happen, that, at times, I think of it. As soon as ever my successor is ready to come to Cricklade, and take the duty, I will give up my house to him, and seek my fortune elsewhere. In the mean time, I shall write to-day to two old acquaintances at Salisbury and Devizes, to endeavour to find situations for my daughters. Jane would make an excellent nursery-governess. I will not leave them at Cricklade. In this little place the people are narrow-minded, proud, and selfish;—they think of nothing else now but the new curate. Some condole with me, and regret that I must leave them; but I know not if it is from the heart!

December 29.—I have written to-day to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, representing to him my melancholy, hopeless state, after being so many years a true and faithful labourer in the vineyard of the Lord. He is said to be a pious and kind-hearted man. May God turn his heart towards me!—for, surely, in the extensive patronage which he has at his disposal, there may be some little corner for me. I do not desire much!

December 30.—Merciful God! is there no end to my misfortunes? Is it really come to this? Is there no shelter for my misery and distress but the walls of a prison? Alas, I see too well that it is inevitable!

My brain whirls round; it is in vain that I strive to recover my former composure. I have not even strength to pray! The shock is too great! Yes, I repeat it—a prison is inevitable. I must bring myself to contemplate it without this unspeakable terror. May the merciful Lord have pity on my children! I will not.... I cannot tell them.... Oh, that the hand of death might save me from this disgrace! My limbs fail me.... A cold shudder runs through my veins, the pen drops from my trembling hand....

Some Hours later.—At last, I am better. I strove to throw myself on my knees, to pray to my Heavenly Father; but I was not myself. I sank upon my bed. I think I slept; perhaps it was a fainting fit. I lay there for three hours. My daughters came in search of me; they covered my feet with cushions; they rubbed my hands, and bathed my face with vinegar. I am still weak in body, but my mind is recovering its tone. All that has passed seems to me as a dream! It is too true that Colonel Brooke has put an end to himself. Squire Fieldman sent for me to tell me there was no longer any doubt on the subject, and that he had left an immense number of debts. He told me that my bond was in the possession of Withell, the linendraper, at Trowbridge, who would probably require its payment immediately: he recommended me to take measures to liquidate the debt, and expressed the utmost commiseration for the distressing position in which I had so imprudently placed myself. Good God! A hundred pounds! How

is it possible for me to raise such a sum? My whole property is scarcely worth a hundred shillings! Brooke was always looked upon as a highly honourable man, and supposed to be in good circumstances; how could I have suspected he would come to such a wretched end? The whole of my wife's little property was spent during her long illness; I was even obliged to sell the small piece of land she inherited from her father, at a price far below its value. Now, I am a beggar!—a beggar, but not free; for if Withell is not generous, if he insists upon immediate payment, what is there to save me from arrest—from languishing the rest of my days within the walls of a prison?

Same day. Evening.—Now am I, indeed, ashamed of my weakness. I, a firm believer in an Almighty Providence, a minister of the word of God, to despair; to weep; to lose my senses; to be so utterly cast down at a blow dealt by His hand,—a trial permitted by His mercy and justice! I thank God, I have now done that which is right. I have written to Mr. Withell; I have acknowledged my bond, and at the same time confessed to him my utter inability to meet my obligation; and that he is at liberty to arrest me for debt whenever he thinks proper. If he has any humanity, he will consider my situation, and not proceed to extremities; if not, he may drag me where he will; I will offer no opposition.

When I had performed this duty, I determined to try the courage and strength of mind of my children. I wished to prepare them for the worst. Ah! these girls have surpassed the man in courage; the servant of the altar, in piety and submission to the will of God!

I told them of Brooke's death, of the engagement I was under, and the possible consequences thereof. They listened anxiously and attentively, until I uttered the word, *prison*.

"To prison!" cried Jane, weeping and throwing herself into my arms; "You, dearest father, the best, the most virtuous of men! What have you done to be thus overwhelmed with misfortune! Let me go to Trowbridge,—I will throw myself at Withell's feet, and never rise till he has released you from your debt."

"No, no," said Polly, sobbing, "that would be useless. These tradesmen are all alike. He would not remit one farthing of our father's debt, for all your tears and supplications. I will go; I will bind myself to the linendraper. I will work for him night and day, until the labour of my hands has extinguished the debt."

With such plans as these, they tranquillized themselves by degrees; but they soon comprehended how vain were all their hopes. At last Jane exclaimed:—"Why should we form such fruitless projects! Let us at least wait for Withell's answer; if he is inflexible, we must submit. God is present everywhere. He will not desert you, even in a prison. You will perhaps find greater peace there than in the miserable life we have lately endured; for you are innocent, and shame, at least, can never reach you. We two will go to service, and with the labour of our hands will procure you the necessaries of life. I would even beg for you, were there no other resource. It were both holy and sweet to beg for a father! Sometimes we should visit you. Fear not, you should want nothing,—we would take good care of you. Oh! do not let us despair."

"Yes, Jenny, you are right," said her sister, "those only despair, who have no faith in God. I fear nothing. I will be gay,—gay as I can possibly be when separated from you and my beloved father."

These conversations insensibly helped to calm me. How right Fleetman was, when he said God had given me two angels to support me through the trials of life!

December 31.—The year is ended. In spite of many storms and troubles, it has been rich in blessings and mercies. True, at times we had nothing to spare;

but we have never been in want of the positive necessities of life. My mind was often oppressed with bitter sorrows; but even those cares brought their joys. Now all I possess is barely sufficient to ensure us food for half a year; but how many are there who know not where to look for it the succeeding day. I have lost my curacy, am turned out at my age, without employment or support; have even the fear of a prison before my eyes, where I may languish for years, far from my sweet children — But Jane is right. "God is present everywhere." My innocence will be my support, and a clear conscience will bring peace, even in the depths of a prison. Self-denial is true riches; and the real Christian will equally despise the disgraces and honours of this world. He who thoroughly despises the world has conquered heaven. I find the word of God is daily becoming more clear to me, now that I study it in the school of adversity. The commentaries of scholars may explain its words,—they never reach its spirit; and there is no interpreter of the Gospel equal to the heart. With these grateful reflections I close the year.

I rejoice much that I have persevered lately in keeping this journal. Every man should do so. Man learns thus to know himself better than by the most abstruse studies. When a man daily notes down his own thoughts and feelings, paints his own features as it were, he learns by the end of the year that he has many different aspects. No one knows himself for long together; few know what they were yesterday, still fewer what they will become to-morrow. A journal serves also to strengthen one's confidence in God and Providence; the whole history of the world falls to impress it in so lively a manner, as the knowledge of the thoughts, feelings, and sensations which pass through a man's mind in the space of a few minutes. I have also this year experienced the truth of the old saying, that "misfortunes never come alone;" and also, that "when things are at the worst they must mend;" therefore, now the first shock is over, I rejoice that the worst is come to pass, and that hereafter nothing will have the power of overcoming my fortitude; while, on the other hand, if things go well with me, I rejoice in trembling; but dare not give myself up to joy, the greatest deceiver of the human heart. But it is also true, that no danger close at hand is ever so alarming as when afar off; no storm so black and heavy, as when seen in the distant horizon.

DIARY OF A JOURNEY FROM ALEXANDRIA TO SUEZ.

BY A CADET.

19TH DECEMBER, 184—.—It was on this day that, after braving great perils by sea and land, we arrived in the Bay of Alexandria, at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and I rushed up from dinner to look at the city; but we were too far off to see anything distinctly. The steamer immediately became a sort of little Babel inside and out. Inside, were the passengers shouting and screaming for their friends, their luggage, and so forth; and outside, were the boatmen, for we had been surrounded by boats the instant the anchor dropped, screeching, yelling, and fighting like so many fiends.

After some difficulty, four others and myself, having managed to secure a boat, set off, leaving our baggage to come on shore at leisure, and only taking with us a small package each, containing what would be necessary for two or three days.

The distance to the shore was about half an hour's row, and we had got nearly half way when the boatmen stopped, and said they would proceed no further with-

out payment; we threatened to give them a thrashing unless they proceeded, (every thing in Egypt is obtained by thrashing,) and under this persuasion they at last condescended to move on. On reaching the shore we found ourselves in the midst of an immense concourse of men and donkeys, the latter being intended for us to ride, they being in Egypt the universal means of conveyance. It was some distance to the principal hotel, so we thought we could not do better than each to mount one; vain delusion! we might as well have tried to jump over Pompey's Pillar, as to mount in quiet; for, as soon as our intention to take donkeys was known, such pulling and beating of animals, and fighting of men ensued, that, in the course of five minutes, I found that I had tried to mount half a dozen different quadrupeds in succession, for, as soon as I got on one, I was dragged off by the driver of some other, and told that his donkey was the best of all. This went on for some time, till at length, recollecting the advice of one of the mates of the steamer, as to the course to follow in such cases, I gave one unfortunate driver such a pleasant *coup*, that, like the old gentleman in Pickwick, he was effectually doubled up, and they all retired.

The whole of us having then mounted, we started off at a canter, the proprietors of our chargers running after us to keep them going. The donkeys in Egypt are larger, and much stronger and swifter, than those at home; but, alas! we had not proceeded far before one of our steeds tripped and fell, the rider, a brother cadet, being propelled on his hands and knees over his coursers' head. We all wanted to stop; but no, our donkeys would not consent; the bridles were miserable affairs, and the beasts, knowing that their masters were behind, scudded on at a tremendous rate, and the last we saw of C—, this said cadet, was a vision of him scrambling to his feet, and thrashing his unfortunate donkey to make it rise too.

We now proceeded to the post-office to put in our letters, and then started full gallop, shouting like mad, up the principal street of the town, towards Cleopatra's Needle. The street was very much crowded; it was getting dark; and the consequence was, that the people went flying about in all directions to get out of our way, but in vain, for as soon as they avoided one horseman, *i. e.* donkeyman, they found themselves in the way of another. As for me, I rode smack at one old fellow, who was flying for his life from before another donkey, and the result was, he went like a shot into the gutter, whilst the concussion sent me, at an angle of forty-five degrees, right up against another Egyptian mounted on an ass also. It was a regular tilt; my antagonist went clean over, and I only saved myself by clutching fast hold of the saddle. A short ride of a quarter of an hour brought us to Cleopatra's Needle, which of course we admired exceedingly, and then set off back again to get dinner at the principal hotel. In returning we got up a small race, and after a hard struggle I came in second, having witnessed the fall of about half our party, though I myself luckily had not as yet experienced a single tumble.

On arriving at the hotel, we found the Bombay passengers preparing to start for the canal, which communicates with the Nile. Having bidden each other good bye for the present, for we were to meet again at Aden, they departed in omnibusses to the canal, and we walked into the hotel, and into our dinners, for which we were fully prepared.

Dinner over, we got donkeys once more, and rode about for an hour or thereabouts, and then returned to the steamer, which we accomplished with great difficulty, as no boats are allowed to leave the shore after eight o'clock. However, after walking for a mile out of our way, by dint of bribery we succeeded in getting on board and to bed.

20th.—This morning I rose early, having to pack my luggage for our journey, which consisted of a couple of shirts, one pocket handkerchief, (by the bye

mine had been *prigged* from my pocket the night before by some dexterous thief,) hair brush, and a pair of inexpressibles, tied up in a towel; this being all that you are allowed to take with you over the Desert. Then, having eaten our breakfasts, we bid adieu to the steamer and went on shore. Here we found at a rough guess about a million donkeys waiting our approach, and the same scene as that described before having been enacted over again, we rode off to the hotel, where we were told that as the boats started at eleven we had better proceed to the canal immediately.

Off we went like a shot, to see which would get there first, it being a ride of about two miles. On the way just on the outskirts of the town, we passed Pompey's Pillar, not much to boast of certainly. I met with a mishap here, for whilst engaged in looking at the aforesaid worthy's monument, my donkey, which had been going capitally, made a sudden stumble, down he came on his knees, and then down came I, *Heu miserande puer!* smack over his head; luckily I came on my hands, or else I should have sustained some damage, as the road is very hard. However, I picked up myself and my bundle, which I had carried before me (by the bye, the towel had nearly come undone, and revealed all the hidden glories within to the vulgar gaze), and mounted again, and, having relieved my feelings by giving the donkey a slight pommelling, I joined the rest of the party, and we proceeded onwards.

On arriving at the Mahmoudieh Canal, we secured places in one of the boats, and then amused ourselves for an hour by sucking oranges and sugar canes. It was intensely hot, and the smell from the water was any thing but agreeable. There are three boats for passengers, which lashed together are tugged along by two very diminutive steamers; our party was in the last, which is considered the best place.

The Mahmoudieh Canal, constructed by the Pacha to connect Alexandria with the Nile, is about seventy miles in length, very broad, and altogether a very fine specimen of engineering ability, although unfortunately the banks are in some places beginning to fall in. We passed a very pleasant day on it, all things considered, and about ten o'clock at night reached the Nile. Here we found two steamers to take us to Cairo; one of them was for the married people, the other for those in single blessedness. Ours, the bachelors', was the largest, though slowest, and accordingly we started first. It was a splendid night, but as we were all tired, we thought the best thing we could do was to turn in. As there are no beds of any sort, we made as good ones as we could with our clothes on the floor of the cabin, and putting my little parcel under my head, I contrived after some time to sleep very comfortably, though the heat was intense, as at least fifty individuals were crammed into a place fit for about twenty.

21st.—This morning we got up pretty well refreshed, and after having with some difficulty managed to wash myself, for there were but four basins for the whole of us, I went on deck to look about me. The Nile at this part is not at all a fine river, the banks in most places very barren and sandy; there are however now and then fine green and very beautifully wooded spots, which relieve the general tameness of the prospect.

It was not without great trouble that we succeeded in getting any breakfast, for there were only three or four stewards for the whole of us, and we passed a most tedious day, having nothing to do but to lie about the deck, and look at the surrounding objects, which were not very interesting.

About six o'clock in the evening we saw the Pyramids in the distance, and were informed that we were close upon the city of Cairo, which was very welcome information, as we were all heartily tired of our voyage. At eight o'clock the steamer stopped at a small village a mile from Cairo. We landed at once, and, jumping on shore, inquired how we were to get there. Being

informed that there was a carriage waiting, I and my companions thereupon scudded off to it, but found it full; and, as there was no other means of conveyance, we took to that provided for us by nature, and putting our bundles under our arms, and girding up our loins, ran as if the avenger had been behind us, knowing well that if we did not look sharp we should get no lodging for the night. By dint of great exertion, puffing and blowing, we arrived at the gate, and when there found it shut. We knocked, but it was not opened, and we demanded entrance in vain; in the course of five minutes all our passengers came up, and there was a tremendous row; some had walked, and some had ridden in the carriage, which came up last of all, one of the horses having turned restive. After waiting about half-an-hour, an officer came down to the gate, it was opened, and we entered. Here we found donkeys; each mounted one, and we started off in search of an hotel, of which there are three or four in Grand Cairo; but so much in request were they, that it was not till after riding about for a couple of hours that I and my friends managed, at last, to get the only spare room in the Oriental Hotel, a French one, and the finest in the town. Even then it was a miserable apartment we were ushered into; no carpet, and only two very small beds for four of us. However we could not help ourselves, so, having discharged our donkeys, washed and supped, we went early to bed, as we were to rise betimes in the morning to visit the Pyramids. We had ordered donkeys for six, one dragoman or guide, and an extensive hamper of provisions for lunching at the Pyramids, which said hamper was to be carried before another man on his ass.

22d.—After a very hot and uncomfortable night we got up, awakened by the knock of the waiter at the door about six o'clock, dressed in haste, swallowed our breakfast, saw our hamper safe on its way, and then with our dragoman mounted our Arab steeds, i.e. donkeys, of which there were about five hundred at each gate, and rode to the British Hotel to join two of our friends who were to go with us.

They were not quite ready, and till they were so, we amused ourselves by playing with a leopard in a cage in a yard. In about half an hour, however, our friends sullied forth, and we started off in earnest for the Pyramids.

Having thus set my heroes in motion, I shall attempt to describe them in order. First came the dragoman, a little Jewish-looking man, mounted on a small grey donkey, and carrying an enormous staff in his right hand; then came two brother cadets named C— and S—; next myself, and a young Irish merchant named F—; and last of all came another Hibernian, a cadet yeelp L—, and with him a second merchant named Y—; we were none of us twenty-one, and all going to Bengal.

The Pyramids are about ten miles from Cairo, and as we wished to be home early, we determined to go as fast as possible; off we went at a gallop down the streets, much to the annoyance of the donkey drivers, who were entreating us to stop. As for mine, being a short, fat, plethoric individual, he was soon obliged to halt; and nothing more was seen of him till I got back to the hotel.

Mine being a capital steed very soon outstripped the others, and we got on at a rattling pace, much to the danger of our necks. We passed by the palace, met the keeper of the Pacha's harem, went through an open part of Ibrahim Pacha's garden, and then rode two miles through the town, and finally arrived at the Nile which runs through the town, and must be crossed to get to the Pyramids. Here we met with the hamper, and, having sent the dragoman down to the river to get a boat, employed ourselves in buying a stock of oranges. It was intensely hot, and the flies innumerable, a *plaguy* deal too many of them; but in about a quarter of an hour we were informed that the boats were ready,

and accordingly, alighting from our chargers, and leading them down to the most miserable looking vessel possible, we got into it, and after a great deal of difficulty induced our donkeys to enter also. I must say their reluctance to do so betrayed nothing asinine, for it was a very disagreeable style of navigation, as, in consequence of the restlessness of the animals, there was great danger of the boat upsetting every minute, and, to add to our alarm, the dragoman told us that last year a boat had been upset in the same way, and two men and a boy drowned. However, after pulling against a very strong stream for half-an-hour, we managed to reach the opposite side in safety, not before one of the donkeys had nearly tumbled into the water, and all but capsize us. The other side of the river presents a very different appearance to the Cairo one. The instant you get on shore you find yourself in the Desert, and to add to the *vraisemblance* of the scene, at least fifty half-naked Bedouins are standing on the bank waiting to receive travellers, and to conduct them to the Pyramids.

We now remounted, and the dragoman having selected two Arabs for each of us from the crowd, we proceeded onwards; my two attendants were a most rascally looking couple, one a venerable infidel named Ibrahim, and the other a young man called Ali; these two names they continued repeating to me for about an hour, so that if I should forget who were my men I should sing out those two magic words, and my slaves would appear. These respectable individuals must have been pretty well off for wind, as they ran eight miles without stopping by the side of our donkeys.

We had to pass through two or three little villages and several ploughed fields, as the desert, *par-excellence*, does not begin till about two miles from the Pyramids, though there is very little vegetation long before that. Mr. T. Moore might have flown to the Desert if he liked, but if the Arab tents at all resembled their houses, I must say I should have had no wish to accompany him; and the people are as dirty as pigs. On our way we had to cross a small stream about four feet deep in the middle; over this the men took us on their shoulders, as we could not have ridden. Well, after turning and twisting about the country for eight miles, and going almost as fast as we could the whole way, we arrived, completely worn out by fatigue, heat, and sand, at the sign of the Sphinx's Head. Having sat under its shadow, for it throws one of about forty feet square, admired it, and recruited our strength by eating some oranges, we arose and proceeded on foot to the largest Pyramid, it being impossible for the donkeys to carry us here on account of the sand, and the quantity of little hillocks. After a quarter of an hour's detestable walking we reached the Pyramid, with forty centuries looking down upon us and our donkeys. These ancient gentlemen do not look so large at a distance as one would imagine, but, when close under them, then their really enormous height is seen.

Having again rested ourselves, we commenced the ascent of the Pyramid, assisted by three men each, two to drag us up, and one to shove behind. It was fearful work, some of the stones being four or five feet high, none under three, and very slippery; half way we stopped for ten minutes completely done up. From this we got to the top after herculean struggles, I being first on the summit of these giant steps, and we blessed our stars when we were safely landed at the top of the Stairs of Size; but hardly had we arrived there when those rascally Bedouins began bothering us for Bucksheesh, and sporting the little English they knew, which consisted of "Englishmen bery good," "Bucksheesh bery good," "Englishmen give Bucksheesh." We were however proof to their flattery, and, after having admired the prospect, which is extensive and strange, descended. And oh, that descent! it was a perpetual jump from top to bottom, and, though you may beg and pray the

Arabs to stop, they won't do it,—down you go, shaking and trembling all over from exhaustion. In fact we were all so completely *hors-de-combat* when we did at last reach the bottom, that we threw ourselves at full length on the sand, and there remained immoveable for at least a quarter of an hour.

At the end of that time we began to revive, and proceeded forthwith to penetrate to the interior of the Pyramid, which was worse, we found, than climbing to the top. With the assistance of two or three wax candles, and three men each, we contrived, after crawling and walking half-choked with dust and heat, and continual bumps of the caput, (so that if Mr. Combe or other phrenologists had examined us, they would have found new bumps which, I think, would have astonished them not a little,) to reach a lofty room, where we rested and recovered a little breath. Quite satisfied with what we had seen, or rather felt, we inquired if there was anything else. In reply, they pointed to a little hole about the size of a crown-piece, and told us if we wished to see more they would conduct us through this small passage. To this polite offer we gave a decided negative, not having any desire to crawl on our stomachs for even a quarter of an hour, and spoil our only pair of unwhisperables. We, therefore, returned with joy and gladness of heart, and never were any of us so much delighted as when, having left darkness and dust behind us, we emerged into the open air.

Having thus satisfied our curiosity, and seen all that was to be seen, we thought the next best thing to do was to satisfy our hunger, as we all began to feel a little peckish; so after paying our guides, which, notwithstanding the cravings of nature, was not accomplished in less than half an hour, as they fought and quarrelled about the money like the Kilkenny cats, we sat down in the shade of a large flat stone at the bottom of the Pyramid, opened our hamper, and proceeded to discuss the *matériel*, which consisted of a cold leg of lamb, two tongues, couple of cold fowls, bread and cheese, washed down with twelve bottles *bière*, three *vin ordinaire*, two of champagne (gooseberry I am afraid); and for dessert, oranges, dates, &c. &c.

(To be continued.)

THE WANDERER'S RECEPTION.

CHAPTER IV.

THE afternoon was far advanced before Mary had the satisfaction of seeing her cousin return. She had been watching in the porch for hours, when she caught sight of the horse's head, and, throwing aside the work which her aunt had set her, she ran as fast as she could towards it. She had quite believed that the old man would return that night. When she saw only one figure, she felt quite disappointed, and seated herself on a stone before she reached the cart; presently James called to her, and asked her if she did not want some news.

"I should like to hear how he is, although he will not come back to me. You ought to have waited for him, James."

"It was impossible to do that, Mary, and it is thoughtless of you to fancy I could. You know my mother would have been very uneasy if I had. You had better jump into the cart, and when I get home I will tell you all I can about old Robert."

Mary was obliged to consent to this, but was very impatient to get back, to hear what he had to say. "I am sure, James, France might go faster; do make him."

"The horse has had a long day of it, Mary; and I am sure, poor thing! he must be tired; I know I am, and sadly want my supper."

The little girl's impatience, instead of making them

(1) Continued from p. 12.

go quicker, made the distance appear longer; and by the time she was lifted out, she had foolishly allowed herself to become as ill-tempered as she had been in the morning, and fancied that her cousin had been very cross to her. As he took her from the cart he begged she would run to his mother, to get him something to eat. Mary did not like to refuse, for she really was very fond of him, and ran to do as he wished; but, when she saw him quite intent upon his cold meat and bread, she was much annoyed; and fancied he must be very unkind not to tell her what she so much wished to hear. She watched each mouthful, until James begged her to go away, and let him eat in peace. More irritated than before, she called Trust, who had been sitting close to the table, begging for his share. The dog lingered, as if appealing to his mistress's good nature, but she had none to bestow; and leaving even her favourite, she ran into the garden to look for the work which she had left there; but she hunted in vain; no handkerchief could she find. In great alarm, as it was one she was hemming for Miss Stanmore, she hunted in every direction; at last she caught sight of it on a hedge, in a corner of the garden. She ran to take it off; but just as she had carefully extricated it from the last branch, a gust of wind again blew it away, and this time, unfortunately, it blew it into the well. In great trouble, she screamed to her aunt, who was not very far off.

"We must fetch James," said Martha; "perhaps he can get it with a stick; run and ask him to come."

But Mary felt that she should be ashamed to ask a favour of him, and stood looking at the water. Her aunt desired her to run directly, or the handkerchief would get heavy when wet.

Mary could not again refuse; with much confusion, she went to James, and asked his assistance. The supper that she fancied took his whole attention, was instantly neglected; and, with Trust, he ran to his mother; but the water was low, and no long stick was at hand.

"Never mind, Mary," said James to the little girl, who had begun to cry, "we will get it; come here, Trust!"

He showed the handkerchief to the dog, who seemed quite to understand what he was to do; he put the animal into one of the buckets, and carefully lowered him. Mary was now more alarmed for her favourite than for the work; but, when she saw him snap at it, and look up at them to draw him up, she was quite reassured. With a bound Trust jumped out, and shaking the drops of water off his head, he laid his prize safe at his mistress's feet. Mary now cried from shame and repentance at having been so unjust to James, who was so ready to assist her, though still tired and hungry. She was soon forgiven, and was so anxious to show her regret that she hastened with him into the kitchen, and would have given him all the provisions in the house, if he would have submitted; at the same time, she constantly rewarded Trust with morsels from James's plate.

At last, both had finished, and her aunt and uncle coming in, James gave the account of his day's adventures.

He had, with some difficulty, found the cottage whither the letter directed them. The young woman was so ill that it was thought she could scarcely live through the night; she knew her father, and expressed the greatest pleasure at seeing him. Her husband, and a little child not quite a year old, were with her. This was as much as James could say, as he had not liked to intrude on them longer than he could help. He thought, when the state the daughter was in, that her father would soon be able to return; and he remarked, that they had better get the cottage ready. Robert had commissioned James to get some furniture in the town; and the next day Mary was very busy helping Martha to clean the cottage. The things soon arrived, and by the evening the little dwelling was in good order, although it still looked desolate. Mary had begged to be allowed to stay there

as late as possible, in case the traveller should return, and go there instead of to the farm. She was sitting at the window with her work, although her eyes were oftener turned to the road that led to the town. At last her patience was rewarded by the sight of her friend, close to the gate. He held in his arms what seemed to her a bundle, but he evidently took great care of it. Mary was soon at his side, but he seemed much overcome and exhausted; and, when they reached the parlour, he placed his treasure in Mary's arms. She felt that it was something heavy; and, on removing the large shawl that had covered it, found a poor baby, fast asleep—she could scarcely contain her surprise, but Robert's grief had saddened the child; and, carefully placing the little motherless thing in her lap, she watched its placid slumbers.

Old Robert had rested his head on his hand at the table, but, suddenly raising his eyes, he saw the two children; and, drawing near to them, he told Mary that the baby was his grandchild; that he should keep it with him; and that if her aunt would allow her, Mary should live with them, and take care of it, if she would try to be steady, and good enough to take so important a charge.

"I will do my very best; indeed, I shall love it very much;" and her arms clasped the infant tighter as she spoke. It opened its bright eyes—smiled contentedly, as if answering her affection—rested its little head upon her bosom, and was soon fast asleep again.

"You shall begin your duties to-night, Mary; and before it is quite dark, take my precious little one to your aunt's. I am sure she will let it stay with her to-night; to-morrow we shall get a cradle, and you can then bring it here."

"But will you not come home with me? You have had no supper, and my aunt would like to see you."

"No, I cannot come to-night; take care of my child; and to-morrow I shall be better able to talk to Martha."

Mary longed to ask several questions, but she saw the old man would rather be alone; and, carefully replacing the baby's shawl, she tenderly raised it, and as gently as she could carried it to the farm.

Her arrival with her burden caused some surprise, but she had not courage to tell them that she hoped to have the constant care of the baby; she was intent on doing her duty towards it; and, when she had begged James to carry some supper, and the small box that the old man had left there the day before, to the cottage, she begged for some night-clothes of her youngest cousin, and soon undressed the little one. Her handiness and steady care quite astonished her aunt; but Mary could not notice anything but her charge. She put it into her own little bed, told her aunt all that she knew about the old man, and was soon by its side. For the first time in her life Mary's mind was too much occupied to sleep; she felt the importance of her new duties, and began to feel that she should have some pain at leaving her present home. The events of the last few days had seemed to create new ideas; she saw that she had no right to consult and indulge merely her own wishes; and, although still a child, she determined to act differently for the future, praying earnestly for strength and direction to persevere and learn what she ought to do. But she was not accustomed to be troubled with anxiety, and in the midst of resolutions and intentions she fell fast asleep. The cry of the baby awoke Mary at an early hour, and she was soon comforting it by all the means in her power. It was not difficult to soothe the child, who seemed very good tempered. Mary washed and dressed it, as she had seen her aunt attend to her baby; and, when she thought breakfast was ready, carried it to Martha, to know what she was to give it. Her aunt gladly showed her how to prepare its food, and praised her for her expertness.

Soon after breakfast old Robert came to the farm, and expressed his wish that Mary should come and live with him. He explained to Martha how his daughter's

silence had been occasioned by illness. The sea-voyage had disagreed with her health, and the news of her mother's death, in the weak and delicate state in which she was, caused a long and fearful malady. She was admitted into an hospital, and for some time her life was despaired of. Her husband had allowed her to visit England, and stay as long as she liked amongst her friends. The money he had given her, and what she had received from her father since her arrival, was expended during her illness: and, when she was able to exert herself, she found she had not the means to take herself and little girl to her desired destination. Unwilling to be a burden on any one, she determined to delay her journey, hoping she might be able to collect a sufficient sum for the purpose, and foolishly abstained from writing until she could send a more cheerful account of herself. She had herself and child to support by her needle, and it was long before she could get employment. In the mean time, her husband had prospered in Canada, and determined to join her in England. When she left him he found how little he had valued her. He had never been unkind to her, but her lamentations about her family had annoyed him, and he had neglected her from the idea that she cared more for them than for him; but, when absent, all his former tenderness seemed to have returned, and he was impatient to be again with her. She had written to him and told him of her illness. He was surprised to find all her letters dated "Southampton," but she did not tell him the reason, and, when he found her still there, it was explained for the first time. Illness had again attacked her, and now there seemed little hope, but her joy at finding her husband so kind and affectionate made her rally for a time; and they intended, directly she was a little stronger, to set off with their child to the village whither the old man's former letter had directed them. But the improvement was deceitful; she again relapsed; her father was sent for, and arrived only in time to bless her.

Her husband decided upon returning to Canada, but thought that his child would be better taken care of if left with its grandfather. Robert willingly undertook the charge, and now begged Mary's aunt to grant his request respecting her niece. For a long time she objected, from the fear that Mary was too young, but when he reminded her that he should be near to watch over them both,—that she herself was within a few minutes' walk of the cottage,—and that Mary could obtain assistance from her, it was arranged that she should be allowed to go, but that she should for a time have Martha's instruction how to take care of the child, and prepare its food. Mary was made quite happy by this intelligence, and, when she put little Beasy to sleep for the first time in her cradle, at her new home, she thought no one on earth could feel happier than she did; she longed to show her new charge to Miss Stanmore, but was quite puzzled to know how to manage it. She could not leave the baby, and the distance was too great for her to carry it; she wished to send Ellen word that she might come and see her grandfather, as she had begged leave to call him. She had already talked to him about the young lady, and, as she expected, he wished to see her. The difficulty was obviated by Robert's telling Mary one morning that he wanted to visit the clergyman whose parsonage was on the road to the Hall, that she could go with him there, and he would carry the child as far as he went, and that she would then have no difficulty in taking it the rest of the way. He promised also to wait for her, and relieve her on the road home. This plan quite pleased Mary, as she would then be able to show the child to the clergyman's wife, who was a kind friend to her. She was soon ready, and attended by Trust, who seemed quite as pleased with his new abode as his mistress was, they set off for the village.

THE BOY'S OWN LIBRARY.¹

THIS library, which is now completed, consists of four volumes, one for each season. Their external and internal decorations are of a very attractive character, making them a most desirable acquisition for any boy; while the matter which they contain is greatly superior to the ordinary run of books intended for juvenile reading. Here is no infantile lispings—no elaborate childishness of thought and expression; but good sound substantial information regarding the various natural objects—the pursuits and amusements, peculiar to each season, with anecdotes illustrative of each—told in a manly, and yet genial style—not without a slight touch of poetic feeling. Our young friends are indebted to Mr. Miller for many an evening hour's pleasant and profitable relaxation.

As a specimen of the author's style must be more satisfactory than any general criticism, we subjoin an interesting little sketch taken from the Winter volume, the subject of which reads as if not altogether new to us.

THOUGH it happened many years ago, that old carrier will never forget the dreadful snow-storm which in one night covered the valley to a frightful depth, and was driven by the wind against the long line of hills, where it gathered drift upon drift, in many an up-piled range, until it looked as if a new upland had arisen, long, high, and deep,—the gathering together of many a wind-whirled wreath of snow. It was the last Saturday night before Christmas Day, when he was returning home on his journey from the distant market town; and, as he quitted the last few houses, and exchanged a "good night" with such of the inhabitants as he knew, many looked up to the sky, and remarked that there would be a heavy fall of snow before morning, for not a star was visible in the sky, nor could you tell where the moon was, although it was at the full. He had with him in the cart a young girl, about fourteen years of age; who was going home to spend the Christmas with her widowed mother. She knew when she reached the carrier's house her little brother would be there to meet her; and she thought how easily they would carry the light box between them, and how soon they would walk over the two miles of ground which would bring them to her mother's cottage, which stood at the bottom of the steep hilly lanes. The boy was at the carrier's house long before she arrived, and many a wistful glance did he cast at the door, as it was opened and shut every now and then by the woman, who began to feel uneasy about her husband, as it was past the time at which he usually arrived. She had several times remarked, "oh, what a night!" as she resumed her seat beside the fire, facing the boy: he made no answer, but sat watching the snow flakes which had been drifted in by the eddying wind, as they melted one by one upon the warm and cheerful hearth.

"You will never be able to walk home to-night," said the carrier's wife; "you will both have to stay here until morning; we can manage to make shift somewhere."

The boy looked at her a few moments in silence, then said, "Not go home to-night! Mother told me she should sit up for us, if it was ever so late before we came."

Just then a loud gust of wind struck the side of the house as if it would level it to the ground, and blew the door wide open, and in a few moments the whole floor was white over with snow.

The boy rose from his seat to latch the door more securely; and, ere he sat down, said, "I should like to go and meet them, if you thought it wouldn't be far: Betty has never been home but once since Whitewide, and that was only one day at the feast."

But the woman dissuaded him from going, and told

(1) The Boy's own Library. Winter Book. By Thomas Miller, Chapman and Hall. 1847.

him that Etty would be warm enough amidst the straw at the bottom of the tilted cart. This seemed to pacify the boy a little, and he ate a mouthful or two of the bread and cheese which she had cut him, then laid the rest upon the table. At another time he would have finished it all in about five minutes, but now he was uneasy through thinking about his sister and mother. Meantime, the carrier had reached the high hilly road which led in a direct line to his own door. He had persuaded his youthful passenger to get out, and walk beside him, without telling her why he did so; but such was the force of the wind that he expected every moment his cart would be blown over, and then he thought that some of the heavy boxes or hampers might fall upon her and injure her; so he held the horse and led it with one hand, while with the other he took hold of the little girl, and thus they measured their slow steps through the keen, cutting wind, and heavy falling snow. The candle had long stood at the little end window of the house, and, as the carrier's eye first caught it in the distance, he said, "See, there it is!" for, as it threw out its rays upon the night, it seemed like a bright burning star amid the din and desolation of that wintry landscape. The careful housewife had placed a pair of shoes and a coat before the fire, and the kettle had so long sung to itself upon the hob, that the boy wondered a dozen times to himself whether or not it would give over. None but an ear accustomed to the lightest change of sound would have heard the noise of those muffled wheels, as they came along slowly and heavily through the snow; and when she jumped up, and rushed to the door, exclaiming, "Here they come!" the boy also rose up, and listening with his head aside, said, "I don't hear 'em," but when he got to the door, he could see a dark mass of something moving towards him, through the drifted snow. The little girl was first carefully attended to, and seated in the warmest place beside the fire, and then the carrier's wife helped her husband to bring in the boxes and parcels, which were placed upon the floor: the storm rushing in with such force all the time, that it made the bright toasting forks, and ladles, and bridles, and bits, and stirrups, which hung up against the opposite wall, jingle one against the other. A few words had passed between the carrier and his wife outside the door, and he came in as if to warm his hands, while his real intention was to persuade the children to remain all night: but the girl's answer was so earnest, and so full of feeling, when she said "that she knew how unhappy her mother would be, and as for herself, she should not be able to sleep a moment," that it became painful to press her further, for she had a hundred reasons for going, and not one for remaining behind. The hardy boy also mustered up courage to speak, and said, that "they were not made of salt, and so could not melt away; and as for the road, that was easy to find, and the box would shove away the snow as they carried it between them."

"Well," said the carrier, shrugging up his shoulders, "I will not compel you to stay; and, since you are so bent upon going, I will take you to the end of Fosdyke Lane before I unharness my horses; it will save you a mile."

They both kindly entreated of him not to do so; he would have to come back by himself, they said, and they should soon be there; but on this point he was resolute, and, buttoning up his coat again, which he had unbuttoned for a few moments, he went outside, wiped the snow from off the horses, put the children with the little box inside the cart, saying to his wife as he started, "I shall not be long," and again resumed his journey.

The high range of hills along which he now passed was called the cliff, or scar: if you stood on the steep scarp on a clear day, and looked down into the valley, you saw ledge below ledge, which told you how the snowdrifts had ebbed, and then remained stationary, then rolled away again, and again stood still,

until it once more emptied its waters somewhere out at the mouth of that vast valley, then paused, until a new table-land was formed; for so was the whole slope from the summit of the cliff left, in wavy ridges and steep level embankments, for miles and miles along; and now over all these the snow had drifted from that wide unsheltered valley, and still kept gathering in vast heaps everywhere, saving upon the road, where our travellers journeyed; for from the highway it was blown onward to the foot of other and more distant hills.

At the end of the lane, the carrier left his passengers, bidding them be sure to take care and keep on in a direct course; for he knew that they were scarcely a mile from their mother's cottage: and after he had gone, with the snow beating in their faces, the children went cheerfully their way, carrying the little box between them. As the wind blew direct from the village to which they were journeying, they heard the church clock strike eleven, and the boy said, "In another half-hour we shall see mother."

The road was all down-hill, and as the snow added much to the lightness of the night, they found no other difficulty than in its depth, for the first quarter of a mile, so went on keeping the centre of the road. As they proceeded further, to where the hilly way dipped down more abruptly, they remarked to each other that the hedges on either hand were more than half hidden, and they went onward and onward until the snow covered them midway, and they found that, light as the box was, holding it up so high made it very heavy; and when the tops of the hedges were no longer visible, and they could only see the dark outline of some tree, whose stem was already buried, it was then that they paused, and looked at one another—and heaving a deep sigh, Etty said, "We shall never get home to night."

The boy stood upon the box, and looking over the scene, said, "I can see the three elms that hang over mother's cottage, but Farmer Ingram's five barred gate, which I know we are close upon, is covered with snow—and that is just as high as my head, for I measured myself there last summer, when I was tending the corn. Dear Etty, what will mother do for us!"

But Etty was seated upon the box, with her face buried within her hands, sobbing aloud. The boy sat behind his sister, and taking hold of her hands, said, "Don't cry so, Etty; let us say our prayers—you know mother told us, that God could do every thing."

Etty said she would not cry, and rising up, placed her hand upon his shoulder, and mounting upon the box, exclaimed, "I can see lights moving about where the elm trees stand; oh! God! perhaps poor mother has set out to meet us, and is lost, and they are seeking for her in the snow." And as she spoke, the picture rose so vividly before her imagination, as in fancy she saw her dear widowed mother dragged out from under the deep snow-drift, pale and cold, and stiff, and dead, that she unconsciously uttered a loud shriek, and fell as if lifeless among the high piled drift. The brave little brother forgot all about his own safety, while he tried to restore his sister, and as he knelt over her, and took off his cap to make a pillow for her head, while the tears followed each other in rapid succession down his hardy cheeks, his heart sunk within him; for although he called, "Etty, Etty!" in every endearing and plaintive tone, she made no answer; and when he kissed her he found her lips as cold as death; and as he raised her arm for a moment, it again dropped by her side, motionless, resting just where it fell.

His first act was to jump up, and plunge headlong into the snow in the direction of home, to fetch his mother. But a few yards before him the road went down sheer and deep; it was the steepest part of that hilly lane; and after struggling over head in the snow for a minute or two, he found his way back to his unconscious sister, and sitting down beside her, wrung his hands and wept aloud. But even in that bleak and bitter night, God's good angels were abroad, and walk-

ing the earth; and it might be that the prayers of those children had drawn to the spot one of the invisible messengers; for, if prayer can reach up to the gates of heaven, who can tell how many "ministering spirits" are ever waiting there to do the Almighty's bidding? And, perhaps, one of those stood in the highway, unseen by the carrier, and prevented his horses from moving further, even as an angel stopped the ass on which Balaam rode. For thrice did the horses halt within a brief space of time; and as the carrier's heart had for some time smote him for leaving the children at the end of the lane, to find their way home by themselves, he resolved to turn back: he did so, and the horses seemed again to move along cheerfully.

"Something told me," said the old carrier after, "that the children were in danger, and the instant the horses went so freely along of their own accord, I knew it was so; and, from the moment I started to go back, my heart felt lighter, and I seemed to breathe more freely—as for the snow and wind I scarcely felt either."

The drift was settling fast down, and covering over the two children; for deep heart-breaking sorrow had so benumbed every other feeling in the poor boy, that as he sat holding the cold, lifeless hand of his sister within his own, he felt not the snow gathering over him—felt not the big white flakes as they settled down upon his naked head, melting, at first, one by one, until a few remained, and others came faster and faster; he saw them not,—he felt them not,—as he bent over the form of his dear sister; even his sobbing became less audible, and a dull, drowsy feeling was unconsciously creeping over him,—that cold sleep which many a benighted one has sunk under, never more to wake again until the last trumpet sounds, and the grave gives up its hidden families of the dead. A few more of those low, unconscious sobs, and all would have been over, the snow would have been "their winding-sheet," when, hark! there came a sound as if driven back through the wind;—it approached nearer; he heard the creaking of wheels, then the jingling of harness;—that sound had saved them both from death: he sprang up, as it were unaware; he raised his sister in his arms, he parted the long hair from her face, he strained his eyes, and looked forward; in a moment he was all eyes, all ears; then the wind came with another long, deep howl; it passed on, and the same sounds were heard again; he caught the "gee-whoop" of the carrier, he could not be far off, there could not be many yards between them; he shouted and received an answer: both cart and horse were fast, and he heard the heavy plod, plod of the carrier as he came along by himself, for his cart and horses could make no further progress along that deep, hilly, and snow-covered lane. The kind hearted old carrier took the girl in his arms, as if she had been a mere child, and placed her upon the straw at the bottom of the cart: whilst he was endeavouring to restore her, his wife came up, for she also had begun to feel uneasy, and said, that had she met her husband, she was determined to persuade him to turn back, and see whether the children had arrived in safety at home. They returned to the carrier's house, and Etty was soon in a warm, sound sleep; for she felt easier after she had knelt down and prayed for her mother. Nor had she been asleep more than an hour, when a loud knocking was heard at the door; for a man had come all the way round by the low road, which ran along the middle of the valley, and was five or six miles further than the nearest way, which was now impassable. All this way had that kind hearted man come, that he might gather tidings of the safety of the children, for their mother had fainted away many times during that awful night; and, although kind neighbours attended upon her, yet they could afford her no comfort; and it was not until this poor labourer volunteered to go and see what had befallen them, that she could be at all pacified. The carrier got up, and persuaded him to take one of the best horses in his stable, and make all the speed he could

back, by that long roundabout low road, where the snow had not gathered in deep drifts, and to tell the fond mother that both her children were safe. But nothing could dissuade the brave boy from accompanying him: so he was at last allowed to ride behind, for he said, "When my mother sees me, she will know that Etty is safe, or I should never leave her."

They reached home in about two hours, in safety, and brought comfort to the sad heart of that fond and disconsolate mother. The little box was not found until after many days, when the snow had melted away; and there are those yet living who well remember that night. Etty heard the village bells ringing for church, as, accompanied by the honest carrier, she entered her home. What her feelings were when she remembered how from that church-tower, she heard the clock strike eleven on the previous night, I cannot tell you; but her eyes were filled with tears, as she raised her sweet face, and looked at the old carrier, while with her finger she pointed to the village church.

RAMBLES IN BELGIUM.

NO. II.

FROM Ostend to Bruges the distance is but short. I was particularly reminded of the fertility of the soil by the rich appearance the highly cultivated fields exhibited, on either side of the railroad. The Flemings everywhere gave me the idea of being a very industrious race; men, women, and children, were all engaged in gathering in the products of nature. Nothing, however, can exceed the monotony of the country; no swelling undulations, no hills, and but few trees, and those disposed in very formal lines. It was a positive relief to my feelings, when the trumpet of the conductor sounded to tell us we were at our journey's end,—quaint old Bruges.

The aspect of the city is very striking: the houses, with their very picturesque appearance, full of gable ends, carvings, fantastic sculptured ornaments, &c.; the squares with their municipal halls, the broad streets, the linden avenues, the canals intersecting the houses in all directions, afford the stranger a pleasant contrast from the town of Ostend. My first visit was to the church of Nôtre Dame, in which I saw a beautiful specimen of the carved wood-work for which Flanders was of old so celebrated. It is made of oak, and is of the grandest dimensions: in the confessionals are other not less interesting examples of this art. The caryatides are especially fine: in almost every church I visited in Belgium, I was astonished by the beauty of these carvings, which so profusely adorn the altars, side aisles, &c. In a side chapel are the monuments of Charles the Bold, and the Empress Mary, his daughter.

These tombs are composed of a very dark stone, having whole length figures on them of the illustrious Duke, and the last native sovereign of Flanders, designed in gilt copper, and surrounded by coats of arms, medallions, lozenges, and shields, recording the possessions of the unfortunate Mary. I would recommend no tourist, visiting Bruges, to omit a pilgrimage to these interesting memorials. A painting of the Crucifixion, by Porbus, hangs near, and is a first-rate specimen of the master.

From Nôtre Dame I went to Les Halles, or the Hôtel de Ville, where I had been advised to ascend the tower, to see the mechanism which sets in motion the sweetest and most musical chimes I had ever heard. Not feeling well, and the day being unusually warm, I contented

myself with listening in the coolest spot I could select. It is not always that a peal of bells, however skilfully managed, falls upon the ear with a rich and harmonious sound; but these chimes are, in every sense of the word, most musical. They form truly a "concourse of sweet sounds."

There is a house in the Rue St. Amand, which is said to have been the dwelling-place of King Charles the Second, when he took refuge in this country from the pursuit of the baffled Puritans. It is inhabited by a shopkeeper, who makes clothes for the good burghers. The Hospital of St. John detained me for a longer time than I had at all anticipated from the aspect of its exterior, or the first glance of its internal arrangements. The pictures painted by Hemling are very beautiful; a small reliquary, painted by him, and representing the legend of St. Ursula on its various compartments, is remarkable for the minute finish of its details, and the careful way in which the subject is treated. At the gallery of the Museum, near the *Quai du Miroir*, I did not linger long; for I began to weary of the incessant repetition of the same artists. I looked, but all in vain, in this collection for a first-rate Rubens. A gentleman who was taking a sort of perambulating sketch of a small work of art near the entrance, assured me that the entire collection was "superbe." I could not realise this magniloquent expression. For some reason, which I could not discover, admittance was denied to the Church of St. Sauveur.

At night, the city was still and quiet, lit by a full moon shining with silvery lustre on tower, canal, tree, and solitary straggler. Walking through the principal streets, I was led to fancy myself in Venice. Something of desolation seemed to hover around and about, the quietude of the streets was so excessive: the places where rich merchants and active traders formerly held long debates, were all silent; the canals, with their dreamy-looking boats, and the very sombre and antique character of the houses on their banks, conspired to liken themselves to the city of the sea. There was a festival going on in one of the gardens, near the entrance of the city, on the Ghent side, and a chorus of female voices very nicely harmonised, accorded with the true spirit of the scene. The tones were at first low and subdued, then gradually rising, they attained a triumphant *tempo*, which, finally, resolved itself into an *adagio*, soft and expressive.

I was tempted to conceive the party to consist of some patriotic ladies, who were narrating, in verse, the history of their native place, and its glories, finishing the chant with a wail over its fall and decline.

The *Fleur du Blé*, is an excellent inn; the greatest civility, and moderate demands, are to be met with in its comfortable walls: though past the usual hour of shutting the doors for the night, there was no grumbling, no extra fee demanded or required, as is often the case in other towns. Before taking the early morning train to Ghent, there was time for an inspection of the *Palais de Justice*: a chimney-piece in the apartment where the magistrates transact their official business, is so well known, and so celebrated for its richness and beauty, that, not to see it, would be an act of Vandalism on the part of every traveller in Belgium. It consists of four principal niches, surrounded with a vast quantity of armorial designs and embellishments.

In the niches are statues of Charles the Fifth, the Emperor Maximilian, Mary of Burgundy, and Mar-

garet of York, all executed with great fidelity and finish. There is an appearance in these statues of an exact likeness to the individuals they are intended to represent; a truthfulness which it is impossible to define, yet which must be felt by the spectator.

To those who have neither had the leisure nor appliances for viewing the original, an inspection of the water-colour drawings of Mr. Haghe will afford a very good idea of this masterpiece of oak carving. It bears the date of the early part of the sixteenth century; and it is to be hoped that the spirit which is abroad for the conservation of the remains of our ancestors' handiworks will extend itself hitherward, and preserve this very remarkable specimen of art for many ages yet to come.

The transit from Bruges to Ghent did not afford any very striking object; the country is still flat and uninteresting, except to eyes agricultural, who, by the way, are not the most common that peep at "fresh fields and pastures now."

THE IRON MANUFACTURE.

If a thoughtful man were to sit down in the midst of a populous European city, and inquire from the passer-by the history of the common objects which every hour present themselves in the crowded streets, the result of his questionings might be twofold. He would, in the first place, be surprised at the immense amount of ignorance respecting the most ordinary matters, which the majority of men quietly submit to, as if it were the destiny of human nature, or a luxurious privilege of the understanding. To his queries about the animals in the thoroughfares, the shrubs and trees in the squares, the materials of the houses, and the usual vehicles in the streets, few answers of the explanatory kind would be given; and he might be fortunate to escape the contempt of some, and the pity of others, for troubling his head with such trifles. Nor might he succeed better were his inquiries directed to the more important subjects of home and foreign commerce, arts, science, education, and the like. He would in vain urge that these very things form the elements and signs of civilisation, and that granite pavements, iron bridges, and railroads, are sure indices of the national character, and symbols of progress in civilization.

In the next place, our supposed inquirer would feel that the history of common things—their origin, the various stages through which they have passed, and their present influence on society—is essential to a proper understanding of the history of man himself. Not a manufacture can exist, not an art be practised, nor a single science studied, without affecting the condition of vast masses of mankind, and tending to form the present and future character of mighty nations. So closely are all things linked together, that to understand the great we must study the small; and thus the common things of our daily life have a strong claim upon our attention, quite independent of the practical and commercial results secured by such knowledge.

Amongst the common facts of this age we must rank the manufacture of iron, a substance which meets us everywhere, in forms and with uses no more imagined by our ancestors, than the power of steam, or the wonderful whisper of the electric telegraph. We see this production in the cottage of the poorest labourer, who does not condescend to count it amongst his *valuable*s; our most magnificent erections, such as the Menai bridge, bear witness to its adaptations: iron has even been made to swim, and large ships of this metal cut the sea; whilst in crowded ports the iron warehouse gives additional security to the merchant. Churches no longer call upon the quarries of Caen for an imperishable

material, but draw their walls and roofs from the mine; whilst multiplying railroads, and a thousand steam engines, call upon the earth for further offerings of the precious ore. Amidst such a display of iron-power, we cannot but ask, Whence does the all-conquering metal come? through what processes does it pass before rising in such majesty in our dock-yards, or performing its hundred humble offices in our dwellings?

Nothing presents us with a stronger proof of the triumph of the human arm and head than a piece of iron, which he who rightly understands will regard as a most striking fact in the history of civilization. The mass of that noble road which spans the Menai straits, or the elegant suspension bridge, was once a heap of hard dull earth. The hand of man has drawn from the clay-like heap, steam frigates and national roads. To trace the steps by which iron gradually passes from the ore to its ornamental and useful shapes, is the object of the present article, which it is hoped will give to every reader a brief but clear history of the advance of iron from the ore to the metallic state. It is needless to speculate on the circumstances by which men first discovered the mode of extracting iron from the earth; it is better to rest content with the fact that the art of working this valuable metal was known to the antediluvian world, for we read of Tubal-Cain that he was "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." The ancient fables of the pagans ascribe the art to the gods, for Vulcan, whom they represent as the first iron-worker, was a son of Jove. The plain inference is, that the origin of the iron manufacture cannot be indicated by human historians, being hidden beneath the shadows of those ages when Tubal-Cain may have taught the sons of Lamech the mysteries of metallurgy.

The art, once acquired, was never lost, but descended through ancient and middle ages to modern times, in which it has made such surpassing advances, though yet very far from perfection.

The manufacture is of course confined to the more civilized regions of the globe, where alone the numerous processes required for its development can be fully carried out. As England is now the principal seat of this most useful art, our remarks will have a special reference to the system of *iron-making* pursued by British workmen. Iron is truly a *creation*, and the expression "*making*" is no idle, inconsiderate, or fanciful phrase, as it might sound, if applied to such metals as silver, gold, or quicksilver, which are but *taken out* of the earth, and not made.

Let us take up a piece of the iron earth, called ore, and, with this dull rusty looking lump in our hands, examine a polished sabre, or a needle, or gaze upon an iron steam frigate floating in her pride of power at Spithead. What resemblance can be traced between such results of skill, and the earth in our hands? The eye can see no connexion between such diverse objects, nor can the hand use that lump of matter in its *present state* to promote any one end of human industry. But experience here steps in, and conducts us through all the processes which show how the magnificent Menai suspension bridge is created from a mass of shapeloss earth. What then is iron? It is found either as a *clay-iron ore*, called *argillaceous*, or as a *limestone-iron ore*, called *calcareous*: in the former the mineral is united to a clayey body, in the latter to limestone masses; the former of which is the most abundant ore in England, and is classed as an *argillaceous carbonate of iron*. These terms simply imply that the mineral is united to clay, and also combined with another widely diffused substance called carbonic acid. The mineral is often found united with *sulphur*, and is then termed a *sulphuret of iron*, which has a more metallic appearance than the other ores, and is commonly called *iron pyrites*.¹

It may be necessary here to inform the reader, that when a mineral is alloyed with some combustible substance not acidulated, such as sulphur, or carbon, the compound is distinguished by the termination *et* being added to the name of such a combustible; thus iron united with carbon is called carburet of iron (steel), or with sulphur a sulphuret of iron. When the termination ends in *ate*, as sulphate of iron, the reader must remember that the sulphur or carbon is *strongly* impregnated with oxygen; the endings in *ite* import a *less* degree of oxygen in the compound. The word *oxide* expresses the union of a metal with oxygen: when the latter substance acts upon unprotected iron and *rusts* it, this rust is called oxide of iron. These explanations may prevent any obscurity should the use of such terms as sulphurets, carbonates, oxides, &c. be necessary in these pages.

The reader may now infer that iron, in its mineral state, is united to various foreign substances, such as sulphur, carbon, clay, lime, flint, and even arsenic, from which it must be freed before it can be made an obedient servant to man. These alloys are, however, frequently found useful in various arts, and produce valuable materials for the purposes of man. Thus the oxides of iron are used in calico-printing establishments; *sulphate* of iron is the vitriol employed to colour cloths, and the union of the two last-mentioned alloys with prussic acid (hydrocyanic acid) produces prussian-blue. Blacklead is nothing but a mixture of carbon and iron; and the red chalk used for pencils, is also an oxide of the same material, besides which there are various amalgamations not necessary to be particularized in this article.

The reader doubtless has sometimes heard of *meteoric* iron, and may inquire whether it is one of the alloys just noticed. This iron is certainly an alloy, but not a production from any mine in *this* world, being formed either in the air by some mysterious electrical agency, or projected from the moon, as some imagine. Large masses of this mineral have fallen from the atmosphere at various times, and are found to consist of iron, nickel, silica (flint), sulphur, and lime. They are often called aerolites (air stones), and are discovered in all parts of the earth in blocks of considerable magnitude. The Esquimaux possess knives formed from this extramundane metal, which the investigations of science are unable to trace to its home. If these mineral fragments are shattered portions of some distant planet, which being projected into space are drawn within the circle of the earth's attraction, we have a singular fact presented to our notice: a sort of connexion is thus established between us and some remote orb, from which we receive these exiled fragments. That a portion of another world should be found in the shape of a tool amongst the half barbarous tribes of this earth, not only excites wonder, but must suggest many curious speculations on the original homes of the aerolites which have descended upon all quarters of the globe. Probably the sacred stones worshipped by the pagans were but aerolites, which seemed to the ignorance of heathen priests and people the representatives of some power above.

These singular bodies may be generated in the atmosphere, under peculiar combinations of heat and gaseous matter, upon which supposition the term *meteoric* has been applied to the numerous masses recorded to have fallen upon the earth. Hadley observed the descent of such a body, and estimated its motion at 350 miles a minute, and its height at seventy-two miles, at which elevation it blazed with an intense light, although far above the limits usually assigned to our atmosphere. How do these bodies burn in their rapid flight if above the atmosphere, and therefore without oxygen? or does a combustible gas fill all space, and thus allow flaming substances to feed upon it at any elevation? If such masses are projected from a distant planet, we thus learn that some of the substances forming the *crust* of

(1) *Pyrites* is derived from the Greek word for fire, and is applied to those ores which exhibit a bright appearance.

the earth exist in the other globes of the solar system, and receive new views of that uniformity which appears to rule the most distant parts of the universe. Enough, however, has been said to call the reader's attention to the existence of the meteoric metal, and we must now proceed to a survey of the processes connected with the manufacture of iron.

The first important operation is preparing fuel for the furnaces, a work of the greatest importance, as upon it depends the quality of the iron produced, and consequently, the profits and fame of the manufacturer. The reader may here inquire whether coal is not found abundantly in the iron districts? We answer, most certainly; noble fields of coal stretch for miles beneath the countries where the fires from iron furnaces startle the traveller, and gleam over the wild, northern moors, or on the sides of the Welsh hills. But coal will not suit the manufacturer's purpose; it will spoil his iron, and must, therefore, be *coked* before it can be used in the furnace. The best fuel is charcoal, which is consumed in the Swedish furnaces, and was formerly employed in England at the iron works, until the vast increase of the manufacture rendered the employment of such a substance impossible. Even in the time of Elizabeth, the great consumption of wood in the iron works induced the legislature to prohibit by statute the use of such a fuel, and there is no reason to apprehend that the manufacturer will infringe this law in 1847. Since sufficient charcoal cannot be procured, the next object is to provide a fuel nearly resembling it, and this coke supplies. Before, then, the ore can be in the least degree acted upon, an important preliminary operation is essential to expel from the coal those substances which are injurious to the iron. *Coking* is thus effected. A large quantity of coal being spread over the ground, the mass is lighted, and when the flames begin to rise, the whole bed of burning matter is covered with ashes to keep out the air, after which the coal is left to burn out, and by this process becomes changed into coke.

Should a person unacquainted with the various works of an iron district be conducted into the midst of such a country on a dark night, he would suppose himself placed in the heart of some volcanic region, with craters holding forth their fires from deep-seated centres of flame. Here in a valley spreads one fiery bed, resembling a lake of molten matter, swelling with its fierce glow above the surface; there on the side of a bleak mountain, a flaming chasm seems opened in the side of a volcano. To increase his surprise, figures like men are seen to dart to and fro amidst the sulphurous glare, as if performing some incantation.

Such feelings might influence the person whom we have supposed suddenly introduced to the novel spectacle; but the inhabitants of the districts are too accustomed to these sights to express wonder at things which are connected with their daily pursuits. Thus the smoke of Vesuvius arrests the earnest gaze of the Englishman who enters for the first time the bay of Naples, but has little attraction for those who have dwelt from childhood within sight of the opening through which the subterranean fires of southern Europe have for ages escaped.

However grand these coking fields may appear to a stranger, the manufacturer is too much engaged in the operation to pay attention to its picturesque circumstances, as profit alone, not a striking scene, is his object. The anxiety often attending the work may be estimated from the immense loss sometimes occasioned during one stormy night, when the wind sweeping along an exposed hill prevents the burning mass from being effectually covered by the ashes, in consequence of which an inferior coke is produced, and enormous quantities of the fuel consumed, in spite of all the worker's care. In such a night, a hundred tons of coal may thus be lost by exposure to the atmosphere, an important item in the expenses of a manufacture requiring the most rigid economy in all its branches. The

loss of the fuel, however, is the least mischief produced by a bad coking: the iron will be deteriorated by the defects of the coke, when the latter retains sulphur or silica; and the effects will be seen through every stage of the manufacture, and be at least evident in the quality of the iron itself when brought to market.

Having now observed the preparation of the fuel destined to feed the furnaces, and produce results never witnessed by Prometheus¹ himself, we must proceed to an examination of the different operations by which the rough iron ore is changed into the useful metal. The first process is that of *roasting*, by which various vapours are expelled from the ore by exposing it to a heat sufficient for this purpose, but not so intense as to liquefy the mineral. Were these gases allowed to remain they would interfere with the subsequent operations of melting and refining; it is, therefore, of the highest consequence to *dry* the iron earth, and expel from it all watery and sulphurous particles. The task is not one which a rude, careless man, can satisfactorily perform, however simple the mere process of roasting a mass of ore may appear to the reader. In fact, we shall find, through every stage of the iron manufacture, that the greatest attention to all the details of the work is expected from the workmen, who are thus far removed from the dullness often produced by labours requiring little exertion save that of mere animal power.

The ore is put into a kiln for roasting, where the chief point requiring the workman's care is to preserve the heated mass within given temperatures, so that the heat shall neither fall below, nor rise above a fixed limit. If the furnace be too hot, the ore will begin to melt, and the pieces stick to each other, which is to be avoided; and if the fires be kept too low, the roasting will be inefficiently performed; in other words, the water and sulphur will not be sufficiently expelled from the mass. A great diminution in the weight of the ore is caused in the roasting, by which about one-fourth of the original is lost; a result to be expected when we consider the vast quantities of vapour driven from the rough ore by the heat.

The reader will remember that in this operation no *melting* has been permitted; this is the next step in the manufacture, and is termed *smelting*, a word apparently derived from the Saxon language, in which its root was of the same import with the modern term melt. The operation of smelting is thus performed: a large quantity of the roasted ore is put into a furnace, which is a clumsy shaped mass, often fifty feet high, and to the ore a certain bulk of coke and limestone, or clay, is added. The furnace being heated, the whole contents are reduced to a fluid; the metal sinks through the fiery mass to the bottom of the furnace, whence it escapes, when sufficiently prepared, through a hole purposely plugged up with earth or clay till the moment for extracting the melted iron. Thus the whole mass is kept simmering for about twelve hours, exposed to the most intense heat which the arts of the metallurgist can produce. The degree of heat requisite to melt iron would be represented by nearly 18,000° of Fahrenheit's thermometer; to support this the furnaces are constructed of the materials most fitted to resist the constant action of fire, such as fire-proof bricks, laid in fire-clay instead of mortar, and raised upon the most solid masonry. The lower part, on which the fluid metal rests, called the "hearth," is often formed of grit-stone, cemented with fire-clay; and even these are soon burnt into a basin-like shape by the constant heat.

Some may now inquire the object for which the lime, or clay, is introduced with the ore into the furnace, as this may seem like adding foreign substances to the mineral mass. This iron will not separate from the earth with which it is mixed without the assistance of some substance called a flux, which attracts to itself the

(1) Perhaps it is not superfluous to inform some readers that Prometheus was deemed the bestower of fire upon men, and, therefore, regarded as the author of all arts.

non-metallic matter, and then enables the liberated iron to sink to the bottom, leaving the foreign substance with which it had been united floating at the top, like a thick scum or crust of molten lava. If the iron is calcareous, it is evident that no object will be attained by adding more lime; clay is then used as a flux. It is therefore only with argillaceous iron ore that lime is employed. When the roasted ore, with the proper quantity of fusing material and coke, has been placed in the furnace, the utmost watchfulness becomes necessary to keep every process in the right state, and secure the proper quantity of iron having all the requisites of a good marketable metal. Too much heat may not only injure the massive furnaces, by burning away the solid brickwork, but the iron produced is then bad in kind, and small in amount; whilst a too slow fire will also cause results equally pernicious. To secure the utmost attention on the part of the workmen, the masters usually pay them according to the quantity of metal produced; thence, not only the keeper of the furnace, but all his fellows, have the strongest motives for the exercise of care and skill.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

TRUE WALTER.

From the German of Uhland.

REV. HENRY THOMPSON.

It was Childe Walter, true and good,
Hode past the lone chapelle;
There knelt a maid, in rueful mood,
Before our Lady's cell.
"O stay, Childe Walter! true love, stay!
And know'st thou not the voice, I pray,
Thou erst didst love so well?"
"Whom see I here? the faithless May,
Whilome, alas! mine own?
Where hast thou left thy silk array?
Where gold and jewel stone?"
"O sorrow that my sin has cost!
With thee my paradise I lost!
'Tis found with thee alone."
He rais'd her soft, that maiden bright,
In pity, to his selle;
She cast her arms around the knight
She lov'd again so well.
"Ah, Walter true! this heart, I feel,
It beats on cold unyielding steel;
On thine it throbs to dwell."
Into Childe Walter's towers they pace;
The halls were still and lone;
Full light did she his helm unlace:
His lusty hue was gone.
"Sunk eye, and cheek all pale of blee!
O ne'er wert thou so fair to me
As now, thou constant one!"
She loos'd the corslet from the breast
Torn by her heedless sin:
"What see I here? A haircloth vest!
Dost mourn for kith or kin?"
"My best belov'd I mourn full sore,
Whom I on earth shall find no more,
Yet may hereafter win."

(1) A word formed from *calcium*, the name of the metal from which lime is formed.

(2) This word is derived from the Latin *argilla*, clay.

(3) This word is used for *maid* in our old English writers, whom Uhland himself imitates in this and many other of his ballads; an imitation followed in this version. The other archaic words are well known.

She casts her weeping at his feet;
She wrings her hands in prayer—
"This poor sad heart, for mercy sweet,
Thy pardon let it share.
O raise me now to joy anew!
O let me on thy bosom true
Forget all crime and care!"

"Stand up, stand up, my poor lost fere!
To raise thee now were vain:
My arms are stark, my heart is sore,
I feel nor joy nor pain.
Go, pine like me till life is fled;
For love is dead, for love is dead,
And never lives again."

Rectory, Wrington, Sept. 24, 1846.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

OUR CHILDHOOD.

ALL minds, even the dullest, remember the days of their youth; but all cannot bring back the indescribable brightness of that blessed season. They who would know what they once were, must not merely recollect, but they must imagine the hills and valleys—if any such there were—in which their childhood played; the torrents, the water-falls, the lakes, the heather, the rocks, the heavens' imperial dome, the raven floating only a little lower than the eagle in the sky. To imagine what he then heard and saw, he must imagine his own nature. He must collect from many vanished hours the power of his untamed heart; and he must, perhaps, transmute also something of his maturer mind into those dreams of his former being, thus linking the past with the present by a continuous chain, which, though often invisible, is never broken. So is it too with the calmer affections that have grown within the shelter of a roof. We do not merely remember, we imagine, our father's house, the fireside, all his features then most living, now dead and buried; the very manner of his smile, every tone of his voice. We must combine with all the passionate and plastic power of imagination, the spirit of a thousand happy hours into one moment; and we must invest with all that we ever felt to be venerable, such an image as alone can fill our filial hearts. It is thus that imagination, which first aided the growth of all our holiest and happiest affections, can preserve them to us unimpaired,—

"For she can bring us back the dead,
Even in the loveliest looks they wore."

—*Blackwood's Magazine*, 1837.

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Reading the Will.

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A FORTUNE-HUNTER. BY MRS. ABDY.

This morning I received a note from my affianced bride, Constance Graham, requesting me to attend at two o'clock that day at the house of her late uncle in Harley-street, for the purpose of hearing his will read. I had the greatest pleasure in complying with this invitation. I had really begun to fancy that old Mr. Graham was going to remain perpetually on the earth, "like Mrs. Norton's "Undying One;" he was always on the point of death, and always cured, and better than ever in the course of a few days; last month the cold water system seemed completely to renovate him, but he suddenly relapsed, departed from the world, and left fifty thousand pounds and a will behind him. Though Constance is the prettiest and most accomplished girl of my acquaintance, I had deter-

mined never to marry her while her uncle lived; he had frequently proclaimed her his heiress, but as frequently took offence at something or at nothing in her behaviour, and bequeathed his wealth to a hospital, prison, or lunatic asylum. I felt quite easy on the present occasion, for Mrs. Bates, Mr. Graham's house-keeper, had given me information that, only an hour before her master's death, he had told her he had handsomely provided for Constance. I felt, however, that it was my policy to appear ignorant of that circumstance, Constance being very romantic, and Constance's mother very suspicious.

At the appointed time I walked into the drawing-room in Harley-street,—the very few relatives of the old gentleman were assembled. There was Constance, look-

ing as Hebe might have looked if Hebe had ever worn crape and bombazine; Constance's mother looking stiff, cross, and uneasy; an elderly female cousin, and a stripling nephew of the deceased. I feared none of them. I knew that Mr. Graham disliked his fine lady sister-in-law, despised the servility of his elderly cousin, and dreaded the frolics of his stripling nephew. I seated myself by Constance, and in a soft tone began to protest my affection and disinterestedness. "Knowing the caprice of your uncle, my beloved," I said; "I have every reason to conclude that I shall hear you are disinherited; this, however, will be of little moment to me; I have enough for comfort, though not for luxury, and, as the song beautifully says—

'Still fixed in my heart be it never forgot
That the wealth of the cottage is love.'

"I fancy, Mr. Chilton," said Constance's mother, looking excessively sneering and shrewish, "that it is pretty well known that my daughter is the sole heiress of her uncle's wealth."

"Indeed, Madam?" I replied, with a start of surprise, "I was not aware that any surmise was hazarded concerning the contents of Mr. Graham's will."

"I have heard a surmise hazarded," sharply interposed the elderly cousin, "that Mr. Graham was not in his senses when he made it."

"The mind must be both base and weak," retorted Constance's mother, "which could give credence to such a rumour." And forthwith a sparring dialogue took place between the two ladies, during which I whispered to Constance a page of Moore's poetry done into prose.

Temple now entered the room, the solicitor and intimate friend of the late Mr. Graham; he was a handsome young man, and had presumed at one time to lift his eyes to Constance; he opened the will, and we all became mutely attentive. Oh, what a disappointment awaited us! Three thousand pounds were bequeathed to Constance, (this was the old fellow's idea of a handsome provision!) Five hundred pounds to the elderly cousin, ditto to the stripling nephew, small legacies to the servants, and the remainder of his wealth to found a cold water establishment for the reception of those who were not rich enough to pay a gratuity for being half-drowned. Temple read the names of the attesting witnesses, and then refreshed himself with sherry and biscuits. As he was a friend of the family, his presence was no restraint on conversation.

"That will ought to be disputed," said Constance's mother, looking very red, "I do not believe Mr. Graham was in his senses when he made it."

"I thought," said the elderly cousin, with a sneer, "that the mind must be both base and weak which could give credence to such a surmise."

"Dear mamma!" said Constance, "do not be decomposed; I am very well contented—I shall not be quite a portionless bride." Constance here held out her delicate white hand to me—I affected not to see it.

"My dear Miss Graham," I said, "do not believe me so cruel and selfish as to wish to plunge you into poverty."

"I thought you said that your income was sufficient for every comfort," remarked the stripling nephew.

I did not condescend to answer him, but continued: "No, Constance, though it breaks my heart to do so, I give you back your freedom, saying, in the pathetic words of Haynes Bayly, 'May your lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me!'" I was just making to the door, leaving Constance looking more like Niobe than Hebe, when Temple said, "I think the party had better remain till I have read the codicil."

I re-seated myself in amazement, and Temple forthwith read that the testator, being convinced that he had received no benefit from the cold water system, revoked and rescinded his legacy to it, bequeathing the same to his beloved niece, Constance Graham.

"Constance! dear Constance!" I exclaimed, in the softest of tones. But Constance looked neither like Hebe nor Niobe, but as stern and severe as Medea. I then attacked Temple. "Is it legal," I said, "only to read part of a will?"

"I read every word of the will," he replied, "and, having greatly fatigued myself by so doing, I trust that it was perfectly legal to refresh myself with a glass of sherry before I read the codicil."

I was going to utter some further remarks, when Constance's mother said, "Good morning, Mr. Chilton!" in a tone of voice which left me no alternative but to echo her leave-taking, and I descended the stairs, pursued by a smothered laugh from the party in the drawing room, returned home in very low spirits, and entered my adventure or rather misadventure in my diary, deducing from it this valuable piece of advice to gentlemen in search of fortune: "Never believe that a will is concluded till you have inquired whether there is any codicil to it."

THE IRON MANUFACTURE.

THE intense heat required in the smelting and similar processes is produced by blast machines, which drive air into the furnaces by a steam-engine. Those who have only seen the effect of a blacksmith's bellows on his fire, can form little notion of the effects produced by the impulsion of volumes of air into a glowing furnace by powerful machinery. Strong iron vessels are filled with air, which is then forced through pipes by the steam-engine piston, into the furnace, thus kept at the heat requisite for the smelting operation. It might be imagined that the introduction of such volumes of air would be sufficient for the production of all the heat required, but not so have the iron-masters thought: *hot air is now poured into the furnaces, and thus the heat is never diminished by the influx of cold matter upon the melted mass.*

In working the furnaces, the introduction of air alone engages the most anxious thoughts of the operative, as three important objects are sought to be obtained, all of which may be lost by slight neglect. One is the introduction of a *uniform* supply of air, as any irregularity in this respect will injure the action of the furnace, and diminish the value of the metal. The blast must not, therefore, be strong at one moment and feeble the next; now this uniformity cannot be secured by anything resembling the *bellows-action*, in which the air must rush out with variable force; to obviate this the air is collected in a cylinder, and thence sent to the furnace. The next object of care is the regulation of the *quantity* of air most suitable to produce the greatest amount and the best quality of iron. This demands the most acute watchfulness, for even a sudden change of wind from east to west will affect the working of the furnace. The anxiety of the workmen is much increased by the unaccountable variations sometimes exhibited by a furnace, which, after working well, begins all at once to fail in its performances, baffling all the men's skill and labour to detect the causes of the disorder. A third object still farther increases the responsibilities of the keeper when hot air is used in the blasts, for it is then necessary to guard against the absorption of moisture by the heated air, rendered more capable of absorption in its hot condition. For, as the temperature required is 300° of Fahrenheit, and heated air absorbs moisture with great rapidity, there is considerable risk of damp being carried into the fire from the blast machine; a result which would materially impede the working of the furnace.

Thus, in the management of the air alone, great skill and experience are essential; and the quality of the

iron in a high pressure engine, or in a first-rate war-frigate, depends on the caution exercised by some plain Welsh or Lancashire workman.

The holes through which the blast-pipes conduct the air into the furnace are usually about four inches in diameter; these are called *twyers*, (pronounced *twyers*;) the number of which varies, most furnaces having three, and some but one. The effects produced on the metal by the heat may be described as follows. The oxygen is expelled from the iron, and unites with the carbon of the coke, forming carbonic oxide; the carbon combines also with the fluid metal, and the lime with the earth of the ore, upon which the pure iron falls through the fuel to the hearth.

Thus the operation of smelting is in reality nothing but a great chemical process, by which the various substances in the furnace are brought into new relationships.

When the iron has been reduced to the proper state, it is let out from the furnace into a trough formed in the sand, called a *sow*, from which smaller troughs branch off called *pigs*, and the iron when cooled is therefore called *pig-iron*. This is the first condition in which iron presents itself to our view, and in this state it is also brought into the market, being classed, according to its qualities, from No. 1, to No. 6. The first three, Nos. 1, 2, 3, are called foundry iron; and the last three, Nos. 4, 5, 6, are styled forge iron; the former being in a state fit for *casting*, and the latter only adapted for the forge.

No. 1 contains much carbon, is soft, and used for ornamental work, such as requires the most delicate moulds.

No. 2 contains less carbon than the last mentioned, and does not run to the same degree of fluidity, but will, nevertheless, fill the interstices of moulds when not very fine.

No. 3. This is harder than either of the preceding, contains also less carbon, and is fit either for the foundry or the forge. The large parts of machinery are formed from this iron, such as the wheels of engines, cylinders, &c.

No. 4. This is classed with *forge* iron, but as No. 3 is sometimes cast and sometimes forged, so is it with No. 4, which is often used for large castings.

No. 5. This is called mottled iron, and is never cast, but used in the forge alone.

No. 6 contains the least carbon of all pig-iron, and runs so thickly from the furnace that it will hardly flow into the moulds or "pigs." It is so hard that a chisel cannot scratch it, yet its extreme brittleness causes the largest bars to break with a slight blow.

The reader will note that the varieties of these six classes of iron arise in some way from the presence or absence of *carbon*; and thus the same substance which causes the diversities in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, exerts its hidden power in the molten and boiling iron.

The next operation after smelting is *refining*, by which the metal is still further purified from foreign matters, and especially from the carbon and oxygen yet remaining in the pig-iron. The furnaces, into which the rough pigs are now cast, consist of low oven-like structures, called *refineries*, having the bottom or hearth formed of fire-bricks, and the sides of cast iron, kept as cool as possible by a stream of water flowing round them.

This last precaution is rendered necessary by the intense heat to which these refineries are exposed, which would certainly melt parts of the furnace itself, were not some counteracting agency employed. Above such a furnace rises a chimney of considerable diameter, though not more than eighteen or twenty feet high.

The intense heat produced suffices to bring the whole of the iron into a proper state for running into the moulds in about two hours: this will give twelve runs in the twenty-four hours; and as such furnaces are kept at work day and night, between seventy and eighty runs will be obtained in a week.

When the refining has advanced to the proper point, the liquefied metal is run out through a hole into moulds prepared for the purpose, into which the brilliant stream falls hissing, flashing, and throwing out the most beautiful scintillations. The moulds are placed over cisterns of water, which keep them cool, and chill the boiling iron as it flows over the bottom of the trough. Thus the metal has been passed twice through the fires, once in the smelting furnace, and again in the refineries, being brought in the former from its ore condition, and receiving in the latter process an additional purification.

But the work is not yet over; the iron has but reached its second stage: various processes must be passed through before the finished bar-iron appears; and the next operation is one called *puddling*, by which the metal is further freed from the gases and foreign matter mixed with the ore. The puddling is thus performed: a quantity of the refined iron is put into what is called a reverberatory furnace, in which the flame is confined as in an oven, and forced down upon the surface of the broken metal. In about half an hour, the pieces of iron begin to melt, and are kept stirred about with an instrument, till all is mixed in one fluid mass. This stirring causes the melted metal to part with more of its oxygen and carbon, the escape of which is indicated by the heavings of the liquid iron, as the expanded gases swell the surface when bursting from their fiery prison. After some time the metal is observed to thicken, the particles collect in small lumps, and as the stirring proceeds, the conglomeration goes on till the iron acquires the consistency of thick paste, which enables the puddler to form with his tool five or six roundish masses of half liquid iron.

The heat required in the puddling furnace is sometimes so intense as to burn the bottom of the furnace itself, notwithstanding the coating of scoria by which it is protected, and the draught regulator, at the top of a chimney thirty feet high, is frequently red hot. When the soft balls are thoroughly formed, the workman removes them from the furnace with a peculiar kind of gigantic tongs, and places each ball of hot metal under a hammer weighing four or five tons, by the repeated strokes of which the puddled masses are flattened into oblong pieces. The powerful strokes of these massive hammers produce a still further refinement of the iron, by driving out more of the oxydized matter which still clings with tenacity to the metal. A spectator unaccustomed to the phenomena of the iron works, would be disposed to keep at some distance during this "shingling," for the fiery particles shoot in all directions from the glowing balls, and compel the shinglers to wear a protecting dress. The escape of gas is seen by the hissing and flaming of the metal, as the enormous hammers rapidly fall, and seem as if they must necessarily beat every particle of vapour from the iron.

When the operation is over, the balls change their names, being called *blooms*, and are then prepared for further processes, yet necessary to make the iron useful to man. It sometimes happens that a ball has been badly puddled, either through want of attention in the workman, or the badness of the iron employed: in this case it takes the singular name of a "*shadrach*," a term evidently borrowed from the narrative in Daniel of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Nor is the word so applied inappropriate, for as Shadrach was little affected by the fire through which he had passed, so the imperfectly puddled ball has not been rightly acted upon by the furnace.

The main object of puddling is to purify the metal, and thus to render it more fitted for sustaining the tasks to which it must hereafter be subjected in the form of steam-engine cranks or chain cables; and the greatest attention is therefore paid to the operation. The *shingling* is not quite so important, being chiefly a means of bringing the metal into a more convenient shape for the process called *rolling*. The agencies now

become more *visible*, for, in the smelting, refining, and puddling furnaces, the transforming causes are principally chemical; certain substances are separated from others, in which new properties are developed; but all this is veiled in a sort of mystery, and hidden from our inspection. Now begin the more mechanical operations, and we are surrounded by the din of hammers, shears, and engines.

The next work is the *rolling*, or passing the oblong and hammered blocks of iron between rollers of great power. This compression stretches the metal into longer and thinner pieces than could be produced from the strokes of any hammer. When the heavy bars have been drawn through the first pair of rollers, they are subjected to the action of a second pair, placed nearer to each other than the first. A third, and a fourth compression between still closer rollers follow, and thus the iron is gradually drawn out and reduced in thickness by such repeated stretchings.

These successive compressions not only render the texture of the iron more compact, but expel more of the oxydized matter, or *cinder*, as it is called, and thus the rolling performs an important part in the purification of the metal.

As another *rolling* must be noticed at a subsequent stage of the manufacture, we omit a more detailed description of the operation in this place, and proceed to describe the process of *cutting the bars* into the length required by the workman. The common notion of shearing may suggest many simple operations, but that solid bars of iron can be cut with an ease equal to that with which a child divides a piece of cotton with a pair of scissors, occurs to the imagination of few persons. A cutting instrument is moved up and down by a steam engine, and in its descent divides the bar with all the facility characteristic of power. The force of the stroke is, nevertheless, so great, that unless the workman is cautious in placing the bars properly beneath the shears, a severe wrench will be sustained by the man, caused by the powerful impulse of the shears upon the bars. But this operation is only the prelude to others of an important character, to which we must now advert.

The last remark may induce some readers to exclaim, "What! is the obstinate metal yet unsubdued? are more fires and giant-like pressures still needful to bind the stubborn mass to the purposes of man?" Yes, reader; the powers of mighty engines and the energies of intense furnaces must again be employed ere the iron will yield its latent riches, or develop its hidden powers. The bars which have just been rolled cannot be sold; the manufacturer prizes them not; and human skill must further combine with human labour to mould the stubborn pieces into marketable iron. The rolled bars are at present so full of defects that no smith could use them for the commonest purposes, and, though some degree of malleability and toughness have been gained, more finish is requisite. What then is next to be done? Another furnace is now called into operation, called the *heating* or *balling* furnace, in which the iron is brought to a high temperature to fit it for welding. In the previous furnaces the metal was liquefied, but no such result is here allowed, as the object desired is to *soften* and not *melt*. The manufacturer wishes several of the rough bars to be sufficiently softened for welding together, so that two or more may be compressed into one by rolling. But to effect this the *bars* must be softened, and put through the rollers before they become cold.

A pile of the rough bars is placed in a furnace, where they remain till brought to the heat required. If they are removed from the furnace too soon, the bars will not be sufficiently softened to admit of that union of several into one which it is the object of the manufacturer to effect; and, if they are too long exposed to the heat, some portion will be burned, and so rendered brittle: hence, the great care of the workman is em-

ployed to detect the proper moment when the heating has been carried to the safety point. The importance of seizing the exact instant may be estimated from the fact, that a delay of two or three minutes will suffice to deteriorate whole piles of iron, and render them unfit for sale.

This *heating* process causes the metal to lose considerably in weight, as a great bulk of impure substance, in other words the oxide, called *cinder*, is detached from the bars, and flows down to the bottom of the furnace. The metal has now by numerous stages been reduced to a condition capable of freely parting with the oxydized substance, without the necessity of using machines for its separation. The oxide, accordingly, first collects on the surface of the heated bars, over which it forms a kind of mineral glaze, protecting them from the too high temperature of the furnace. Thus the very substance which the manufacturer has been so long endeavouring to expel from his metal, now performs, as it is finally leaving the iron, a beneficial service, by securing the piles from the scorching effects of intense heat. So important is the protection afforded by the covering of melted oxide, that, when one part of a bar accidentally loses this coating, the iron is destroyed by burning. The quality of the metal as it leaves the heating furnace is of the greatest importance, for this is properly the last stage in the purification; whatever operations yet remain, being more adapted to give soundness and toughness, than impart purity.

Thus, at last, the rough mass of ore appears in the shape of a valuable piece of iron, from which the smith may procure all the various articles demanded by the numerous pursuits of men.

Not that even *this* iron is *perfectly pure*;—such a piece of metal has probably never been made, and will, perhaps, for ever elude all the skill of the modern manufacturer; but it is sufficiently freed from carbon and oxygen to become available for welding purposes.

What is the exact difference, a reader may ask, between this malleable bar-iron, as it leaves the heating furnace, and the pig-iron, as it ran into the moulds after the smelting?

The proposer of this question does but repeat the inquiry which has exercised the attention of the most scientific chemists; indeed there are few questions connected with manufactures, more puzzling than that just proposed, or to the answering of which our present amount of knowledge is less fitted. The *mechanical* properties of the pig-iron marked No. 6, are totally different from those of the finished bar-iron; the latter being capable of sustaining the blows of hammers, and admitting of various operations requiring malleability; but the former so brittle, that a stroke will shiver the largest pieces. Notwithstanding this diversity, the *chemical* qualities of the two are nearly the same; both having but a small proportion of carbon. Thus we have the singular case of two pieces of metal, possessing nearly the same constituent qualities, and yet exhibiting the most diverse mechanical properties. The more "pig" resembles bar-iron in its chemical nature, the greater is the diversity in other respects: the more carbon there is in pig-iron the more tough it becomes, whilst bar-iron decreases in brittleness with the loss of its carbon; thus exhibiting a singular contradiction between the internal structure and external qualities, and proving how little we can sometimes reason from a mere chemical analysis of substances.

The last step in the manufacture of iron is the *rolling*, which brings the bars to their finished state. The great object of the workman in this operation is to weld several bars into one, and so improve the texture of the iron by such amalgamation of the metallic fibres as shall ensure the greatest possible strength in the bar. The action of the roller in thus combining several pieces of iron may be compared to that of a hammer in the common smitheries, where two bars of heated iron are frequently beaten into one. The hammer,

however, acts with far less efficiency on the small iron of the blacksmith's workshop, than the rollers upon the heated bars taken from the furnace; for the pressure of the roller is uniform, and the force constant, but the hammer only acts at the instant of the stroke, which is not always given with the same power, and therefore not unvarying in its effects. These successively diminishing rollers resemble the drawing machines in the cotton manufacture, by which the thread is gradually extended to the required fineness; and thus, in two such opposite processes, we perceive the application of the same mechanical principle to effect a similar result, either in a bar of iron or thread of cotton. As the bars are passed through the rollers in a heated state, the wear and tear of the hard iron rolls themselves is very great; nor is this surprising when we recollect the force with which they compress the bars, and the great heat of the latter, which must inevitably tend to wear away the surface of the rolls. Nor does the case-hardening of these altogether prevent the effects of such powerful friction, for the number of revolutions made by the small rolls in a minute amounts to about two hundred and forty, which cannot but rub away continually a portion from the surface of the hardest rollers. The various details connected with the manufacture of boiler plates, nail rods, sheet iron, and other divisions of this extensive trade, need not here detain the reader. It may, however, be necessary to state that the rods from which nails are made, are cut into long slits by steel cutters as they are rolled, and thus a heap of rods sufficient for millions of nails is quickly slit by this peculiar machinery. Nor must we attach little importance to this branch of the iron trade; for the making of nails engages the attention of numerous scientific men, and has occupied the investigation of engineers, who have taken out patents for improved methods of manufacture. The boiler plate is, in its first shape, a thick square piece of iron, and this being brought to the proper degree of heat is passed once between the rollers, which are then brought nearer to each other by the action of a powerful screw, and the plate is pressed a second time, after which the rollers are again brought nearer, and the plate compressed a third time; thus the operation is repeated till the plate is reduced to the state required.

(To be continued.)

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A WILTSHIRE CURATE.¹

January 1, 1765.—This year has commenced with a most extraordinary and unheard-of event. As early as six o'clock this morning, when I was still in bed, reflecting on the sermon I am to preach to-day, I heard a sharp knock at the door. Polly, who was already down stairs, hastened to open it, and found a respectable looking man with a large box under his arm, which he gave to her with these words.—“Mr. —” (the foolish girl did not catch the name,) “Mr. — sends this box to the clergyman, and entreats him to take the greatest care of its contents.”

Polly, though greatly astonished, took the box without hesitation, and the bearer instantly disappeared. Polly knocked gently at my door to ascertain whether I was awake. I desired her to come in, when she wished me a happy new year, and added laughing, “See, dear father! my dream has come true; this must be the bishop's mitre.” She then presented the new year's gift which had just been brought for me, but I regretted she had not inquired more particularly the name of the unknown giver. While she was gone to light the fire, and to call Jane, I rose and dressed myself. I do not deny that I was burning with curiosity, for hitherto, it must be owned, the presents to the curate of Cricklade on new year's day had been few and insignificant. I

suspected that the good farmer, who seemed so kindly disposed towards me, had sent me a basket of provisions, but I could not comprehend his modesty in sending them before daylight. When I entered the sitting-room, I found the two girls standing by the table on which the box was placed. It was carefully sealed up; the address to me written in large letters; and two large round holes neatly cut in the top. I lifted it up and found it tolerably heavy. With Jenny's assistance, I gently raised the lid, for I had been desirous to handle it carefully, and, on removing a fine white cloth which covered everything, there lay ——— No, it is impossible for words to describe our astonishment! “Merciful God!” we all exclaimed as with one voice. There lay a young child, some six or eight weeks old, dressed most beautifully in white with pink ribbons, fast asleep; its little head rested upon a pillow covered with white satin, and its cap and even the coverlet were trimmed with the finest lace. We stood gazing on it for some time in speechless amazement: at last, Polly burst into a kind of nervous laugh, exclaiming, “What is to be done with it? this is no bishop's mitre!” Jane, gently stroking the cheek of the sleeping infant, said with an expression of the softest pity, “Poor little creature! thou hast no mother, or perhaps the wretched mother dare not own thee! Gracious God, to desert such a lovely helpless little being! Sleep on, poor forsaken innocent! Thy parents, perhaps, would tremble with shame and anguish at thy presence, but sleep in peace, we will not reject thee—well have they chosen, I will be thy mother!” As Jane spoke, two large tears rolled slowly down her cheeks, and, taking the sweet tender-hearted maiden in my arms, I pressed her to my heart, and said, “Let it be so. Be a mother to this babe. Those who are themselves the victims of misfortune, should assist their fellow-sufferers. God proves our faith: or rather, it is because he *knows* it, that he has sent us this poor deserted little one. True, we scarce know ourselves where to look for food on the morrow, but he who has sent the desolate orphan to us for refuge, will give us the means of supporting it.”

Thus our determination was soon taken, long ere the babe awoke from its soft and gentle slumbers. It was in vain that we exhausted ourselves in conjectures concerning its parents, who must know us, as the box was directed to me. Unluckily, Polly could tell us nothing further of the man who brought it to the door. And now, whilst I again read over my sermon for the new year, “On the wonderful Providence of the Almighty,” my daughters commenced an interesting conversation on the measures to be taken for the comfort and well-being of the little stranger. Polly's childish joy was excessive, but Jane was serious and deeply agitated. I myself felt as if the new year had commenced by a miracle, and—perhaps it was a superstitious feeling—as if the child were a guardian angel, sent to assist me in my deep distress. I cannot express what a weight seemed taken off my heart. I felt inexpressibly happy and consoled.

The same evening.—I returned from the performance of my sacred office, tired and exhausted. The muddy road which I had to traverse for many miles was nearly impassable, and I reached home fatigued and dispirited. But many blessings awaited me; the warm and comfortable room, the cheerful welcome of my daughters: they had prepared supper for me, and the almost forgotten luxury of a bottle of wine, a new year's gift from some kind but unknown hand, soon restored my falling strength. But nothing gave me more pleasure than the sight of the laughing babe, crowing and kicking in Jenny's arms. Polly showed me the little bed she had made up for our nursing, and then pointed to the quantities of linen and clothing of the finest materials, which were placed with it in the box, and then gave into my hands a letter addressed to me, which was found at the child's feet.

Curious to learn something of the birth of my unex-

(1) Continued from page 22.

peeted visitor, I hastily tore open the packet. It contained a rouleau of twenty guineas, and a letter which ran thus:—"Impressed with the fullest confidence in your pious and humane feelings, the unfortunate parents of this beloved babe have committed him to your care. He is already christened; his name is Alfred. The first payment for the expenses he will entail upon you accompanies this, and the same sum will reach you punctually every three months. We entreat you to take this innocent creature under your protection, and we earnestly recommend him to the tender care of your sweet daughter Jane." When I had read the letter aloud, Polly jumped up, and, clapping her hands with delight, exclaimed, "There! is not that as good as the bishop's mitre? Good heavens, how rich we are! Now we shall do well enough without the curacy." But I was not quite so well pleased, and I wished the letter had named the "sweet Polly," also. We read it over twenty different times. We could scarcely believe our eyes at the sight of so much gold. Here was indeed a new-year's gift! I found myself suddenly relieved from my bitterest anxieties for the future. But in what a strange incomprehensible manner! In vain I repassed in my mind every individual who, from their station, or other circumstances, might find themselves under the necessity of temporarily concealing the birth of a child, or who would offer such generous payment for an act of Christian charity. It was quite hopeless! I could discover no one: and yet the parents must have been thoroughly acquainted with me and mine. Wonderful are the ways of Providence!

January 2d.—Fortune overpowers me with its favours! This morning I received another packet by the post. This time it really was a letter from Fleetman, enclosing the sum of twelve Pounds. This is too much! for each shilling he has repaid me twenty. He must have been wonderfully successful; indeed he tells me so. I know not how to express my thanks to him, for he has unluckily omitted to tell me where to direct to him. God grant that this influx of riches may not elate me too much. I now begin to hope that I may in time be enabled to pay honourably Col. Brooke's debt to Withell.

Nothing could equal the delight of my daughters when I told them of Fleetman's letter. I do think he has bewitched them: Jane turned as red as fire, and Polly ran laughing up to her, and put her two hands before her sister's face. Jane really seemed quite angry with the foolish child. I read the letter to them, though with some embarrassment, for the young man is an enthusiast; his expressions are much more flattering than I deserve; indeed he exaggerates every feeling. Even what he says of my dear Jane appears to me too strongly expressed. I really pitied the confusion of the poor modest girl while I read. I hardly dared raise my eyes to her face. The passage which concerns her certainly is very remarkable; it runs thus,—“When I left your happy home, I felt, Sir, as if I once more abandoned my father's house, to roam through a world which was a desert to me. I never, during my whole life, shall forget you, or the happiness I experienced during those few short hours. I ever see you before my eyes, rich in your poverty, rich in Christian humility, rich in your patriarchal simplicity and elevation of soul; and the merry, charming, fascinating Polly; and Jane, — what words can describe her, what term can be applied to her, whose presence purifies and ennobles every earthly object! The moment in which she presented me with the money, will be eternally present to my memory; eternally shall I remember your kind assistance, and the sweet words of consolation which fell from her lips. Do not be astonished—I have still those twelve shillings; I would not change them for a thousand golden guineas! I trust soon to be able to open my heart to you. Never in my whole life have I felt so happy or so miserable as I do at present. I entreat you to offer my grateful respects to your lovely daughters,

if I am fortunate enough still to retain a place in their memory.”

It appears from this letter that he has some intention of returning to Cricklade: I hope he will; I should then be able to thank him in person. The excess of his gratitude has, perhaps, induced the young man to give me all he possesses in the world, merely because I assisted him in a moment of distress, by a loan which certainly comprised half the ready money I then possessed. This would annoy me greatly; he appears a thoughtless youth, but generous and warm-hearted.

Little Alfred improves delightfully with us. Jane, like a young mother, scarcely lets him out of her arms; he smiles at her, and seems already to know her. The girls manage the little stranger far better than I could have anticipated. He is really a fine creature, and looks quite beautiful, as he lies in his little cradle, close to Jenny's bed, who, like his guardian angel, watches day and night over her adopted son.

January 3d.—To-day, the new curate, Mr. Bleching, arrived at the inn, and sent for me. I went immediately, and was received very courteously. He announced to me that he was to be my successor in the curacy; that he wished, if not disagreeable to me, to enter upon the duties of his office as soon as possible; but that I might continue to inhabit the parsonage till Easter, as he had found a lodging which he could occupy for the present.

I replied that I should be happy to give up the entire duty to him immediately, as I should then be more at liberty to exert myself to find another employment. I only wished to preach a farewell sermon to that congregation who had for so many years listened to my earnest endeavours to explain and preach the word of God. It was arranged that he should come in the afternoon, and examine the state of the parsonage-house. His young wife accompanied him. She appeared rather proud and disdainful, and I suppose comes of a very great family, for nothing in the whole house would please her, and she scarcely deigned to take the slightest notice of my daughters. When she saw little Alfred in his cradle, she turned suddenly round to Jane, and said, “What, are you married?” Jenny became crimson, and shaking her head, replied in the negative, but with so much embarrassment, that I was forced to come to the poor girl's assistance. Mrs. Bleching listened to my story with intense curiosity, then shrugged up her shoulders, and turned her back upon me. I thought this very ill-bred, but said nothing. On offering them some tea, it was abruptly refused. I could see that the new curate was completely under the orders of his imperious lady. We were not sorry when our visitors departed.

January 6th.—If I may judge by the letter I have just received from Mr. Withell, he is a worthy and excellent man. He expresses his regret that I should be implicated in the unfortunate affair of the bond, entreats me not to distress myself, and says he shall be satisfied if I can pay my debt in ten years. He appears to be aware of my misfortunes, for he alludes delicately to the state of my affairs; but what affords me the highest consolation is that I see he considers me a man of honour, and I will show him that he is not deceived. I will go myself as soon as possible to Trowbridge, and pay him Fleetman's twelve pounds towards the liquidation of my unfortunate debt.

Although my daughter Jane assures me that she sleeps well at night, and that little Alfred does not disturb her, as he only requires to be fed once, nevertheless I am uneasy about her. She is not near so gay as formerly, though she has much more reason to be contented and happy now, than when we were anxious about our daily food. Sometimes she sits with her knitting in her hands, silent and buried in thought, her eyes fixed on vacancy, and her formerly active fingers hanging listlessly beside her; when spoken to, she starts like one in a deep sleep, and in some time before she understands what has been said; this is

evidently the consequence of broken rest, although she will not allow it. I cannot persuade her to sleep a little in the day-time: she declares she is perfectly well. Another thing, too, disturbs me about her: I really did not believe the girl had so much vanity: it is very clear that Fleetman's praises were not displeasing to her, for she asked me to give her his letter, that she might read it over again. She has never returned it to me, and keeps it in her work-basket! I doubt its being for what he says of me: poor little vain thing!

January 8th.—My farewell sermon received the tribute of tears from most of my auditors. I am now, for the first time, convinced that I am beloved by my flock. I have received the strongest expressions of attachment from all sides, and many have made me valuable presents. Never have I had so many delicacies, or so much wine in my house, as at this moment. Had I possessed the hundredth part in the days of want and privation, I should have esteemed myself fortunate. Now we are literally surrounded with luxuries: however, it is not ourselves alone who benefit by it; both Jenny and myself know all the poor families in Crick-lade, and they also profit by this abundance, and rejoice with us. I felt much agitated whilst preaching my last sermon, and it was not written without tears. I feel as if cut off from all that has hitherto formed my world,—from my sacred calling, from my early vocation. I am driven forth from the vineyard of the Lord, like an unworthy servant: and yet I have not laboured as an Hireling, but have planted many a fruitful vine, and cut away some unproductive branches. I am rejected from that vineyard, where day and night I have watched and worked,—where I have instructed, consoled, cherished, prayed! I avoided no sick bed: I strengthened the dying sinner in his last dread struggles, by the holy name of Christ. I left no poor man to perish alone, and I often brought back the lost sheep into the path of life. God of heaven! were not all these souls bound up with mine own? and now they must be torn asunder! My heart bleeds in agony, but thy will, O God, be done!

How willingly would I undertake all the duties of my office without salary! but it is too late; my successor is already in possession of my curacy. I have been accustomed to poverty from my childhood, and my youth and manhood were passed amid care and privations. We might all live upon the money I receive for little Alfred's expenses, and I would not think of the future, or care for what may become of my grey hairs, could I but continue to teach the word of God to my beloved parishioners. But, God's will be done. Let me not murmur at his dispensations! The tears which have blotted these words are not tears of bitterness. I pray not for riches, or better days, but, O Lord, drive not thy servant for ever from thy service, even though his strength is small! Let me enter once more into thy vineyard, and by thy blessing again win back souls unto the Lord!

DIARY OF A JOURNEY FROM ALEXANDRIA TO SUEZ.

BY A CADET.

As may be supposed, we made ourselves very comfortable, and, after eating and drinking enough, we walked down to a small Arab village about a quarter of a mile distant, where we found our donkeys, mounted, and set off for Cairo rather faster even than we had left it in the morning; we supposed it was the effect of the cheese. However we got on very well till we reached the small stream before mentioned. This time we had no one to carry us over, our guides having deserted us as soon as they had received their Buch-

sheesh. I managed to get over without even wetting my toes or any part of me, by lying full length on my donkey. L's courser went very well till he got to the middle and deepest part of the stream, and then began, with the greatest coolness possible, to turn round and round; this manœuvre he persisted in, and we could not induce him to proceed by fair means or foul for some time. C. nearly tumbled in, but saved himself, and escaped with getting wet through to the waist. This, however, terminated our adventures, and we reached home, or rather our hotel, safely at five o'clock in the afternoon. We did not allow ourselves more than a short rest, when, having procured fresh donkeys, we started for the company's office, where we were told that we were not to leave Cairo till ten o'clock in the evening of the ensuing day.

We had thought we had only this day to stay, and were accordingly not a little rejoiced at this further rest. The remainder of the evening was spent in visiting the Turkish market and wandering through various parts of the town. At eight we returned to our hotel to dinner, immediately after which, wearied and way-worn, we retired comfortably to the arms of Morpheus.

23d.—Breakfasted at nine; the same six mounted again and started for the slave market, which is about three miles off; we arrived there in good time, and saw the slaves confined in most miserable holes. There were, in the first place, about two dozen Abyssinian boys from ten to eighteen years of age, the ugliest creatures I ever beheld; and then two or three girls of the same breed, and if possible uglier still,—a rather pretty little Nubian, not at all unlike an East Indian, but too dark; and that was all of the sad collection.

The whole of us were thoroughly disgusted, and stayed no time, especially as the merchants wanted us to buy, for our dragoman had brought us in under the pretence that we wished to purchase, as we should not have gained entrance under any other pretext.

Retreating as fast as possible from this shocking sight, we went to the oldest mosque in Cairo, built soon after the death of Mahommed. It is a beautiful building, and must have been splendid in former times, though now rather dilapidated. Among other curiosities it contains two very hard black stones, about eight feet square, on one of which are the marks of a man's hands, on the other of his feet. Our dragoman told us that it was impossible to cut these stones with any instruments, and that these marks were those of the hands and feet of Mahommed. Of course we said nothing, and there were the marks quite evident, how done it is not for me to say, as I don't pretend to know. From the old mosque we rode all through the town, and saw a magnificent new mosque which the Pacha is building, and in which he is to be buried. It is the largest in Egypt, and is to consist almost entirely of white marble. From this we went to the Pacha's menagerie, a miserable affair, consisting of two lions, two lionesses, a leopard, a lynx, and two hyenas. The animals are fine, but the cages wretched; one of the lions had comfortably eaten his keeper two days before; but that, of course, is thought nothing of in Egypt,—at least our dragoman and the surviving keepers troubled themselves very little about it! The animals seemed all very savage, this lion especially.

The Pacha's palace, which is open to travellers, was the next lion we went to see. It is, on the whole, rather a handsome building, though some of the rooms are tawdry to a degree; a few however are very fine. We also saw the old worthy's bed, and his bath, which still contained the water in which he had washed himself that morning; by the bye, it was rather dirty than otherwise.

From the palace we went and examined mosques and other places of little note; but, as we had determined to see all that was to be seen, we of course omitted nothing. After this survey we bent our steps to the Turkish market, where we bought pipes, tobacco, red caps, and

slippers to a frightful extent; and from thence to our hotel, where we had to liquidate our account, and were charged for two days and nights, for one miserable room, with two beds between four, and very wretched fare, 5*l.*, which proves that hotel keepers in Egypt, as well as in other places, know how to take care of themselves. Having disbursed our cash, we betook ourselves to the British, where F. and L. had rooms, and where we dined with them at eight. We were to start by the carriage at ten, and till then we enjoyed ourselves indoors. By the bye, I forgot to say that, as we were returning from our sight-seeing to our hotel about five p.m., we met, in an English carriage drawn by six beautiful horses, the old Pacha himself attended by his officers, the whole of them splendidly mounted and magnificently dressed. We all drew up our donkeys and took off our caps, to which he responded by a very polite bow to each of us. He is very polite to the English, always, if possible, taking notice of them. I wonder what Queen Victoria would have thought of us, her liege subjects, on donkey-back.

Ten o'clock arrived at last, and each taking his small bundle we proceeded to the company's office, not more than two minutes' walk from our hotel, and took our seats in our carriage. The transit over the Desert is managed in the following manner. There are generally four different times of starting, though sometimes more, sometimes less, according to the number of passengers. With us I think it was six times, and four carriages at each starting, each vehicle containing six persons. One set started at two that morning, the next at six, then again at ten a.m., at two p.m., at six, and the last at ten.

In my vehicle there were the full complement, six—that is myself and the five others who had the honour of my company to the Pyramids. Luckily, we had no ladies with us. The carriages are drawn by four horses, and, besides the driver, there is a sort of cad behind, who helps to harness the horses at the different stations, and to hold their heads when they stop, which they are obliged to do every fifteen minutes. The drivers are most of them detestable, and the cattle very bad; for, as there are seven stations in the Desert, and ten miles between each, it is no joke for the animals to pull all that distance through such roads as the Desert presents. Of the vehicle itself I can give no other or better description than that it is exactly like a bathing machine, having two wheels instead of four, as one would naturally anticipate, and drawn by four horses. And in this extraordinary affair we left Cairo, with great grief and sadness of heart, for it is undoubtedly a splendid town, and we had passed our time very pleasantly there; but the hour was come, and here we were—

"Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin."

It was a beautiful night, and we went off in good style, for the horses were quite fresh, which was a great mercy, as at the other stations we were only to get those which had pulled the other passengers across before us. We got through these first ten miles pretty well, though the veritable Desert begins almost immediately on leaving Cairo. No doubt we had a stoppage every now and then to give the horses rest, for they were forced to go full gallop all the way. When they halted, the exquisite behind jumped down and held their heads till they were to start again, and then his pleasing duty was to haul them along for about five minutes, and then we had to trust to Providence and the driver for the rest. We accomplished the first stage in about two hours and a half; our carriage being second in the race. The stations are miserable barn-like affairs, all under the care of those Egyptian rascals. The half hour we stayed there would have passed pleasantly enough could we but have passed it in sleep, but all we could do none of us could manage to effect this.

It is in vain to attempt to describe the miseries which we underwent in the course of our next stage; we were four hours going these ten miles, four weary hours, and sleep we could not, for the horses got quite knocked up half-way, and one of them was obliged to be taken out, and made over to our cad, who was to lead it to the station, whilst we ourselves, by way of variety, were obliged to get out by turns, and actually pull the unhappy beasts along while the driver thrashed them. We were, however, no worse off than our neighbours, for one of the other conveyances, in which was a sick lady, was nearly upset by a kicking vicious horse.

However, no accident did actually occur, and, at five o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, 24th, we reached the second station, perfectly worn out with fatigue; here we got a tolerable breakfast, and started again at half-past seven.

The next stage was the same length as the former, but our carriage was not so badly off for cattle as another one, which was occupied by five ladies and but one gentleman; and he, unfortunate individual, was obliged to run by the side of the horses for two hours with a bit of rope, and thrash them along; but all things come to an end—we reached the station at half-past twelve. Quick travelling, ten miles in five hours!! As for the carriage I have just mentioned, it did not appear for two hours after the other three. The instant we arrived we rushed out of our carriage, and put on the clean linen which we had with us; and, as we stayed at this oasis four hours, we had time to dine, and walk about and stretch our legs, none of the shortest, after our morning's drive.

Just as we were starting again, up came a new carriage, with five horses, and in it wore lords, and other great personages.

This party proposed taking our horses from us, but to this obliging proposition we would not consent; they succeeded, however, in persuading the occupants of another carriage to lend them theirs, as his lordship wished to travel as fast as possible. We all started together, and this stage was accomplished in good style; we reached the next station by half-past one, and were first in.

Changed horses; set off again, but fortune was not propitious—very bad cattle, one lame, another completely knocked up before we had gone over half our ground; we had to get out and pull the miseries along, and with the greatest exertion reached the next station by eight o'clock. This had been the worst pull of all, the road in this part being the heaviest in the Desert, and another bathing machine besides ours was obliged to leave a horse behind, it was almost dead.

Here we rested long enough to allow me to get a sleep of two hours, a blessing I had not enjoyed, or in fact any one of my companions, since Sunday night. After this refreshment, we got a cup of tea, the horses were ready, and we started. The night before, notwithstanding all our miseries, had been fine, but this was, if possible, still finer, and, all the vans somehow having good beasts, we went along something like, and all managed to keep together, which we had never done before. Ours was the last conveyance but one; that before us had in it three gentlemen, two of them juveniles, and the other an old Hibernian Medico, with his wife and the afore-said invalid young lady. Well, time wore on. Midnight came, every individual in my van was asleep except myself, and I was just nodding, when I was startled by a sort of scream proceeding from the carriage in front. I jumped up, looked out of the window, and, to my astonishment, saw the vehicle in question, not attacked by romantic and ferocious robbers, Ma'am, like those interesting Arabs who carried off the adorable Pekuah, lady's maid to the lovely Nekayah, sister of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, as is related in that delightful tale, which we studied with equal pleasure and profit in days of yore, but—upset. Being next the door I popped out, and found that luckily no one

had sustained any damage except the poor driver, who was nearly killed. The sick young lady had fallen into a gentleman's arms, but neither of them were hurt; the other young man was quite safe also, Mrs. W. had got two black eyes instead of blue, and her worthy spouse had nearly broken his nasal organ; this calamity was averted, but the side of the carriage was smashed by his tumbling against it.

There was a tremendous row for some time, but we six youths, like good knights and true, having offered to make over our carriage to the wounded, and to take their broken one, every thing was put to rights. The driver, having fallen asleep as well as the passengers, had in his dreams driven over a stone at least three feet high, which caused the upset. C. got into his lordship's carriage, and one of its passengers, who was an expert whip, got on our box and drove us, our unfortunate Jehu being so very much hurt that we took him inside, and left him at the next station where we changed horses.

The carriage was dreadfully broken and rather dangerous; none of us, however, cared for that; we were so thoroughly knocked up that, in fifteen minutes after we had started, I do not believe a soul in the carriage was awake; nor did any of us open our eyes till the vehicle stopped at the next station; so how we got there I cannot tell, but right glad were we to find ourselves so near the end of our journey. Here we breakfasted, and again started, and, insensible to the beauties of nature, slept as soundly as before, not only through this stage but through the next, and, by nine o'clock of the 25th, Christmas Day, reached that disgusting dirty hole of a place, called Suez, stayed half an hour, which was half an hour too long, got a boat as soon as practicable, and set off the whole party of us for the steamer, which we reached at noon; and rejoiced were we all when we put foot on board the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's steamer, the *Bentinck*, bound for Calcutta, then lying in the Red Sea.

DANGERS OF THE ARCTIC SEAS.—LOSS OF H. M. S. FURY IN 1825.

THERE is perhaps no situation, short of absolute wreck, in which a ship can be placed, so calculated to impress the mind with danger, as when closely beset by ice. Captain Parry's third voyage in search of a north-west passage was undertaken in the year 1824. The ships *Hecla* and *Fury* sailed on the 10th of May, and having crossed the Atlantic, entered Davis's Straits. The obstructions from the quantity, magnitude, and closeness of the ice kept the crews almost constantly employed in heaving, warping, or sawing through it; and yet with so little success, that, at the close of the month of July, they had only penetrated seventy miles to the westward, or to the longitude of about $62^{\circ} 10'$. Here, while closely beset, on the 1st of August, they encountered a hard gale from the south-east, which pressing the ice together in every direction, by mass overlaying mass for hours in succession, the *Hecla* received several very awkward nips, and was once fairly laid on her broadside by a strain which must have crushed a vessel of ordinary strength. In such cases, the ice is forced under a ship's bottom, on one side, and on the other up her side, both powers thus acting in such a manner as to bring her on her beam ends. Captain Parry remarks that this is, in fact, the most favourable manner in which a ship can receive the pressure, and would perhaps only occur with ice comparatively not very heavy, though sufficiently so to have run completely over a ship in some extreme and fatal cases. With ice of still more formidable dimensions, a vessel would probably, by an equal degree of pressure, be absolutely crushed,

in consequence of the increased difficulty of sinking it on one side, and causing it to rise on the other.

Thus the crossing of the ice in Baffin's Bay occupied nearly the whole of one season, and the middle of September had nearly arrived before they entered Lancaster Sound. Winter closed in upon them, and they had to make arrangements for security and comfort during that long and dreary season, without having made any geographical discovery to reward their anxieties and toils.

The following spring was unusually favourable, so that they were able to get out to sea by the middle of July, 1825. The sea was, however, encumbered by ice, among which they continued to work till the end of the month, when they reached the latitude of $72^{\circ} 42'$, longitude $91^{\circ} 50'$. A gale of wind, rising up, brought the ice closer and closer, till it pressed with considerable violence on both ships, but most upon the *Fury*, which lay in a very exposed situation. The *Fury* was forced aground, but was hove off at high water; a broad channel of water appearing at a short distance, and a fresh breeze springing up, the ships were directed towards it, in the hope of gaining the broader channel before the ice closed. So sudden and rapid, however, was the motion of the ice, that it again hemmed in the ships in such a manner as to leave them literally helpless and unmanageable.

"In such cases," says Parry, "it must be confessed that the exertions made by heaving at hawsers, or otherwise, are of little more service than in the occupation they furnish to the men's minds under circumstances of difficulty; for, when the ice is fairly acting against the ship, ten times the strength and ingenuity could, in reality, avail nothing."

The sails were however kept set, and as the body of ice was setting to the southward, the ships drifted with it some little distance in that direction. The *Hecla*, being quite close to the shore, at length struck the ground forcibly several times in the space of a hundred yards, and then remained immovable. The *Fury* continued to drive on, and was within a few feet only of being dashed against the *Hecla*. She had not gone above two hundred yards further before she was observed to receive a severe pressure from a large floe-piece forcing her directly against a grounded mass of ice upon the beach. The effect of this was to open a leak, and to otherwise damage the ship. Captain Parry examined the shore in the hope of finding a small harbour, in which to shelter the ships until the ice, by drifting off, should leave the sea more open. The whole shore was more or less lined with grounded masses of ice; and, after examining the soundings within more than twenty harbours in the space of about a mile, he found only two that would allow the ships to float at low water. Having fixed a flag on each berg, the usual signal for the ships taking their stations, he rowed on board the *Fury*, and found four pumps constantly going, to keep the ship free, and Captain Hoppner, his officers, and men, almost exhausted with the incessant labour of the last eight-and-forty hours. It was evident that the *Fury* could proceed no further without repairs, and that the nature of those repairs would probably involve the disagreeable necessity of heaving down the ship. On further examining the beach, a place was found where three grounded masses of ice, having from three to four fathoms of water at low tide within them, were so disposed as to afford something like shelter. "Wild and insecure, as, under other circumstances, such a place would have been thought for the purpose of heaving a ship down, we had no alternative, and therefore as little occasion as we had time for deliberation. Returning to the ships, we were setting the sails in order to run to the appointed place, when the ice closed in and prevented our moving, and in a short time there was once more no open water to be seen. We were, therefore, under the necessity of remaining in our present berths, where the smallest external pressure

must inevitably force us ashore, neither ship having more than two feet of water to spare. One watch of the Hecla's crew were sent round to assist at the Fury's pumps, which required one-third of her ship's company to be constantly employed at them." In this laborious occupation the men's hands had become so sore from the constant friction of the ropes, that they could hardly handle them any longer without the use of mittens, assisted by the unlaying of the ropes to make them soft. It was evident that no time was to be lost: advantage was therefore taken of a small lane of water deep enough for boats, which kept open within the grounded masses along the shore, to convey to the Hecla some of the Fury's dry provisions, and to land a quantity of heavy iron-work and other stores not perishable, in order to lighten the ship.

The wind blowing fresh from the northward, there was considerable danger of the ships being forced adrift. The 4th of August was occupied in landing stores. On the 5th, the ice began to slacken near the ships, and the intended harbour was again examined. One of the three bergs had shifted its place so materially, as not only to alter the disposition of these masses, on which the safety of the ships so greatly depended, but also to destroy all confidence in their stability upon the ground. Both the ships, however, managed to get into this ice-harbour, and, within twenty minutes after their arrival, the whole body of ice again came in, entirely closing up the shore, so that the ships' moving forward proved most opportune.

All hands were next employed in guarding against the incursions of the ice. Anchors were carried to the beach, having bower cables attached to them, passing quite round the grounded masses, and thus enclosing a small space of just sufficient size to admit both ships. The cables were floated by means of hand masts, and some empty casks lashed to them as buoys, with the intention of thus making them receive the pressure of the ice a foot or two below the surface of the water. This laborious work was completed before night, and all the tents were set up on the beach for the reception of the Fury's stores.

Every one was now engaged in landing stores, or some other employment preparatory to the heaving down of the ship. Even the dogs were set to work to drag up the stores on the beach, so that the little dock-yard soon exhibited the most animated scene imaginable. The quickest method of landing casks and other things not too weighty, was found to be by a sort of inclined plane, formed by a hawser secured to the ship's main mast-head, and set up as tight as possible to the anchor on the beach. The Fury was so much lightened in the course of the day, that two pumps were nearly sufficient to keep her free. Her spirit room was now entirely clear, and on examination the water was found to be rushing in through two or three holes that happened to be in the ceiling, and which were immediately plugged. At night, just as the people were going to rest, the ice began to move, and soon after came in towards the shore, endangering the Fury's rudder and pressing her over on her side to so alarming a degree, as to show how imprudent it would be to lighten her much more in her present insecure situation. Still, however, there was no choice; the Fury was unrigged, her spars, sails, booms, boats, and other top-weights landed, as were also the coals and provisions. These operations were sadly interrupted by the loose ice choking up the basin from time to time, and this had to be cleared out piece by piece. When the water was sufficiently smooth, the nature of the Fury's damage could to a certain extent be examined. It was discovered with pain that the stern-post and fore-foot were broken and turned up on one side with the pressure; the main keel was also much torn, so that there was every reason to conclude that the damage would altogether prove very serious.

The precautions necessary to be taken against the assaults of the ice, did not allow them completely to

clear the Fury before the 16th. "Though we purposely selected the time of high water for turning the ship round, we had scarcely a foot of space to spare for doing it, and indeed, as it was, her fore-foot touched the ground, and loosened the broken part of the wood so much as to enable us to pull it up with ropes, when we found the fragments to consist of the whole of the 'gripe' and most of the 'cut-water.' The strong breeze continuing, and the sea rising as the open water increased in extent, our bergs were sadly washed and wasted; every hour producing a sensible and serious diminution in their bulk. As, however, the main body of ice still kept off, we were in hopes, now that our preparations were so nearly completed, we should have been enabled in a few weeks to see the extent of the damage, and repair it sufficiently to allow us to proceed. In the evening we received the Fury's crew on board the Hecla, every arrangement and regulation having been previously made for their personal comfort, and for the preservation of cleanliness, and ventilation and dry warmth throughout the ship. The officers of the Fury, by their own choice, pitched a tent on shore for messing and sleeping in, as our accommodation for two sets of officers was necessarily confined."

On the 17th, when every thing was completed for heaving down the Fury, the cables were found again so slack by the washing of the bergs, that several hours were occupied in putting them to rights. This work being finished at ten o'clock at night, the people were allowed three hours' rest only, it being necessary to heave the ship down at or near high water, as there was not sufficient depth to allow her to take her distance at any other time of tide. When every thing was ready, on the 18th, it was found that the straps had stretched so much that they could not bring the keel out of water within three or four feet. She was therefore cased up again and hauled further in shore, so as to make a less depth of water necessary; "and we were then in the act of once more heaving her down, when a snow-storm came on, and blew with such violence off the land, as to raise a considerable sea. The ships had now so much motion as to strain the gear very much, and even to make the lower masts of the Fury bend in spite of the shores; we were therefore most unwillingly compelled to desist until the sea should go down, keeping every thing ready to recommence the instant we could possibly do so with safety. The officers and men were now literally so harassed and fatigued as to be scarcely capable of further exertion without some rest; and on this and one or two other occasions, I noticed more than a single instance of stupor amounting to a certain degree of failure in intellect, rendering the individual so affected quite unable at first to comprehend the meaning of an order, though still as willing as ever to obey it. It was therefore perhaps a fortunate necessity which produced the intermission of labour, which the strength of every individual seemed to require."

The gale continuing during the whole of the 18th, so destroyed the bergs on which the ships solely depended for shelter from the assaults of the ice, that they no longer remained aground at low water; the cables had again become slack about them, and the basin which had been formed with so much trouble had now lost all its defences, at least during a portion of every tide. "After a night of most anxious consideration and consultation with Captain Hoppner, who was now my messmate in the Hecla, it appeared but too plain that, should the ice again come in, neither ship could any longer be secured from driving on shore. It was therefore determined instantly to prepare the Hecla for sea, making her thoroughly effective in every respect; so that we might at least push her out into comparative safety among the ice, when it closed again, taking every person on board her, securing the Fury in the best manner we could, and returning to her the instant we were able to do so, to endeavour to get her out,

and to carry her to some place of security for heaving down. If, after the Hecla was ready, time should still be allowed us, it was proposed immediately to put into the Fury all that was requisite, or at least as much as she could safely carry, and towing her out into the ice, to try the effect of 'foddering' the leaks by asis under those parts of her keel which we knew to be damaged, until some more effectual means could be resorted to."

By dint of great exertions the Hecla was prepared for sea, and on the 20th the reloading of the Fury commenced, such articles being selected for putting on board as were essentially requisite for her re-equipment. A few hands were spared to prepare a sail for putting under the Fury's keel, in order to relieve the men at the pumps, which constantly required the labour of from eight to twelve hands to keep her free. By a lengthened day's labour fifty tons weight of coals and provisions were got on board the Fury, which were considered sufficient to give her stability. "While we were thus employed, the ice, though evidently inclined to come in, did not approach us much; and it may be conceived with what anxiety we longed to be allowed one more day's labour, on which the ultimate saving of the ship might almost be considered as depending." Having hauled the ships out a little from the shore, and prepared the Hecla for casting off by a spring at a moment's notice, all the people, except those at the pumps, were sent to rest, which, however, they had not enjoyed for two hours when a heavy mass of ice coming violently in contact with the bergs and cables, threatened to sweep away every remaining security. Nothing but the urgency and importance of the object in view, that of saving the Fury, if she was to be saved, could have prevented Captain Parry from making sail, and keeping the Hecla under way till matters mended. Some hawsers were run out, which enabled them still to hold on, all hands were then set to work to get the Fury's anchors, cables, rudder, and spars on board; these things being absolutely necessary for her equipment. At two o'clock P.M. several masses of ice drove along the shore at a quick rate, and coming in contact with the Hecla or the bergs to which she was attached, made it evident that very little additional pressure would tear everything away, and drive both ships on shore. The Hecla was therefore immediately got under sail, and stood out to sea. Captain Hoppner, and as many as could be spared, were busily engaged in getting the anchors and cables on board the Fury, when Captain Parry observed some large pieces of ice closing in with the land near her, and he was shortly after informed by signal that the Fury was driven on shore. She appeared to have been driven up the beach by two or three of the grounded masses forcing her onwards before them, and these, as well as the ship, seemed now so firmly aground, as entirely to block her in on the seaward side. In the evening, Captain Hoppner returned to the Hecla, accompanied by all hands, except an officer with a party at the pumps. It appeared that, in the present state of the Fury, nothing short of chopping and sawing up a part of the ice under her stern could by any possibility have effected her release, even if she had been already afloat. A strong current swept the Hecla a long way to the southward, while hoisting up the boat, so that Captain Parry was under the painful necessity of recalling the party at the pumps, rather than incur the risk of parting company with them altogether. A few hours after the last of the people had come on board, more than half a mile of closely packed ice intervened between the Fury and the open water, in which the Hecla was beating, and before morning this barrier had increased to four or five miles in breadth.

The Hecla continued to beat about in the neighbourhood of the Fury, but in consequence of contrary winds was separated from her several leagues. Being impatient to obtain a sight of her, and the wind becoming light, Captain Parry left the Hecla in a boat, and reached the Fury about three-quarters of an hour before

high water, being the most favourable time of tide for arriving to examine her condition. The first hour's inspection convinced him that, exposed as the ship was, and forcibly pressed up upon an open and stony beach, "her holds full of water, and the damage of her hull to all appearance more considerable than before, without any adequate means of hauling her off to seaward, or securing her from the further incursions of the ice, every endeavour of ours to get her off, or, if got off, to float her to any known place of safety, would be at once utterly hopeless in itself, and productive of extreme risk to our remaining ship."

Captain Parry then ordered a careful survey of the ship to be made, which was accordingly done, and the carpenter of the Fury reported "that it would occupy five days to clear the ship of water; that if she were got off, all the pumps would not be sufficient to keep her free, in consequence of the additional damage she seemed to have sustained; and that, if even hove down, twenty days' work would be required to make her seaworthy." Captain Hoppner, and the other officers, were, therefore, of opinion that an absolute necessity existed for abandoning the Fury. "My own opinion," says Parry, "being thus confirmed as to the utter hopelessness of saving her, and feeling more strongly than ever the responsibility which attached to me of preserving the Hecla unhurt, it was with extreme pain and regret that I made the signal for the Fury's officers and men to be sent for their clothes, most of which had been put on shore with the stores." The officers and men were allowed an hour for packing up their clothes, or what else belonging to them the water in the ship had not covered. The whole of the Fury's stores were left either on board her, or on shore, every spare corner that could be found in the Hecla being absolutely required for the accommodation of the double complement of officers and men.

"When the accident first happened to the Fury," says Captain Parry, "I confidently expected to have been able to repair her damages in good time to take advantage of a large remaining part of the navigable season in the prosecution of the voyage; and, while the clearing of the ship was going on with so much alacrity, and the repairs seemed to be within reach of our means and resources, I still flattered myself with the same hope. But, as soon as the gales began to destroy, with a rapidity of which we had before no conception, our sole defence from the incursions of the ice, as well as the only trust-worthy means we before possessed of holding the Hecla out for heaving the Fury down, I confess that the prospect of the necessity then likely to arise for removing her to some other station was sufficient to shake every reasonable expectation I had hitherto cherished of the ultimate accomplishment of our object. Those expectations were now at an end. With a twelvemonth's provisions for both ships' companies, extending our resources only to the autumn of the following year, it would have been folly to hope for final success, considering the small progress we had already made, the uncertain nature of this navigation, and the advanced period of the present season. I was therefore reduced to the only remaining conclusion, that it was my duty, under all the circumstances of the case, to return to England, in compliance with the plain tenor of my instructions. As soon as the boats were hoisted up, therefore, and the anchor stowed, the ship's head was put to the north-eastward, with a light air off the land, in order to gain an offing before the ice should again set in-shore."

Captain Parry further remarks on the loss of the Fury, that "to any person qualified to judge, it will be plain that an occurrence of this nature was at all times rather to be expected than otherwise, and that the only real cause for wonder has been our long exemptions from such a catastrophe. I can confidently affirm, and I trust that on such an occasion I may be permitted to make the remark, that the mere safety of the ships has

never been more than a secondary object in the conduct of the expeditions under my command. To push forward while there was any open water to enable us to do so, has uniformly been our first endeavour: it has not been until the channel has actually terminated, that we have ever been accustomed to look for a place of shelter, to which the ships were then conducted with all possible despatch; and I may safely venture to predict that no ship acting otherwise will ever accomplish the North-west Passage."

The stores of the *Fury*, thus abandoned on these barren and desolate shores, seem to have been providentially ordained to be the means of saving the lives of Captain Ross and his crew a few years later. It will be remembered that in 1829 Captain Ross, with the aid of his friends, equipped and provisioned the steam-vessel *Victory*, for the purpose of attempting the discovery of the North-west Passage, it being understood that government had relinquished the intention of fitting out another expedition. The *Victory* left England in June 1829, reached Davis's Strait in July, and Lancaster Sound in August; no impediment was found in gaining the western side of Prince Regent's Inlet, and from that side to the beach where the *Fury* had been wrecked; but the vessel had entirely disappeared, it having either gone to pieces or been sunk. The tent poles, however, were still standing, and the vast heaps of casks, cases, and canisters were observed to be piled up, and on landing all found to be entire. The *Victory* was therefore moored, in order to put on board her as much bread, flour, wine, spirits, sugar, cocoa, &c. as she could stow, after which the heap is said to have been scarcely diminished.

The *Victory* was also lost in these dangerous seas; and, during four years, Captain Ross and his crew were imprisoned here, deprived of all means of escape, and must have perished, but for the stores of the *Fury*. It will be remembered that Captain Back nobly volunteered to go in search of the *Victory*, and had actually started on his journey when the news arrived that Ross and his companions had been rescued by a whaler, which had been tempted by the fineness of the season farther north than usual.

THE WANDERER'S RECEPTION.

CHAPTER V.

MARY determined to show the baby at the parsonage when she came back from the Hall, and left the old man at the gate. Trust seemed to understand that he had a double charge to-day, and walked quietly by her side. The hum of the insects seemed to lull the baby to sleep, and her little bright eyes were soon closed. The young nurse felt quite proud of her charge, and, when she arrived at the Hall, was too impatient to show it to Ellen to stop at Mrs. Adams's room, but went directly to the study window. She had lost much of her fear of Anna, and, when she found her alone, busy with her needle, she displayed her treasure with the greatest satisfaction; but this did not satisfy Mary, for she had determined to have Miss Stanmore's opinion.

"I do not know what my cousin is about this morning, Mary; I wished her to come and help me to work at these clothes for a poor family, whose father is out of health, and cannot walk; but she said something about having some letters to write, and I have not seen her the whole morning."

"I am sure Miss Stanmore must have some good

reason for not helping you; I hope she will come down before I go."

"I think it most likely that she will; she mentioned a wish of walking to the parsonage, and my aunt will want us both to go out with her this afternoon, which I do not at all like, as I wish to finish this little frock."

"You seem very busy, and I wish I could help you. You must feel very happy at being able to assist poor people."

"I am, indeed; and I feel quite repaid when I see them all neatly dressed, and know that I have contributed to it. I have not so large an allowance as Ellen, but I have quite enough to do good with. I shall some day make a frock for Bessie."

This promise pleased Mary very much, but she felt very sad at the thought that she could not give presents to the poor, and for the moment, envied her companion's riches.

After waiting some time, Ellen came down ready for the walk; she was much interested in Mary's news, and in the baby, and regretted she had not time to stop and nurse it. She proposed going back with them to the parsonage, and wished to know if her cousin were inclined to accompany them; but Miss Francis decided that she was too much engaged to leave the house, however delightful the day might be. As they walked along the road, Mary told Ellen what had passed before she came into the study, and warmly praised Anna for her charity. She was surprised to find Ellen, who was generally so eager to speak well of every one, silent; she seemed anxious to change the conversation, and, cheerfully thanking Mary for so kindly believing that she had some good motive in not helping with the work, called her attention to some other subject, and they talked agreeably till they arrived at the parsonage. As they entered the hall, their good clergyman met them, and told Mary that Robert was in the parlour, but that he should be glad to speak with her in his own study. He was too much beloved by those who know him, for her to feel afraid of him, but, when she saw Miss Stanmore did not intend to go with her, she begged she would do so.

"If I may, Mary, I shall be very glad, as I have a little business of my own to transact with Mr. Beverley."

They were all soon seated in the little room, where so many came for counsel and consolation. Mr. Beverley explained to Mary that his reason for wishing to see her was to mention Robert's desire of having his grandchild baptized the next day, and to make her fully understand the duties and privileges of this holy sacrament. It was, he said, the greatest of all blessings that could be bestowed upon the child, and one, of which all who have been received into Christ's flock have equally been made partakers.

Mary sincerely felt the awful importance of what Mr. Beverley said. Ellen Stanmore had often conversed with her concerning her baptism, but had attached so much reverence to the subject, that it was seldom mentioned during their casual meetings. Mary now rejoiced that she could understand it better than she had ever done before, and believed that she should feel still deeper affection for little Bessie when she had been baptized. Mr. Beverley engaged Miss Stanmore to act as sponsor with Mrs. Beverley, to which, after some further conversation, she consented.

"And now," added Ellen, after some minutes' silence,

"I must beg for your attention to my business. On your recommendation I went to visit the poor labourer who has so long been ill; I find that he and his family are in the greatest distress; I wish to do them some permanent good, and should be glad if you could find out the best way of sending the poor man to town for advice. I have written to my friends to try and procure a situation for the eldest girl, and shall place a fund in your hands for the son. If he could be assisted a little at first, he might gain something towards the maintenance of his mother. I have also sent notes to some of my friends to interest them for him, and to persuade them, if possible, to give him employment. We can easily, for a time, support the others. My cousin Anna is even now busy making clothes for the children."

Mary had been engaged with the baby, who was just awake, but heard enough of what passed to admire the quiet way in which this liberality had been offered. She had been convinced that Miss Stanmore was not really so indifferent to this poor family's welfare as she had appeared to be, and she rejoiced to find that she had not misinterpreted the conduct of her friend. She was, however, surprised to find that Mr. Beverley passed over this kindness without noticing it, simply promising to lose no time in attending to Miss Stanmore's wishes. But she had not much time for these reflections, for Ellen, who knew how valuable her friend's time must be, hastened to leave him to follow his duties.

When they left the room she made Mary stop, and inquired what clothes the child most needed. "I wish," she said, "to give some work to a poor woman, and shall be glad to benefit two instead of one. I shall send you a new frock for the baby to wear to-morrow. As I am going into the town to-day, I shall leave it on my way home."

Mary knew the child had no good clothing, and was rejoiced to think she could bring it to church neatly dressed. They now joined Robert, who thanked Ellen with much feeling when he found that she had promised to become his child's godmother. They talked for some little time together, and Mary rejoiced to see them acquainted. In the evening, Mrs. Stanmore's carriage stopped at Robert's little cottage, and Ellen left the frock; Anna then asked whether the child had a cap; and when she found it had only a very common one, expressed her regret that she had not bought one; and told Mary that she would give her the money if she would manage to get it. "I do not know," said Miss Francis, "exactly what it will cost; but what is over you may keep to buy something for yourself." Mary eagerly promised to try; and, when she had put Bessie in her cradle, she hastened to her aunt's, to see if her uncle or one of her cousins would go with her to the town. Martha promised to go and take care of the child, and James kindly arranged to go with her himself. He begged for his father's cart; and they were soon on their road. Miss Francis had been very liberal, and Mary had never before had so much money. The discovery of Ellen's recent charity had made a deep impression upon her; and, after many struggles with her desire to get a very pretty cap for her little darling, she determined to spend only part, to be content with a plain one, and devote the rest of the money to the good of others; she was surprised to find that her resolution, when once formed, did not give way, not even in the shop, where many pretty caps tempted her; but her greatest trial was James's thinking her stingy; she would not explain her motives, but felt vexed at his having such an opinion of her. However, even this could not take away her satisfaction as she rode home with the cheaper cap, and some few shillings remaining. She was very tired, yet still talked so gaily to her cousin, that the way home seemed much more delightful than the way to the town. Before she went to bed, she laid the young ladies' presents ready for the baby the next morning. She felt fearful that Miss Francis might remark that the baby was not so smart as she expected;

she scarcely knew what she should do with the money, but put it carefully into her pocket, and decided that she would consult Ellen on the best use to make of it. She tried to remember all that Mr. Beverley had said in the morning, and fell asleep in the pleasing conviction that the blessings sent her that day had afforded her instruction, and drawn her heart nearer to her Heavenly Father, whose angels, she loved to believe, were allowed to watch over her while she slept.

CHAPTER VI.

MARY awoke the next morning with confused ideas of the events of the preceding day, but a cry from Bessie instantly recalled her full recollection of what was to take place. Robert was already engaged in making the cottage neat; Mary joined him; and they had soon completed their arrangements for the day. Little Bessie lay in her cradle, watching them move about, as if they had done so on purpose to amuse her, and crowded with animation as Mary dressed her. When she had quite completed this duty, she carried her to her grandfather, expecting him to praise her new clothes, which seemed to Mary to make her look prettier than ever; but he scarcely noticed them, and looked so sad and grave that she did not like to ask him any questions, but ventured to inquire if he did not consider Bessie would be as much benefited as Mr. Beverley did.

"I do, indeed, my child; God gives us all the promise of heaven, for the sake of our Saviour, when we are baptized; but He also requires that we should perform the vows which in baptism we take upon us; which if we fail to do, doubtless we shall be in danger of forfeiting the abundant blessings of this holy sacrament. This makes me feel fearful and sad for her sake. Suppose, Mary, a great prince were to come and offer to adopt her as his child, and to promise that if she would obey his command, he would in time bestow upon her happiness beyond everything that she could imagine, do you not perceive that although she would be perfectly undeserving of such goodness—although it would be a perfectly free gift on his part—yet, that if she refused to obey, she would most deservedly lose it!"

Mary looked anxiously in the old man's face, and softly whispered, half afraid of her own fears, "Do you not think that she will be a good child, and go to heaven; for I know that is your meaning in the story of the prince?"

"We will trust and pray that she may, if she is taught to turn entirely to God for assistance, and really try to please Him in everything; she might, in time, become as good as those saints and holy people of whom we read in the Bible."

Mary was willingly comforted about her little darling, who seemed then too innocent to learn wickedness.

The party from the farm soon arrived, and they all walked together to the church, where they were to meet Mrs. Beverley and Miss Stanmore. Mary's uncle was Bessie's godfather, and went with Robert; Miss Francis had also joined the party. Mary carried the child, who slept quietly until the end of the Second Lesson of the Morning Service; and then, as if she knew the hour had arrived, opened her eyes, and looked with confused wonder on all around her. As they stood at the font, Mary's fears vanished; and when Ellen firmly answered the solemn questions put to the sponsors, she felt no desire to shrink from the duties which she would owe to her charge. Mr. Beverley took Bessie in his arms, sprinkled her with water, marked on her the sign of the cross, and giving her back to Mary, knelt in prayer for their new member. As they were leaving the church, Mary noticed Ellen Stanmore turn aside and quietly slip some money into a box, over which was written, "Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy face from any poor man." The action was not noiced by any one except her little friend, who had kept close by her side, with Bessie in

her arms. The thought struck Mary that perhaps she might thus apply the money which remained over after the purchase of the cap; but still she felt that she should like to know what good she had done, and this desire was increased when she reached the porch of the church. The family of the poor labourer were standing round Miss Francis, thanking her for her goodness, and she seemed quite delighted. A respectful curtsy was dropped to Ellen; but Mary foolishly regretted that it was not known that she had even been a greater benefactor than Anna. Ellen seemed to have no desire to share in the praises to which her cousin was listening, but quietly smiling to the children, and making inquiries after sick relations of the poor villagers, who were collected in the church-yard, she passed on without a sign of anxiety concerning the reception which each group gave her; and the whole party went to Mr. Beverley's, where they were to rest.

Old Robert seemed now quite cheerful, and was anxious to show Miss Stanmore as much attention as he could. Little Bessie was caressed and played with by all; the child was quite delighted, clapped her little hands, and laughed so joyously, that none could refrain from noticing her. Anna took her in her arms, and Mary's heart beat as she thought of the secret of the cap. The little frock was very neat and simple, and the cap corresponded; but Anna had thoughtlessly, yet from good nature, wished her present to be a handsome one. She observed, in a disappointed tone, that the work was not very fine. Mary's cheeks were instantly tinged, and she felt like a culprit; she did not like to explain it, but deeply lamented that all should have so unpleasant a suspicion of her, for she was sure they must think that she had spent the rest of the money on herself. Her cousin James, who knew she had not done so, changed the subject by telling Mary to take the child from Miss Francis, who must be tired of nursing it; in assuring him that she was not, the subject was forgotten; but it was some time before Mary could feel comfortable, and she began to fear she had not done rightly in keeping back the money which had, in truth, been given to Bessie.

Before the christening party left their kind friend, they were invited to visit his garden, which was so prettily laid out, that although small, it seemed to contain all the attractions of space and culture. Mary soon contrived to show Ellen that she wished to talk to her, and while their elders were examining the beauties of the green-house, they turned into a quiet, shady walk. Miss Stanmore had observed Mary's confusion when Anna noticed the plainness of the cap, and suspected that she should now have it explained, but she did not wish to intrude on the girl's motives; she was too charitable to accuse any one without just cause, and determined to wait patiently until her companion mentioned the subject. Mary was not long silent, for she knew she had not much time alone with her friend; she wished also to speak of the poor labourer's family; and looking inquiringly at Miss Stanmore, she asked why she did not wish them to know what she had done for them.

"I did not recollect, Mary, that you knew any of the circumstances; but I now remember that I spoke to Mr. Beverley when you were in the room."

Mary was afraid that she had done wrong in attending to what passed, but her friend instantly set her mind at rest, and asked her whether she would not like to be as rich as she was, and whether she thought the happiness she was blessed with arose from possessing so much money.

"I think," answered Mary, "that I should feel very happy if I were able to assist poor people; and I am sure you like to do good. Miss Francis told me yesterday that it was a great happiness to her to see how she benefited her fellow-creatures."

"My cousin only alluded to the comfort of being able to relieve the temporary wants of life; but do you not think there must be a higher pleasure than this?"

Mary thought for an instant, and replied, "You mean, that you please your Heavenly Father."

"You have nearly expressed my meaning; but can you tell me to whom these riches belong?"

"Yes; your father gives you a portion of what belongs to him, to use as you like best."

"My father, certainly, has the present power over the means placed in his hands, but he cannot consider his riches as his own. Had every one the power of obtaining them, we should find but few poor men. If we cannot control the distribution, therefore, can we consider that it depends on ourselves whether we have them or not? They are a trust, Mary, for which we are responsible, and we must take the most watchful care that they do not prove our greatest unhappiness."

Mary had never believed that wealth could bring misery; and told Ellen that she was sure it would add to her welfare to possess it.

"I have learnt to look upon my wealth as a trust from God; it brings heavy cares which you know nothing of. I am convinced that I ought merely to be God's instrument; that when others are benefited through me, the glory is His for so directing me. The poor are objects placed in our path to allow us the privilege of showing that we desire to be directed by God's Word."

"But it was your thought of trying to help the poor labourer to obtain advice in London?"

"Yes, I give him the means, but it does not come from me; I only have the blessing of labouring in my Maker's cause—it is no merit of mine."

"For the first time in my life," observed Mary, "I feel very thankful that I am not rich."

"But you must not forget that although wealth brings many responsibilities, it also causes great happiness. The true Christian feels that alms-giving is one of the purest joys allowed us on earth, and the rich are thus permitted to taste and exercise this delight."

"Then, I suppose, because you felt that you were not the benefactor of the labourer and his family, you did not care whether they knew that you had assisted them, and did not wish for all the thanks which they gave Miss Francis?"

"I see you understand me better now, Mary; Mr. Beverley, as a priest, is the best person to act with me in my important duties."

"And now I should like to ask you one more question. Why did you put some money into the little box at church? I had often seen it, but never thought of its use."

"That chest of oak is placed there, by wise authority, to receive the alms for the poor; a certain number of times in the year the collection is distributed to the destitute, and we are thus provided with a way of exercising Christian charity."

"Then you do not know what is done with your money; you cannot tell who has benefited by it?"

"If we were to look upon what we bestow on the poor as an offering to our Saviour, who has left them to try our faith, we should not consider what individual assistance we give. The holy apostles, and disciples of Christ, exhort us to abundant alms-giving. Those who so help the poor, receive and honour their Maker, who, as He was poor and needy himself whilst he lived here amongst us, at His departure promised to leave with us the poor, that, by having pity upon them, we might, as it were, lend unto Him."

Mary was for some time silent before she had courage to intrude her history of the cap; but a kind encouraging look from Ellen invited her to explain what she saw to be passing in her thoughts. When she had heard it, she assured her she need not feel uncomfortable about its being Bessie's property; that Mary might believe herself authorised in acting as she had done, if she made the offering in the desire to do what she felt was right, and not from the mere pleasure of seeing others enjoy comforts through her means.

"I had thought, Miss Ellen, that I would give the

money to some poor person; but I feel now that I had better avoid the temptation which I might have to feel proud when I was thanked. Will you put my few shillings into the box at the church for me?"

"No, Mary, you shall do it yourself; we are allowed such feelings of delight when we obey the Lord, that I am sure, if you make your offering with a prayer for a blessing on it, you will experience such feelings of bliss as you have never felt before, and such as I would not rob you of."

"Then I will do so next time I go to church. And now tell me, before I go to grandfather, who is looking for me, if you think Miss Francis is very angry?"

"I will not conceal from you that I think my cousin was a little vexed; but you must not allow this to alarm you; receive it as a blessing, for it is a further trial of the virtue you desire to learn, and you must meet it with gratitude."

"I think I shall be able to bear her questioning now, but you will help me?"

Ellen readily promised to do this. Smiling cheerfully at her dismay, she led her back to the rest of the party. They so soon dispersed to their respective homes, that there was no opportunity for Anna's referring to the subject. Mary felt quite relieved; and when she got home and put off the neat clothes of the baby, before she laid her in her cradle, she thought they looked much prettier in the drawer than they had in the morning, when she had been inclined to desire that the cap had been handsomer.

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Painters.

GAINSBOROUGH.

GAINSBOROUGH was a contemporary of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was born in 1727, at Sudbury, in Suffolk. Nature was his teacher, and the woods of Suffolk his academy. There he would often pass whole mornings in solitude, sketching perhaps an ancient tree, a marshy brook, a few cattle, a shepherd and his flock, or any other picturesque objects which accident placed in his way. From delineation he proceeded to colouring, and during the tender age of from ten to twelve, he painted several landscapes.

There seems to be a blank in Gainsborough's history from that period; but it is certain that he repaired to London, and there employed himself in portrait-painting, in which branch of the art he was eminently successful.

His landscapes are universally admired for their faithful representation of nature. The brilliancy of Claude de la Lorraine, and the simplicity of Cuypers, a celebrated Dutch landscape-painter, appear to be combined in Gainsborough's rural scenery.

Sir Joshua Reynolds says, in one of his academic discourses, "If ever this nation should produce genius enough to acquire us the honourable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the history of the art, among the first of that rising name."

In another part of the same discourse, Sir Joshua expresses the delight he took in Gainsborough's works, and speaks with enthusiasm of the powerful impression of nature which that artist exhibited in his portraits and landscapes, and the interesting simplicity of his little beggar-children.

He then speaks of some of the customs and habits of Gainsborough. Among others, he says, "He had a habit of continually remarking to those who happened to be about him, whatever peculiarity of countenance, whatever accidental combination of figures, or happy

effects of light and shadow, occurred in prospects, in the sky, in walking in the streets, or in company. If in his walks he found a character that he liked, and whose attendance was to be obtained, he ordered him to his house; and from the fields he brought into his painting room stumps of trees, weeds, and animals of various kinds, and designed them, not from memory, but immediately from the objects. He even framed a kind of model of landscapes on his table, composed of broken stones, dried herbs, and pieces of looking-glass, which he magnified and improved into rocks, trees, and water. How far this latter practice may be useful in giving hints, the professors of landscape can best determine. I mention it only as it shows the solitude and extreme activity which he had about everything that related to his art."

Gainsborough painted much at night, and Sir Joshua remarks with reference to this circumstance, "I am indeed much inclined to believe that it is a practice very advantageous and improving to an artist; for by this means he will acquire a new, and a higher perception of what is great and beautiful in nature. By candlelight, not only objects appear more beautiful, but from their being in a greater breadth of light and shadow, as well as having a greater breadth and uniformity of colour, nature appears in a higher style; and even the flesh seems to take a higher and richer tone of colour."

"Another practice Gainsborough had, which is worth mentioning, as it is certainly worthy of imitation; I mean his manner of forming all the parts of his pictures together; the whole going on at the same time, in the same manner as nature creates her works. Though this method is not uncommon to those who have been regularly educated, yet probably it was suggested to him by his own natural sagacity. It is to the credit of his good sense and judgment that he never did attempt that style of historical painting for which his previous studies had made no preparation."

Gainsborough "was well aware that the language of the art,—the art of imitation, must be learnt somewhere, and as he knew that he could not learn it in an equal degree from his contemporaries, he very judiciously applied himself to the Flemish school, who are undoubtedly the greatest masters of one necessary branch of art, and he did not need to go out of his own country for examples of that school; from that he learnt the harmony of colouring, the management and disposition of light and shadow, and every means which the masters of it practised to ornament and give splendour to their works."

"He occasionally made copies from Rubens, Teniers, and Vandyck, which it would be no disgrace to the most accurate connoisseurs to mistake, at the first sight, for the works of those masters. What he thus learned, he applied to the originals of nature, which he saw with his own eyes, and imitated, not in the manner of those masters, but in his own."

In portraits, landscapes, and fancy-pictures, Gainsborough's talents were equally remarkable. "In his fancy-pictures,"—to use the words of his great contemporary, whom we have already quoted,—"when he had fixed on his object of imitation, whether it was the mean and vulgar form of a woodcutter, or a child of an interesting character, as he did not attempt to raise the one, so neither did he lose any of the natural grace and elegance of the other. This excellence was his own, the result of his particular observation and taste; for this he was certainly not indebted to the Flemish school, nor indeed to any school; for his grace was not academic, nor antique, but selected by himself from the great school of nature."

The peculiarity of Gainsborough's manner has been much criticised. On a close inspection of his pictures, odd scratches and marks are observable in them, which appear to be the effect of accident, or carelessness, but when viewed at a distance these strange lines seem all

to unite in their proper places, and to form a correct and striking picture. There is no doubt but that Gainsborough considered this peculiarity in his style as a beauty in his works, because it possesses the power of exciting surprise; for it is well known that he was always anxious that his pictures, at the exhibition, should be seen near, as well as at a distance.

We will now briefly speak of Gainsborough in his private relations of life. He possessed a generous heart, and was ever inclined to relieve the sufferings of poverty. When he visited a cottage for the purpose of exercising his pencil, the inhabitants of the rustic dwelling generally participated in the profits of his work. His liberality extended also to persons of a different class. He could not refuse his kindly aid to any one who needed assistance; and unfortunate friends, and poor relatives, infringed upon those resources which would have enabled him to have left his family in such a state of affluence after his death, as might have been expected, when we consider how much his works were esteemed.

A few days before his death, Gainsborough wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds, expressing his acknowledgments for the good opinion Sir Joshua entertained of his abilities, and the manner in which, he had been informed, he had always spoken of him. He also expressed a great desire to see Sir Joshua once more before he died. This request was immediately acceded to by Reynolds, who says, that the impression this last interview left on his mind was, that Gainsborough regretted losing life principally on account of leaving his art, which he loved with so much enthusiasm. He died in 1788, at the age of sixty-one.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

LINES

WRITTEN AT CHRISTMAS, 1846.

S. M.

"PEACE upon earth!"
Oh! Seraph-voices, sounding through the gloom,
While yet the wondrous Birth
Slept in the Morning's womb,—
Where is the promise of your strain?
God gave it—Man hath made it vain.
Where the Babe sleeps
On its hush'd Mother's heart?—Her loving gaze
In its sereneest deeps
Hath trouble; for her praise
Is not that she hath peace, but knows
How to be patient amid woes.
"Peace upon earth!"—
Where? In still shadows, among midnight hills,
Where the lone stream has birth
Or the slow raindrop fills
Hollows of twisted rocks that lie
Aloof from human foot or eye!
But not with Life,
Which is the Gate of Death, where hurrying throngs
Gather in powerless strife,
Casting their woes, their wrongs,
Like bubbles, on the vacant air,
Then passing—into Night! Not there!
Peace among Men?
Oh, mockery! While Love pants for Love in vain,
And Mirth is gaudiest when
"It shrouds a secret pain,
And the Soul battles with the Sense,
And tears are Joy's true eloquence!"

While Self alone
(Man's miserable god) is served and sought,
The shadow of whose throne
Dwarfs each up-towering thought—
While Earth's mean jealousies intrude
Even on the Altar's sanctitude.

While Sin and Fear,
With noise ignoble, mar the heavenly notes,
Till scarce for watchful ear
Their faintest echo floats—
Yet, harken! In that far, dim, sound
Life's din is, for a moment, drowned!

"Peace upon earth!"
Nay, rather, Peace below it! Oh, great Death!
Thou new and glorious Birth!
Thou true and living Breath!
Thou only on our hearts canst lay
The Peace which passeth not away!

How long, O Lord,
Ere Thou redeem Thy promise? Ere Thy Peace
Shall, as of old Thy Word,
Make earth's wild tumult cease,
And, underneath Thy brooding Dove
The waters shall give birth to Love?

Miscellaneous.

I HAVE always held that the life of man's mind, where man has a mind, (which is not always the case,) is a thing of fits and starts. I even doubt whether any one who will take the trouble to recollect, will not be able to lay his finger on the precise periods at which new views of everything suddenly opened before him, and he emerged at once, if not into new powers, at least into a new use of them. The frame may grow like a tree; the faculties may grow as imperceptibly as the frame; but the mind acquires that knowledge of life which forms it exercise, its use, and perhaps its essence, by bounds and flights.—*Marston.*

WHEN benefits are lost, the mind has time to recount their several worths; which, after a considerate search she finds to be many more than the unexamining possession told her of. . . . Blessings appear not till they be vanished.—*Feltham's Resolves.*

TRUE devotion consists in having our hearts always devoted to God, as the sole fountain of all happiness; and who is ready to hear and help his otherwise helpless, miserable creatures.—*Bp. Wilson.*

INGRATITUDE is the abridgement of all baseness, a fault never found unattended with other viciousness.—*Fuller.*

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The Cottage Home.

THE COTTAGE HOME.¹

MINE be a cot beside a hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe mine ear;
A willow brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from the clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal—a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue. — *Rogers.*

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF BRITISH MANUFACTURES.

A VERY important move has just been made by the Society of Arts, in furtherance of the objects for which this Institution was originally formed: namely, the Encouragement of Works and Inventions in Fine Arts, Mechanics, and Manufactures. Hitherto, the Society have offered, annually, premiums to stimulate the progress of invention and design; in addition, they now propose a series of annual exhibitions of select specimens of British Manufactures and Decorative Art, to show what has already been done, and to mark the precise point from which the competitors for the annual premiums may advantageously start. The first of these exhibitions has recently been opened at the Society's house, in the Adelphi; and, thus far, the design has proved successful. Before, however, we describe its most attractive features, let us glance at the origin, objects, and present prospects of the Institution itself.

Every one at all acquainted with the history of invention, must know how numerous are the struggles of genius in seeking to make known its creations; the inventor may toil, and toil again, in his workshop ere his results be fully developed; and, even when this is accomplished, who is to introduce his inventions to the great world, by whom genius is to be requited, and industry crowned with its own reward? This is the hill of difficulty which poets and artists have shown us it is hard, indeed, to climb; and to smoothe the road, and proffer such introduction, was the first object of the Society of Arts. "To this Society," says a well-informed contemporary, "some of our best artists have owed the most priceless of all services that can be rendered to men of genius at the outset of their career—appreciation on the part of an enlightened few—introduction under favourable circumstances to the many." It was established in 1754, chiefly by Mr. William Shipley, a drawing-master; it had many difficulties to contend with, such as alike beset the infancy of individuals and institutions; and it was not until 1774 that the Society was fairly located in its own premises, built for them, in handsome style, by the Adams, in John-street, Adelphi; the object being denoted by the inscription upon the entablature of the pediment in the front of the mansion, in these words: "ARTS AND COMMERCE PROMOTED."

There are many interesting anecdotes of the early awards of the Society. Thus, in 1758, Bacon, the sculptor, received for a small figure of Peace a reward of ten guineas; and the same artist gained the highest premium upon nine different occasions. In 1761,

Nollekens received ten guineas for the alto-relievo of Jephthah's Vow; and, two years later, fifty guineas for a more important piece of sculpture. Flaxman, in 1768, received for one of his earliest attempts a grant of ten guineas; for another work, in 1771, he obtained the Society's gold medal. Lawrence, at the early age of thirteen, received the reward of a silver palette, gilt, with five guineas in money, for his drawing in crayons of the Transfiguration; and the painter, in the height of his subsequent prosperity, was accustomed to speak of the impulse thus given to his love of art. Sir William Ross received the Society's silver palette in 1807, at the age of twelve, for a drawing of the death of Wat Tyler; Mr. Edwin Landseer received a similar mark of approbation in 1810, for an etching; and to Mr. Wyon was adjudged the gold medal, in 1818, for a medal die. But to artists there is a feature of still greater interest in the Society's history: it was in its rooms that the first public exhibition of paintings in England took place in 1760, which was continued with great success for some years. We must, however, be brief in our recapitulations, and add that, within about ninety years, the Society have distributed more than 100,000*l.* in premiums. The growth of forest trees was one of its early objects of encouragement; and we find among the recipients of its gold medals, the Dukes of Bedford and Beaufort, the Earls of Winterton, Upper Ossory, and Mansfield, and a Bishop of Llandaff. Then came agriculture, chemistry, manufactures and mechanics. "In the latter, the Society taught us, or at least aided those who did so, the manufacture of Turkey carpet, tapestry weaving, weaving to imitate the Marseilles and India quilting; also, how to improve our spinning and lace making, our paper, and our catgut for musical instruments, our straw bonnets and artificial flowers. The Colonies shared in its extensive beneficence: potash and pearlsh were produced by the Society's agency in North America; and, just before the war of independence, which separated the States from England, broke out, it was busily engaged in introducing the culture of the vine, the growth of silkworms, and the manufacture of indigo and vegetable oils. But the rewards, some twenty in number, given within the last half century to poor Bethnal-green and Spitalfields weavers, for useful inventions in their calling, illustrate perhaps even better than any of the foregoing notices, that feature of the Society which so honourably distinguishes it from all others in the present day—its readiness to receive, examine, and reward every kind of useful invention that may be brought forward by those who have neither friends nor money to aid them in making their inventions known."

Thus far the excellent object of the Society,—to produce each year new achievements which shall mark new steps towards the perfection of British Art. It is, however, very important to know what has already been done in the Arts, so as to mark the point of perfection from whence the competitors should start; and, for this purpose, the Society of Arts have just commenced a series of exhibitions, to show each year, in some departments of arts and manufactures, the degree of perfection already attained. As the articles have been selected with great judgment, the result of their exhibition will, unquestionably, be the improvement of the taste of our artists, manufacturers, and the public. Accustom them to good art, and they will soon cease to prefer the vulgar and the gaudy to the beautiful and perfect. The peculiarity of our manufacturers is their wonderful power of multiplying; therefore improvement of materials, and increase of forms of artistic usefulness, should be the main points. Unlike foreigners, English manufacturers produce a thousand from one. "What a consummate artist has designed, they can multiply by the thousand. It is only, therefore, by the appreciation of the thousands and the millions, that taste, design, and high art, applied to our manufactures, can

(1) See Illustration in preceding page.

be supported." We are persuaded that if artistic manufactures be not appreciated, it is because they are not widely enough known; and the purpose of this exhibition is to place before the public a few selected specimens in some of the decorative arts, of what our artists, manufacturers, and machinery, have done or are doing for the advancement of their various arts to perfection.

The exhibition has been opened to the members of the Society and their visitors at two *soirées*, which were very numerous attended. The several articles were arranged with great taste in the Society's large room, which was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion; when, we assure the reader, the decorative character of the specimens, and the company, in full evening dress, combined to produce a very imposing *coup d'œil*. The saloon is one of the finest halls in the metropolis: its lofty walls bear the grand series of paintings by Barry, extending 114 feet by 11 feet 10 inches in height; these have lately been cleansed of dust and dirt, and the coved ceiling has been superbly decorated by Mr. Hay, of Edinburgh, in what may be termed a style of mathematical splendour. There are likewise upon the walls portraits of the early presidents of the Society, painted by Reynolds; and they seemed in their artistic felicity to look approvingly upon the meeting. The scene presented a sort of realization of Barry's noble pictorial axiom, and in effect reminded us of Johnson's weighty words; "there is a grasp of mind there which you will find nowhere else."

As the specimens are some two hundred in number, we shall merely be enabled to remark generally on the particular classes of objects exhibited, which are discriminative and instructive rather than striking. They are mostly of the domestic class; that is, adapted for house decoration or usefulness; and, in their elegant ingenuity recalling to our minds the sarcastic compliment of the *Edinburgh Review* to the genius of one of the Society's vice-presidents, who "meditated muffineers, and planned pokers."

The branches of pottery and porcelain have an historical interest, by enabling us to compare the specimens before Wedgwood's time with present productions; in which we cannot fail to remark the great advance made during the last half century, until we have arrived at an execution which fairly rivals the productions of Sevres and Dresden: a China flower-pot, two plates, and a breakfast cup, and card dish; two figures with baskets for flowers, and a vase, are the especial evidences of this approach to Continental excellence. We should recollect, by the way, that the Sevres and Dresden manufactures have been reared by royal support or by the governments of their countries, whereas the British success is as usual the result of individual enterprise. In China-printing and painting, the evidence, too, is very satisfactory. Among the specimens are a coffee-cup and saucer, in which the festoons are printed, and the roses painted, by hand; they are manufactured by Minton and Co, for the French markets, and are constantly re-imported as exemplifying the superiority of the French China over the English. We were also much gratified with another specimen bearing impressions from Everdengen's etchings of Reynard the Fox, coloured after Mr. J. Linnell; this being an approach to high art, at the suggestion of Felix Summerly, who has done so much towards the improved illustration of books for children.

The statuettes of Messrs. Copeland and Garrett, and Minton, in respect of material, or body, are particularly

excellent: thus, the Apollo is in statuary porcelain, a beautiful material, more durable than marble, and not liable to stain; of the same is Narcissus, after the original by Gibson: Danecker's Ariadne is in another new material, named Parian; and there are also two exquisite vases, modelled from Italian Swiss originals, at the instance of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. We agree with the "introductory remark" read to the meeting, that "by means of this material, it is clear that our sculptors have an opportunity for distributing works of the highest art among an unlimited number."

We must, however, notice a few of the Staffordshire-ware curiosities. One of these is a specimen manufactured before the time of Queen Elizabeth: the body is of native brick-earth, and the outer glaze of pulverized lead ore, dusted on the ware as it is taken from the thrower's wheel. Another is a butter-pot, as mentioned by Dr. Plot, in his "History of Staffordshire;" hence, the butter from Ireland or Wales sold in casks is called in the Potteries "pot butter." Next is a "tyg," or drinking cup, with many handles, intended for the use of several persons, that each might sip from a part which had not touched the lips of his companions; this "tyg" is an evidence of the rarity of earthenware, for, at the present time, almost every child has its own mug or cup. An old trencher, made at Delft, in Holland, attracted our notice; the trencher, by the way, gave rise to the term generally applied in Ireland to English earthenware.

Among the novelties is a large bread plate, (white, with broad gold edge,) in the form of a shell, manufactured by Minton and Co. for the Duchess of Sutherland, and at her Grace's suggestion. The China specimens are very beautiful; but we can only mention a coffee-cup and saucer, green ground, richly gilt, made by order of the Duchess of Kent as a present to the Queen on Her Majesty's birthday, and in every way worthy of the occasion.

There are some interesting specimens of Wedgewood-ware, manufactured at Etruria, near Burslem; including an Etruscan vase, a copy of the Portland vase; and a Dolphin, as a candlestick, designed by Flaxman.

In parting with the earthenware collection, we felt the justice of a shrewd remark made some years since in the *Edinburgh Review*. "Let any one recollect the ugly forms of our ordinary crockery and potters' ware forty or fifty years since, when the shapes were as deformed as that of the pipkin which cost Robinson Crusoe so much trouble, and observe the difference since the classical outlines of the Etruscan vases have been adopted as models for our Staffordshire ware." To the curious in such matters it may be interesting to mention, that a very fine collection of old Staffordshire specimens has been lately purchased for the Museum of Economic Geology, Craig's-court, Charing Cross, where they may be seen on application to Sir Henry Delabèche.

Next in the exhibition are some specimens of carving in wood and marble by machinery: all the work so executed leaves the machine in the rough, and is finished by hand, and the saving of time and expense is thus very considerable; there are specimens in the respective stages, and among them, a bunch of hops, which shows the applicability of the machine for the deepest undercutting; this is very successful, as are the examples generally; a large sideboard, of magnificent design, too, is almost worthy of the old carvers. The principle of the machinery is an arrangement of chisels, or cutting blades, worked vertically by steam power. Much of the carving in the new House of Lords has been executed by this system; and nothing but such aid could have enabled Mr. Barry to complete the elaborate woodwork interior in time for some of the impatient peers: our old sculptors in wood passed years in executing what may now be effected in as many months.

We have, however, omitted to notice among the

(1) The late Mr. Thomas Hope, who for some time was one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society of Arts. Mr. Hope, it will be recollected, has applied the fine arts with judgment to the internal decoration of houses, and has written and published a valuable work upon the subject. His town mansion, in Duchess-street, is a superb memorial of his classic taste in decorative art; the furniture being chiefly from his own designs and adaptations. The whole is liberally placed at the inspection of the public by tickets, during the London season.

earthenware, the collection of Mosaics, Encaustic and other tiles, severally calculated to revive and extend a mode of decoration which all ages and countries have employed, and which has only fallen into neglect within the last two centuries. The facility, precision, and cheapness of this English manufacture of tesserae promise higher perfection in this mode of decoration than has ever yet been attained. We admire such works as relics of the Roman civilisation of Britain; but it is equalled by the pavements in the Society's Hall, in the Conservative and Reform Club-Houses; and the public will soon have the opportunity of seeing Mr. Barry's employment of the Encaustic tiles as a pavement in the hall of the New House of Lords; certainly the finest specimen in this country, and probably, in the world. In all places where pavements are used, these beautiful Mosaics and Encaustic tiles will supersede floor-cloth and naked flag stones. They have already suggested better patterns for floor-cloth; so that the absurdity of walking over mullions and tracery, as in some ridiculous patterns, will no longer be countenanced.

In *Papier Mâché*, from Birmingham, there are some elegant specimens. The manufacturing process consists of pasting by the hand numerous layers of sheets of paper together, which are formed on moulds, baked, and varnished. This, however, differs from the French process; for in the streets of Paris, not many years since, persons used to scrape the walls of old posting-bills, which they made into paste, and *papier-mâché*. Some of the Society's specimens are inlaid with mother-of-pearl by a patent process, and others are artistically painted, and superbly enamelled and illuminated. Still, to our thinking, the great merit of *papier mâché* is its noiseless quality; enabling you to place articles upon it without disturbing the most nervous ear, as is done by metallic sounds.

The *Metal Cases* are excellent as English manufactures, but they are a long way behind the Continental work of this class. A bronze from the Coalbrookdale Iron Works is the nearest approach to the Berlin work. An ornamental iron clock-case is, also, an economical novelty.

The *Glass* is highly promising, though it only betokens what British manufacture in glass may accomplish, now that it is released from Excise restrictions. Some of the engraved glass is very cleverly executed; the Bohemian is approximated; and the vitrified colours, gilding, and enamelling, are alike successful. Of quarry glass there are some good examples, in imitation of the ancient stained glass windows; and they are nearly as cheap as plain white glass. The artificial flowers in some of the vases are of English manufacture, and equal those made in France.

The *British Marbles*, engraved and inlaid, and carved by machinery, and some articles in slate, show that we have beautiful native materials for the best antique forms. The carving marble by machinery is a great feat of mechanical skill.

In *Colour-Printing*, a very complex branch of art, there are some promising specimens. There is an admirable example of block-printing in Murillo's "Beggar Boys," of large size, printed in five blocks, yet so cleverly as to present an entire whole. Of bookbinding, in *relievo* leather, there are some costly specimens, from very characteristic designs.

There are some finely cast and chased *Lamps and Candelabra*, of brass; they are "dipped," and burnished to preserve their colour; the metal is then made hot, and a coating of lacquer is laid on, to prevent the atmosphere from acting upon the surface. An efficient substitute for costly gilding is very desirable; and this is an approximation.

We have omitted a work in metal, which is worthy of notice, as much on account of the beauty of its design, as the novelty of its manufacture. This is a large table ornament, in frosted silver; the subject, an

oriental group. It is of sheet silver, instead of being cast, as is usually the case. The vase was originally a flat piece of metal, and has been worked by degrees into its present form; by which method there is a saving of about two-thirds of the weight of metal which would be required if it were cast. This work is from the manufactory of Mr. B. Smith, of Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn Fields.

It will be seen by this rapid glance at the classes of specimens exhibited by the Society of Arts, that they entirely fall within the scope and objects of the institution. The several articles are more or less important to the comfort, elegance, and luxurious embellishment of an English home; proper aims for high civilisation, and the right direction of genius and industrial art. Still, the display is but a beginning, and better will indubitably follow.

The *soirées* were brilliantly attended; and the exhibition has since been visited by hundreds of persons, free of charge; at Easter, it proved very attractive.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert, who is the President of the Society of Arts, has visited the exhibition, and, after an hour's inspection, expressed himself highly gratified with the display. The Prince, we have reason to know, takes especial interest in our artistical manufactures; his inquiries are not those of mere curiosity, but evince his acquaintance with processes, and practical working of branches of manufacture. The inventor of a patented improvement, who recently submitted his productions to the Prince, at Buckingham Palace, found His Royal Highness fully conversant with the various stages of the manufacture of the article exhibited, which was *papier mâché*.

Amongst the distinguished aid afforded to the Society of Arts, we should mention that of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland; their Graces having at considerable personal anxiety, caused models of rare works in foreign museums to be expressly taken for the Society, whom they have likewise aided by the loan of bronzes, and other costly works of art.

Under these high auspices, we trust to see the Society of Arts attain rank among our national Associations, even beyond that in the brightest years of its foundation. Several artists of celebrity, and men of taste and opulence, have lately joined the Institution; and their transactions are assuming an importance befitting the noble object of the Institution,—to exalt Great Britain amidst the industrial nations of Europe.

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A WILTSHIRE CURATE.¹

January 13th.—My journey to Trowbridge has been successful, beyond my most sanguine expectations. I reached that ancient town late in the evening, wearied with my long walk, and was so overcome with fatigue, that I did not rise till late the next morning. After making a very careful toilette, (indeed I do not think I have been so well dressed since my wedding-day, for my good and attentive Jane had provided everything her father could want,) I went to pay my visit to Mr. Withell, who resides in a large handsome house. He received me rather coldly at first; when, however, I mentioned my name, he conducted me into a small private room. I then thanked him for the forbearance he had already shown me in not pressing for payment; explained to him how I came to put my name to the bond, which a series of misfortunes had rendered me incapable of paying; and ended by tendering my twelve pounds as a first payment towards the liquidation of the debt. He took my hand, and shook it warmly, whilst he gazed in my face with a strong expression of approbation. At last he said, "Excellent man! I know you

(1) Concluded from page 59.

well. I know your situation, and how admirable all your conduct has been. Take back your money; it is impossible for me to deprive you of it in your present circumstances. I would rather, if you will permit me, add something to it, which may for ever preserve me in your recollection." So saying, he rose and left the room, but speedily returned with an open paper in his hand. "You know this bond," said he, "and your own signature? I present it to your children and yourself;" and tearing it in two, he placed the paper in my hands. I could find no words to thank him, so great was my agitation. My eyes filled with tears. He saw well enough that I would fain have spoken, but could not command my voice. He said, "Not one word, I entreat you; that is the only proof of gratitude which I require from you. I would willingly have relinquished my claim upon the unfortunate Col. Brooke, had he but confided his embarrassments to me." This generous man made many inquiries respecting the state of my affairs, and listened with interest to the whole history of my life. He then presented me to his wife and son, and insisted on my remaining a couple of days with him. I was quite astonished at the splendour of his house and furniture, so much so, that I was almost afraid to touch anything. He sent me home in his own handsome carriage, and it was with an agitated heart that I took leave of my noble benefactor. My children wept for joy when I showed them the torn paper, saying, "See, this little paper was the heaviest burthen of my existence; a generous hand has delivered me from it. Pray for the blessing of God upon our preserver."

January 16th.—Yesterday was the most remarkable day of my life! As we were sitting quietly together, I, with little Alfred upon my knees, Polly reading aloud, and Jenny sitting at the window with her knitting in her hand, she started suddenly from her seat, and fell back again, as pale as death. Much alarmed, I asked her what could be the matter, when she endeavoured to force a smile, and exclaimed, "He is coming!" At the same moment the door opened, and Fleetman entered the room. He was extremely well dressed, and looked very handsome. We all greeted him with the utmost delight, and congratulated him upon being apparently in much better circumstances than on his first visit. He shook me warmly by the hand, kissed Polly, and bowed most courteously and respectfully to Jane, who could not recover from her surprise. He observed how pale she looked, and inquired with the tenderest interest after her health. Polly explained it all to him, on which he kissed Jane's hand, as if anxious to obtain her pardon for the alarm he had given her. There was no necessity for saying much, for the poor girl's colour soon returned, and then she blushed as red as an opening rose bud. I desired Polly to bring in cake and wine, in order to receive our guest better than the first time; but he declined, saying that he could not remain long with us, as he had friends waiting for him at the inn: however, at Jenny's request he sat down, and consented to partake of some slight refreshment. As he mentioned that he was travelling with some friends, I imagined that he was probably with a company of actors, and asked him if they were thinking of giving a representation in such a poor place as Cricklade. He laughed outright, and said, "True, we are playing a comedy, but it is gratis." Polly, who longed to see a play, was out of her wits with joy at these words, and repeated them to Jane, who just then entered the room with cake and wine. Polly inquired of Fleetman whether there were many performers besides himself, to which he answered, "One gentleman and one lady, but they are capital actors." Jane appeared unusually serious. She fixed her eyes on Fleetman with a grave and impressive look, and said; "And you too!—will you also appear on the stage?" These words were uttered in a deep and penetrating tone of voice, which I had seldom heard from her but in the most critical and agitating moments—moments on which depend the

welfare of a whole existence. Poor Fleetman started as if he had heard the voice of the destroying angel; he raised his eyes to hers, with a singular expression of countenance, and seemed struggling with himself how to reply,—at last, advancing two or three steps towards her, he said, "That, I solemnly declare, depends upon yourself alone!" She fixed her eyes upon the ground: he continued speaking in a low voice, she occasionally answering him. I could not conceive what they were about. As they continued talking, Polly and I listened with the utmost attention, but we understood not a word they were saying; that is to say, we heard words without the slightest meaning; and yet Fleetman and Jenny appeared not only to understand one another, but, what seemed to me more extraordinary, Fleetman was deeply agitated by Jane's words; though, in fact, there was nothing so remarkable in them. At last, Fleetman folded his hands solemnly together, and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed with the vehemence of despair, "Then I am indeed the most miserable of men!"

Polly could bear it no longer: she glanced rapidly from one to the other, with the most comical expression of embarrassment, and at last exclaimed, "Well, I really think that you two have already begun to perform the comedy."

"Would to Heaven it were nothing more!" said he.

I put an end to this absurd scene, by offering them cake and wine, and we all drank to the health and happiness of our benefactor. Fleetman turned to Jane, as she raised her glass, "In truth, do you wish me happiness?"

She placed her hand upon her heart, looked down, and drank the wine. This simple action produced a wonderful effect upon Fleetman: he crossed the room gaily, and approached Alfred's cradle. Whilst Polly and I were proceeding to relate to him under what extraordinary circumstances the child had made its appearance in my house, he interrupted us by saying, laughingly, to Polly, "Well, you have never thanked me for the New Year's gift I sent you!"

We all exclaimed, with the most uncontrollable astonishment, "You! You sent him?"

He then commenced the following recital, to which we listened in breathless amazement.

"My real name is not Fleetman. I am Sir Cecil Fairford. An only sister and myself were left orphans at a very early age, and long deprived of our rightful inheritance, by a claim brought against us by my father's brother, founded on some ambiguous expressions in an old will. My mother's fortune was expended in our education. My sister suffered most from the unkindness of her uncle, who was also her guardian. It was his wish to bring about a marriage between her and the son of one of his own friends, but she had already formed an attachment to the young Lord Sandon, whose father strongly opposed their engagement. Their only resource was a clandestine marriage, which took place without the knowledge of any of their relations. These are the parents of your foster-child. Some time ago, under the pretext that her health required sea-bathing, my sister obtained the permission of my uncle to accompany me in a journey to the coast. But the great difficulty was, after the birth of the child, how to provide for its being carefully nursed and tended, until its parents should be enabled to declare their marriage. I accidentally heard a most touching account of the poverty and benevolence of the curate of Cricklade, and came in person to ascertain the truth. You received me in a manner which decided me at once. I forgot to say that my sister was not under the necessity of returning to my uncle's house. A few weeks ago, I won my lawsuit, and entered into immediate possession of the house and property of my ancestors, of which I had been so long unjustly deprived. A new suit was immediately instituted against me for the guardianship of my sister's person, who is still under age, when the sudden death of the old Lord, who was struck with apoplexy a few

days ago, put an end to the suit by enabling my brother-in-law to declare his marriage and acknowledge his child. The happy parents have accompanied me to claim the little Alfred from your hospitable hands, and to add their entreaties to mine, that you and your daughters will not refuse to accompany us, and will consent to the proposition which I am going to make you. Whilst the law-suit was pending, a small living in the gift of my family became vacant. It is endowed with about 200*l.* a year, besides the tithes and a house. You, Sir, are now without preferment: I cannot express the happiness it will give me, if you will accept this living, and reside in my vicinity."

God alone knows what I felt at these words; tears of joy dimmed my eyes; I seized the hands of him who appeared to me as a messenger from Heaven, and pressed them to my heart. Polly threw herself into his arms, and Jane, blushing and confused, kissed his hand. He, however, appeared overcome with agitation, and rushed out of the room.

My dear children had scarcely recovered from their astonishment, and amid exclamations of delight and thankfulness were still covering my face and hands with their kisses, when Sir Cecil Fairford returned, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Lord Sandon, and his wife. The latter, a lovely young creature, without stopping to speak to us, rushed to the cradle, threw herself on her knees beside the child, kissed his cheeks, his hands, his feet, and shed torrents of tears of mingled grief and joy. Her husband raised her from the ground, but had much difficulty in calming her. When she had recovered herself a little, she turned to me, and Polly, with a thousand excuses, and the most touching expressions of gratitude and delight. Polly, pointing to her sister, who was half hidden by the window curtain, said, "It is my sister who has replaced his mother." Lady Sandon went up to Jenny, and, examining her for an instant with the deepest attention, turned to her brother with a smile of intelligence and approval, and then caught Jenny in her arms, and tenderly embraced her. Overcome with confusion, Jane scarcely dared to raise her eyes. "I owe you a debt," said her ladyship, "which it will be utterly impossible for the heart of a mother ever to repay. But sisters, dearest Jane, have no accounts together, and it is only when I see you the wife of my brother, that I can feel absolved from my debt of gratitude." The young man had by this time approached them. "Here is my poor brother," continued she; "may he not venture to hope? dare he not hope to make you one day my sister?"

Jane, deeply blushing, could only articulate, "He is my father's benefactor."

"And will you not in return become his benefactress? Oh! smile upon him, dearest Jane. If you could but know how he loves you!"

Sir Cecil Fairford then took Jane's hand, and, kissing it, notwithstanding her efforts to withdraw it, said, "Surely, you would not make me miserable for ever? And if you refuse me this hand, nothing can prevent my being so." Much agitated, she no longer sought to remove it. He then led my daughter up to me, and entreated me to give them both my blessing, and solemnly accept him as my son.

I felt as if in a dream. "My beloved child," said I, "do you, can you love him? You alone must decide."

She looked at Sir Cecil, who stood beside her in a state of the utmost agitation, with an expression of unspeakable tenderness, and, taking his hand between both of hers, and pressing it to her heart, she raised her eyes to Heaven, and said, "God himself has decided." I blessed my sweet and dutiful daughter, and the husband of her choice, and placed her in his arms. There was a solemn silence, only interrupted by sobs and tears.

Suddenly Polly jumped up, and, smiling through floods of tears, threw her arms round my neck. "That's it," she cried. "That was the New Year's gift! this is the meaning of the Bishop's Mitre!"

Just then, little Alfred awoke———. But it is in vain; no words can describe the mingled emotions of this day; my happy heart is too full, and must relieve itself in thanksgiving to the Great Author of all this happiness.

THE IRON MANUFACTURE.¹

WHEN the importance of such materials as boiler plates is remembered, it is obvious that no slight care is required in those who conduct the numerous processes of such a manufacture. The most disastrous accidents may result from the imperfections of a boiler plate, or the weakness of a steam engine wheel, and these can only be effectually prevented by the due performance of the works on which the strength of the iron chiefly depends. When a defective piece of iron metal has been allowed to find its way into the market, it may be used by some engineer in a work involving the lives of hundreds. Thus the passengers on board a steam boat, or in a railway train, may feel that their safety depends on the care exercised by some smelter, puddler, refiner, or roller, whose name they have never heard.

The probabilities of defect existing in iron, after so many processes, may be deemed small by those unacquainted with the troublesome faults often belonging to some particular kinds of ore. The pig-iron from some ironstones shrinks so irregularly in cooling, that part becomes unsound when cast in moulds, often producing the most serious faults. Suppose a number of cannon are made from such iron, they must inevitably fail to abide the test of the prover, or destroy many in the hour of action by bursting.

Bar-iron is also characterized by peculiar faults; some being too brittle when cold, though working easily enough at a welding heat; this is called "cold short iron," because it breaks short off when struck by a hammer, instead of bending. An opposite defect, called "red short," is the cracking during the welding at a certain heat, which renders the working exceedingly troublesome to the smith, though such iron is often serviceable when cold, being both hard and tough. The best iron, therefore, should be neither *red short* nor *cold short*, but capable of being easily worked, and possessing, when cold, great toughness of fibre. This last word is not improperly applied to iron which is really *fibrous*, having been brought to such a state by the rolling of many bars into one. A piece of superior bar-iron, when bent by a strong force, will not snap, but rather tear, just like a piece of green wood, which will not part from the tree until after much tearing and twisting of the fibres.

As iron is exposed to such serious defects, the necessity for subjecting it to some test before employing it in works requiring great strength, is evidently imperative. Iron which will be required to bear a great strain, such as that for chain-cables, is subjected to a powerful strain till it breaks, when the degree of force at which the metal gave way is noted, and thus a table of such figures enables the operative to calculate the probable strength of any piece of iron. A bar of iron having a diameter of one inch is expected to bear a weight of seventeen tons, and one of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch diameter should support a strain of thirty-nine tons. Such a test is produced by a powerful machine, which extends a short bar of iron to more than one-fifth of its original length. Thus a bar having a diameter of one inch, and being $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length, will stretch five or six inches before it breaks. As some iron is required to be exceedingly strong, so peculiar processes are employed to secure the requisite strength. Some bars are passed twice through the heating furnaces, to secure additional toughness and fibre; others are refined in charcoal furnaces, and thus acquire the tenacity essential in the

(1) Concluded from page 37.

iron used for the making of such articles as tin plates, (which are iron sheets tinned over,) or the rods from which horse-shoe nails are made. Some iron, the surface of which is required to possess great resistance to friction, is *case-hardened*. By this process the outside of a piece of iron is made to possess a greater degree of hardness than the interior parts, a property necessary for the rollers, through which so many heated bars are passed. This result is produced by casting the rollers in *iron* moulds, instead of running them into sand; for the cold iron of the moulds coming suddenly into contact with the boiling metal chills the surface in an instant, and produces the peculiar external property termed *case-hardening*.

We have now briefly surveyed the steps by which the most useful of metals is drawn from its ore and placed at the disposal of man, who is thus furnished with a powerful instrument for gaining higher advances in civilisation. Every stage of the manufacture suggests matter for ample reflection on the numerous agencies by which our race is aided in its progress from rudeness to refinement. That the advances of the human intellect in arts and science materially depends on the use and wise management of a species of clay, is a fact admitted by all, but too imperfectly appreciated by most. How strongly does it illustrate the close connexion of the human mind with the physical forms of nature, that some of the greatest civilizing, and, therefore, moralizing influences, of later ages, arise from the control which man has acquired over a bit of ore!

The numerous forms in which iron everywhere presents itself, and the extensive uses to which it is applied, may suggest some notion of the obstacles to human improvement which the non-existence of the metal must have occasioned, or perpetuated. Probably none can so far transport themselves out of the social system in which they have always lived, as to have a perfect conception of the condition of England at this hour *without iron*.

What elements of power, of wisdom, of science, at once disappear! steam-engines cease in an instant; the railroad becomes a nullity; the thousand nice operations, requiring the most delicate steel, are no more; and the very constitution of our bodies undergoes a change, the effects of which the most learned chemist may in vain attempt to scrutinize. Thus, on the great boon of iron depends a long series of effects, the range of which comprehends some of the most important matters in the history of man. A piece of iron may therefore suggest to a thoughtful mind considerations of the very loftiest character. Such reflections may be stimulated whilst contemplating the ceaseless fires of the smelting and refining furnaces, or when listening to the din of engines with powerful rolls and gigantic hammers; but they need not depend on such striking operations for their existence;—the sight of a knife, a lady's needle, the wheel of an engine, or the piston of a boiler, is enough to call up a crowd of similar meditations.

The immense quantity of matter requisite for producing even a small weight of iron, surprises those who have failed to notice the consumption of ore and coal required to make one ton of finished iron: before this amount of metal is brought into the market, no less than fourteen tons of material have been used in its manufacture. Thus, to produce a ton of iron, in its *first* form of the "pig," the workman must get from the earth three tons of ore, to smelt which he requires nearly four tons of coal, reduced to coke; in addition to which another ton is necessary for sundry operations, whilst a ton of limestone is used as a *flux* to detach the metal from its clay casing. Nine tons of raw material are therefore essential for the production of one ton of the rudest pig-iron. And this must pass through several additional processes, in each of which it loses weight, and requires the consumption of a large store of fuel, so that, before the one ton of finished iron is ready

for the smith's use, about fourteen tons of matter have been absorbed.

The bulk of material expended to form the iron for all the railways made during the last twenty years, would thus form a huge mountain of ore. When this is borne in mind, and the numerous labours requisite for each stage of the manufacture are remembered, and also the cost of the powerful machinery employed in the rolling and cutting operations, we might expect that iron would be an exceedingly expensive production. But what metal is so abundant in our towns, or more used in the thousand offices of life? Such a victory has human skill obtained over rude material substances, that this highly elaborated metal has become cheaper than wood for the construction of houses, the building of ships, and the adornment of our cities. Notwithstanding the immense consumption of material, and the labours required in the manufacture, a ton of finished bar-iron can sometimes be bought for sums varying from 6*l.* to 7*l.*; but even the highest prices ever obtained seem low, when the numerous processes through which the metal passes are considered.

A reader may here ask what becomes of all the *waste matter*; for, as only one ton of iron comes from fourteen tons of other substances, thirteen tons must be dispersed somewhere in the making of every 20 cwt. of finished iron.

The atmosphere receives a large portion of this exhausted matter,—all indeed which partakes of the gaseous nature; and vast volumes of carbonic, oxygenic, and sulphureous vapours, are hourly poured into the air of an iron-district. But the solid refuse of all kinds is allowed to accumulate near the works, forming immense heaps, of which a large smelting furnace produces between twenty and thirty tons daily. Such collections give, in the course of years, a volcanic aspect to the region, by no means pleasing to the lover of the picturesque forms of nature, who gazes with disgust on the dreary lava-like heaps, termed by the workmen *cinder tips*. These hills of scoria have, however, recently engaged the anxious attention of the iron masters, and the scrutiny of chemists; for the immense heaps contain great quantities of iron, more than one-half of their bulk being metal; and to separate this from the valueless matter with which it is united, is one of the great problems proposed for solution to the modern chemist.

It does seem tantalizing, that the manufacturer must witness daily the dispersion of such stores of wealth linked in obstinate combination with masses of useless ashes. To feel that one of these hills of cinder is formed of half its bulk of valuable metal, which must be rejected, because the method of extracting the iron remains hidden amongst the discoveries of future years, must be sufficient to stimulate the experiments of the iron manufacturer and of the scientific chemist.

Patents have actually been taken out by some parties for the extraction of the metal, by which it was proposed to use these cinders, instead of the raw ore in the furnaces. But the iron produced was of too inferior a quality for marketable purposes, and hitherto the attempt has exceeded the skill of the manufacturer. This result must be regretted, as this scoria is really much richer in iron than the original ore itself; so that when used in the experiments above mentioned, it was mixed with clay, to make the scoria *leaner*, and therefore more like the natural ore. The prospect of extracting iron from these heaps, incited numbers to continue the attempt; but, notwithstanding the skill and care employed, the metal produced was so inferior in quality, that most gave up the effort to work the cinder, which had been so long accumulating, and in which some sanguine men had expected to find mines of latent wealth. This failure proves the imperfection of our knowledge in the chemistry of metallurgy. Human skill can bring the metal from its native ore, and draw it by various devices from its hiding-place in the earth,

to the homes of men; but a large and valuable portion of the iron escapes in the passage, like prisoners from the keeping of an escort, and baffles all our efforts to recover the fugitive. The cinder tips laugh at science, and look with an air of quiet challenge towards our schools of chemistry, as if deriding the skill of a Faraday, or the treasured knowledge left by a Davy. The hour will perhaps arrive, when some discovery will supply us with the key for unlocking the whole of the mineral treasures now hidden beneath masses of scoria. The cinders are not, however, quite neglected now, it having been ascertained that *some* can be safely employed, provided great care be used. But this can only be done when the best iron is not required; for the pigs produced from the fusion of the scoria are often dull, rough, and porous in their texture. All, therefore, that can at present be done, is to use the cinder now produced at the furnaces; thus preventing future accumulations, but leaving the old heaps till greater knowledge enables us to draw forth their latent riches.

We have now marked, step by step, the long process through which iron passes from its original state; and no intelligent reader of these brief sketches can, it is presumed, be unacquainted with the *general* operations requisite for the production of the finished metal. The *coking*, with its fields of fire;—the *smelting*, developing iron in its first state;—the *refining*, liberating the metal still more from impurities;—the *puddling*, giving tenacity to the balls;—the *skingling*, with its combinations of gigantic powers and hammers;—the *heating* furnaces, forming the last attack on the latent impurities of the material;—and the *rolling* and *cutting*, in which the might of the steam engine is called in to complete the long series of labours,—have been described. To enter further into the subject, would be useless; for the general reader could feel no interest in minute details, and the manufacturer is fully aware of the whole process. One object of this paper has been, of course, to state the mode in which iron is made, and thus to invest some of the most common articles of daily use with that interest which must attach to the result of so many labours. To know the *history* of a piece of iron, will suffice to remove it from the circle of the common-place, and thus we shall be taught to deem many things important which are too often left in the tame circle of the uninteresting. The smallest bit of iron has engaged the cares of many heads, and the labours of many hands, and much of human thought is associated with its present existence. To know this, must open a fresh avenue through which numerous associations may enter the mind, and contribute to the increase of our pleasures, and the cultivation of our understandings. Another object of the article is to impress upon each reader, that *one fact*, or one useful substance, is often a result of multiplied agencies, one depending upon the other, and each in itself a cause and an effect of civilization. Such is the complexity of human progress, that innumerable operations are necessary to secure *one* result; and thus we may see how deeply laid, and widely spread, are the varied causes which act upon man to increase his knowledge and improve his condition. It is not *one* effort which produces the piece of cotton, or the bit of iron. Thus, the simplest thing we possess has occupied the careful thoughts of our fellow men in many parts of the land, or it may be of the world; and proves that the human family is linked, through all its tribes and gradations, by necessities which form a band stronger than adamant for forcing into closer fellowship the divided ranks of society, or the separated nations of the earth. Probably no man could *by himself* produce a piece of iron, no man a yard of cotton. Union and communion seem, then, the law by which civilization proceeds; and a recognition of this fact, and the receiving such a lesson from a bar of iron, may not be useless to us in this present age.

Here the subject, which is "The iron manufacture," might end, were it not that *steel* may be reckoned by

many readers included. A few remarks on this *species of iron* may, therefore, form a suitable termination to the foregoing sketch.

What is *steel*? This is a question, reader, which you must probably propose many times before a satisfactory answer can be given. You may ask, What? is there *mystery* in a material so common? If mystery be a something hidden behind a veil from human scrutiny, then certainly steel is a mystery, for we understand it not; that is, we know not the precise difference between it and iron. Thus the metallurgist has his mysteries equally with the divine, the moralist, or the metaphysician. All we know respecting the nature of steel, is, that it is iron in *some state* between pig and bar-iron; and, if melted, it becomes No. 1 pig-iron, which the reader will remember contains more carbon than the other kinds. Thus steel seems to have less carbon than pig, but more than bar-iron; though some suppose the carbon is more intimately mixed with the metallic particles in steel, and that this *union*, not a superabundance of carbon, is one cause of the peculiar properties of steel. A careful analysis generally gives the following proportions, from which it will be seen that other substances beside iron and carbon enter into steel.

Out of a hundred parts of cast steel, we have—

iron - - - - -	99.32
carbon - - - - -	0.62
silicium - - - - -	0.03
phosphorus - - - - -	0.03

The reader will thus see that silicium (the element of flint) and phosphorus are mixed with the iron and carbon. The period when steel was discovered is not known, but it has been manufactured in Styria since the eighth century, and may have been known for ages before.

The process by which iron is converted into steel must now be described. The metal used for this purpose is not of English manufacture, but principally Swedish or Russian, which is produced from ore more pure than our common ironstone, and smelted in charcoal furnaces. That from Sweden sells at a high rate, sometimes 35*l.* per ton, and is principally introduced into England by the Hull merchants; the best being from the mines of Danemora.

The iron bars are placed in vessels about twelve feet long, the bottoms being covered with charcoal to the depth of an inch, upon which a row of iron bars is placed, and over these another stratum of charcoal. Thus a layer of bars alternates with a layer of charcoal, till the vessel is full, which is then completely covered up by a thick bed of stones. All being ready, the furnace itself is also closed on every side with clay, and the fire being kindled, the vessels are left exposed to the heat for about six days, when a bar is drawn out from one of the closed vessels to test the progress of the *steeling* process. When the iron has become completely carbonized, the furnace is covered up with powdered coal, and left to burn out, and become cool, which requires a space of about fourteen days.

The great object in this process is to keep the vessels containing the bars perfectly air-tight, which requires the greatest care, as the intense heat tends to enlarge the minutest opening, and this would prevent the carbonization. The exact quantity of carbon required for the steeling process must neither be exceeded nor diminished, or the desired quality of steel will not be obtained. When the bars are withdrawn from the vessels, each is covered with blisters, which are, however, no proof of the superior quality of the iron, but rather an indication of defects, so that this *blistered steel* is not so much desired as formerly.

Those bars which are free from defects and blisters are at once rolled to the sizes required for the manufacturer. When the steel is required to possess a very fine texture, several of the steel bars are placed in a

furnace, and when softened are welded together, after which the combined mass is rolled into the shape wanted, and called *shear steel*, from which instruments requiring a fine edge are made.

Cast steel is now much used, instead of the shear steel, on account of its superior qualities: the manufacture of this is a modern discovery, the invention of Mr. Huntsman, about the year 1770, since which it has been extensively made. It is produced by melting bars of steel in a crucible, and pouring the fluid steel into moulds, after which the cold ingots are rolled into plates of the thickness wanted. The cakes of steel which come from India under the name of *wootz*, are an inferior kind of cast steel, the defects of which arise from the clumsy manner of conducting the casting process.

It is probably known to some readers that steel is hardened by plunging the heated bars into a cold fluid; and when the bars are raised to the greatest heat, and the fluid is very cold, the hardness will be of the highest degree. Thus, when extreme hardness is required, the heated bars are plunged into quicksilver, which being a rapid conductor of heat, produces the most sudden cooling of the metal. The numerous purposes to which steel is applied, renders it of the greatest importance that the utmost variety of hardness should be within the manufacturer's power to produce; and this is secured by the simple process of alternate heatings and coolings just described. Thus, in the steel plates used for engraving, the metal is softened, then graven, and afterwards hardened; by which process the labour of the engraver is made easier, for he has soft steel to work upon; and the durability of the plate is secured by the subsequent hardening. Some of the plates thus worked have been known to give 500,000 impressions; and, though this is a rare case, yet the average number of impressions, between 50,000 and 100,000, proves the great hardness of well tempered steel. Steel plates are, however, often used for engraving without the subsequent hardening, and are found sufficiently durable for common work, some of such plates producing 25,000 impressions. The method of first softening to receive the device of the workman, and the subsequent hardening, has been used in the Birmingham and Sheffield works for articles of furniture made from cast steel. These are softened to admit of receiving ornament, and afterwards tempered to the point required, by which an immense saving in labour is effected, and the durability of the article secured. We may, in conclusion, call the reader's attention to the beautiful and various colours exhibited by steel at different heats, and by which the operative formerly guided the duration of the tempering process. When steel is raised to the temperature of 300° Fahrenheit, it exhibits a pale straw colour, which passes into a yellow at 470°, and this to a brown at 500°; whilst a purple flush covers the steel at 530°, and a deep blue when raised to 600°.

Here must terminate our survey of the iron manufacture, all the great operations having now been detailed, from the first roasting of the ore to the production of the finest steel.

To enter upon the *prospects* of the British iron trade, and compare the products of the foreign forges with our own, is not within the scope of this article; but we cannot conclude without expressing our conviction that the greatest care is requisite to preserve our hold upon the markets of other countries, which have already commenced the manufacture for themselves. The advantage is, of course, on the side of the English manufacturer, who has his works and furnaces with all the organization of a long established system; and the researches of our chemists may probably lead to the discovery of further means for perfecting the various operations, and thus improving the quality, whilst they increase the quantity, of British iron. W. D.

RAMBLES IN BELGIUM.

No. III.—GHEENT.

GHEENT, though abounding in picturesque houses, quaint and fanciful decorations, and other illustrations of a city of the olden time, is not so strikingly and decidedly antique in its appearance as Bruges. There is more of life, too, in its streets. More business is stirring, more traffic, and more pleasure. In it are the same old and odd-looking squares and avenues, and the canal meanders on through its streets. The Hôtel de Ville is a handsome mixed Gothic building, but is inferior to the town-halls of Brussels or Louvain. Near the Fish-market stands a ruin of an old gateway, which was formerly a part of the castle of the Counts of Flanders, and in which the famous John of Gaunt, or Ghent, was born. On a house in the Padden-hoek is an inscription, which reminds the reader of the stormy days of Ghent. Here it was that the great Jaques Van Artavelde lived, and was murdered by the infuriated populace, whom he had so often studied to please. There is an immense cannon in the *Marché de Vendredi*, which the worthy host of the Hôtel Royal told me was called Mad Margaret. It is truly large enough to depopulate many a fair city, and must have been no small undertaking to move about from pillar to post.

One of my first visits was to the Cathedral of St. Bavon. The interior of the building is of very excellent proportions: on the altar are four candlesticks which were once the property of Charles the First; they are very large, and executed in copper, bearing the arms of England on their front side. There are a great many chapels in the aisles, in all of which are many very interesting specimens of the Flemish artists. St. Bavon renouncing a soldier's life, in order to enter a convent, is a *chef d'œuvre* of Rubens. The composition and general tone of the colouring in this picture may rank as amongst the finest efforts of this great master. The Adoration of the Lamb, by the brothers Van Eyck, is a most extraordinary painting. The immense number of personages grouped together are finished with a wonderful minuteness, that no description of mine can by any means portray. It occupied a good hour inspecting the works of art in this cathedral. I cannot forgive the authorities for having placed a statue of St. Bavon on the altar, and fixing their fine Rubens in the situation it is now in; it is a change for the worse. The information I received on quitting the cathedral, determined me to direct my steps at once to see a collection of flowering shrubs, chiefly American, which adorned a garden in the suburbs. The azaleas were very fine, and some amongst them larger than any which are generally exhibited at Chiswick. Unfortunately, this tribe were all out of flower; so that I could not see the Azalea Tricolor in all its glory, or witness the beauties of their pink and striped varieties. The rhododendrons were not nearly so large as specimens to be seen on many an English lawn; while the Andromedas were miserably poor in comparison with the commonest sorts in our own gardens. How true is that axiom which cannot fail to come home and make itself felt to every roving heart! "We never value our own possessions till we have travelled and returned home;" true and just in every sense of the expression.

Returning to mine inn, and despatching an excellent repast at the *table d'hôte*, I made up my mind, in company with some young Englishmen out on their adventures, to pay a visit to the famous *Béguinage*, a convent founded in the thirteenth century, and differing in many very remarkable respects from any other religious establishment. The nuns are at liberty to re-enter the world at any time after their profession: it is right to state, that no example of such a departure

from their seclusion could be stated by the nun who acted as porter and cicerone. They live in several small houses, four or five together: these habitations are all in one inclosure, which separates them from the world without. Their costume consists of a gray gown with a white head-dress. The evening mass began at their old church, so that we were obliged to conclude our tour of inspection rather hastily. The name Béguin is derived from the muslin they wear on their heads. Their peculiar vocation appears to be visiting the sick and needy; the townspeople give a very good character of them, and reported favourably of their kindness on many occasions. They are very industrious, and make lace, the proceeds being devoted to the general funds of the Society.

The grey light of evening fell upon tower and tree, as I found myself entering St. Michael's church; which possesses one of Vandyrke's finest works, the Crucifixion: it is a picture likely to astonish those persons who have known this artist only through the numberless portraits so freely distributed in many of the private collections of the English nobility and great landed proprietors. The hour being late, and the principal figures having suffered from repeated washings and cleanings, I could not see it in perfection. Enough light remained to desery a magnificent horse, painted with a freedom and boldness of touch most admirable. One might imagine the animal about to leave the canvass. After witnessing my silent admiration, I was accosted by a young Frenchman on the subject, whose observations were very amusing, and something characteristic of his native clime. "*Chacun à son gout; pour moi, je n'aime pas ce cheval-là; ce n'est pas religieux.*" What description of steed would have filled the measure of his expectations I could not find out; he evidently however thought himself a connoisseur of no common order, and became angry with me for differing from him in opinion as to the relative merits of this *chef d'œuvre*, and one in the same church by De Crayer. There was some difficulty in tearing oneself away, but the moon was rising, and the Hall of the Watermen to be seen. Very picturesque it is, situated on the Quai aux Herbes, and presenting a most excellent type of the old halls of the guild, when Ghent raised its head high above all other towns for the importance and extent of its commercial transactions. The front is decorated with some curious stone carvings, and is enriched with several Saxon arches. A promenade by the side of the canal showed the old city to every advantage, especially as the moon was particularly bright, and the absence of the overpowering smoke threw additional lustre on the gable ends and fantastic exteriors.

Early morning afforded an opportunity of seeing the farming peasantry to every advantage.

It was market day in the *Marché du Vendredi*, and the linen sellers were stationed in long rows, talking in the Flemish dialect, a tongue not apparently remarkable for sweetness or elegance of idiom. Their movements appeared heavy, and their stature, generally speaking, short. I had the temerity to taste some beer which they are fond of, and occasionally resort to to recruit themselves with: I was severely punished for my pains; it was a draught of knowledge I never wish to renew on any future occasion. There were several vendors of fruit and vegetables; the women lightly attired, the men in their grey blouses and sabots, the latter making a great clatter whenever they moved. At one time the way in which they despatched their business was noisy in the extreme; then followed a long silence, interrupted by fresh arrivals on the busy scene. An inspection of a linen manufactory afforded some subject for surprise and national exultation, inasmuch as the steam engines and many other useful adjuncts were English made. The articles for sale in the shops are reasonable enough, though possibly not so cheap as before the giant power of steam worked its noisy way

to Ghent, and brought new wanderers with every fresh hour.

The *Jardin des Plantes*, like the collection, before spoken of, disappointed the expectations formed of it; this was the case too with the *Palais de Justice* and the *Théâtre*, both of which are modern erections. It is customary, at the latter, to give the best representations on Sundays; a fashion highly revolting to the purer sentiments and rest-loving tastes of an Englishman.

The great charm of Ghent lies not in the separate parts of the city, but the aggregate view of it, which will be found fully to realise any pre-conceived notion of a town in the Low Countree, as described in the pages of Froissart and other chroniclers. The traveller should put in his trunk Taylor's Philip Van Artavelde, and take the opportunity, after a quiet ramble through these antiquated streets, of reading that charming drama; every alteration of event, of scene, and time, will be felt and enjoyed with a double pleasure. So peals the *carillon*, to prate how fast the hours fly, and to warn that this same old Ghent must not monopolize all consideration. Other towns await the signal of the railway trumpet.

THE WANDERER'S RECEPTION.

CHAPTER VII.

LITTLE Bessie seemed to become dearer to old Robert every day; and Mary never ceased to thank the Giver of all good things for the treasure she proved to her. Although so young herself, she felt fully aware of the responsible duties she owed to her charge, and had so many around to direct and assist her in the care of the little one, that Bessie had no cause to wish for any other protection. She soon learned to know different persons, and, to the delight of Mary, attached herself warmly to Ellen. Miss Stanmore spared no pains to win the child's love, and thus gained an influence over her which, in after years, became of the greatest advantage: she superintended all that was taught her, and herself instructed her in the duties, the performance of which she had vowed for the child at its baptism. She trained her in the principles that a true member of the church should embrace, and with great anxiety watched over the first impressions the child's mind received. The poor orphan soon repaid her care by becoming all that she desired. Her merry laugh and happy clear voice as often echoed through the rooms at the Hall as at the cottage, and Mary was never so contented as when she spent a day with Bessy and Trust at Mrs. Stanmore's. When Miss Francis left, and the spring returned, the rides to the ruin were resumed, the baby now being old enough to sit before the rider, and on those expeditions seemed even happier than at other times. While her elders pursued their studies and employments in the woods, she amused herself by picking the wild-flowers that grew round them, bringing them to Mary to twist into wreaths. In this manner did little Bessie gain health and strength, and learned to find her own amusements without troubling others. For Ellen Stanmore she always felt the greatest respect. Mr. Beverley also took much interest in the child, and exerted his efforts to lead her to the knowledge of what would bring her happiness on earth and perfect joys hereafter. He would sometimes join in their walks and rides, and entered warmly into their pursuits. Amongst other arrangements which Robert made use of for teaching the children their duty, a box, with a hole in the lid, was placed on a table in his little parlour, which was to receive any halfpence for the poor which the children might collect, and feel willing to bestow in so worthy a manner. Twice a-year the box was broken open, and the sum within sent to Mr. Beverley, to make use of as he thought fit. None knew

what the others put in. Mary longed to see little Bessie able to understand the privilege of adding any mite which she might possess, and was constantly explaining to her the use and purpose of old Robert's box, as well as the duty, that all ought to feel it to be, to contribute. When a little better able to comprehend all she was told, the child gratified Mary's desire. The latter was one morning seated at the window watching the child, who was playing by the gate, when she observed a gentleman stop and speak to Bessie; he seemed struck with her laughing, merry little face, and when he passed slipped something into the child's hand. She instantly ran into the cottage, went straight to the box, and put in what she had received; she had not observed Mary, and returned with increased glee to play in the garden. Mary's heart beat with gratitude at the child's unhesitatingly parting with the first money she had ever possessed, while she knew she was fully aware of the indulgences it would have procured her, as she had often begged for some trifle when anything in the shop windows in the town tempted her. Bessie could not be expected to understand the full meaning of what she had done; she could not yet feel the advantages of the rich rewards so mercifully promised to those who attend to this most happy and delightful duty, for His sake who gives us the will and the power to serve Him. Mary wished to teach her the privilege and honour of being permitted to offer the first fruits of all our possessions to Him who, for our sakes, became poor; she rejoiced that the child had so early been led to practise what she had learnt, and dared to hope that at some future time she would make her offerings systematically—not from impulse or feeling, but acting conscientiously on the heavenly encouragements and motives held out in the Bible, with thankfulness and self-denial, persevering amidst the ridicule of others, and viewing charity and almsgiving not as a merit, but a high favour allowed us by God. Mary wished much to know what the child had contributed, but would not question her about it, as she had believed herself unseen. The day was not very distant when the collection was to be carried to Mr. Beverley, and she then thought she might discover. From the sound of the coin when it dropped into the box, it appeared smaller and lighter than halfpence, and was most likely to be silver. Mary carefully watched the children who crowded round to examine the treasure when the box was broken open, and observed that little Bessie took more interest than she had ever done before. Robert was astonished to find silver, and when he took out the sixpence they all seemed surprised at it. It was a larger sum than they generally had at their command. None of the children suspected Bessie, the youngest of the party; but Robert checked all inquiries, as it was a rule never to discuss what each had contributed. Mary saw that Bessie's cheek glowed, and she seemed relieved when all the money was put by to be carried to the parsonage. Mary cherished with gratitude these signs of Bessie's character, and fondly hoped she would continue a blessing to them all. Although Mary's attention was much engaged by her duties at home, she was not so entirely engrossed with the child to forget what concerned others; and for some little time past had observed that Miss Stanmore walked less frequently to their cottage; and, when a fine day tempted them any distance from home, she generally seemed too much fatigued to enjoy their rambles. This change in her friend made Mary very uneasy; but, as no one else seemed to notice it, she hoped there was no great cause for alarm. Her fears were, however, one morning confirmed by a visit from Mrs. Stanmore. She seldom came so far, and as she placed a chair for her, Mary anxiously inquired how Ellen was.

"It is on her account I have come. I have often observed lately, that my dear child did not appear as healthy as usual, but, as she did not complain of any malady, I fear I have allowed her to neglect her health

too long: a medical man who came to see me yesterday pronounces her to be very delicate, and I have come to you, Mary, to beg your assistance during her illness."

Not to be ready to do all in her power to benefit Ellen seemed impossible; and she would instantly have promised to do all required of her had not Mrs. Stanmore gently stopped her.

"You must first listen to what I propose. Change of climate has been recommended to Ellen, and I shall start as soon as I can to spend the ensuing winter in Italy. My daughter is much averse to the separation from her home and friends for such a length of time, but readily accedes to my wishes. I am very anxious that you should come with us, Mary, and, by the affectionate care and attendance which I know you would give, assist Ellen to bear the separation from all whom she leaves in England."

Mary was too much perplexed and surprised to answer; and Mrs. Stanmore, desirous of giving her time to recover herself, turned to Robert, and urged him to agree to her request. The old man seemed nearly as much affected as Mary. The news of Ellen's illness grieved them both, but he quickly regained his composure, and refused to influence Mary by his opinion: he declared that she should decide for herself entirely.

"She shall certainly do so; but I must explain to you my intentions. Money would, I am sure, be the least attraction to either of you, but I am so well aware of what I should take from you, that, besides a handsome remuneration to Mary for her services while with me, I propose, Robert, to leave a sum of money in your hands to obtain the necessary assistance you would require in the house, and the care of Bessie."

As the child's name was mentioned, she ran into the room, respectfully answered Mrs. Stanmore's kind notice, and, jumping into Mary's arms, asked why she did not come to her in the garden. The presence of the child completely roused her affectionate nurse, and she eagerly begged Mrs. Stanmore not to tempt her to forsake the motherless little being who claimed her presence and care.

"I would," she added earnestly, "if I thought I should be right in listening to inclination, leave even my dear little Bessie and my grandfather for a time; but as I am sure it would be wrong, I should not have a moment's satisfaction. I would sacrifice a great deal for Miss Ellen's sake, but she cannot wish me to neglect my duty. I cannot allow myself to consent to go with you, even though it be to attend Miss Stanmore."

Old Robert affectionately pressed her hand as she finished speaking, and Mary felt now quite reconciled to her determination. Mrs. Stanmore appeared disappointed, but told Mary she should be glad to see her again on the subject the next day. "I cannot, Mary, so easily relinquish a plan that would be so great a delight to Ellen, and in which no pains should be spared to give you enjoyment."

"I do not doubt your indulgence, my dear madam; but I think I shall decide in the same way to-morrow. Do not let Miss Stanmore think I slight her friendship."

"She does not know that I am come here. I purposely avoided mentioning my intentions to her until I had seen you."

Mary was quite right in her belief that she should not change her opinion. The next day, she felt then even firmer in her resolution, although at times she longed to be able to go; the reflection that her care might lighten her friend's sufferings, was very tempting; the opportunity was presented when she might prove the sincere gratitude and affection that she felt towards her benefactress. Such thoughts agitated her, but she would not permit her mind to dwell on them, and, when she arrived at Mrs. Stanmore's, she firmly repeated her determination not to forsake Bessie. This kind lady would not press her again. She felt sorry for the pain which it gave the girl to refuse, and could not but

approve of her desire to act as she thought right. Ellen had heard of the proposal, and did all she could to strengthen Mary. She considered that she had decided for the best, and, whenever they were together, employed her in the arrangements of the journey: she was cheerful herself, and talked of the pleasure they should feel if she were restored to health, and able to return and meet her friends after so long an absence. Mary had so long sought for comfort and direction from Ellen, and was so well aware of the improvement and pleasure to be derived from her society, that the separation was much dreaded; but Miss Stanmore, although weak and suffering herself, spared no pains to raise the spirits of all round her; and the day when she took leave of them was much less melancholy than they expected.

Mary now devoted herself more to Bessie than ever, and determined to do all she could that the child might not miss her instructress, and thought only of the satisfaction and reward it would be to her, if Ellen, on her return, found Bessie as much improved as she expected.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERY day that brought fresh strength and knowledge to Bessie, made a still greater, though very different, change in Robert. The poor old man suffered much in the winter from rheumatism, and depended entirely on the two little girls for his comfort and amusement. While Mary was busy with her household duties, Bessie, seated on a stool by the side of his chair, in her childish language would give him long accounts of their walks and visits to Mrs. Adams, at the now deserted Hall. While watching her artless endeavours to make herself understood, and to amuse him, Robert, for the time, forgot his pains. He often longed to be able to see her father receive from his child the domestic joys and comforts which his wife's death had taken from him; he often tried to accustom her to believe, that, should he ever return, she owed to him the obedience and attentions that she now bestowed on her grandfather. But no news had been heard of her parent since his wife's death; and, although they sometimes spoke of his coming, no one appeared to expect him: Mary, who feared he might take the child from them, always felt averse even to hearing the event talked of. Robert had become quite intimate with Mr. Beverley, and it seemed the greatest relief to him to be able to talk unreservedly to such a considerate friend. He felt happy in the idea that his two girls were surrounded by those who would watch over them when he was taken from them; he did not allow such anxieties to press on his mind, and tranquilly awaited the end of his mortal life, which, from his age and the trials he had undergone, he felt sure would not be very distant. To Martha Robert proved as great a blessing as she had hoped he would be. Her children learned to value his precepts, and soon found that obedience and constant endeavours to do what was right, brought them far greater happiness than their former carelessness had ever afforded them. Robert was never tired of repeating to them the advice of his former master, and contrived various ways of showing them practically what they ought to do. He treated all the younger branches of the family as his grandchildren, and watched their improvement with heartfelt satisfaction. In the course of time they entered upon their different modes of supporting themselves; and some left their father's house to follow the employments which they had adopted. James remained at home to superintend the farm, and showed no inclination to leave his parents or his cousin Mary.

The winter that Miss Stanmore spent abroad seemed a very long one to her friends, and, when the spring returned, all rejoiced in the idea that she would soon come back to them; but so many objects of interest presented themselves on the way home, that Mrs. Stanmore was tempted to linger, and it was late in the summer before the family arrived. Mary had been so

anxious, that Mrs. Adams promised to send her word directly she had seen Miss Stanmore. For several days the message was expected, and being disappointed, she determined to go and see if any fresh intelligence had been received. As she could not leave home until late in the evening, she first put Bessie to bed, and made Robert comfortable in his easy chair. Robert had begged her cousin James to walk with her, as it would be so late and dark when she returned. The two cousins, happy in having an opportunity of enjoying the beauty of the evening, walked merrily to the Hall, where they found they were just in time to receive the travellers, Mrs. Adams having a few hours before heard that they would reach home that night. She had not forgotten her promise to Mary, but was very glad she had come to spare her the trouble of sending. Mary readily assisted in the preparations, but, on hearing the carriage stop at the park gates, she left James to finish what she was doing, and ran towards it, impatient to catch a glimpse of Ellen. Miss Stanmore had alighted once more in her own house, and the two girls were soon walking side by side. The restoration of the latter's health was the chief subject that interested Mary; and, when she had learnt that her kind friend was perfectly recovered, and had given a rapid account of Bessie, she would not indulge in further conversation, and departed, with the hope of soon meeting again. As Mary walked back with James, she amused him with her gay spirits. She could scarcely control the joy she felt, and chattered and laughed so heartily, that she did not notice they had entered the village, until he reminded her that they were now at Mr. Beverley's, and she had promised to inform him of their friend's safety. Mary felt quite ashamed at having so nearly forgotten her errand, and asked her companion to wait while she gave the message, telling him she should soon come to him, as Robert and Bessie would also be glad to hear the news. She was not very long speaking to Mr. Beverley, and when she joined her cousin she was surprised to find a stranger with him. He immediately turned towards her, and explained why he addressed them. She had mentioned the names of two persons he was now seeking, and entreated she would give him all the particulars she could relating to them, as he thought they must be the same. Mary was almost frightened at the agitation and eagerness with which the man spoke, and gladly left it to James to answer him. After asking several questions, the man enquired whether they would take him to see the old man and child of whom they were speaking. Mary did not think it was quite right the stranger should wish to disturb them at so late an hour, and told him she thought he had better wait until the next day. "I cannot," she added decidedly, "wake the child without knowing that your reason is a good one."

"Suppose," replied the man, in a tone that bespoke his interest, "you were a parent, seeking a long-lost child, would you like to be kept several hours in suspense, when you hoped that you had found her?"

James, who had before suspected the truth, now in his turn made many enquiries; and the result was, that all three were persuaded he was Bessie's father. It was impossible to object to his seeing his child, and Mary hastened forward to tell Robert of the meeting, while her companions lingered outside. She feared the old man was not strong enough to bear any sudden emotion, and, as gently and as gradually as she could, she related all that had passed. The stranger was called in, and when Robert saw him, there was no longer any doubt. The last time they had met was on so painful an occasion, that both were much affected. Mary saw that her grandfather was unable to take him to his child, and accordingly begged that he would follow her; shading the candle with one hand, she drew near to the bed. The unconscious little one received her father's kiss in ignorance of the deep feelings she had excited in his heart. She greatly resembled her mother, and a thousand painful recollections crowded into his thoughts.

Before he turned from the bed-side he resolved never again to forsake the dear child who was now so mercifully restored to him, but to devote his remaining days to her, who would henceforth be his greatest earthly happiness. When they returned to the sitting-room, Mary entreated that Robert might be spared further excitement that night; he was quite exhausted, and required the night's repose. With reluctance they were obliged to separate, James taking the traveller to the farm. He was to see Bessie again early the next morning; he dreaded lest his child should treat him as a stranger, and refuse his caresses; but Mary promised to prepare her for the meeting. The child had experienced so much affection from all around her, that she never doubted her father would love her, and returned his embrace with so much confidence, that all his fears were dissipated, and they were soon intimate. The previous evening Mary had had a severe struggle with her own selfish feelings: she much dreaded a separation from her little darling, and had with difficulty persuaded herself to feel rejoiced at the event, but when she saw the child's head resting on her father's shoulder, her laughing eyes fixed with wonder on his sunburnt countenance, and delighted with finding herself so petted, while the father first blessed his child with heartfelt emotion, and then turned to thank Mary for her care of his treasure, she no longer grieved, but joined in their happiness. Robert seemed much relieved by his son's return, and made him his chief companion and attendant. Mary, who had refused to leave him or Bessie while they so much needed her care, now felt in a great measure released from such constant watchfulness, and, with the consent and approval of all interested in her, returned to her uncle's house as James's wife. Martha had long loved her as dearly as her own children, and with great satisfaction resigned to her the active duties which she had fulfilled for her husband and family.

Bessie remained some few years at the farm with Mary, until she was old enough to return to the cottage and assist her father in his attendance on Robert. He had acquired some little money in America, and, delighted in bestowing every comfort he could think of on the old man, he spared no pains to prove how sincerely he repented the trouble which he had caused him in former days. Mary and Miss Stanmore rejoiced in seeing their dear Bessie fulfil their fondest hopes, and were happy in still having her near them. The day when Mary first showed kindness to Robert was always noted as a joyful anniversary. All felt thankful for the blessing he had proved to them, and gratefully acknowledged the mercy of the Great Giver of all good things, who had guided them to so much happiness, by the virtue of Christian Charity.

SPRATT AND FORBES'S LYCIA.¹

It is impossible to estimate at too high a value the noble efforts that have been made within the last few years, to enlarge and extend our knowledge of that part of Southern Asia which is named Lycia. The British Museum has that within its walls which testifies to the enterprising spirit of Sir Charles Fellows; the Xanthian marbles are a worthy manifestation of his ceaseless zeal. Subsequent to their arrival, Mr. Watkins Lloyd produced an essay, so elegantly composed, so replete with thorough knowledge and appreciation of the subject, and withal so profoundly imbued with classical spirit and research, that it will bear

a comparison with any work of a like character, ancient or modern.

There are in these volumes many very interesting particulars, many discoveries of the most informing nature, and very agreeable and entertaining descriptions of the researches made among the mountains. A melancholy feature, appertaining to the work, consists in the death of the Rev. E. Daniell, a most intelligent traveller, who died from the effects of his exertions in the pursuit of all that could enlighten mankind with respect to this interesting country. This gentleman had intended publishing a work of the same nature as the present, but was taken away, ere he had finished collecting the materials. An apology is made by his fellow workers, for which there seems little occasion, as they have executed their designs nobly, and have presented the public with two volumes which are calculated to improve our acquaintance with Lycia to a very considerable extent.

The sites of no fewer than eighteen cities were explored and determined during these investigations and researches. The situation of the pleasure houses of the Turks, are chosen with an evident appreciation of the beautiful. The description of Tlos is very well drawn.

"We remained three days at Tlos. It is a most delightful place. Few ancient sites can vie with it. Built on the summit of a hill of great height, bounded by perpendicular precipices and deep ravines, commanding a view of the entire length of the valley of the Xanthus; the snow-capped Taurus in one distance, the sea in another; the whole mass of Cragus and its towering peaks and the citadel of Pinara in front; itself immediately overhung by the snowy summits of the Massicytus,—a grander site for a great city could scarcely have been selected in all Lycia. Pinara has, perhaps, more majesty; but there is a softness combined with the grandeur of Tlos, giving it a charm which Pinara has not.

"The acropolis hill terminates on the north-east, in perpendicular cliffs. These cliffs are honey-combed with rock-tombs, some of which are of great beauty. The older tombs are similar to those at Telmessus; but there are others, of an apparently later period, having their chambers excavated in the rock, but with the doorways regularly built. Such tombs have often long Greek inscriptions. The oldest tomb, to all appearance, at Tlos, is the largest and most interesting. It is a temple-tomb fronted by a pediment, borne on columns of peculiar form and Egyptian aspect, having no carved capitals, and being wider at the base than at the upper part. From such columns the Ionic might have originated, for we can hardly suppose this, apparently the most ancient and important tomb in Tlos, to have been left unfinished. Within the portico is a handsome carved door, or rather imitation door, with knocker and lock, on each side of which are windows opening into large tombs. On one side of the portico is carved a figure, which we may recognise as Bellerophon, mounted on Pegasus, and galloping up a rocky hill, which may represent Mount Cragus, to encounter an enormous leopard sculptured over one of the tomb entrances on the right side of the door. This animal may be a form of Chimera, but presents none of the mythological attributes, and is, in all probability, the representation of a "caplan," the leopard which infests the crags of Cragus at the present day. An ornamental flourish appears on the door side near the leopard, and

(1) *Travels in Lycia, Milyas, and the Cibyratis*.—By Lieut. Spratt, and Professor Forbes. London, Van Voorst, 1847.

is repeated on the corresponding panel on the other side; but there is no animal carved on that panel. On the panels beneath the tomb are carved dogs, and there are also traces of others on the pediment. Pegasus is a Persian horse, having a top knot and knotted tail. A saddle cloth of ornamental character has been painted on his back. The group of figures appears to have been originally painted. The head dress of Bellcrophon is very peculiar, as also the arrangement of the beard. The eye is rather full and Greek. There is no inscription on the tomb. A few feet from it, on a level with the pediment, is a Lycian inscription in a panel on the rock, the characters of which are much larger than any we have met with elsewhere. Two other Lycian inscriptions occurred at Tlos; one on a tomb on the opposite hill, and another on one near the base of the acropolis hill. None of these had been previously noticed."—Vol. i. p. 33.

A curious superstition prevails at Isna, where a stone is believed by the peasantry to contain a treasure, and that any one attempting to break it to possess the interior, is instantly deprived of the use of some of his limbs, or even life. All attempts to reason them out of this belief are utterly thrown away. It would seem that the party were greatly annoyed by the Turkish dogs, who barked and bit their horses, and would not upon many occasions be quieted until they had smelt gunpowder. Generally speaking, the inhabitants afforded every facility for the comfort, convenience, and information, of the scientific inquirers. Gipsies are numerous, and are incessant beggars.

"The gipsies abound in this neighbourhood, and plagued us when working among the tombs, the women unceasingly asking for money. Some of the girls were pretty, and there is a grace and air about the Chingunee women which the Turkish and Urook females cannot boast of. Some had tambourines, and others sang the wild airs of their tribe. They dress in the fashion of Turkish women, but do not veil the face. A white scarf is twisted round the head, and partly covers the chin; and the body shawl is usually particularly coloured, bright green and bright red.

"The men are cattle dealers, and tinkers; and, though dressed as Turks, are easily distinguished by their countenances and lively manner,—not the busy liveliness of the Greek, but the wild gaiety of the Zingari."—Vol. i. p. 152.

It is satisfactory to know, that Mr. Sharpe's conclusions as to the coins to which he has paid so much attention, were fully borne out by the observations of Professor Forbes. The finding the site of Termessus is thus graphically related:

"Early in the morning we commenced the ascent of the mountain, to seek for the ruined city. The first part was over steep and rocky ground, but after a time we came upon an ancient roadway, leading towards an opening in the mountain side between two towering rocky peaks. Following this road, which was buried in trees, and encumbered by underwood, for an hour and a half, we suddenly came upon two ancient guard-houses, almost perfect, one on either side of the way. We did not linger to trace any connecting wall, but hurried anxiously on with sanguine expectations. For nearly a mile we met with no other traces of ruins. Some sarcophagi were at length discovered among the thickets, and near them on the face of a great rock were carved in large letters the words

“ΠΑΤΟΝΙΚΟΝ
ΦΙΛΟΧΟΡΟΝ.

"Suddenly, after crossing a low wall, we emerged from the thicket, and entered an open and flat area

between the two great rocks, and walled in by inaccessible precipices. On it ruins were profusely scattered: numerous built tombs and sarcophagi, fallen buildings of large size, and a temple, the ornamented doorway of which still stood, fronted by a goodly flight of steps. Fluted columns of large dimensions lay strewn in fragments on the ground. Unwilling to delay until we had ascertained the full extent of the city, after a hasty glance, we proceeded to the upper end of the platform. Here the valley became more contracted, and a strong and perfect wall was thrown across it. Within this, ruins of a nobler style and more perfect preservation appeared, especially a palatial building of great extent, having numerous doors and windows, and almost perfect to the roof: like the others, it was constructed of rectangular blocks of lime-stone, without intervening cement. Before us, on what appeared to be the mountain top, a third wall appeared, to which we ascended, expecting to find the acropolis: Hitherto we had met with no mention of the city in any of the inscriptions; but on ascending to the last-mentioned wall we came upon an inscribed pedestal, which assured us we were in Termessus,—a name shouted out by the finders with no small delight, and echoed by the old rocks as if in confirmation. It must have been new to them after having rested so long unspoken.

"On reaching the third wall, our surprise was great at finding that hitherto we had been wandering, as it were, only in the vestibule of the city, and that Termessus itself was yet to come, built on the mountain top, even as Arrian has recorded. It stood on a platform surrounded by a natural wall of crags, three to four hundred feet high,—except on the east, where it terminated in a tremendous precipice, diving into a deep gorge, opening into the Pamphylian plain.

"After crossing the third wall, our attention was first attracted by an avenue, bordered on each side by a close row of pedestals, terminated at each end by public buildings, apparently temples. These pedestals were almost all inscribed, and the inscriptions in good preservation. One of them was of peculiar interest, confirming this site as Termessus Major."—Vol. i. p. 232.

It is an old saying that "travellers see strange things," and is confirmed in these volumes, for, in an account of the habits and actions of the stork, we are told that they invariably give the preference to the habitations of the Turks, and shun the intercourse of the Christian population. The history of the matter seems to solve itself in the fact that the one encourages their contiguity, whilst the other (the Greeks) drive them away.

This notice cannot be better concluded, than by giving the following extract of the farewell to Xanthus.

"From the sharp and narrow summit of this lofty peak we enjoyed our last look over Lycia: below us lay the whole expanse of the Xanthian plain, and beyond we could see far into the gorges and valleys of Massicytus, now as familiar to us as the hills and valleys of our native land. In the bird's-eye view before us, long journeys of miles and hours appeared as brief spaces asunder; and the labyrinth of hills and crags we had so lately trodden, seemed levelled into plains and gentle undulations. Such is the steepness of Cragus, that its precipices plunge from the snowy summit to the sea, and from the lofty pinnacle on which we stood we could see the waves breaking white against its base. This was a fine spot from which to bid farewell to a beautiful land, nor did we descend without sensations of regret."—Vol. i. p. 301.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real, or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals, under the title; in Selections it is printed in Italics at the end.]

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their green walks, where soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stones the creeping shadow past,
And all around the noon-day sun a dreamy radiance cast;
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat, beneath the orchard trees,
In that fresh-budding spring of youth when all its prospects please:
And little recked they when they sang or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names, held none more dear,
Than theirs;
And little e'en the loveliest thought before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood, and high descent, from the ancient Stuart line;—
Calmly her happy days flew on, unnumbered in their flight;
And, as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court,—the gay court of Bourbon,—

And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye, well-pleased I ween to see
The court assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry;
Grey Montmorency, o'er whose head has passed a storm of years,
Strong in himself, in children strong, the first among the peers.
And next the Guises, who so well Fame's steepest heights assailed,
And walked Ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts had failed;

And higher yet their path shall be, stronger shall wax their might,
For before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning light.
Here, Louis, Prince of Condé, wears his all-conquering sword,
With great Coligny by his side, each name a household word!
And there walks she of Medicis—that proud Italian line—
The mother of a race of kings—the haughty Catherine.

The forms that follow in her train a glorious sunshine make,
A milky-way of stars, that give a comet's glittering wake.
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on Fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride;
The homage of a thousand hearts,—the fond deep love of one;
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun;
They lighten up her hazel eyes; they mantle o'er her cheek;
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-souled joy bespeak.
Oh! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,

She thought of that quiet convent's calm,—its sunshine and its flowers?

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way;
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast-receding hills that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept,—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land,—although she owed it not her birth!—

It was her mother's land,—the land of childhood and of friends;
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends;
The land where her dear husband slept; the land where she had known

The tranquil convent's calm repose, and the splendour of a throne!

No marvel that the lady wept,—it was the land of France,—
The chosen home of chivalry,—the garden of romance:

The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;

One gaze again,—one long last gaze,—adieu, fair France to thee!

The breeze comes forth, she is alone on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed; it was an eve of raw and sullen mood;
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood

Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds;
The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was sadder now;

The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her counsels came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart sceptre well she swayed, but the sword she could not wield.

She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day—

She summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years, the songs of gay Navarre;
These songs, perchance, that erst were sung by the gallant Chatelard;
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils;

But, hark! the tramp of armed men—the Douglas battle-cry!—
They come! they come! and to the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye;

And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain—

The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears that trickling fell:
“Now, for my father's arm!” she said; “my woman's heart, farewell!”

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,

And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their Queen, till she should stoop to sign

The traitorous scroll, that snatched the crown from her ancestral line:—

“My lords, my lords,” the captive said, “were I but once more free,

With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause with me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my remorseless foes!”
A red spot burned upon her cheek, streamed her rich tresses down,

She wrote the words—she stood erect, a Queen without a crown.

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling Queen once more.

She staid her steed upon the hill—she saw them marching by;
She heard them shout; she read success in every flashing eye:
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away—
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers, where are they?

Scattered, and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone!
O God! to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has won!
Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart!

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headman stood,

And gleamed the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood.

With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips, and touched the hearts of all;

Rich were the velvet robes she wore—her white veil round her fell—

And from her neck there hung the cross—the cross she loved so well!

I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom;
I saw that grief had decked it out an offering for the tomb!
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly
shone;

I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with every
tone;

I knew the ringlets, almost grey, once threads of living gold;
I knew that bounding grace of step, that symmetry of mould!
E'en now I see her far away, in that calm convent's aisle;
I hear her chaunt her vesper hymn—I mark her holy smile.
E'en now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born.

Alas, the change! She placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on a scaffold now she stands—beside the block—*alone!*
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd,
Who screened themselves beneath her glance, and round her
footsteps bowed.

Her neck is bare—the blow is struck—her soul has passed away!
The bright—the beautiful—is now a bleeding piece of clay.
Go—think of this in silence, and alone—

Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne.

From an Old Manuscript.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

It may, at least, be doubted whether the love which the inhabitants of mountain districts bear to their father-land involves any sense of the grandeur of its scenes beyond the sanctity which the few events of their simple lives attach to the objects immediately associated with them. As far as I have been able to ascertain, a feeling of grandeur and beauty is not often expanded within them; though the semblances of it soon become affected when tourists teach them its value in the market for the romantic. However this may be, I believe the experience of most of those whose sensibilities are awakened by the presence of material greatness will concur with my own—that the first effect is that of wonder and depression; that the spirits sink among great mountain tops almost as if beneath a weight of care, and some shivering sense of oppression comes over us like that which I have imperfectly, and perhaps extravagantly, described as chilling me in the huge Alpine solitude among the heights above Airolo at the foot of the St. Gothard. This feeling of lovely sadness arises from the susceptibility of the mind to the impression of the regions around it, with a conscious want of powers adequate to spiritualize the gigantic images, and to make them its own; and it will continue so long as there is intellectual activity enough to desire a communion which there is not force enough to realize. He who is thus subjected to the forms of matter feels like a dwarf in the homes of giants, which he is told should be his home and his inheritance, but in which he discovers nothing for him but frowning tyranny. But to an active sensibility, the recurrence not only to the same scene, but to scenes on a scale of correspondent or kindred majesty, gradually overcomes the strangeness. "The divinity that stirs within us" asserts its relation to the huge shapes around us; old sensations of tranquil beauty cleave to the lower and lovelier features of the mighty scene, and the chilled waste becomes alured by the warmth of human affections. Not only do we learn to people the fastnesses of nature with "imaginary puissance," to feel in the huge breast of the mountain a sustaining power, to grasp on the verge of the black precipice a giddy joy, to recognise

the spirit of loveliness subduing mere bleak sublimity to its uses; but the sense of other moments of precious experience heightens the present, and makes us feel at home in the wildest solitude. It is not necessary to this reduplication of sentiment and delight that the mind should be conscious of the scenes which have enriched it; the silent spirit of other days is near us unseen, and sheds an interest at once strange and familiar on objects upon which for the first time we gaze. By this cause alone can I explain the home-felt charm which always spreads delight over the mind on the view of the distant ocean, serene in some tranquil light. The object itself—cold, desolate, vast, unbounded, restless, ever-changing—can offer no material repose congenial to the world-vexed spirit; and yet to me, at least, it is never stretched out in soft blue, or flecked by clouds, or quivering in moonlight, without imparting a sense of home. This feeling, which I believe is common, can only be accounted for by the many half-forgotten hours in which the same great object has been gazed on, while a thousand serious, though idle, musings (all traced in the immortal book of memory), have attached themselves to its expanse, and are ever faintly reflected from the lovely tranquillity of the ocean-field. I cannot therefore help thinking, that whatever may be the experience of the few who are endowed with insight into the mysteries of creation beyond their fellows, it is better for the mass (among whom, I rejoice to believe, the true love of external nature is largely diffused) to have that love first expanded and nurtured in youth among quiet scenes of English beauty; to trace back its throbbings to the time when the little schoolboy, on his hard pillow, has half remembered, half dreamed, of the fields and wood-walks he had carelessly paced in free childhood, and embracing them again with his holiday vision, has first felt that sweet faintness of the heart with which a recurrence to old scenes affects us; to embrace by the light of that love the grander scenes of its own land; and, after such cultivation in his own country, to enrich it with the mightier grandeur of Switzerland, or bathe the delighted spirit among the luxuries of Italy.—*Talfourd.*

"WHEN I was a little child," said a good old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy; and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart,—a voice that must be obeyed,—Oh do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God."

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Count Gero.

(See page 80.)

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

EDUCATION has become at last what it ought to have been long ago, the great object of anxious attention to philanthropists, divines, and statesmen. The legislator from his place in parliament proposes grants of the public money to advance this *pre-eminently public object*; the orator enlarges upon the fearful consequences of further delay in so important a matter; and the adherents of conflicting parties agree to let *this* question obtain the support of both Whigs and Conservatives.

Even the men who were formerly terrified at the idea of *general* education, and whose imaginations were filled with dark images of popular insubordination

at the sight of National schools, have come to admit, in a sort of whisper, that perhaps learning is not so very bad after all. To be sure they append to this concession the declaration, that people are not much better for all the fuss about their education, and that Joshua Stubbs is not a more able ploughman than his father, who thanked God that "he could never be hanged for forgery, whatever might happen." Nevertheless the yeomen are in many parts willing to support education of *some* kind; and the croaker of thirty years ago, who looked upon a servant able to write as unfitted to enter his doors, is now seldom found. We may therefore conclude, that most persons are in this age favourable to education; for the vast majority do in

some form contend for its extension to *all* classes of the community, however they may differ concerning its true objects and extent. But with all this apparent willingness to advance education, the *nation*,—the people as a whole—is uneducated to this hour. Of this assertion there can be no reasonable doubt; the feverish efforts of instructional societies prove it, and the experience of every public man demonstrates the same truth. Are we told by some well-meaning gentleman, who has just returned from a visit to a first class National school, that the knowledge possessed by the boys and girls is really wonderful? that chits, ten years old, know more than the man of seventy in former times? listen, benevolent gentleman, ere you sit down quietly to dinner;—listen to those sounds which rise with ominous distinctness from the crowded masses of the population, and behold the sights which in many a densely-peopled city suggest strange themes for the thoughts of the man who deems “all is well,” and speaks approvingly of the “march of intellect.” What say the chaplains of our jails,—whither seventy thousand English men and women are hurried every year,—respecting the education of those prisoners? *Not one half* can read so as to understand any ordinary book, and not more than one-tenth can read and write with tolerable ease.

Truly this does not look like enlightenment. Whence do these miserable men and women come? Chiefly from the lower ranks of society, the agricultural labourers and the inferior mechanics supplying by far the greater portion. Are the rest as ignorant as those? Probably not; for it is but reasonable to suppose, that the majority of those who fall under the powers of the penal laws have come from the very worst section of the people, and are consequently the most ignorant. But we are still compelled to believe that a vast portion of the lower order is without anything deserving the name of education, and this is the deliberate conviction of judges, magistrates, and the guardians of poor-law unions, who are most likely to know the real condition of the population. From their testimony it appears, that not more than *one person in twenty*, amongst the lower orders, receives an education likely to influence his character for good.

What means the system of “ragged schools” as they are called, and of which the public must have heard with few congratulatory feelings? Does it not plainly declare that in the festering centres of populous cities we have so allowed ignorance to accumulate its blighting powers, that all the existing modes of education are insufficient to draw from their dens the young letterless creatures, whose ignorance of things divine is equalled by their ignorance of things human. Within a few yards of some of these “ragged schools” are standing National and other places of education; but these buildings could not come to the children, nor would the wretched and depraved parents bring the children to the schools; and as the government, in its gracious condescension, refused to interfere, all went ripening on into crime, and perhaps preparing the elements for *revolution*. But it now seems that these outcasts can be drawn within the influence of an educational course, as the reports of these ragged schools sufficiently prove.

Why then have thousands been allowed to grow up from childhood to youth, in the most degrading ignorance, whilst statesmen have been legislating for places ten thousand miles distant, unconscious of the pestilence raging in the narrow lanes behind their stately residences? In the mean time millions of books have been translated and printed for the use of distant pagans, and schools are established by Englishmen in the South Sea islands; whilst, within the sound of the Westminster bells, multitudes have been growing up nearly as ignorant as those distant semi-barbarians, to whom our thousands and tens of thousands are sent.

What a glaring anomaly is here—what a fatuity is

this! Far be it from the writer to chill the ardour of generous enterprise for distant people; let such feelings burn with all the intensity of a holy sympathy for the woes of human-kind, but let not our own streets and alleys be left in darkness, whilst sending the means of knowledge to the antipodes.

Perhaps some may question the extent of the ignorance just described, and insinuate that the statement is overdrawn. The extent of such an evil must be judged by examinations conducted over the whole country, from which it appears that in every county and town a large portion of the population can only be described by the term *ignorant*; nor could any intelligent man employ another epithet. Ask all right-minded and zealous clergymen, in what state *they* find the mass of the poor: let the experience of some be evidence on this subject. One will tell of the strange discoveries made, when preparing the young for confirmation; what ignorance of the simplest facts of scripture history, what stupid blunders respecting the alphabet of Christianity, and what incapacity for the plainest moral arguments, are detected by the amazed examiner. Some will declare how St. Paul was confounded with Moses, by one youth; whilst Pontius Pilate is ranked with the prophets by another.

These *special* instances of ignorance do not often attract the reader's notice, for he is, perhaps, rarely brought into contact with the classes in which they abound. Let him not, however, deny the existence of evils because he has not seen them. That the mischief is here strongly stated is possible enough; that it might be expressed in milder terms may also be conceded; but on such small details of the argument time need not be wasted. Two men may vary in describing the gloom of a dark night—one calling it black, the other murky; but this will not make the darkness light, nor even change it to twilight. Neither can some diversities of statement destroy the assertion, that the “Education of the English is yet in a very low state.”

Even if we come to those who can perform something in reading, writing, and arithmetic, what do we find? Oftentimes the grossest ignorance exists, with the mere ability to “read, write, and sum;” which some persons really seem to regard as the three mystical operations, which must be all-sufficient to develop the understanding of him who can perform them. Nothing is more common, especially when speaking of the poor, than to reckon these three items as the total of education. A kindly-disposed person is examining the condition of the rustics in his parish, he enters a tolerably neat-looking cottage, and there sees a round-faced boy, fourteen or fifteen years old, who has just come from the neighbouring field to eat his dinner of bacon and bread. Young Hodge gives his front lock of hair a pluck upon the entrance of our observer, who is mightily pleased to see the school boy so well performed, nor less delighted at the sight of the bacon, which proves that S. G. O. will not collect much matter for the “Times,” should he wend his way hither.

But the visitor, being satisfied respecting the condition of the outer man, directs his attention not to the digestion, but to the intellects. The first question, “Can you read, my man?” is boldly answered with an “*ces Zur*, please,” and the assertion as boldly proved by reading a few lines in the newspaper of yesterday, which Mr. B— has carried in his pocket as a convenient test of rustic powers.

All was well done, save an unaccountable monotone in pronunciation, which almost suggests the possibility that the youth does not *understand* the lines he has just read. The second question, “And perhaps you can write too?” is also promptly answered, and attested by a full-length exhibition of the rustic's name in chalk on the back of the door. If, in addition to this, a “sum in addition,” or subtraction, can be disposed of, the chances are that Hodge gets a sixpence, and his benevolent examiner retires, filled with delight at the advance of the

present generation in knowledge and wisdom. We unhesitatingly assert, that thousands would be satisfied with *such* a state of education amongst the poor, and many are even startled at all proposals for a more comprehensive system. But "reading, writing, and arithmetic," are nothing more than the *means* of gaining knowledge, and should only be viewed as pre-requisites to education, rather than education itself.

They become to the mind what arms and legs are to the body,—the means of procuring exercise, and extending our acquaintance with distant scenes. We might as reasonably put a plane and saw into the hands of a man, and call him a carpenter, as to term reading, writing, and arithmetic, education. They are but tools of the mind, and, unless their proper use be inculcated, mischief is much more likely to result than good.

When a boy has acquired the power of reading with facility, *then* the care of the teacher begins,—*then* commences the process of *forming the character*, and so arming the young spirit with weapons offensive and defensive for the battle of life. Now, this important course is so much neglected, that it may be reasonably feared education, in its present too general state, is really *doing mischief*, and perhaps preparing hosts of readers for an infidel and ribald press, all the vulgar atrocities of which are believed by the poor man, whom we have taught to read, but not to think.

To libel all things, to falsify history, to teach vice under the form of sentiment, and to mingle with all this stirring addresses on the misery of the lower orders, are processes systematically carried out by certain periodicals. These are read principally by mechanics in the towns, and by small shop-keepers in country villages, whose notions are thus gradually drawn to the side of discontent and revolutionary tendencies. Yet the *mere* "reading, writing, and arithmetic" boy is just the subject desired by the compilers and editors of these unprincipled works, with whom our quarrel is that they are *hindering* not advancing the civilization of mankind. What must be thought of an editor who, in reply to some expostulations respecting the bad effects likely to arise from certain articles in his periodicals, could reply,—"*I am sorry for it, but what can I do? It brings in three thousand a year.*" What principles could be too hideous for such a man to promulgate, were he to see a chance of increasing his annual incomes thereby? Such guides would not be so blindly followed, were the *whole* people furnished with that *general* and elementary instruction necessary in all ages to form the citizen, but absolutely essential now to save the masses from anarchy, and the State from convulsion.

What is the great check to the circulation amongst the lower classes of that cheap literature which the enterprise of modern publishers has developed, but a defective education, preventing the people from enjoying the pleasures of knowledge, and excluding them from the world of just sentiment and pure taste in literature and art!

Publishers are devising fresh expedients to draw within their influence the bulk of the lower orders; magazines of a light character are sold at the lowest possible rate, weekly and monthly volumes on the most interesting subjects are issued at one-twentieth of the price at which such works would have been published twenty or thirty years ago. But what is the result? That the classes for which these great experiments were made still hang back, and stop not to taste the fountains opened with such vast labour for their health. The middle classes are the principal purchasers of these large editions of weekly and monthly volumes, which the philanthropist did once hope would have cast a renewing light into the cottage of the peasant, and the crowded haunts of Bethnal-green and Shoreditch. The bright dream is for the present over; the thick night of crime and error still looms heavily around, threatening at intervals the nation with some

destructive catastrophe. The patient listeners and watchers, who stand upon their lonely towers of observation, declare that often the muttering thunder is heard behind the gloom, and at times the flash lighting up for a moment the darkness, gives warning of danger at hand.

We know from what portions of the community violence is likely to come, should sudden events greatly disorganize the working of society, and therefore is it expedient that *something* effective be speedily done for the amelioration of existing evils, and the prevention of future mischiefs. The work must not be left to the scattered efforts of individuals, in which case one man may read the work of his neighbour; the whole nation should combine to *force* upon those in authority a general plan by which the ignorant parent shall not be allowed to perpetuate his own degradation, nor the caprices and crochets of unreflecting men permitted to stand in the way of a nation in its progress to civilization and knowledge. Let all public men scorn the despicable flattery which would persuade the people of this country that they form an enlightened nation; let the truth be proclaimed in parliament by senators, at assizes by judges and grand juries, and especially by all engaged in superintending education. And here we cannot refrain from addressing the examiners of National and other schools, whose reports must always have especial weight with the public. Are not the annual examinations of *many* schools purposely pitched at a low scale, from a consciousness that the children will not answer questions of a higher character? The examiner walks round the school on the appointed day, inspects the children's *hands*, their *dress*, and general appearance, ending with remarks on the importance of neatness, cleanliness, &c.

Not a word have we to say against all this mechanical part of the examination, which doubtless produces much good; though we cannot forget there is such a thing as "getting up" children for show. What is the examination itself? that is the chief question. Writing books are examined, lessons in spelling performed, and some rather "crack" sums worked. What else? Here comes the grand complaint,—the *understanding* of the scholars is not always examined, nor is the state of their moral and religious knowledge presented in a satisfactory form. We speak of the *majority* of schools; some there are specially favoured, from which better results are obtained; but are not these counted by units? Too few subjects are taught, and these are not intelligently explained to the pupils, so that even when the memory retains a fact the child does not understand it. Such results are sometimes traced to the abuse, some would say the *use*, of the monitorial system; and what indeed can be more fitted to produce stupid pupils, than placing a class of ignorant, volatile children under the tuition of one nearly as untaught as themselves. Certain lessons may certainly be got through; and we may doubtless carry an acute parrot to a surprising point in bird-knowledge: but, whether such teaching can open the understanding and discipline the mind of the hapless learner, is a question not difficult to answer.

In some schools, where a thoroughly competent master has a first class of superior boys under his care, much may be done by monitors wisely selected; but even then the *explanation*,—the *enforcement* on the intellect by varied illustration, the numerous forms in which one truth may be presented by a skilful teacher, and the quickening effect of judicious questions in developing the powers of the learner,—cannot be expected from monitors. Yet all this is *essential* to him who teaches another. We are well aware of the serious difficulties arising from the multitudes requiring education, and the small number of teachers. The *master* cannot do every thing; he must therefore rely upon the *monitors*, and it is not our object to advise the rejection of these auxiliaries *at present*, but to remove

public attention to the lamentable consequences flowing from the system in many cases. Whether some plan cannot be devised for *creating and preserving* a better monitorial scheme demands the attention of all,—but if no device seems possible, the nation must contribute more ample funds, and provide more *paid and trained* masters.

What a *general* scheme of education for the people should comprehend is not our province to decide; that it should be more *comprehensive* and more *exact* seems admitted by those most conversant with the subject; and we may be allowed to hope, that our programmes of education will not be henceforth limited to paper, but reduced to practice in every English school. The difference is startling between the subjects *professedly* taught to the masters and mistresses in the training seminaries, and the actual education brought from schools by the boys and girls of our populous towns and villages. To impart to the poor all those branches of knowledge which some enthusiasts desire may be hopeless, but let us not neglect the intellectual wants of the age because others suffer a too generous ardour to inflate their expectations. Enthusiasm on this subject will not deserve more than a prudent caution; but supineness may justly provoke the indignation and contempt of every man. Remissness in national education has been a national vice, and, unless succeeded by redoubled exertions, and those in the right direction, will entail ruinous consequences on some not distant generation. Other nations are in this respect leaving England behind, and disgraceful will it be to find the Prussian, Austrian, Swiss, and French peasants or artisans better educated than our boasted free-born Englishmen. We have held ourselves up to Europe as a moral and intelligent people, and puzzled Europe is compelled to admit much of this character to be true; but, in revenge, points to our drunken and ignorant artisans, who, when hired at high wages by foreign manufacturers, prove to be the most insolent, disorderly, and untaught of all mechanics. Nothing save the *special* manufacturing skill of our workmen induces the foreign employer to engage such ill-ordered men in his service. This is the testimony of foreign manufacturers in Switzerland, Italy, France, and other countries to which the mechanical skill of the English workman has conducted him, and where he disgraces his country by ignorance and vice. Let Britons arise and cure this crying evil by an improved system of national education.—W. D.

RAMBLES IN BELGIUM.

No. IV.—BRUSSELS.

BRUSSELS may not unaptly be called a miniature Paris; its shops, cafés, small park, boulevards, &c. contribute, in their several relations, to this *vraisemblance*. After leaving the railway station, the entrance to the city by night is very suggestive of the French capital. The Place Royale contains all the best hotels, and is, so to speak, the pinnacle of the new town, which has here a sort of natural separation from the old, inasmuch as a very long, tortuous, and hilly street must be traversed before the newer portions can be reached. The cathedral of St. Gudule first took my attention; it is a very large edifice with two enormous towers, the exterior effect heavy and ponderous. Not so the interior; for the columns are greatly relieved by the windows being filled with the richest painted glass. Several statues and monuments of various Dukes of Brabant are placed in different parts. The pulpit is, however, the great source of attraction: here, again, one is struck with wonder at the skill of the Flemish carvers in wood, so elaborately and exquisitely finished is this specimen in all its parts. It is supposed to have

been designed as a typical representation of the Christian faith. Below is Paradise, with the figures of Adam and Eve quitting the garden by the orders of the expelling angel; while high above may be seen the infant Saviour destroying the serpent. All this is so arranged as to leave a distinct impression on the mind as to the bearing of the whole work. The paintings are of no particular order of merit, and a so-called Rubens is a miserable affair. It was impossible to resist the pressing importunities of a flower-girl, who gave me, for two copper pieces, a delicious bouquet formed of roses and the sweet-smelling yellow jasmine. She had taken her station by the outer wall of the entrance, and would not be refused. It was curious to see the women carrying about large brass pitchers, looking very bright and clean, some full of milk, others of water.

The Flemish language sounded doubly inharmonious, when any of the peasantry, with their farming produce, passed by, as the shop-keepers speak very good French, and at the hotels the garçons, most of them, know English sufficiently well to answer any demand upon them. To be in Brussels a day without seeing its beautiful Hôtel de Ville was an impossibility; so, spite of the rain, which was falling in torrents, I descended the interminable Rue Montagne de la Cour, and soon arrived at the Grande Place, where it is situated. To my mind it is the most perfect of its kind in all Belgium, even exceeding the famous one at Louvain. It has a Gothic tower with a richly ornamental spire springing up to an immense height; there is a lightness and delicacy about it that made me often turn again and again to enjoy its architectural beauty. It was from hence that Charles the Fifth, weary of governing, resigned his throne, and, doffing the kingly garb, clothed himself in monkish habits, departing from one state of misery to another; his entrance in a monastery, and melancholy end, are too well known not to be associated with this old hall. Often, too, was it lit by the flames of the terrible Inquisition in the time of Philip the Second, and many scenes of historic interest were transacted in the adjoining neighbourhood. There is an excellent contrast afforded by the Maison Communale, which stands nearly opposite; it is a heavy, solid looking pile; it was rebuilt in the seventeenth century, and dedicated to Notre Dame de la Paix in consequence of the delivery of Brussels from the plague. There is an inscription upon it, though nearly illegible; I took it down, and found it to run thus: "A peste, fame, et bello, libera nos Maria pacis." It is now metamorphosed into shops.

Some very venerable-looking mansions covered with quaint designs, full of odd little windows, gables, and peaks, all attesting their Spanish origin, stand in this place and the adjoining streets. The theatre is in the Place de la Monnaie, and, after partaking of an elegant dinner at Du Bos Rue Fossé aux Loups, I attended the performance, which consisted of Meyerbeer's opera of the Huguenots, with no ballet or afterpiece of any kind. The admission to the pit was one franc and three-quarters. One thing seemed very objectionable, and that was, that all parts of the house had one common entrance; in case of fire, or any other emergency, the confusion and difficulty of exit must be terrible.

The pit was half full of soldiers, who are in this country encouraged by the State to acquire a love of music and other branches of the Fine Arts, by being allowed to enter their exhibitions and theatres at a certain consideration.

The opera was admirably acted and sung, the orchestra not too overpowering or noisy, and the chorus efficient, and alive to the interests of the situations,—not staring and gaping in one fixed line, but dispersed on the stage, and partaking in the emotions of the principal performers, of whom Laborde was the worthy chief: he has a lovely tenor voice of good and even quality; and both in that, and his impassioned way of using it, reminded me continually of Duprey. The bass part was

taken at a short notice by a tall gentleman, who was well received, and who did himself great credit by the style in which he gave Martin Luther's Hymn. Mademoiselle Heinfetter's Valentine was the crowning charm of the performance: simple and unaffected, with a rich clear voice never out of tune, she sang the music of the part most bewitchingly. The opera over, and the hour being only ten, there was every temptation to stroll once more to the Grande Place to see the effect of the moonlight on the Hôtel de Ville: it was like a piece of frosted silver, and one had a longing to place it under a glass case; it was too fragile-looking, too delicate, for open air exposure.

Before reaching the Hôtel de Flandre, it was impossible to pass the Café des Milles Colonnes without stopping to taste its far-famed coffee. It was found of excellent quality. The saloon is elegantly fitted up with a quantity of mirrors and gilt ornaments, and is abundantly supplied with French, English, and Belgic newspapers. There were several officers *en costume* playing at dominoes, and appearing to take as much interest in the game as if it had been whist or chess. Everything in the apartment was conducted in the most orderly manner.

On the following morning I visited the palace of the Prince of Orange: it is a well proportioned edifice, and has some very handsome floors of polished woods; the custode required all the visitors to wear list shoes over their boots, in order to avoid any injury to the flooring. As for the pictures which once adorned these rooms, they are gone to the Hague, having followed the prince after the revolution of 1830. It is made a matter of great favour to see the king's palace, and I could not by any means obtain access to it.

The Parc is small, and the trees are not in any way remarkable, except that many of the trunks are pierced by the bullets of the conflicting parties at the Revolution; it is very well kept, and with its statues and allées has a very pleasing and inviting aspect of a summer's morning, when it is generally the resort of the *bonnes* and their little charges, who seem to enjoy its refreshing shades. Occasionally too may be seen two or three ladies, without any bonnets, at needlework on the benches around. At the opposite end to the gate which leads from the Place Royale, there is a small theatre, in which chiefly light pieces are played. There are several public fountains in the city; one is stated to have been erected by an ancestor of the present Marquis of Aylesbury; another, called *le Cracheur*, is not at all remarkable for the taste it displays, and the *Manikin* seems to be a favourite with the townsfolk, who have some legend connected with it, and have set apart a day in July as a fête for its honour, or rather I suspect for their own gratification and amusement. Very near the Parc, and opposite to the side where the palaces are situate, stands the Palais de la Nation: it is a handsome edifice in the Grecian order of architecture. Admittance was readily accorded to me and a party of French tourists, whose contemptuous observations on the arrangements of the interior were really most amusing. The chamber of the Lower House is a half circular apartment. On one side is a platform on which is placed the President's chair, before whom the orator for the time being advances from the body of the house, and addresses the assembly. Several rows of benches face this tribune; they are conveniently fitted up with desks and places for writing materials. The light is admitted from above, and, though far inferior in point of effect to the British House of Commons, yet there is a quiet air of dignity about the spot not unworthy its real intention and use. In a room, apparently set aside from some more exalted position, we were shown two large paintings: one a representation of the Battle of Waterloo, in which the present King of the Netherlands and the Duke of Richmond are vividly portrayed. Like all pictures of this class, in which red coats and smoke form a promi-

nent feature, the impression left on the mind is of no agreeable character.

Anxious to have another opportunity of seeing some of the flowers and plants for which Belgium is celebrated, I hurried over my inspection of the Representative Upper House, and sought out the Botanic Garden; it is very near the railway station and on the slope of a hill. The grounds are of no great extent, but are laid out in a diversified and tasteful way. The conservatory is large and handsome, and contains some tolerably good palms, but on the whole was disappointing for one who had expected more.

Walking home through the Rue Montagne de la Cour, I was astonished to notice the number of confectioners' shops. They are famous for a cake made of almonds, altogether different to our own, both richer and more appetizing. Chocolate is sold in all sorts of devices, and is eaten as a great delicacy by the middling classes. A troop of infantry were marching up the steep street, and gave a very fair sample of "*les braves Belges*." By far the greater number were under the ordinary height of English foot soldiers, and gave one very much the idea of a yeomanry corps in the midland districts. They did not seem as if they were accustomed to bear arms, and at times evinced an awkwardness truly absurd. The officers were fierce looking gentlemen with terrible mustachios, and thickly padded coats.

The sensation produced by this military array was very slight, as compared with a similar march of our own well appointed men on a summer afternoon up the shady side of Pall Mall. Education and refinement seem to have advanced more amongst them than they have in our troops, for, on quitting the street to take a peep at the works of art that were being shown at the Exposition Nationale, I was a listener to some very able remarks on one of the statuettes, made by two common soldiers, who were criticising the design with an evident perception and love of the beautiful. A similar reflection suggested itself on the previous evening at the theatre, where a man sitting near me in the plainest uniform, entered into conversation with his neighbour, and spoke of Rossini's and Mozart's music as a thing perfectly familiar to him. His observations on Meyerbeer and the dramatic music of France were excellent; no amateur or critic could have displayed more taste or intelligence.

The Exposition displayed some fine paintings; one group of wild animals by the Belgian Landseer were especially clever. Verboekhoven is an artist of great merit; I had seen some of his works in London, but was not prepared for anything so good as the execution of this painting. There was a force of contrast, a power, and finish, which bespoke a mind of high order.

A very fanciful marble statue of Hope claimed a good deal of attention, which I was glad to see bestowed upon it by many around.

Although much pleased with the entire exhibition, I came away still more gratified with the thought that the remembrance of my own talented countrymen was not in the smallest degree weakened or effaced.

Coming out, there was a number of young girls dressed in white, with a wreath of white roses round their heads, standing, talking together in subdued tones. Their costume requiring some explanation, I was told they had been to their church to be confirmed by the bishop. They did not speak much for the beauty of their race, for one and all were as plain daughters of Eve as ever existed.

An introduction to the proprietor of one of the largest lace manufactories gave a pleasant means of inspecting his establishment; nothing could be more courteous or more attentive than this gentleman, and he was at considerable pains to point out anything that questions were asked upon.

It was wonderful to hold some of this delicate fabric in the hand, and examine the minuteness of the pattern, and it was difficult to believe that the large coarse

fingers of the workwomen could have brought this art to such perfection. Wonder followed wonder, as I thought on the fields of flax I had passed, and remembered that they were the origin, or rather foundation, of these fairy-like articles. The manufactory was very dark, and not well ventilated, so that a ramble on the Waterloo boulevards was quite necessary, before assisting at the four o'clock *table d'hôte*, at the *Hôtel de Flandre*. Of this latter, it is necessary to say special words of commendation and recommendation. Be assured, oh reader, that it is first and foremost of all hotels in Brussels. The dinners are superb, and served in the best style; it is the custom to have the dishes placed before the admiring eyes of the guests for a few minutes; they are then carried off by the attendant *garçons* to a sideboard, cut up, and handed to each individual; the *pâtisseries* is of the most varied kind, and must be, not seen, but tasted, to be appreciated. The society is always, as I have heard and found, good, and parties, who have never met before, mingle cordially in the conversation of the dinner table. Brussels is a charming place for a short *séjour*: retirement or gaiety may be equally enjoyed, and it is an easy distance from London on the one hand, and Paris and the principal German towns on the other. It is a mistake to suppose that it is a cheap spot to live in; the prices demanded by the shopkeepers are fully as high as those of the first houses in the west end of town, and it needs some acquaintance with the different localities to find out good and respectable, and, at the same time, moderate houses, where the necessities of life may be purchased.

The general temperature of the city is equable, and the many *agrémens* connected with it render it a very agreeable resort for the invalid, who seeks to combine amusement with a relaxation from all active duties.

ON THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF PRAIRIES.

Few of our readers can be unacquainted with the fact, that a vast portion of North America is occupied by level plains of extraordinary extent, called *savannahs*, or prairies. These prairies are of three kinds: first, the heathy or bushy prairies, which have springs of water, and are covered with small shrubs, grapevines, &c. These are very common in Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. Second, the dry or rolling prairies, generally destitute of water, and almost of all vegetation but grass. These are the most common and extensive: the traveller may wander for days in these vast and nearly level plains, without wood or water, and see no object rising above the horizon. Third, there are the alluvial, or wet prairies, which form the smallest division. These are covered with a rich vegetation of tall rank grass. The soil is deep, black, friable, and fertile, and abounding in pools without issue, left by the floodings of the rainy season.

There is this peculiarity in the scenery of North America, that forest and pasture land are seldom found intermixed. The country consists either of vast tracts of land, such as above described, and altogether destitute of timber; or it is covered with forests for many hundreds of miles. This remarkable difference between the features of American scenery, and all that we, as Europeans, are acquainted with, has led to various theories by which the circumstance is attempted to be explained. Decandolle states, that the right of prior occupation is sufficient to explain the fact;—that forests and prairies mutually exclude each other. He considers, that if by any cause a forest is established in a given place, the shade of the trees, and the eagerness with which their roots absorb nourishment, together with the interlacings of these roots, will prevent the

grasses from shooting up underneath. If, on the contrary, the prairie is first developed, then, supposing that the seeds of the trees do from time to time germinate, yet their young roots cannot easily pierce the close network of the grasses already existing on the spot, and, even if they do, they are starved by the voracity of the grass-roots, which are more numerous, and better developed than their own.

Not resting satisfied with this attempted solution, Dr. Daubeney, in his *Lectures on Agriculture*, inquires what has given to the forest in the one case, and to the meadow in the other, that prior occupancy, to which their power of maintaining entire possession of an extensive tract may perhaps justly be attributed.

The view of the subject, taken by the learned professor himself, appears so likely to present the real cause of the phenomenon in question, and his remarks on the exuberance of newly-peopled countries in general, are so interesting, that we make an abstract of them for the benefit of our readers.

It is probable, that in the climate and latitude alluded to, forests would usurp dominion over the greater portion of the country, if no extraneous cause interfered to arrest them. It is only necessary, therefore, to explain why large tracts should be found wholly denuded of timber; and this it seems most reasonable to attribute to the practice that prevails amongst the Aborigines, of annually setting fire during summer to the plains, in order the more readily to take deer and other wild game.

In the dry season a fire, when once kindled, spreads in all directions, until it is stopped by the intervention of a river, or by meeting with a ridge or tract so destitute of vegetation as to afford no combustible materials. Hence those vast plains that lie to the west of the Mississippi, not being intersected by any barren range of hills, nor yet traversed by large rivers, have in the course of years been converted into prairies, the growth of timber being from time to time prevented by the cause assigned, until the luxuriant herbage at length so pre-occupies the soil, as itself to stifle all other kind of vegetation; whereas, over a wide tract extending along either side of that great stream, the numerous tributaries that pour their waters into it, oppose a limit to the progress of such fires as may occur, and thus enable the forests to maintain their ascendancy.

Be this as it may, the absence of timber in the prairie country is by no means an evidence of sterility: on the contrary, the immense accumulation of decayed vegetable matter, which has resulted from the growth of herbaceous plants during so many centuries, is found to constitute a soil of almost unrivalled productiveness.

The colonist, therefore, in settling down in such a region, has little room for the exertion of any extraordinary skill or industry, having around him an unlimited extent of land, which in its actual condition affords the richest pasturage, and which, whenever he takes the trouble of turning it up and scattering seed over it, will generally repay him largely for the labour expended. Harder, indeed, is the lot of him who takes up his abode within the precincts of the primeval forests of the western world; since, before he can reap any advantage from the land he calls his own, he must undertake the severe task of clearing it of the timber with which it is encumbered. This, however, being accomplished, it is seldom that he is disappointed of an ample return for his labour. Notwithstanding his rude and imperfect method of culture, his success is as great as that which follows the utmost exertion of skill and experience in older countries. This was even the case in parts of the Union which are by no means remarkable for their fertility at present; as, for instance, in the state of New England.

"When the tract on the green mountains in Massachusetts was first settled," says Dr. Dwight, "the same exuberant fertility was attributed to it, which has since

characterized Kentucky. From those regions the paradise has travelled to the western parts of the state of New York, to New Connecticut, to Upper Canada, to the countries on the Ohio, to the south-western territory; and is now making its progress over the Mississippi into the newly-purchased region of Louisiana. In consequence of the long accumulation of vegetable mould, regions, even if naturally sterile, hold out at first the promise of an abundant return to the cultivator."

There is little reason to doubt, therefore, that the first Egyptian and Phœnician settlers in Greece, or the first Greeks who peopled the shores of Italy or of Spain, would find themselves in circumstances as favourable to husbandry, as the present emigrants in the far west. It would seem, indeed, that the extraordinary exuberance of newly-peopled countries, where the subsoil and climate allow of the spontaneous growth of timber, may have given countenance to some of those visions respecting the Golden Age, in which the teeming imaginations of the inhabitants of early Greece delighted to indulge. But, in the case of colonists, both ancient and modern, a period must at length arrive, when the soil, exhausted by unintermitted tillage, would cease to yield him a profitable return; in which case, so long as abundance of good land remained unoccupied, the most obvious course would be to abandon his present possessions, and to advance further into the vacant territory, until he lighted upon some tract better suited to his purpose.

This, accordingly, is often the practice in the United States, not only in the newly settled countries, but in the older states of Georgia and the Carolinas, where the cultivation of cotton, though profitable at first, soon exhausts the soil, and reduces it to sterility; so that estates, which once yielded an abundant return, are abandoned by their possessor, and become again a portion of the original wilderness. This is the only plan which presents itself to the settler in a new country, for restoring to the earth that fertility of which it has been deprived.

This is, in fact, a substitute for the method of fallowing, which constitutes the first step in an artificial system of culture; and it seems probable, that the early colonists in the Old World may have been led to introduce the latter practice, by observing the unfruitful soil, when abandoned to itself, gradually resuming its former productiveness. For although, for a certain period, they may have wandered from one territory to another, as the settlers in America now do, yet there must have been a limit to this unrestrained emigration: hostile tribes, in many cases, hemmed them in, and natural obstacles frequently prevented them from moving to a great distance.

Thus, being more generally confined to one spot, the colonists of old would be the sooner driven to adopt the system of fallowing, in order to restore to their land the fertility of which their mode of culture had deprived it. Accordingly we find, in the Hebrew law, every seventh year set apart as a period of entire rest—a command, it is to be observed, grounded not only on religious, but on political considerations; with the view, that is, of preventing the soil from being worn out by continual tillage. The practice of giving entire rest to the land at certain intervals, enjoined under the Mosaic dispensation as a religious duty, was also adopted in the early times of Greece and Rome.

A vivid idea of the nature of a prairie is conveyed by Catlin in the following passage:—

"Every rod of our way was over a continuous prairie, with a verdant green turf of wild grass, of six or eight inches in height; and most of the way enamelled with wild flowers, and filled with a profusion of strawberries.

"For two or three of the first days, the scenery was monotonous, and became exceedingly painful, from the fact that we were (to use a phrase of the country) 'out of sight of land,' i.e. out of sight of anything rising

above the horizon, which was a perfect straight line around us, like that of the blue and boundless ocean. The pedestrian, amid such a discouraging sea of green, without a landmark before or behind him, without a beacon to lead him on, or define his progress, feels weak and overcome when night falls; and he stretches his exhausted limbs, apparently on the same spot where he has slept the night before—with the same prospect before and behind him, the same canopy over his head, and the same cheerless sea of green to start upon in the morning. It is difficult to describe the simple beauty and serenity of these scenes of solitude, or the feelings of feeble man, whose limbs are toiling to carry him through them, without a hill or tree to mark his progress, and convince him that he is not, like a squirrel in his cage, after all his toils, standing still. One commences on peregrinations like these with a light heart and a nimble foot, and spirits as buoyant as the very air that floats along by the side of him; but his spirit soon tires, and he lags on the way, that is rendered more tedious and intolerable by the tantalizing mirage, that opens before him beautiful lakes, and lawns, and copses; or by the looming of the prairie ahead of him, that seems to rise in a parapet, and decked with its varied flowers, phantom-like, flies and moves along before him."

HANNAH LAWRENCE.

A COUNTRY STORY:

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

"Come linger in our garden bower
A little while with me,
As closes the gum-ristus flower,
And homeward flies the bee.
I have a true and tale to tell,
And you shall pause, and listen well."

AND now, gentle reader, we will tell you a country story;—one that actually took place far away, among green fields, and quiet woodlands, where it is related by the aged to this day, with a simple and solemn truthfulness at which you cannot choose but weep, although you will presently smile, and bless God, as they never fail to do when they tell it.

Once upon a time, (we love to commence thus, in memory of our happy childhood, whose pleasant tales always began after this fashion)—Once upon a time there lived a young girl named Hannah Lawrence. She was an only child, and as good and sweet tempered as she was pretty. A little wilful to be sure,—it is said, most women are; but then, as her old father used to observe, she had such a winning way with her, that one could not help loving her, do what she would. There was another beside Mr. Lawrence, who was much of the same opinion; and Hannah felt it, and was happier than she cared to let the world know of; while the knowledge, so far from tempting her to exercise the power she was conscious of possessing, made her humble, and meek-spirited. To be sure, she did contrive in general to get her own way, but it was so quietly that her lover yielded almost imperceptibly to her gentle guidance. The woman who loves, and is beloved, should feel her own responsibility, and be careful to blend the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove.

When Robert Conway told his mother that he believed smoking did not agree with him, and that he should give it up,—that he was weary of the debating club, which only led to drinking and quarrelling, and thought his evenings would be much better spent at home,—she agreed, with a quiet smile, and blessed Hannah Lawrence in her heart. The aged woman was fondly attached to her intended daughter-in-law, and

had sufficient good sense to be pleased rather than jealous of the influence which she possessed over Robert.

"So you do not like smoking?" said Mrs. Conway; ceasing at the same time a mischievous glance towards Hannah, who at that moment entered. "Do you hear that, Hannah?"

"Yes, mother," replied she very demurely, "and I cannot say that I am altogether sorry, for it certainly does make the breath smell very unpleasantly sometimes."

"But my breath does not smell now, Hannah, dear!" said Robert, kissing her. And, as the girl looked up into his frank open countenance, she longed to whisper—that smoke, or do what he would, she did not believe that there was his equal in the whole world. It was as well, perhaps, that she did not: it will not do to humour ones lover too much. It is different with a husband.

Hannah sat between them, with a hand in each; she was very happy.

"Why should it not be always thus?" whispered Robert Conway. The girl looked timidly at his mother.

"Answer him, Hannah," said she. "I also am impatient to have two children instead of one." But still she never spoke a word.

Mrs. Conway had been young herself, and she rose up to leave them together; but Hannah would not suffer her.

"Do not go, mother," said she, timidly.

"What is it you fear?" asked her lover, drawing her gently towards him.

"Only—only that this should be all a dream!" And she rested her head upon his bosom, and wept.

Robert Conway smiled as he soothed and kissed away her tears. As Hannah said even then, it was too great happiness to last.

That night she told her father and mother everything, with many blushes and a few tears, for she felt home-sick at the thought of leaving it for ever, although it was to live close by; however, the day was at length fixed for her marriage. And the old people blessed her again with joyful hearts, together with the lover of her youthful choice.

"Yes, he is worthy even of our Hannah!" said Mrs. Lawrence.

"Worthy! O, mother, he is too good for me!"

"Impossible!" replied the old man, "even if he were the king himself."

"Robert will not spoil me as you do," said the girl, stroking down the father's long white hair with playful fondness.

"I am not so sure of that, or how he will be able to help it."

Hannah laughed, but there were tears in her eyes as she bent down to kiss his withered brow. The conversation now turned upon the many things that were to be done and arranged before the wedding could take place. Hannah wished to have her young cousin Maude Hetherington sent for, who, with her ready invention, and nimble fingers, proved a great acquisition on the occasion. Besides which it was very pleasant for the girls to talk together in their leisure moments, or when they went to bed at night; and often until morning dawned; for Maude likewise expected to be married before another twelvemonth, and they had a thousand things to say to one another. Maude was older than her cousin, and sometimes took upon herself to play the mistress.

"Do you not humour Robert Conway almost too much?" said she one day.

"Oh! not half enough! If you did but know how kind, and good, and thoughtful he is!"

"Yes, just now; but take care, or by-and-bye he will be playing the husband and the tyrant."

"Are all husbands tyrants?" asked Hannah, archly.

"Well, I do not know about that; but it will not

do to let them have their own way too much beforehand."

"But I cannot help letting Robert have his own way, because, somehow, his way is always mine. We certainly do think strangely alike about everything."

"Not strangely," said Maude, with a smile. "And so you have really consented to old Mrs. Conway's living in the same house?"

"It was my own suggestion. Robert is greatly attached to his mother; and so am I too, for the matter of that. The dear old lady seemed quite beside herself with joy when she heard that she was not to quit the home of her childhood, where she had seen so many pleasant days, and will again, please God; and blessed and thanked me, with the tears in her eyes; while Robert stood by, looking as happy as a prince. Dear Robert! he is so easily pleased, so easily made happy!"

"Well, I only hope you may never have cause to be sorry for what you have done. For my own part, I would not live with a mother-in-law for all the world!"

"But mothers-in-law are not always alike, Maude, dear!"

"True; and to be sure Mrs. Conway is very kind and good natured; only a little too grave to be a fit companion for a young girl like you."

"But I mean to become grave too, when I am married," answered Hannah; with a smile.

About a week before the period fixed upon for the wedding to take place, Hannah complained of a sudden faintness, and looked so pale, that her mother and cousin were quite frightened.

"Nay, it is nothing," said she, "but do not tell Robert, lest he should be uneasy about me."

Maude supported her to her chamber, and persuaded her to lie down on the bed for a few hours, after which she got better again; so that, by the time her lover came in the evening, all traces of her recent indisposition had entirely vanished. But she grew sad after he was gone, and observed to her cousin, that she feared she had not deserved such happiness.

"I thought so this morning," said Hannah, "when I was taken ill. Oh! Maude, if I were to die, what would become of Robert? We love one another so much!"

"Hush!" replied Maude, "I will not have you talk thus. God grant that there may be many years of happiness in store for my dearest cousin!"

"Forgive me," whispered Hannah, "I am very silly."

"To be sure you are," said Maude, kissing her affectionately.

Every stitch in Hannah's simple wardrobe, even to her pretty white bridal dress, was of her own setting. Many said what an industrious little wife she would make; and there were not a few who envied Robert his good fortune, and could have wished themselves exactly in his place, although the girl herself would not have changed to have been made a queen. All the cakes, too, were of her making, assisted by Maude, and her old mother, who could not however do very much; and it was cheerful enough to hear them talking and singing over their pleasant tasks. As Maude said, "What was the use of being dull for her part she could never see anything in a wedding to make one weep, unless, indeed, the bridegroom should be old or disagreeable, or going to take her away from all her kindred and friends; and even then she would not marry, unless she could love him well enough to go cheerfully."

"As for you, my dear cousin," added she, "about to be united to such a man as Robert Conway; with a sweet little cottage close by, so that you may see your father and mother every day, if you like—why I could almost envy you, if it were not for certain anticipations of a similar happiness in store for myself. Ah! you shall come to my wedding by-and-bye, and see how merry we will be!"

"And help to make these nice cakes, eh, Maude?" said Mrs. Lawrence, laughingly. "But you are nothing

pale, my child," added she, turning to her daughter, "and we must not have you tire yourself. There is another whole day yet."

Hannah smiled, or rather tried to smile; and, tottering as she walked, went and sat down by the door as though she felt faint.

"Are you not well, cousin?" asked Maude.

The girl's lips moved fast, as they grew every moment more white and colourless, but no sound came.

"It is only a fainting fit," said Maude, endeavouring to appear calm. "You had better bathe her temples with a little cold water, while I run for Mrs. Conway. I will not be gone a moment, and she may advise us what to do."

She soon returned, followed at a distance by the feeble steps of her aged companion. Rendered utterly helpless by grief and terror, Mrs. Lawrence could only wail and wring her hands like a distracted thing, calling in passionate accents upon the name of her child; while Mrs. Conway, whose presence of mind never forsook her, directed Maude to send immediately for the doctor, applying in the mean time all the restoratives usual on such occasions; but her care was vain. Between them those aged women bore the stricken girl in their arms, and laid her on the bed, where she remained white and motionless, as though carved out of stone. Seeing that there was no more to be done, Mrs. Conway knelt down and prayed as we only pray at such times as these.

Maude returned with the doctor, and they tried to bleed her, without success. All their attempts to restore animation were in vain; the girl never spoke again, but died towards morning peacefully and without a struggle. Once only she opened her eyes, and looked around her with a wild agonizing glance that was never forgotten by those who witnessed it. Mrs. Conway closed them softly and shudderingly with her hand, and she never moved after that.

Pale and horror-stricken, Robert made one of the little group who stood weeping in their vain grief around the bed of death. And, when his mother rose at length from her knees, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said in a solemn voice, half choked by tears,—*"The Lord has given, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"* his heart refused to utter, Amen!

Maude's grief was deep and passionate, but nothing in comparison to the wild lamentations of the bereaved parents: until at length, completely worn out, they both fell asleep by the bedside of their dead child, and dreamt that the wedding day was come. Mrs. Conway had taken her son home, thinking he would be more likely to recover his composure, away from that terrible scene; and poor Maude crept about the house, putting out of sight all the simple bridal finery, over which they had taken so much pains only the day before. "As for the cakes," thought she, "they must do for the funeral." And she began to weep afresh as she recalled to mind all the pleasant words and merry jests that had been uttered over them; almost the last words that Hannah was ever heard to speak being in playful anticipation of an event that was not to be. Of a truth it was very terrible! No wonder that poor Maude felt heart-stricken, and like one in a frightful dream. No wonder that she sobbed and cried, when even a strong man, like Robert Conway wept. Every moment that Mrs. Conway could spare from the side of her half-distracted son, was spent at the cottage, where she assisted Maude in performing those and, but necessary offices, of which the poor old mother, in her deep affliction, seemed utterly incapable;—speaking words of comfort and consolation, and endeavouring to improve this melancholy event to the heart of her young companion, by teaching her the futility of all earthly hopes.

Two days and nights had elapsed since the spirit of the young and beautiful betrothed had passed away without a word, or a prayer; and the two sorrowful

mothers sat together in the dim twilight, exchanging now and then a few kind words, but more frequently remaining silent for long intervals, during which memory was no doubt busy enough. Maude was a little apart by the half-open casement, working on a black gown for Mrs. Lawrence to wear at her child's funeral, and pausing every now and then, to wipe away the blinding tears that hindered her from seeing what she was about; and thinking the while, perhaps, of a certain dress, over which she had taken so much pains for a far different occasion.

"It is too dark, I am sure, for you to see to work, Maude," said Mrs. Conway, at length; and her voice sounded strangely loud in that silent room. "Go into the field, dear child, and look for your uncle; it is late for him to be out alone."

The girl did as she was desired, and found him kneeling amid the long grass, with his white hairs uncovered, and the tears streaming down his withered cheeks. Not liking to intrude upon his grief, Maude stepped behind a large tree and waited, hoping that he would presently rise up of his own accord, and return home.

Meanwhile it grew quite dark, and so still that the inmates of that desolate cottage could almost hear the beating of their own hearts. Mrs. Conway arose at length to procure a light, and just at that moment a faint, moaning sound was heard, proceeding, as it seemed, from the bed where the corpse lay. Mrs. Lawrence clung fearfully to the side of her companion.

"Did you not hear something groaning?" whispered she.

"Yes, I thought so; but it might have been only the wind."

"Hush! There it is again!"

"Let me go!" exclaimed Mrs. Conway, hastily disengaging herself from the terrified grasp of her companion. "It is Hannah's voice!" And tearing aside the curtain from the foot of the bed, there was Hannah, sure enough, sitting upright in the dim moonlight, and looking wildly around her, like one awakened from a heavy sleep.

With ready presence of mind, Mrs. Conway threw a large shawl over the dead-clothes in which she was wrapped, and spoke to her calmly and soothingly, motioning to the mother, at the same time, to go out quietly and call for assistance; but Mrs. Lawrence stood still and motionless, as though her feet were glued to the floor.

"How cold it is!" murmured Hannah, shuddering as she spoke. "But what is the matter? Have I been very ill, mother?"

"Yes, yes; but keep quiet, dear child, you will be better soon!" And freeing her face, she laid her head gently back on the pillow, and went as fast as her tottering steps would carry her to summon medical assistance, and prepare Maude and Mr. Conway for what had happened, leaving the mother, still motionless and terror-stricken, in the darkness.

By the aid of heat, and restoratives constantly applied, Hannah soon began to rally, and by the morning was almost well, but for the weakness and exhaustion, and a strange feeling of weariness, beneath the influence of which she at length fell into a gentle slumber. How anxiously did they all listen to her calm regular breathing, and gaze upon that sweet face, once more coloured with the warm hue of life. How they longed to be able to get off the grave-clothes without her knowing it, fearing that the shock would be too great, but could not without disturbing her, which the doctor had strictly forbidden. How they wept, and prayed, and blessed God!

Presently Hannah opened her eyes, and fixing them upon the anxious faces that were watching over her, inquired of her mother if she had been long ill.

"No, my child, not very."

"Ah! I remember now—I was taken ill while we

were making the cakes; but it is only a fainting fit. By the bye, Maude," added she, as the girl came forward, and bent down to kiss her, "I hope you looked after them, for the dough was just rising, and they promised to be excellent."

Her cousin tried in vain to keep down her struggling gobs, and answer calmly; while Hannah, mistaking the cause of her emotion, added kindly,

"Well, never mind, dearest! We can easily make more; it was my fault for frightening you.—And mother, do not say a word to Robert, please, about my being ill; it is past now."

"You must not get up, Hannah; indeed you are not strong enough," exclaimed Mrs. Conway, trembling lest she should discover all.

"Oh, yes, I am so much better; and Maude and I have a thousand things to do. It was only the heat made me feel faint. But how came I by this shawl?" asked Hannah, as she endeavoured to unfasten it from about her shoulders. "It is Mrs. Conways!—Has she been here?"

"She is here now," replied the kind voice of her old friend, while a tear fell upon her uplifted brow; "but you must lie still, my child, and listen to what I am going to tell you."

"Please don't let it be a very long story, mother dear," said Hannah, as she flung her arms around her, and laid her head upon her bosom, like a playful and weary child.

Who shall attempt to describe her feelings when she heard all? feelings expressed rather by tears than words. Mrs. Conway understood them best, when she motioned to the rest that they should kneel down and pray for her, that she might never forget that solemn hour in which God had restored her to them, as it were from the dead.

Robert Conway was half beside himself when he heard the joyful news; and could not rest until he had gone in softly, and kissed her hand, as she lay pale and tranquil upon the bed: for, somehow, he dared not touch her lips, although she was his own betrothed bride. After that, many of the neighbours came just to look upon her, and congratulate the old people on the restoration of their child. But none spoke above their breath, for fear of disturbing her.

In a few days, Hannah rose up, and went about among them all just as usual, only that she was paler and graver; but no one wondered at that. The wedding did not take place until some time afterwards; when Robert received his young bride as the gift of God; and truly she brought a blessing with her. Hannah lived many years, and was a happy wife and mother, and what is better still, a happy Christian; meekly trusting in the merits of her Redeemer, and ready whenever it shall please God to call her to Himself.

There are many instances on record, somewhat similar to the above; but not all ending so happily. It was only a few days since we heard of a poor woman, living in an obscure country place, who suddenly became insensible, and was supposed dead. On the night previous to the interment, her sister, who occupied the next chamber, was disturbed by a slight noise, and looking in, saw the corpse sitting erect, and attempting, as it seemed, to remove the grave clothes from about its face. The terrified woman caught up her sleeping child from its cradle, and fled away, half naked as she was, to the house of a neighbour nearly a mile off; where she remained all night, although they only laughed at her, and fancied she must have been dreaming. The following morning, however, the appearance of the corpse fully corroborated her statement; giving fearful evidence of the struggle that had been going on between life and death. The poor woman might have been alive to this very day, had her sister only possessed presence of mind enough to assist instead of deserting her in that dark hour of untold agony. And yet we are ready to make every allowance in a case where none of

us can be quite certain that we should have had the courage to act differently.

The story of the sexton and the ring must be familiar to most of our readers; and we could tell them many others equally wild and wonderful—melancholy histories, for the most part, but not without their warning lesson both to the aged and the young.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE STEAM-ENGINE.

If some of the greatest philosophers of antiquity, or of the middle ages, could re-appear and reside for a year amongst Europeans, travelling through England, France, and Belgium, they would perhaps see many of their own brilliant guesses and profound musings expanded into the sciences of modern times. Pythagoras might see his theory of the universe taught in every school, and illustrated in popular treatises; and Roger Bacon behold his anticipations verified in the beautiful discoveries of modern chemistry. They often saw in dim outline, and amid the glimmering of twilight, the truths which we calmly contemplate by the light of a bright noon: thus in some departments our knowledge differs from that of former ages in *degree* rather than in kind; they had mounted one or two steps upwards, we have advanced a hundred.

But some of our discoveries are *wholly modern*, and never once, as far as we know, entered the minds of the ancient poets or sages. The steam-engine is one of these conquests of the world's old age, which its younger, that is, its *past* periods, did not even register as a "*may be so*," or a *possibility*; simply because the thing never entered their thoughts, never once projected its form along the horizon. Had it been proposed by some oracle or superior being as a problem to such men as Aristotle and Archimedes, they *might* have admitted the idea, but as a guess or speculation, it never once appears. This may reasonably excite some surprise, as one essential element of the steam-engine must have frequently presented itself to their notice. We allude to the force exerted by steam, which must have been observed whenever boiling water was covered.

We should have expected that some of the subtle intellects, then struggling to obtain clear views of the phenomena around, would have stooped from speculating on the subtilities of metaphysics, to examine so simple a fact, and one so close at hand, as steam. But as thousands have seen apples fall from the bough without thinking of gravitation, so many generations looked upon steam forcing itself from the vessel, without asking the question, "Cannot that *power* be made subservient to man, to lighten his labours and add to his joys?" Hard work and toilsome struggles were then, as now, the lot of men. What an amount of strength, and even of life, were expended on the pyramids! what efforts on the great Roman roads!—much of which steam power would have saved; but this mighty agent was allowed to remain unemployed, whilst the world toiled on, digging, building, and hauling navies through the deep, by the hand. Yet, during these periods, academies,—old, middle, and new, had risen, disputed, and departed; thousands of books had been written, even in those ages, and ten thousand curious speculations on things visible and invisible hazarded; but no man saw the sleeping giant, which in future ages should stretch his arms from the Thames to the Chinese sea, and make his voice to be heard at the poles. Thus the elements of power are often in the world, close at its doors, but the world sees them not. It is not our purpose to describe the steam-engine itself; such details are perhaps too technical for the pages of a magazine; we rather desire to note the successive steps by which man reached the full knowledge of this world-moving power.

Reader, enter some store-yard,—on one side you see a heap of coals, near is a brook, and in a corner lies a quantity of iron; hast thou skill to shape that iron, new that water, and so arrange those coals, that from them a power shall arise able to carry thee and all thy townspeople round the globe in five weeks? You are not much startled at the question; you have not, it may be, such mechanical knowledge, but feel quite assured that it is in the world,—that some whom you could name possess the power. Let us then trace the road by which this discovery has been gained.

For fifteen hundred years after the commencement of our era, men saw not the energies hidden in steam, and a whole academy of philosophers might have walked into the store-yard, and gazed upon the coal, iron, and water, without a thought of the steam-engine. During this long interval, however, a glance was taken by one man at steam as a moving power; it was but a recognition, for the force was not yet pressed into man's service.

The philosopher who first detected the applicability of steam to promote machine movement was an Egyptian mathematician and mechanist (engineer we should call him), Hero of Alexandria, about two hundred years before Christ, who, in one of his treatises entitled "Pneumatic Machines," describes a circular motion given to a wheel by steam rushing through the spokes. This, though but a sort of mechanical toy, might have led others, even Hero himself, to dwell on the powers of steam, but his treatise remained unnoticed, and his experiment pointed in vain toward the road of further discovery. The schoolmen debated, the crusaders shook Europe and Asia, artillery filled statesmen and archers with forebodings, and a new world had been found beyond the Atlantic; yet, amidst all this work of busy nations, steam power remained a hidden thing. At length, a singular revelation is made in 1543, and exhibited before thousands, but finds the world unprepared, and retires to its hiding place. In that year the inhabitants of Barcelona were startled by the announcement that a Spanish captain, named Blasco de Garay, had offered to navigate a ship without sails or oars, and that the government had deemed the plan worthy of a trial in the harbour of the city. The day arrived, one in the bright month of June, well fitted to enable the Catalonians to see the new wonder cut the waters. Commissioners were appointed to watch the experiment, and report the results to the authorities. A vessel of two hundred tons burden, called the Trinity, was actually moved by steam, acting upon wheels, before the astonished city. Now the reader might expect that the management of steam power then began to excite the attention of men, especially of all who were aiming at the development of human resources. A strange disappointment is felt when we see the Spanish government rewarding Garay, and hear the majority of the commissioners report in favour of his invention, whilst no further results follow. What was the cause of this? Prejudice against the novelty, and ignorance of the machine,—for de Garay kept his plan a secret,—may have prevented success. All that was known was that he used a boiler, and that wheels were turned by its agency. Is it possible, some one may ask, that a Spanish captain should invent the steam-engine, and unaided advance it to such perfection that a ship was moved through the waters by its action; and that such a discovery should be neglected by so ambitious a power as Spain? These things are stated *as facts*, and must be received as true, however extraordinary. The machinery may have been clumsy, the working bad, and the power small, but that Blasco de Garay navigated a vessel by steam in 1543, cannot be reasonably denied. The experiment had little or no influence on the subsequent history of the steam-engine, and must be regarded as one of those bold movements which fall from unattainableness to the age or the nations in which made. The attention of Europe had, however, been aroused;

men began to feel that steam contained within it some element of mighty force, and thus the hitherto neglected power attracted the watching eyes of philosophers. During the next hundred years some notions appear indicating this altered feeling.

An engineer of Louis XIII. who became clerk of the works to the Prince of Wales in the time of James I. paid some attention to the subject; and an Italian mechanist, named Giovanni Bianca, proposed to turn mills by steam. Thus, at the beginning of the seventeenth century men seemed watching for the birth of the new power. Amid the fury of theological strife, and the rancour of political warfare, whilst England was distracted by civil commotions, and battles raged by sea and land; the element destined to unite distant nations, and form the world into one great household, was slowly rising from its concealment of many ages. We now approach the period when the notion of steam power assumed a clear and distinct form, and took its place among the reasonable speculations and experiments of thoughtful men.

Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, had engaged with ardour on the side of the unfortunate Charles I. and found himself at last in the Tower of London, his friends dead or exiled, his property in other hands, and the cause for which he had fought and suffered trampled to the dust.

What now occupied the thoughts of the Royalist noble? Some have enlivened the solitude of a dungeon by watching the habits of a spider, or observing the growth of a flower in their prison window; he turned his active mind to the unexplored realms of science, and gazed inquiringly along those paths at the entrance of which Bacon had raised the clear sign-post, with the finger of true philosophy pointing the stranger in the direction which the world had so often groped for, and so often missed. To this imprisoned nobleman is ascribed the first well-digested idea of the steam-engine. How did the thought reach him? By what is commonly called an accident, or more properly by the happy observation of a simple and most common occurrence, and by just reasoning upon the fact noticed.

We must imagine the marquis seated in his small prison-room; on the fire is a pot, in which his dinner is preparing,—his thoughts are not upon the meal, but flitting to and fro, across the numerous battle-fields, where the Stuart banner had drooped, or picturing the solemn and mournful circumstances of that 30th of January, 1649, when a king died by the headman's hand. These reflections have, however, too often before occupied his mind, which is, therefore, easily drawn from such gloomy reminiscences to the events close at hand. What is that upon which Edward Somerset gazes so fixedly? That fire is not the alchemist's furnace, nor that pot a Rosicrucian crucible, and yet his eyes refuse to move therefrom. Nought is visible, save the hissing steam rushing from the pot, and the sharp risings and fallings of the lid, forced up by the expanded vapour. He has heard of men who regarded steam as capable of becoming a strong and untiring servant of mankind, and now sees those feeble heavings of its infantine energies with some strange fluttering anticipations. New thoughts crowd upon him, from which he, closely interrogating, sees other, and still more startling, ideas rise. The quietude of a prison enabled him calmly to follow out and test his opinions, which were published after the Restoration, in a book entitled "The Scantling of One Hundred Inventions." Those who can obtain access to the work may read in the sixty-eighth invention the theory of the Marquis of Worcester, and discern the point in the line of discovery to which he reached. The production of steam in one vessel or boiler, and its passage to another, in which its force should act upon the machinery, were included in his theory, and this is still the principle of action in our modern engines. Thus the Marquis of Worcester first marked out the plan of this mighty machine.

A great step was now made in the discovery; the notion of the boiler in which the steam was raised from the water by heat, and the cylinder in which the expansive vapour is kept ready for action, were now exhibited to the active speculations of men. Let us mark the second great stage in the progress. This is also due to an Englishman, Sir Samuel Morland, who was master of the works to Charles II. and of such fame as an engineer, that Louis XIV. sought his assistance in some of the great works which distinguished his reign. When the powers treasured in steam became known, by the experiments of the author of "The Hundred Inventions," Morland began to examine the capabilities of heated water to produce a certain amount of steam. This was walking in the right path, avoiding all useless speculations and blind experiments for the road of patient investigation. To ascertain the volume of steam produced from a given quantity of water, was of the highest importance to the successful working of the new power. To use so dangerous a force without being able to calculate its effects, would have only resulted in disappointments, which might have led men to abandon the discovery already made, and thus have retarded the progress of the great machine. To prevent the new auxiliary from becoming the master instead of the servant of men, it was necessary to calculate its powers, observe its workings, and note, with a nice discrimination, its various developments. In this work Morland succeeded so well, that his results differ but little from those derived from the experience of our times. He drew up tables, exhibiting the expansions of certain volumes of water into steam, and thus supplied future engineers with a guide for their operations.

Two points were now gained,—a knowledge of the manner in which the steam should be collected for its appropriate action, and of its probable force when obtained. The boiler, the cylinder, the steam, were now prepared; who made the next advance, and what was its character? Denis Papin, a Frenchman, was driven from his native country by the cruelty and folly of Louis XIV. who, by revoking the edict of Nantes, compelled vast numbers of his Protestant subjects to leave France, and carry their ingenuity and industry to England. Papin became an intimate friend of Boyle, the scientific chemist, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. Some *gourmands* only know him as the inventor of a machine for extracting soup from bones, which apparatus is called "Papin's Digester," wherein, by the heat of steam, the largest bones are made to yield nutritious matter. Papin's studies, however, conducted him to objects of far greater importance than the preparation of soups, or the development of culinary arts. The reader is supposed to know, that, in order to communicate motion to a machine by steam, a bar, called a piston, must be moved to and fro by the force of the vapour. It is easily seen that a jet of steam rushing against one end of the piston will move it forwards; but how can it be brought back again? Only by the *withdrawal* of the steam, or by its *reduction to water*, in which case the piston will again be forced down by the mere weight of the atmosphere, acting with a pressure of 15lbs. on each square inch of surface. But how reduce the steam to the water whence it rose? By letting water flow upon the expanded vapour, which will then be instantly condensed to hot water, and permit the piston to fall through the vacuum thus produced. By such a succession of steam-jets pushing forwards the lever, and the condensation allowing of its return, is the whole movement of the steam-engine effected. The easy and ready production of the vacuum under the piston may be ascribed to Papin, who thus presented the steam-engine to the world, ready for all work, either upon the surface, or beneath the earth in deep mines. But much was yet required ere the power of the machine could be usefully developed; it might at that stage be likened to a strong-bodied, but rude and

awkward man, summoned to act as a soldier. The drill-sergeant looks at the raw recruit, and sees with pleasure the store of rough power lying in those bones and muscles, but also thinks of the drilling necessary to reduce that clumsy form to soldier-like activity and facility of movement.

The steam-engine was now fairly in the world, but as yet rude and cumbrous in its workings. But Science has taken it under her charge, and issues her commands to various teachers, who shall bring it to a beautiful precision and hair-breadth accuracy in its gigantic movements.

Captain Savery now begins his experiments, and, by various devices, advances the steam-engine to greater efficiency; he invents gauge-pipes, to indicate both the consumption of water and the production of steam, by which the chances of accidents are lessened, and further control obtained over the giant which men had set to work. Additional command was acquired by the introduction of the safety-valve to Savery's engine by Dr. Desaguliers, a clergyman, and lecturer on science in London; until this improvement was introduced, the engine-worker felt in constant dread of sudden explosions. The draining of deep mines was the great object to which these steam-engines were devoted; but they were unable to raise water more than ninety feet, a second or a third engine being used in the case of greater depths. Thus, if it were required to raise water from the depth of 270 feet, the first engine raised the water to a reservoir ninety feet from the bottom; from this reservoir the second engine raised it ninety feet more; making in all 180 feet; when the third engine began its operation, and raised the water to the surface. A vast expenditure of force was therefore necessary in these machines, and an immense outlay of fuel became requisite, all of which were serious drawbacks to the efficiency of the engines.

Thus, much was yet required to bring the steam-engine to its present high point as a moving force. Some improvements were effected by Newcomen, an iron-founder of Dartmouth, who took out a patent, and introduced his engines into extensive use; but these details need not detain us from the great inventions of the far-famed James Watt, who may be called the creator of the modern steam-engine, so numerous were his inventions, and so beneficial their results. To give an outline of his life is not our present object, but rather to describe the steps by which he perfected the machine, and reduced its once irregular and dangerous movements to a beautiful precision and security.

Watt's attention was first called to the defects of the existing engines by the examination of one made by Newcomen, and he soon perceived the rich harvest of fame and profit in store for the man who should develop the full powers of the steam-engine. He saw the *mode* in which this might be effected, and beheld the path leading to the temple of glory; but his instruments were too feeble to carry out his vast designs, and for a period many a bright idea was secluded in his thoughtful, scientific mind. At length, Boulton of Birmingham became the partner of Watt, placing a part of his foundry at the disposal of his friend, upon which the progress of Watt began.

The production of improved machinery was absolutely requisite to produce that smoothness of motion essential to the easy working of gigantic beams, rods, and pistons, which should combine the easiest motion with the utmost tightness in the cylinder, in order to confine the highly expanded steam. Mechanists could not be found to execute such delicate works: workmen were therefore to be trained ere Watt could exhibit his clear conceptions in operation. Many pages would scarcely suffice to describe fully the severe and simple logic, the subtle contrivances, and brilliant theorizing, by which he developed many of his improvements; we must content ourselves, therefore, with a statement of *results* only. Many of these consist of former disco-

veries worked up to greater precision: thus the steam under the piston was condensed before the time of Watt, but he detected much clumsiness in the method of effecting this, and much incompleteness in the work, as *all* the steam was not condensed, and the descent of the piston was therefore partly resisted by the remaining vapours. A great loss of power was the inevitable result of this error. The attempt to correct the defect led Watt into some most abstruse calculations, which he was compelled to pursue by theory alone, and reached, at last, by a beautiful guess, the truth sought. He also saw that the injection of water into the cylinder at all must cool the piston as it descended, whereas this should be kept as hot as the steam itself, which otherwise would be turned to water and its power lost. To remedy this, another series of thoughtful investigations, descending into the deep mysteries of latent and sensible heat, became necessary before the difficulty was overcome.

One of the most beautiful conceptions of Watt is shown in the arrangement called the "parallel motion," the object of which was to secure the steady and upright working of the piston; for in such rapid movements the slightest twisting of the works would soon shatter the machine. The production of such a direct motion may appear a simple matter, but it required all the mechanical skill of Watt's well-trained intellect to solve the delicate problem. The reader must remember, that a rod, suspended perpendicularly to one end of a moving beam, will not rise and fall in a straight line, but in a peculiar curve. This divergency of motion must shake and loosen the works, so as to destroy their airtight character. The problem proposed was to find a point, in the rod which, notwithstanding its oscillatory movements, *should always remain in the same straight line*; could this be discovered, the whole of the action might be kept free from undue vibrations. Such a point was found, and Watt enabled to apply all those improvements which depended upon the movement just described.

Another step now made gave additional security to the steam-engine, and illustrated the skill of Watt in overcoming difficulties. A valve, called the "throttle," regulated the supply of steam from the boiler; but the care required for its management was more than could be obtained from any save the most attentive workmen. Watt resolved, therefore, to make his engine its own regulator; and, after a train of hard thinking, invented the machine called "the governor." The principle was, to secure some means of making the increased velocity of the engine the means of checking the in-rush of the steam, and so reducing the undue rapidity of motion; whilst a too slow movement increased the supply of vapour and accelerated the action. Thus the most perfect regularity was secured by methods which excite the admiration of all who are able to appreciate the beauties of scientific mechanism.

These instances are sufficient to indicate the nature of the numerous improvements introduced by Watt, whose efforts excited the emulation of a host of followers, who have carried the powers of the steam-engine to a degree beyond the most sanguine expectations of Watt; so that whilst he could only promise a force sufficient to raise 500,000 lbs., others have furnished engines capable of lifting 125,000,000 lbs.; thus giving an increase of power in the proportion of 250 to 1. To these subsequent steps Watt, however, pointed the way; and since his time every part of the engine has been made a study, and various improvements in boilers, pistons, valves, wheels, furnaces, and smoke-tubes, have rewarded the perseverance of the engineer. Every day fresh discoveries may be expected to arise, by which a more excellent construction and simpler working shall be obtained. Since the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, fresh facts have been accumulating for the guidance of our land-steamers, and from the time when Fulton cut the waters of the Hudson, divers ex-

periments have been yearly advancing the capabilities of steam navigation.

Whether this power of modern times shall continue its progress, or be laid aside for some combination of mightier forces, we know not; but, whilst we revere the divines, moralists, and poets, who have formed our earliest thoughts, let us also honour those who have discovered a means of uniting remotest nations in one bond of fellowship, and carrying civilization to distant lands. The discoverers in physical science must not be deemed mere caterers for our bodily pleasures, but men commissioned to aid in extending the noblest interests of mankind.

SPRATT AND FORBES'S LYCIA.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

THE second volume of this work will prove more attractive to the generality of readers than its predecessor, inasmuch as it contains less antiquarian detail, and is valuable to those who are seeking to improve their knowledge of the natural history, botany, and geology, &c. of Lycia. It opens with the account of the embarkation of the party for Rhodes; and details the views and melancholy end of Mr. Daniell. It is gratifying to find, from the last written documents of this gentleman, that much that he saw in his last journey corroborated the accounts given us by Captain Beaufort, one of the earliest explorers of those regions. The doubtful point in philology is mooted, as to whether the rock tombs are the construction of the normal Lycians or the Persians; in philology, so to speak, as it is by the inscriptions on these tombs that we are enabled to come to any conclusion. It seems, judging from the evidence here adduced, in addition to the previous observations and opinions of Mr. Sharpe, who has given great attention to the subject, that these monuments were the work of the Persians, and erected by them soon after their settlement in the country. The leech merchants collect their prey in a curious fashion.

"In the fountains on the yallahs, where we found the little Paludina, a Planaria abounds, identical with our common British Planaria fusca; and, in the marshes and lakes, such as Caralitia, the medicinal leech is plentiful. It is equally abundant in the marshes of the low country. In those near Xanthus, the leeches are gathered all the year round; but in the highlands, only in summer. To collect them, people go into the water, wading about with their legs and thighs bare, so that the leeches may stick to their skin. They then scrape them off, and put them into a bag. The leech-merchants carry them away in linen bags, which they soak in every stream or pool they came to. Each carries many of these bags suspended in a basket, and kept apart by twigs. Every day, such of the leeches as may have died are separated from the living, and thrown away. Smyrna is their usual destination, whence they are forwarded to the ports of France and Italy. The leeches are farmed by the Agas, but there is a profitable contraband trade driven. They are sold by the gatherers for about one hundred and twenty piastres the oke; which, even though a great many die, gives a large profit to the merchant. Sometimes, however, all die. There is a leech-bazaar held at Caisabar."—Vol. II. pp. 76, 77.

There is a species of spider, the Mygale, "that lives in a tube of earth, closed at its aperture by an earthy door, which opens and shuts for the entrance and exit of the animal, being suspended by a kind of hinge, constructed out of the silky web." It is presumed, this little Diogenes encloses many

an unwary victim in his den, whose power of escape must be small indeed, when once he enters the black hole. The "*lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate*," should be the motto of this dismal abode.

Aristotle's observations, in his *History of Animals*, are entirely borne out by the investigations of the Lycian tourists. It is something to the credit of ancient writers, that that which was written ages ago is in commercial phraseology the staple commodity of our times. It has been often insisted on, that the work of the great naturalist should be more generally read than it is.

"The traveller who, when treading the shores of the coasts and islands of the *Ægean*, observes, as he can scarcely fail to do, the innumerable remains of the hard parts of cuttle-fishes, piled literally in heaps along the sands, or, when watching the Greek fishermen draw their nets, marks the number of these creatures mixed up with the abundance of true fishes taken, and equally prized as articles of food by the captors, can at once understand why the naturalists of ancient Greece should have treated so fully of the history of the *Cephalopoda*, and its poets have made allusions to them as familiar objects. In an English drama, such allusions would be out of place, and misunderstood. To a Greek audience the mention of a cuttle fish was as the mention of a herring among ourselves. The mob above the *diazoma* would appreciate the former, as the gods in our galleries would recognize the latter, as part and parcel of their household furniture. One of the most striking spectacles at night, on the shores of the *Ægean*, is to see the numerous torches glancing along the shores, and reflected by the still and clear sea, borne by poor fishermen, paddling as silently as possible over the rocky shallows, in search of the cuttle-fish, which, when seen lying beneath the waters, in wait for his prey, they dexterously spear, ere the creature has time to dart, with the rapidity of an arrow, from the weapon about to transfix his soft but firm body. As in ancient times, these mollusks constitute now a valuable part of the food of the poor, by whom they are chiefly used. The imprecation of the chorus, who, calling down upon their victim the extremity of ill fortune, desired that he might be reduced to a single cuttle-fish, and that a dog might come and snatch this last poor morsel from him,¹ would be as well appreciated in a modern Greek coffee-house, where curses, deep and lengthy, are now liberally bestowed by enraged gamblers on their successful opponents, as among the original admirers of Aristophanes. The Romans, if we may judge from the culinary receipts of Apicius, regarded a cooked cuttle-fish with more respect. We can ourselves bear testimony to its excellence. When well beaten, to render the flesh tender before being dressed, and then cut up into morsels, and served in a savoury brown stew, it makes a dish by no means to be despised, excellent in both substance and flavour. A modern Lycian dinner, in which stewed cuttle-fish formed the first, and roast porcupine the second course, would scarcely fail to be relished by an unprejudiced epicure in search of novelty.

"Granting, however, all the facilities of observing cuttle-fishes, which the *Ægean* pre-eminently affords, the account of the habits and structure of these animals, in the writings of Aristotle, must ever remain among the most admirable natural history essays ever written. If we bring together all that he records of these creatures in the several books of the *History of Animals*, we cannot fail to appreciate the position of the Stagyrte, as the greatest of naturalists, past and present; for none among them all ever combined such extraordinary powers of observing equally the structure of the individual and the habits of the species, with the highest capacity for generalization. Each fact narrated

(1) In the *Acharnes* of Aristophanes.

by Aristotle seems always to be told with reference to some law, floating, as it were, before his mind's eye, and to be fixed through the determination of the instance. Everything, too, is told in perfect good faith; hearsay narrations are related as such, and carefully distinguished from personal observations; a feature which places the natural history writings of Aristotle on a par with the highest productions of modern science. This cannot be said of any other ancient author who has treated of similar subjects. The philosophical spirit which pervades the *History of Animals*, distinguishes it from, and elevates it above, the great majority of the natural history writings of the moderns, and renders the study of that great work a sound course of reading in the education of the student of natural history. Or rather, such should be; for, unfortunately, the acquaintance of too many modern naturalists, with the writings of the Stagyrte, is confined to the bare knowledge of the existence of his memorable *History*."—Vol. ii. pp. 91—95.

In that very clever novel, "*The Falcon Family*," the history and habits of the human Sponge are detailed with capital humour and effect. We have here an account of the *Sponge of Commerce*.

"The sponge of commerce is found attached to rocks in various depths between three fathoms and thirty. When alive it is of a dull bluish black above, and of a dirty white beneath. There are several qualities, possibly indicating as many distinct species. The best are taken among the *Cyclades*. The sponge divers, however, are mostly people from the islands of the *Carian* coast; from *Calymnos*, and the islands between *Calymnos* and *Rhodes*. They go in little fleets of caiques, each of six or seven tons burden, and manned by six or eight men. The season for the fishery lasts from May until September. All the men dive in turn. They remain under water from one to three minutes. They descend to the bottom at various depths, between five fathoms and twenty, or even, though rarely, thirty. Very few of the *Archipelago* divers can descend so deep as the last-named depth, and it is doubtful whether they can work, in such case, when down. Some years ago a diver asserted he had bent a rope round the beam of a Turkish frigate, sunk in thirty fathoms water off *Scio*. Mr. Love, when engaged in raising the guns of some of the sunken ships, confirmed his statement, by finding the rope still bent round the beam. In deep water, a rope weighed by a stone is let down, by which the divers ascend when they have gathered the sponges. They carry nothing about their persons except a netted bag, which is attached to a hoop suspended round their necks; in this they place the sponges. In a good locality a diver may bring up fifty oke of sponges in a day. A very large sponge may weigh two okes. The weight is calculated from the sponges when they are dried. A sponge is dried in the sun, after being cleaned in sea-water; fresh-water rots it and turns it black. The slimy or animal matter is stamped out by the diver's feet. When dried, the sponges are strung in circles. They are sold at twenty-five drachmas an oke. The chief markets for them are *Smyrna*, *Rhodes*, and *Napoli*.

"The sponge fisheries were probably conducted among the ancient Greeks as they are now. Hence, information being obtainable with facility, we find a full account of the sponge in the writings of Aristotle. He appears to have been deeply interested in its history, on account of the link it seemed to present between the animal and vegetable nature. Therefore the question, whether sponges possessed sensation, is discussed by him more than once, and left undecided; the statements for and against their capacity of feeling are, however, fairly put forward. The same question is debated among naturalists at the present day, and, as anciently, there are not wanting advocates for either view. Aristotle distinguishes sponges under two heads, those that might be cleaned, and those which could not. Of the last he states that their substance was compact, but

perforated by large canals. They were more viscous than other sponges, and when dried, remained black. The description exactly applies to the common coast-line sponges of the Egean, useless for economic purposes. His account of the sponges of commerce is more detailed. He distinguishes three varieties: those which were lax and porous; those of thick and close texture; and a third kind, called sponges of Achilles, finer, more compact, and stronger than the others. These last were rarest, and used to be placed in helmets and in boots, as protections from pressure for the head and feet. They all grow on the rocks, adhering not by one point only, nor by the whole surface, but by some extent of the surface. The best kinds grow on the coasts which become suddenly deep. He attributes the superior fineness of texture in these deep-sea kinds to the greater uniformity of temperature of the water in such places. When alive, and before they are washed, they are black. Their canals are often inhabited by little crustacea. Such are the leading points of the account given of sponges in the fifth book of the *History of Animals*.—Vol. ii. pp. 124—128.

It happened, unfortunately, that our travellers were compelled to leave at a time when vegetation was at its greatest height and beauty; malaria of the most fatal kind would have encompassed them in its deadly fangs, had they played the laggard. They contrived, notwithstanding, to obtain a great many plants, some of which were new to the British flora. There appears to be an abundance of herbs. Anemones of all sorts abound, and some pretty varieties of the fritillary. The last chapter is devoted to the consideration of the geological structure of the country. The fact of many of the rock tombs appearing lower than they originally were, is fully accounted for by the increase in the thickness of the soil, which without doubt contains many treasures of antiquity embedded in it. There is an ingenious explanation offered of the nature and causes of the singular changes of form in the Cos fresh-water beds. Three appendices complete this volume; but for their contents we must refer our readers themselves to judge by personal examination. To those who take an interest in this part of Asia, these volumes cannot fail to prove a valuable acquisition; and it is to be remembered, that by the efforts only of diligent and accurate inquirers on the locality itself, can we arrive at any certain knowledge of a country,—its customs, manners, and peculiarities.

ENGLISH SCENERY.

DESCRIPTION OF A PICTURESQUE LANE.

ALL painters who have imitated the more confined scenes of nature, have been fond of making studies from old neglected bye-roads and hollow ways; and perhaps there are few spots that, in so small a compass, have a greater variety of that sort of beauty called picturesque; but I believe the instances are very rare of painters, who have turned out volunteers into a gentleman's walk or drive, either when made between artificial banks, or when the natural sides of banks have been improved.

Perhaps what is most immediately striking in a lane of this kind is its intricacy. Any winding road, indeed, especially where there are banks, must necessarily have some degree of intricacy; but in a dressed lane, every effort of art seems directed against that disposition of the ground—the sides are so regularly sloped, so regularly planted, and the space, when there is any, between them and the road, so uniformly levelled; the sweeps of the road so plainly artificial, the verges of grass that bound it so nicely edged—the whole, in short, has such an appear-

ance of having been made by a receipt, that curiously, that most active principle of pleasure, is almost extinguished. But in hollow-lands and bye-roads, all the leading features, and a thousand circumstances of detail, promote the natural intricacy of the ground; the turns are sudden and unprepared—the banks sometimes broken and abrupt—sometimes smooth and gently, but not uniformly, sloping—now wildly overhung with thickets of trees and bushes—now loosely skirted with wood—no regular verge of grass, no cut edges, no distinct lines of separation—all is mixed and blended together, and the border of the road itself, shaped by the mere tread of passengers and animals, is as unconstrained as the footsteps that formed it. Even the tracks of the wheels—for no circumstances are indifferent—contribute to the picturesque effect of the whole; the varied lines they describe just mark the way among trees and bushes—often some obstacle, a cluster of low thorns, a furze bush, a tussock, a large stone, forces the wheels into sudden and intricate turns—often a group of trees or a thicket occasions the road to separate into two parts, leaving a sort of island in the middle.

These are a few of the picturesque accidents, which in lanes and bye-roads attract the notice of painters. In many scenes of that kind, the varieties of form, of colour, and of light and shade which present themselves at every step are numberless; and it is a singular circumstance, that some of the most striking among them should be owing to the indiscriminate hacking of the peasant, nay, to the very decay that is occasioned by it. When opposed to the tameness of the poor pinioned trees—whatever their age—of a gentleman's plantation, drawn up straight and even together, there is often a sort of spirit and animation in the manner in which old neglected pollards stretch out their limbs quite across those hollow roads, in every wild and irregular direction; on some, the large knots and protuberances add to the ruggedness of their twisted trunks; in others, the deep hollow of the inside, the mosses on the bank, the rich yellow of the touch-wood, with the blackness of the more decayed substance, afford such variety of tints, of brilliant and mellow lights with deep and peculiar shades, as the finest timber tree, however beautiful in other respects, with all its health and vigour cannot exhibit.

This careless method of cutting, just as the farmer happened to want a few stakes or poles, gives infinite variety to the general outline of the banks. Near to one of these “unwedgeable and gnarled oaks,” often rises the slender elegant form of a young beech, ash, or birch, that had escaped the axe, whose tender bark and light foliage appear still more delicate and airy, when seen sideways against the rough bark and massy head of the oak. Sometimes it rises alone from the bank—sometimes from amid a cluster of rich hollies, or wild junipers—sometimes its light and upright stem is embraced by the projecting cedar-like boughs of the yew.

The ground itself in these lanes is as much varied in form, tint, and light and shade, as the plants that grow upon it; this, as usual, instead of owing anything to art, is, on the contrary, occasioned by accident and neglect. The winter torrents in some places wash down the mould from the upper grounds and form projections of various shapes, which, from the fatness of the soil, are generally enriched with the moss luxuriant vegetation; in other parts they tear the banks into deep hollows, discovering the different strata of earth, and the shaggy roots of trees. These hollows are frequently overgrown with wild roses, with honeysuckles, periwinkles, and other trailing plants, which with their flowers and pendant branches, have quite a different effect when hanging loosely over one of these recesses, opposed to its deep shade, and mixed with the fantastic roots of trees and the varied tints of the soil, from that which they produce when they are trimmed into bushes, or even along a shrubbery, where the ground has been worked into one uniform slope. In the summer-time these

little caverns afford a cool retreat for the sheep, and it is difficult to imagine a more beautiful fore-ground than is formed by the different groups of them in one of these lanes; some feeding on the patches of turf, that in the wider parts are intermixed with the fern and bushes; some lying in the niches they have worn in the banks among the roots of trees, and to which they have made many sidelong paths; some reposing in these deep recesses, their bowers

O'er-canopied with luscious eglantine.

—*Sir Uvedale Price on the Picturesque.*

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

COUNT GERO OF MONTFORT.¹

From the German of Schwab.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M. A. CANTAB.

It was De Montfort, age-worn knight,
Gaz'd on the lake's blue deep,
And mark'd the shallops float in light,
On the still wave asleep;
Earth, water, heaven, in dead repose;
And yearn'd to be at peace like those.

And, as he from that trance awoke,
He call'd his followers true,
And words of love and blessing spoke,
And bade a last adieu;
Took leave of lordship, towers, and land,
And rode to the far distant strand.

And lo! while there he listening stood,
Up sprang a freshening breeze;
And straight St. Peter's Abbot good
Upon the beach he sees.
A skiff with swelling sail lay nigh;
O, but his heart beat yearningly!

St. Peter's House, that stilly spot
Kiss'd by the rippling wave,
His soul, the fires of youth forgot,
Desires for home and grave.
All earthly gaude and joys laid by,
There will he serve his God, and die.

The Churchman's blest that counsel wise;
On board the Count he bore,
And for the cloister, with his prize,
Push'd lightly from the shore.
Now float they on the exulting blue;
O, but the Count exulted too!

Much mov'd, he spake, "O, couldst thou see,
Lord Abbot, half my joy!
That water gazes up at me,
Like mother on her boy!
For know, by yonder rocky Horn,
On shipboard I myself was born:

And as I in this shallop lie,
Rock'd on the glittering deep,
I feel once more in infancy
On cradle couch asleep;
My mother's voice is murmuring nigh,
And fills my ear with lullaby."
Meanwhile the bark drives cheerily on;
They see the tall Horn rise;
The Count, with mingling thoughts foredone,
Closes his weary eyes;
And by the rudder's even play,
Stretch'd on the deck he slumbering lay.

And as the light bark sweeps along,
His natal spot they near;
Then fell his mother's cradle song
So softly on his ear!
He opened his eyes, and cried, "How deep,
O mother, was that blessed sleep!"
He droop'd his weary lids once more,
Yet deeper on to rest.
Stay, shallop, stay! thy course is o'er—
In haven is thy guest.
The Abbot kneels before him now,
And signs the death-cross on his brow.
Make in the holy house his grave;
Amid the chantry lay:
By the warbling wave, at first that gave,
And now hath ta'en away:
In gentle peace, secure from harms,
He slumbers in the blue lake's arms.

*Rectory, Wrington,
Feb. 12, 1846.*

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne.*

BEWARE of misapplying Scripture. It is a thing easily done, but not so easily answered. I know not any one gap that hath let in more and more dangerous errors into the Church, than this,—that men take the word of the sacred text, fitted to particular occasions, and to the condition of the times wherein they were written, and then apply them to themselves and others, as they find them, without due respect had to the differences that may be between those times and cases and the present.—*Bishop Sanderson.*

AVOID as much as possible multiplicity of business. Never be curious to know what passes in the world, any further than duty obliges you; it will only distract the mind when it should be better employed.—*Bp. Wilson.*

IMPATIENCE is a quality sudden, eager, and insatiable, which grasps at all, and admits of no delay; scorning to wait God's leisure, and attend humbly and dutifully upon the issues of his wise and just providence.—*South.*

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.—*Johnson.*

THOSE who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are for the greater part ignorant of both the character they leave and of the character they assume.—*Burke.*

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(1) See page 65.

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Italian Peasant Girl in Prison.



H wherefore sought she daily at one spot
That one returning ray? 'Twas the same light
That on her native hills fell cheeringly:
But in the recollection of those hills
Was surely more of sorrow than of joy,
And she was sad enough. Yet ever still
In very thankfulness she hailed the sun,
Who on his daily pilgrimage of joy
Had e'en a thought for her.

SKETCH OF THE TRADITIONS OF GERMANY.

Let him who in youth has travelled through a poetic country say, when in the evening he has seated himself beside a ruined tower to listen to some old peasant telling him the legend of the castle of whose proud structure it was once a part, whether he has not beheld in imagination the battlements once more rising in frowning state, the banner once more floating above the donjon-keep, the steel corselet once more flashing in the court-yard. In the space of one or two centuries, how entire has been the transformation ! The Gothic chapel, the marble balconies sunk in gradual dilapidation under the hand of time, or in sudden ruin under that of man,—the vast armoury converted into a work-shop,—the steam-boat hissing and whizzing where once was heard only the lute of the lady of the castle, or the harp of the minstrel. But tradition has not yet enrolled amid her records these innovations. With eyes fixed upon the past, she beholds only by-gone days, and gathers up into the folds of her robe only the treasures of olden times. With one stroke of her wand, she can sweep away all this modern machinery, and revive, by memory's magic, the wizard-spells of the old castle, and call up the genius of the poetic past.

And, if there be a country in which we can thus rove at pleasure through the historic legends, the pious illusions, of popular credulity,—that country is Germany. There every plain has its genius, every mountain its mysterious cave, every lake its palace of crystal,—there, the fairy still lives, the sylph still waves its golden pinions,—there, at nightfall, the waters of the Elbe and the Rhine have still their sighs of love, the leaves rustle to the breath of mountain-spirits, and the castles from their craggy steeples recount their tales of war. Nevertheless, the pitiless hand of industrial improvement has been at work there, as elsewhere, amid those valleys peopled with such charming creations, and the Männlein (the Mannikin, the dwarf) has retreated in terror to its mountains. But turning, for a little while, from the railroad, the steam-engine, the factory, leaving Germany to its new system of excise, to its policemen and its merchants, let us invoke old Teutonia, and with one blast upon the wondrous horn of Tradition,—the *Wunderhorn*—resounding from the plains of Silesia to the romance-land of Saltzburgh, from the forests of Bohemia to the Thuringian woods—let us call up around us the slumbering crowd of fables and of sprites.

Amongst the traditions general throughout all Germany there are some whose origin is Oriental, some closely linked with those of India and Greece. These emigrating to the north, have been sung by Odin, and repeated in Scandinavia and in Suabia. Others have come from Provence, and but changed their costume in crossing the Rhine;—others, again, have been brought by pilgrims from the Holy Land, by the soldiers of the crusades. There are many whose origin is uncertain: found equally in the northern and southern provinces of France, in Ireland, and in Denmark, there is nothing to mark precisely the country to which they belong; but the greater part had their birth upon the soil of Germany; and whatever may be their origin, it is a curious thing to study the character of these traditions, to seek under their Germanic garb for the religious symbol or the historic fact they embody. Still more curious would it be to compare them in their numerous coincidences with those of other nations, to trace out their parentage, their successive transformations, and their filiation. But this is a difficult, and often an impossible,

task; for traditions have passed too quickly from one country to another to allow of their route being thus accurately marked out. As Campbell observes in his *Essay on English Poetry*,—"The migrations of science are difficult enough to be traced, but tradition travels on still lighter wings, and scatters the seed of her wild flowers imperceptibly over the world, till they surprise us by springing up with similarity in regions the most remotely divided."

And as no single country has given birth to them, so neither has any one age. They have been formed successively, and joined on like the several links of a long chain. Whenever the people were much excited by any event, or surprised at any phenomenon, they composed a legend, they invented a mythos. They supplied the place of reasoning by poetry,—of science by imagination. The historic legends of the people rest upon a sure basis, upon undoubted facts: but the facts have been adorned till they are wholly concealed, and all that is left us to lay hold upon is a name, or some characteristic trait of manners. Their marvellous legends spring from that mystic worship of nature, that species of secret pantheism, of which the middle ages have always recognised the principle, without ever formally adopting it as doctrine. The Northerners paid religious veneration to the luminaries, to the elements. The Lithuanians regarded the sun as the father of the earth, the moon as his wife, and the stars as their children. The Germans were wont, as they retired to rest at night, to salute the stars, for to them they were the eyes of Heaven; and they held festivals in honour of the summer and winter solstice. They did homage to the wind, and to the tempest, to animate and inanimate nature. Metals had for them peculiar properties; the rock grew on the mountains, and in the waters' depths; the plants contained potent juices, and magic odours; the birds predicted the future, and knew the secrets of men. In one old tradition, a dove guides a traveller to a treasure; in the *Edda*, two ravens relate each day to Odin what passes upon earth;—even the frogs had leached in their war-bells many a curious secret, and guarded in their deep grottoes caskets of gold and diamonds.

In this world of wonders, where each object was thus made instinct with life, and endowed with attributes of power, it is not to be wondered at that mountains so gigantic in their proportions, so wildly irregular in their form, should strike upon the imagination of the men of the middle ages. The people had no very clear idea of what lay behind those curtains of verdure, those immense caverns of stone; and they made of them the abode of fabulous beings, the tombs of their heroes and kings. The *Rosterberg* is filled with gold and silver. The *Ritterberg*, from time to time, was the scene of great miracles;—amongst many others is the following.

Three miners went to work in it for a whole week, and carried with them—the men had faith it must be owned—only their prayer-book, some oil in their lamp, and bread in their wallet for one day. Every morning before going to work, they, kneeling, commended themselves to Providence. One night, just as the oil was beginning to burn low in their lamp, a violent storm suddenly arose. The roof of the cavern in which they were at work is shaken, bursts open the rock, falls in with billows of sand, and the miners are entombed. But God, in reward of their piety, kept an empty space immediately around them, and renewed each day their provision of oil, and their morsel of food. Thus they lived, for seven years, in continual labour to extricate themselves from their prison, and in constant prayer. Their prayers were heard. Once again did they behold the blue sky above their heads, and were given once more to revisit their dear native village.

The *Wunderberg* is the most wonderful of all these mountains. There are found cities like ours, cloisters and churches, ramparts and palaces constructed by the *Männlein* (the dwarfs). There Charlemagne reposes in the midst of his bold peers. He is seated with his

(1) Extracted and translated from "*Souvenirs de Voyage*," by X. Mormier.

crown on his head, his sceptre in his hand, and before him a marble table. His white beard falls upon his chest, and is growing continually. When long enough to go three times round the table, the tree of liberty will again flourish upon the hill, the old emperor will come forth from his cavern, and a new era, an endless period of happiness and prosperity, will dawn upon the earth. But, alas! we of this century cannot hope to live to see that happy time, for the beard of Charlemagne is as yet only of sufficient length to go once round the fated table.

In the Kiffhauseu reposes Frederic Barbarossa, the other great German hero. Many a time has been seen his bald forehead lifted above the rocks, for he often quits his abode to breathe the fresh air. A shepherd who had led his flock to the mountain-top was once lighting his pipe, saying, as he did so, "Frederic, I smoke to thy health." On the instant, the hero appeared to him, and, to reward him for his remembrance of him, led him into a large hall where were a great number of knights. There he displayed to him rich armour, glittering swords, and gave him more gold than would satisfy a prince.

Upon the summit of these mountains, and in these vast caves, is the abode of the giants. Nothing can equal the monstrous size and strength of this race, whose creation, says the Edda, was prior to that of the first man. An immense rock that no effort could shake, is to them but a troublesome pebble in their shoe. An island flung into the midst of the ocean, is to them only a handful of earth which they let fall from their lap. When the god Thor, the god of the thunder, was going through Scandinavia, he came one night upon a large tent, where he slept quietly with his companion: the next day he perceived that his commodious lodging had been the thumb of a giant's glove. When the valiant Dietrich, of Berne, attacked Siegenot, that giant, to defend himself, tore up by the roots one of the mightiest trees of the forest, and the *Heldenbuck* (the Book of Heroes) says that since Adam never had existed so strong a man.

The grottoes of the hills are occupied by the dwarfs, who have also their cycle of traditions. An old German poem says, that God first created the dwarfs to cultivate the ground; then, the giants to destroy monsters; and, afterwards, the heroes to protect the poor dwarfs from the giants. In the symbolism of the North, the giants represent brute-force, mere matter; and the dwarfs the intellectual faculties, the mental powers. Notwithstanding their diminutive size, they are endowed with great strength. They erect splendid abodes, and in winter they forge metals, and fabricate sharp arrows and brilliant armour. No sword so good as that made by them; no helmet resists, as theirs does, the edge of the sword, the weight of the battle-axe. Whilst they are thus employed, their women spin the finest wool, the most delicate flax. The dwarfs are handsome and graceful, but so small that they can go through a key-hole. They marry, and bring up their children as Christians,—those of the Wunderberg sometimes go to the church at Saltzburgh. They are fond of dancing and music. Often in the fine summer evenings, they set off to dance in the meadows, and next day may be seen in the grass the wide circles they have marked. They love, also, to walk over the hills, to draw near to men, and to converse with them. They pity all that suffer, and reward generously any interest evinced in them, or any service rendered to them. Often have they protected the weak, maintained the cause of the oppressed, and woe to him who is guilty of an injustice, if they be called to avenge it. Should any one lose his way near their abode, they come to meet him, and bring him home to the shelter of their rocky roof.

One night, a student of Gottingen was surprised by a storm on the hill of Plissas. The rain had soaked

his dress, and the darkness was so great that he could not retrace his way. Suddenly there came up to him a *münnelein*,—a little man, quite grey,—who, taking his hand, led him through a cleft of the rock into a subterranean apartment, luxuriously fitted up, and brilliantly lighted. There was the wife of the *münnelein*, dressed in a robe of silk, richer far than was ever worn by wife of burgomaster; and there were his brothers, and his daughter, with her fair hair falling over her shoulders, and her exquisitely soft blue eye. The student thought her charming, and seeing her surrounded by such riches, would gladly have asked her in marriage, but that he was afraid to lose her on his way home to Gottingen, so infinitely small was she. They sat down to table, conversed on the topics of the day, the wars of Italy, and the death of the emperor; then each one knelt down, and the mistress of the house prayed; and, when the prayer was ended, the young girl took a silver torch, and led the student to the room prepared for him. The next day he left them reluctantly, for the short time he had passed with the family of the dwarf sufficed to make him attached to them. The *münnelein* gave him several precious stones, and the young girl smilingly handed him a cluster of nuts. On his arrival at Gottingen the nuts were so many fine pieces of good gold. From that day the student made many an effort to find the rocky door by which he had entered, but was never able to discover it.

Sometimes, too, the dwarfs ask hospitality from men, either because they find themselves too far from home, or because they wish to celebrate some solemn festival in more than ordinary state. One of them came one day to ask of a count, their neighbour, permission to dance in his castle. The count gave permission, and that very night a whole host of dwarfs descended from the hill, and spread themselves over the gardens, through the tufted hedges, and into every apartment of the castle. Some light the fires in the stoves, and prepare the supper; others, bearing garlands of flowers and silken tissues, hasten to decorate the hall. In a moment, the lustres are arranged—the golden torches blazing on the walls, and reflected in the mirrors. The dancers take the hand of their partners, the musicians tune their instruments, and the ball commences. What delight was there!—the whirl, like that of a set of birds taking their flight from the valley—like that of the leaves, the harvest which the wind has been reaping from the forest. The count himself joins in the merry round: they allot to him the tallest of all the dancers, but she whirls so rapidly that he cannot follow her. After the ball, all the tables were covered with embroidered cloths, with gold and silver plate. The dwarfs led the owner of the mansion to the place of honour, and helped him to meats of exquisite flavour, and to wines kept for centuries in marble butts in the mountains. Then all disappeared as if by magic, and the next day two delegates from the kingdom of the dwarfs came to thank the count for the hospitality he had extended to them, and presented him with a sword and a ring, telling him that these two treasures would bring him good fortune for ever.

Near akin to the family of the dwarfs are the race of Elves; but the latter are of a more refined and poetic nature. They are the brothers of the bright Djinn and of the Peri, brothers to Ariel and to Irisby. Their face is of the hue of the lily, and their vesture is woven of the moon-beams. They inhabit not the dark bowels of the mountains; they float about in the air, and balance themselves like the gilded butterfly on the slender stalk of a plant; a leaf serves them for pavilion, and they can live for a whole day on a little honey extracted from the cup of a flower, or on a dew-drop. The wives of the elves are of beauteous form and lovely face; they dance and sing all night upon the hills, and their voices are so soft, their singing so harmonious, that every passer-by pauses to listen. But none must approach them, none must mingle in their dance, for their look

(1) The same tradition exists in Normandy.

congeals the heart, and their kiss is death. The elves wear little glass slippers. He who could seize upon one of these slippers would be a rich man, for its owner would redeem it at any price.

There is another race, kindred with this, but less wandering than the elves, more social than the dwarfs,—I mean the race of domestic sprites, who seek for themselves a lodging in the peasant's cot, sleep in the barn, and warm themselves at the family hearth. The Germans call this sprite Kobold: he is the *Brownie* of Scotland, the *Servant* of Switzerland, the *Trolle* of Denmark, the *Goblin* of Normandy. The kobold is busy and active; he takes care of the horses, cleans the stable, guides the plough, and works at the harvest. If he be given no cause of offence, the masters of the house may take their ease, and the servants sleep in peace, for with the first light of day all the work is done. To secure his services for ever, it is only necessary to put every day a little milk in one corner of the house, and to sweep and keep clean and neat the room he occupies. In proportion as the kobold is zealous and devoted while he is pleased, so is he capricious and vindictive when offended. A young girl had a kobold in her service, and it was a blessing to see how he anticipated all her wishes,—how he exempted her from every troublesome task. One day she threw, in joke, some dirt into the cup of milk he was about to drink, and from that moment the kobold forsook her. She is now obliged to get up early, and to go to bed late, to toil incessantly, and yet, all the while, not to see her work advancing. Every day the implacable Kobold puts some fresh obstacle in her way; every day he compels her to endure some new misfortune. She takes up, with the greatest caution, a precious vase, and breaks it;—she warms water, and burns her fingers;—she prepares dinner, and puts a double quantity of salt into one dish, and none in the other. When we find fault with our cooks for breaking culinary laws, we are quite wrong,—the whole fault may lie with the kobolds.

The good Holla is the queen of domestic servants; it is she who encourages the young girls to work, and aids them in their efforts; it is she who comes at night to fill their distaffs with flax, to turn their spindles;—in short, she is the patroness of the German women, retired and modest, industrious, frugal, and contented.

Some parts of Germany admitted another sprite, also called a familiar spirit,—*spiritus familiaris*. He was put into a phial, and there was no more trouble about him. Every wish was carried out by a silent act of volition on his part. But he came from hell, and it was necessary to take good care and keep him in strict durance to the very moment of death, for otherwise he would carry you straight with him into darkness. A most difficult thing it was to get rid of him; the evil spirit had his mission to perform, and that was to take some one to the devil. Throw him into the water, he floats; pound him under a stone, he revives at once; put him into the fire, he comes out more brisk than ever. The only method of preventing his return is to put him into another house, or to sell him. A horse-dealer, reduced to poverty by a series of misfortunes, bought one day a little box from a stranger, who handed it to him as a talisman of good fortune, recommending him to keep it secret, and never to open it. From the moment this box came into his possession, the whole aspect of his fortunes changed. He found a treasure; he resumed his business; he undertook some bold and rash speculations,—not one failed. But his wife, a pious woman, began to suspect that some kind of sorcery was at the bottom of such wondrous luck. She opened the mysterious box one day, and beheld a great black fly make his escape through the window; a passer-by picked it up. From that hour the fortunes of the horse-dealer rapidly declined, and he became poorer and more wretched than ever.

(To be continued.)

SOME ACCOUNT OF DR. RADCLIFFE.*

DR. JOHN RADCLIFFE, the celebrated physician, whose name is perpetuated by his splendid benefactions to the University of Oxford, was born in Yorkshire, in the year 1650. Though, we are informed, his father was more intent on the improvement of his paternal acres, than on the cultivation of letters, yet his son early showed so much ability, that he resolved on giving him the advantage of a liberal education.

From the grammar-school, at Wakefield, where he made great progress, he was sent, at the early age of fifteen, to University college, Oxford; there he took his degree of B.A., in due time, and was made senior scholar of his college; but, as no fellowship became vacant, he removed to Lincoln college, of which he had previously been invited to become fellow. Having decided on the profession of medicine, he now gave himself up to the study of physic, and attended the different courses of anatomy, chemistry, and botany, delivered in the University. He took his degree of Master of Arts, in 1672, as it is said, with uncommon applause. It was his boast, that he did not prepare himself for the practice of the art of healing, by what he considered an useless application to the musty volumes of ancient medical science, but by a careful examination of the most valuable treatises that made their appearance in his own times. His books, while he was a student of medicine, though well chosen, were so few in number, that, being visited by Dr. Bathurst, the Master of Trinity college, and asked by him where was his library, Radcliffe replied by pointing to a few phials, a skeleton, and a herbal, in one corner of his room.

He became Bachelor of Medicine in 1675, and immediately began the exercise of his profession in the city of Oxford itself. At his first entrance upon the stage of action, he fell foul of the apothecaries, and experienced no small opposition from some of the most eminent of that calling, who decried his method of practice as being contrary to the one adopted by Dr. Lydal, at that time the most celebrated practitioner in the University. The method of Lydal was slow; that of Radcliffe, expeditious, prompt, and decisive; and his good sense, and superiority of talent, soon became so conspicuous, that his opponents, the apothecaries, were soon obliged to make interest with him,—“to have his prescriptions on their files.”

His success, as may readily be believed, was not received without feelings of envy, and his rivals maintained that his cures were all guess-work, and affected sarcastically to regret, that his friends, instead of breeding him up to physic, had not made a scholar of him. On the other hand, Radcliffe was not wanting in his own defence, nor sparing of abuse towards his antagonists, whom he bespattered with all sorts of opprobrious names, and derided, because of the slops, caudles, and diet drinks, with which they drenched their patients.

It was neither, however, by his abuse of others, nor by any empirical boldness, that, at this early period of his medical career, he seems to have completely gained the confidence of the public, but by his judicious method of treating the small-pox,—a method, indeed, which Sydenham had introduced into the art of medicine about ten years before Radcliffe established himself in Oxford. It consisted in the employment of the cooling treatment—a practice which seems to have been partly suggested by reasoning upon the nature of the disease, and which was amply sanctioned by experience. In

(1) Abridged and altered from “Lives of British Physicians.”

his original treatise on the small-pox, Sydenham dwells much upon the salutary influence of cold on those worst and most aggravated forms of that disease, which were sometimes brought on by the pernicious use of the heating and stimulating treatment then in vogue. This new method, however, was mistrusted by the faculty generally, who preferred following the ancient course. Radcliffe was free from the prejudices of his brethren; and one of the first fruits he reaped from his early determination to leave the trammels of authority, and willingly admit the light of recent discovery, was the most remarkable success of his practice in this very disease, in which he strictly followed the precepts laid down by Sydenham.

The small-pox was raging in the city and neighbourhood of Oxford, with great fatality; and, instead of stoving up his patients, as was done by other practitioners, Radcliffe employed the new method—exposed the sick to the free access of air, gave them cooling emulsions, and employed other approved antiphlogistic remedies,—and thus rescued more than one hundred from the jaws of death.

His success in the case of Lady Spencer, who appeared to be sinking under a complication of disorders, further spread his fame, and brought him into fashion among that lady's numerous connexions. So that, before he had practised two years, there were few families of credit, within reach of Oxford, who had not occasion to appreciate his professional skill.

Having received some affront, he quitted Lincoln college, and resigned his fellowship, but continued to reside in Oxford till his thirty-fourth year, when he removed to London, and settled in Bow-street, Covent Garden; there he had not been established more than a year, before he rose to the head of his profession, and received in daily fees the sum of 20 guineas. To this rapid success the pleasantness of his discourse, and his ready wit, are said greatly to have contributed; many even feigned themselves ill, for the pleasure of having a few minutes' conversation with the facetious doctor.

In 1686, he was appointed physician to the Princess Anne of Denmark; but his characteristic prudence prevented his ever being carried away by the *éclat* of royal patronage. During the triumphant progress of the Revolution, he was urged to accompany his distinguished patient to Nottingham, whither she went with the Bishop of London, there to remain till the storm should blow over; but, though sympathizing with the movement, he would not compromise himself to a cause involved in such risk, but made his numerous patients an excuse for remaining in London. And, even when William was fairly established on the throne, he declined the appointment of king's physician, with a salary higher than had yet been given to the office. The king, from gratitude, and admiration for the skill he had shown in the treatment of two of his foreign attendants, Mr. Bentinck (afterwards Earl of Portland) and Mr. Zulestein (Earl of Rochford), had presented him with 500 guineas at the time of offering his further patronage. The caution and worldly wisdom of Radcliffe were here again exhibited; for though he accepted the present, he begged to decline the appointment, considering that the settlement of the crown was then only in its infancy, and that accidents might occur to disturb its security. Nor did he lose by his refusal: for the weak condition of the king's health, who had, from his childhood, suffered from frequent attacks of asthma, required his constant professional assistance; so that it was said, that, one year with another, for the first eleven years of the reign of King William, Radcliffe received more than 600 guineas for his attendance upon his majesty, exclusive of what he received from the great officers of the Court.

These may serve as specimens of his prudence, and the following story, which may be best related in the words of his biographer, Pettis, affords a good example of his humour:—

"It will not be much out of the way to insert a diverting passage between Sir Godfrey Kneller, the king's chief face painter, and the doctor, since it happened near this time; and, though not altogether so advantageous to the doctor's memory as the generality of his sarcastic replies, yet will be of use to bring in a very happy turn of wit from him that speaks the rejoinder to it. The doctor's dwelling-house, as has been said before, was in Bow-street, Covent Garden, whereunto belonged a very convenient garden, that was contiguous to another at the back of it, appertaining to Sir Godfrey, which was extremely curious and inviting, from the many exotic plants, and the variety of flowers and greens which it abounded with. Now, as one wall divided both inclosures, and the doctor had some reason, from his intimacy with the knight, to think he would not give a denial to any reasonable request, so he took the freedom, when he was one day in company with the latter, after extolling his fine parterre and choice collection of herbs, flowers, &c., to desire the liberty of having a door made, for a free intercourse with both gardens, but in such a manner, as should not be inconvenient to either family. Sir Godfrey, who was and is a gentleman of extraordinary courtesy and humanity, very readily gave his consent; but the doctor's servants, instead of being strict observers of the terms of agreement, made such a havoc amongst his hortulanary curiosities, that Sir Godfrey was out of all patience, and found himself obliged, in a very becoming manner, to advertise their master of it, with his desires to him, to admonish them for the forbearance of such insolencies. Yet, notwithstanding this complaint, the grievance continued unredressed, so that the person aggrieved found himself under a necessity of letting him, that ought to make things easy, know, by one of his servants, that he should be obliged to brick up the door; in case of his complaints proving ineffectual. To this, the doctor, who is very often in a choleric temper, and, from the success of his practice, imagined every one under an obligation of hearing with him, returned answer, that Sir Godfrey might even do what he thought fit, in relation to the door, *so that he did but refrain from painting it*; alluding to his employment, than whom none was a more exquisite master of. Thereupon, the footman, after some hesitation in the delivery of his message, and several commands from his master to give it him, word for word, told him as above. 'Did my very good friend, Doctor Radcliffe, say so?' cried Sir Godfrey; 'go you back to him, and, after presenting my service to him, tell him that *I can take anything from him but his physic!*' A reply more biting than true, though allowable from what he had received from the aggressor; so, if the one was at the height of excellence in his unequalled skill in physic, the other had attained to as consummate an experience in the art and mystery of limning."

At the close of the year 1689, when he had gained additional credit and fame, by a cure he had performed upon the Duke of Beaufort, he was called in to consult with the king's physicians, Doctors Blount and Lawrence, and was so successful as to suggest means which speedily so far restored him to health, that he was enabled to join the army in Ireland, and gain the victory of the Boyne.

In 1691, the young Prince William, Duke of Gloucester, son of the Prince and Princess of Denmark, (afterwards queen Anne,) was taken ill of fainting fits, a complaint which had been fatal to several of their children, and his life was despaired of by the physicians. Radcliffe being sent for, first begged that the queen and princess, who should both be present, would rely solely upon him, and allow the use of no other prescriptions but his; and then, by the employment of a few outward and inward applications, restored the little patient to such a state of health, that he never had anything like a delirium from that time till the day of his death.

Queen Mary, who constantly visited the child, was so

pleased with Radcliffe, that she ordered her chamberlain to present him with 1000 guineas. His fame was now so great, that everybody flocked for his advice, and it is recorded that his neighbour, Dr. Gibbons, received 1000*l.* per annum from the overflow of patients who were not able to get admission to the great physician of the day. Hitherto, everything had prospered with him; but in the year 1692, his fortune was chequered with a considerable loss. Among other acquaintances, he had contracted a considerable familiarity with Betterton, the famous tragedian, and at his persuasion was induced to risk 5000*l.* in a venture to the East Indies: the ship sailed and had a favourable passage, when, on her return, she was taken by a Spanish vessel, and all her cargo, valued at 120,000*l.* captured by the enemy. This loss ruined the poor player; but Radcliffe received the disastrous intelligence at the Bull's Head Tavern, in Clare-market, (where he was enjoying himself with several persons of the first rank,) with great composure; desiring his companions not to interrupt the circulation of the glass, "for that he had no more to do but to go up so many pair of stairs to make himself whole again." Nor, it is said, did this pecuniary loss check the exercise of his liberal spirit, for it was in the course of this year that he contributed a considerable sum towards the repairs and embellishment of University college.

His "liberal spirit" is, indeed, one of the pleasantest features of his character. Many instances are recorded of his generous help towards those whose opinions he differed from. During the reign of King James, his friend, Obadiah Walker, of University college, himself a convert to Rome, had used all his endeavours to persuade Radcliffe to follow the same course. Though he rejected his friend's counsels, he continued his friendship: when Walker, after the Revolution, fell into poverty and distress, he allowed him to the day of his death a very handsome competency, and contributed largely to his funeral expenses. He also gave, through the Bishop of Norwich, large sums towards the relief of the non-juring clergy, and in the same year (1704), he settled 50*l.* a year for ever on the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Soon after, he sent, through the Bishop of Rochester, 300*l.* for the Episcopal clergy of Scotland, then undergoing great privations, though he had previously argued in favour of posthumous benefactions, with the bishop, who had dwelt much on the satisfaction which well-disposed men feel on seeing the result of their good deeds in their life time. But to return to his medical career.

In the month of December, 1694, Queen Mary was seized with the small-pox, and her sickness assumed the most alarming symptoms. Her majesty's physicians were at their wits' end, and it was decided by the Privy Council to send for Radcliffe, to avert, if possible, the calamity with which the nation was threatened. At first sight of the prescriptions, without having even entered the chamber of the royal patient, he exclaimed with his characteristic rudeness, that her majesty "was a dead woman," for it was impossible to do any good in her case, as no remedies had been given that were so contrary to the nature of the distemper: yet he would endeavour to do all that lay in him to give her some ease. In a short time there were some faint hopes of recovery, but his efforts were ultimately in vain, and the queen died. Some few months after this unhappy event, the doctor, who till then had kept himself in the good graces of the Princess Anne of Denmark, forfeited them, as it is said, owing to his too great addiction to the bottle, and after the following uncourtly manner. Her royal highness, being indisposed, caused him to be sent for; in answer to which he promised to come to St. James's soon after; as he did not, however, make his appearance, a messenger was again despatched after him, to inform him that the princess was extremely ill, and to describe the nature of her indisposition. When Radcliffe heard the symptoms detailed, he swore "that her highness's

distemper was nothing but the vapours, and that she was in as good a state of health as any woman breathing, could she but believe it." No skill or reputation could excuse this rudeness and levity; he was in consequence dismissed from his attendance on the princess, and Dr. Gibbons succeeded him in the care of her health. His credit with the king remained, notwithstanding undiminished, of which a splendid proof was given in the following year, by his being sent for to go abroad to attend the Earl of Albemarle, a great favourite of his majesty, and who had a considerable command in the army during the campaign which ended with the taking of Namur. Radcliffe remained in the camp a week only, was successful in the treatment of his patient, and received from King William 1200*l.*; from Lord Albemarle 400 guineas and a diamond ring; he was offered also the dignity of a baronet, which he begged to decline, on the plea of having no children to inherit the title. In 1697, after the king's return from Loo, having ratified the peace of Ryewick, his majesty found himself much indisposed at his palace at Kensington, and the advice of Radcliffe was had recourse to. The symptoms of the disease were dropsical, and, though not treated very properly by the other physicians, nor considered by them as threatening any immediate danger, were looked upon by him as of a formidable nature. The interview which Radcliffe had with his majesty is described by Pettis in the following words: "The king, when the doctor was admitted, was reading Sir Roger L'Estrange's new version of *Æsop's Fables*, and told him, that he had once more sent for him to try the effects of his great skill, notwithstanding he had been told by his body physicians, who were not sensible of his inward decay, that he might yet live many years, and would very speedily recover." Upon which the doctor, having put some interrogations to the king, very readily asked leave to turn to a fable in the book before him, which would let the king know how he had been treated, and read it to him in these words:—

"Pray, sir, how do you find yourself? says the doctor to his patient. Why, truly, says the patient, I have had a most violent sweat. Oh! the best sign in the world, quoth the doctor. And then a little while after he is at it again, with a, Pray how do you find your body? Alas! says the other, I have just now such a terrible fit of horror and shaking upon me! Why, this is all as it should be, says the physician, it shows a mighty strength of nature. And then he comes over him the third time with the same question again: Why, I am all swelled, says t'other, as if I had a dropsy. Best of all, quoth the doctor, and goes his way. Soon after this, comes one of the sick man's friends to him, with the same question, how he felt himself? Why, truly, so well, says he, that I am e'en ready to die of I know not how many good signs and tokens."

"May it please your majesty, yours and the sick man's case is very much the same," cries Radcliffe; "you are buoyed up with hopes that your malady will soon be driven away, by persons that are not apprised of means to do it, and know not the true cause of your ailment: but I must be plain with you, and tell you, that, in all probability, if your majesty will adhere to my prescriptions, it may be in my power to lengthen out your life for three or four years, but beyond that time nothing in physic can protract it, for the juices of your stomach are all vitiated; your whole mass of blood is corrupted, and your nutriment for the most part turns to water. However, if your majesty will forbear making long visits to the Earl of Bradford, (where the king was wont to drink very hard,) I'll try what can be done to make you live easily, though I cannot venture to say I can make you live longer than I have told you." He then left a receipt behind him, which was so happy in its effects as to enable the king not only to make a progress in the western parts of his kingdom, but to go abroad, and divert himself at his palace at Loo, in Holland.

(To be continued.)

THE FESTIVAL OF ALL-SAINTS' DAY.¹

In the south of Germany, the old and venerable custom of adorning the graves in the burying grounds on the first and second day of November with garlands and lamps, is still kept up. It is an affecting festival which the survivors prepare for their deceased relations and friends. On those days the whole population of the town assemble in the churchyard, and gaze with melancholy recollection, or joyful confidence in the future, on the adorned death-feast, and pray, while the priest, using the requisite forms, draws from the holy well the sacred flood with which he is to sprinkle the graves in order to consecrate them. Death, then garlanded with flowers, becomes a friendly teacher; the lamps and tapers are images of the everlasting light, and the passing from the joys of summer and autumn to the quiet advent time, involves a very peculiar preparation.

This festival is celebrated no where so beautifully as at Munich. On the morning of All-Saints' Day, the families greet each other over the resting-places of those they loved, arranging, adorning, and praying in faithful hope, or weeping in sad remembrance. These hours alone can be devoted to the feelings of the heart, for at noon the gates of the cemetery are opened to the public, who, less interested, though not less penetrated with emotion, wander through the large and well-planted garden.

There are but few signs of mourning to be seen. Light and life reign every where; the loveliest flowers and plants bloom on the graves; cypresses and weeping willows wave and rustle in the breeze; and, if any thing reminds us of the chilliness of death, or the gloom that we dread, it is the lifeless forms of the hired male and female grave-watchers, who stand near the mounds, to tend the lamps and flowers, mechanically repeating their rosary, contemplating sullenly and indifferently the imposing spectacle around them, and longing for the evening, when the reward which has been promised them is to be paid. In the evening these repugnant figures leave the garden, but they take away with them the flowers and lights, and the feast is at an end. The variegated lamps are hung up again in the rooms, and the flowers and plants are taken to the gardeners' hot-houses, to the milliner's shop-counter, or to the boudoir of some lovely maiden.

Such is life!

Speaking of this festival, a story occurs to me. I was once at this death-feast, and had just turned from a mound watered by the tears of a numerous family, to go into the more desolate parts of the grounds, where the watchers are more thinly scattered, and where only individual mourners are to be seen. Suddenly I stood before a friend whom I had not seen for many years. With a pale countenance and hollow eyes, he leaned upon an urn, and he shuddered like a criminal when I addressed him. My greeting was short but sincere; and my next question was,—"What is the matter with you: does your bride sleep here?" He shook his head and said, "A maiden rests here, who, in the bloom of her youth, sank into the grave, swept away by the drunken spirit of the dance. A maiden whom I never knew, and yet a bitter enemy, has robbed me of all my peace. Place yourself beside me on this hillock, and listen,—"

"Many years ago, business led me through this town, at this very time of the year, and I saw the festival that they are celebrating to-day. At that time this grave was newly made, and as abundantly adorned with flowers, as it is now destitute of them. This was natural, for the love and grief of a mother had adorned it with roses and branches, but love and grief soon laid the fond mother by the side of her only daughter. Now, no one cares for the beautiful dead as they did at that time, when all the town spoke of her, and I, a stranger, was curious to see her grave, and was tempted, in remembrance of her early departed charms, to take one of the

roses which bloomed on her place of rest. I stole the flower, and hastened to the gates, hearing it on my heart. There I perceived an inscription, affecting, simple, and touching. It ran thus: 'Respect the property of the dead!' I trembled involuntarily, conscious of my robbery; and the pious belief of my childish years was so strong, that I was on the point of returning the rose to the place whence I had taken it. Oh, that I had done so! but false shame was triumphant, and a species of free-thinking overcame the pure childish emotion. I returned home, indulged myself for some minutes with the rare beauty of the lovely flower, which did not appear to have grown in a hot-house, but in the fields by the Arno. I then placed it carefully in a glass of water, and left the inn to seek a friend.

"The evening passed merrily; I returned to my lodgings late, and quickly yielded myself to sleep, in which jovial toasts and cheerful jests seemed to sport around me. But these pleasant dreams soon disappeared, and softly and awfully the spectacle of the death-festival passed before me as in a magic-lantern; the grave on which I had stood, the field of flowers as though veiled in black, all rose before me, and in my dream I again stole the rose, escaped from the grounds pursued by owls, and, on reaching home again, threw myself exhausted on the bed. Suddenly the door opened, and a lovely form, enveloped in a linen shroud, passed through, glided up to my bed, and I shudderingly recognized it as the form of her whose property I had violated. I trembled with horror. 'Where is my rose?' asked the form with unspeakable sadness, and her features, in spite of her beauty, were anxious and threatening. 'What have I done to thee, that thou shouldst rob me? Is it thus thou honourst the dead? Where is my rose?' Incapable of speaking a word, I stretched out my arm, and pointed to the window where the rose was in water. The figure motioned for me to rise. I was involuntarily, but violently, drawn to the rose, which I seized, and the spirit flew with me through the window, into the cold night air, far over the town, to the cemetery, to her grave. All around was desolate; not a human sound was to be heard; but from all the graves coloured flowers were nodding; lights and torches streamed in sparkling abundance, and from every mound the dead were rising and bathing their heads in the brightness of the consecrated flames, in the fragrance of the flowers, and in the blessed dew that falls at midnight from heaven.

"The maiden's grave alone was dark and forsaken, and no flower blossomed on it.

"At a sign from the shadow, I scratched up the dry earth with my fingers, and planted the rose. Instantly the hill around flamed with the most burning colours, and the stars rocked themselves in the newly-sprung flowers. 'So, it is well,' said the figure, in a hollow voice; 'but now thou art mine!' The hill opened, the grave yawned on me, and the corpse, sinking like a light fluke of snow, drew me irresistibly down with her. The whole weight of the earth rushed upon me. Oppressed by the clods of earth, choked by the embraces of the ghost, I lost all consciousness—and I awoke, and found myself in bed, the bright sun shining full upon me, and with a sigh of relief, I set the past down entirely as a dream. But, as this dream seemed to become more and more impressed on my memory, I rose to convince myself that I had really only dreamt, but, on going to the window to look at my rose, and to breathe its fragrance, it had disappeared. The glass was empty; the window was firmly closed, and the door was bolted. All inquiries after the flower were in vain. No one had seen it, no one had taken it, and I was obliged to conceal my anguish, in order not to be laughed at by the irreligious, or shunned by the religious. But since that time my rest is gone, and from hour to hour I await the irreconcilable enemy, who will take me away to punish me for the violence I practised on her grave."

(1) From the Note Book of a Traveller.

Of course I said everything I could to assuage his melancholy—to banish his fear; but rooted prejudices are not easily taken from the mind. I proposed to him to accompany me to a merry company in vain; he had been to none for years, he said. I wished to carry him to a concert; it disgusted him. At length I recollected that I had been invited to a little party which was to be given that evening by an acquaintance of mine, who some days previously had married a young girl of obscure rank, but honest, pious, and industrious, and who, therefore, appeared likely to make my honest Werner happy. He had frequently shown me a variety of kind offices, and appeared sincerely attached to me.

My friend accompanied me to the frugal repast of these good people, and, at their patriarchal table, at which Werner's aged mother presided, like a household goddess, the mourner enjoyed an hour's peace; but the evil spirit came over him again, and, scarcely bidding the company farewell, he flew to his lodging, again to bury himself with his melancholy.

Werner and his family naturally asked the cause of this mournful frame of mind, and I answered, "It is because it is so mournful, that I would not willingly disturb the joys of this marriage festival by relating its cause;" and, in order to divert all curiosity from the subject, Werner begged his young wife to show me the beautiful bridal garland she had worn at her wedding. She brought out the box, and, with a blush of pleasure, she showed me the ornament, woven of fresh myrtle and artificial orange-blossoms.

Deeply and securely buried among the trembling leaves and stalks, I soon detected a flower unusual in a bridal garland—a rose. Werner smiled, as I pointed it out, and said, "That is a whim of my own. This faded flower, which has been preserved for years, is the foundation of our domestic happiness, the first pledge of our love; and therefore I took it from my pocket-book, and placed it, like a religious relic, in the bridal wreath. It is just five years ago to-day, when my Anna, who was then a poor servant-maid in the inn opposite, entered my shop. I had often seen the charming girl, but had never ventured to say how much I was attached to her. But on that evening she wore in her bosom this rose, almost shaming the blushes on her cheeks; and with this rose I opened my conversation. I spoke with courage and fire, confessed my affection, obtained Anna's in return, and received from her, as a pledge of it, this rose. Heaven be praised! it was a talisman which constantly bound us together, and has united us at last at the altar."

"It is most curious," said I, "as a rose has caused your happiness, so also a rose has caused my friend's misery."

I then related his story, and I remarked the lovely Anna first become red, then pale, and at last she interrupted me—"I recollect your friend now, and I acknowledge, with repentance, that my indiscretion has, perhaps, been the cause of his misfortunes. He lived in our inn; and in his room, which I arranged very late on the evening of All-Saints' Day, I found this magnificent flower, which allured and tempted me so much, that I took it away, convinced that the young gentleman would not think much about a rose which he had plucked the day before. It turned out differently. The landlady questioned us all severely about the lost flower; but could I confess its fate, without at the same time confessing my little theft, and my love to Werner?"

I started up, embraced Werner and Anna, and that very night I brought back my friend, who suddenly saw his anguish fall from him, like scales from the eyes; and, becoming instantly a new man, he thoroughly enjoyed the punch that we drank to the memory of that glorified being, whose grave had certainly caused my friend some unhappy hours, but had also founded the blessed happiness of a whole family.

RAMBLES IN BELGIUM.

No. V.—LOUVAIN AND WATERLOO.

It was good fortune which decided my taking a vigilante to Louvain, as it enabled me to see a much more pleasing part of the country than can be found on the line of railway from Brussels to Mechlin, and so on to Louvain: this latter is also a circuitous route.

These vigilantes are very convenient vehicles, and in appearance are something like the old hackney coaches, and something like the London street cabs, partaking of the nature of both, and yet preserving an individuality of their own. A party of four of us was taken to Louvain, a distance of sixteen miles, for nine francs. The road is much more picturesque the nearer it approaches Tervueren, being well wooded and hilly: not far off a mansion was to be seen of noble dimensions, which the driver said was a present from the Flemish nation to the Prince of Orange, since ascended to the Dutch throne; now, of course, his no longer. Everybody had so bepraised the Hôtel de Ville,—every one had said, when admiring the glorious pile at Brussels, "Oh! this is nothing, compared to the one at Louvain;" all books of travel and works on art were so unanimous in giving it the pre-eminence, and my expectations were so greatly excited, that I must fairly confess, when the driver of the vigilante deposited me beside it, I felt disappointed.

Although distinctly to this day preferring the solid magnificence of the Brussels hall, yet after few pausings, contemplations, looks and re-looks, so to speak, I was able to appreciate the beauties of the building before me. To say that it is profusely decorated from basement to roof affords little assistance to the imagination of the reader. It has three tiers of windows, with a gallery above; the roof is lofty, and has many small windows in it, rising one above another; there are three turrets on each side, with pinnacles, the centre of which are very high. All executed in very elaborate and florid Gothic style. It was erected in the middle of the fifteenth century, and is said to have cost 82,900 guilders. Internally there is not much deserving attention; there are some quaint old pictures and tapestry of no great value. It was pleasing to find that the townspeople appreciated the beauties of their famous "Lion;" for, whilst making some purchases at three shops, the three different vendors, who appeared certain that I was on my travels, were all loud and magniloquent in its praise,—one going so far as to request Monsieur to view it from all points of the compass, and to enter a wood near the town, where it might be viewed in a framework of leaves; it was then so superb that Monsieur would have a more exalted idea than he would be able to attain in any other position. Louvain was full of priests, promenading the streets in every direction: they have an imposing appearance in their long flowing black robes and three-cornered hats, though their gait is not particularly elegant or graceful, or their pace at all conspicuous in its solemnity. There was one of them whose figure was of a commanding height, and whose face was the very reflex of all good humours. I met him subsequently at Liege at the railway.

There are two descriptions of beer brewed in this town, which beverage is drunk in large quantities by the Belgians; it is somewhat difficult to say which of the two is the worst. The commoner sort is called *Peetermans*; the superior, the "*bière blanche*." In this latter wheat is used. The flavour of both sorts is most intolerable: but it would seem, by the accounts given of its sale, to be highly relished by the "*braves Belges*." There is truly no accounting for taste, and if this often quoted apothegm were at all likely to be forgotten, or out of date, a good draught of *Peetermans*, or the "*bière blanche*," would soon revive its memory. Yet,

strange to say, Louvain has high repute for its breweries and its beer; and I question much if Messrs. Barclay and Perkins dare venture a rivalry with Messrs. Renier and Hambrouk in the Low Countries. The cathedral of St. Peter having been especially mentioned by some French friends as possessing some paintings of great merit and value, I entered, prepared fully to admire one of Hans Hemling's works which decorates the altar, and a few others in the side aisles, etc. Here again disappointment succeeded expectation. It is in Bruges where Hemling has acquired his title to artistic glories. In that hospital where he lay sick and penitent may be found his finest productions. Louvain was formerly a place of considerable importance, and afforded a subsistence to many hundreds of weavers. Now how is the whole place altered!—streets almost desolate, houses uninhabited, decay and silence reigning in the once busy mart; its commerce, as compared with by-gone years, reduced to mere nothing; so it is, the palace of one generation becomes the ruin of another: and it has often occurred to me, how fine a subject for romance or epic poem might be furnished from this change in the destinies of the old cities of the world. Flanders could yield too many an illustration for so mournful a theme.

It was in Louvain that an insurrection broke out in 1380 against the Duke of Brabant, which produced consequences of no small moment to England. It induced a large body of weavers to emigrate and settle amongst the English artisans; and this simple circumstance laid the foundation of our woollen trade. My *adieux* to Louvain were made after I had inspected a very well laid out cemetery near the town, and enjoyed some more last views of the Hôtel de Ville, and then another vigilante was at hand to convey me to Waterloo.

It is of course expected of every Englishman to approach this battle plain with a doubly distilled mixture of gallant enthusiasm and patriotic devotion. Now, when we got to Quatre Bras, the wood was all gone; there was scarcely a solitary tree near the place. The forest of Soigné is conspicuous for a number of spruce-looking tall young beech and elm trees. The Chateau of Hougomont is fast losing its identity; new buildings are creeping up all round it; very little remains of its former state. The field where the great action of our time was fought is remarkable for possessing a great sand-hill, on which is deposited in triumphant glory the Belgian Lion,—magnificent trophy truly to the "braves Belges!" Whichever way the eye turns, it is invariably directed to this monstrous absurdity. And this is Waterloo!—really and literally Waterloo!—this the ground where a British hero won his proudest laurels, and where one of the greatest of human comets learnt the use of his heels!!! In vain the guide pointed to this part as the scene of a particular skirmish; and to that as the distinguishing vantage ground of such and such a battalion. In vain; for I could as soon fancy it all to have taken place on Hampstead Heath or Salisbury Plain. Look where I would, that horrid, stupid sand-hill, with its presiding genius, would intrude upon the sight, till I began to wonder why it did not roar. An orchard, with an old, worn out, battered gate, bearing impress of a cannonade, was the only spot I could hit upon as evidence palpable of the scene I had so often heard and read of. So I let the guide wander on and talk till there was every prospect of his telling the same tale ten times over. There was something about the place so utterly destitute of its associations, that no ideality would or could overcome. Corn was ripening and flax was growing all around; and why should it not be so? Why, indeed? But again that most offensive sand-hill—why should that be so? Why obtrude that tasteless monstrosity to scare her Britannic Majesty's lieges? To see the golden ears waving was all very well, symbolical of the happy peace which has survived those fearful scenes of carnage and desolation. But to behold that vile work of Art rising to disturb and destroy

the natural level of the plain is enough to raise the spleen of a Briton born and bred. So disappointed did I feel, that I could not help saying, when I dismissed the guide, that a man might as well pay to be shown the sea in the bay of Trafalgar, as to give his *douceur* for visiting Waterloo as it now is.

ON SOUND AND THE SENSE OF HEARING.

WHEN the reader is informed that all sounds result from vibrations, produced in an elastic body, and propagated through the air to the ear, it may not unnaturally occur to him to ask what is the cause of the different kinds of sound: what, for instance, is the difference between a *noise* and a musical *tone*.

An investigation of this subject has led to the curious conclusion, that, when a body vibrates with considerable rapidity and uniformity, a musical tone is produced; but if the vibrations be unequal among themselves, some being slower than others, the resulting sound is appreciated by the ear, not as a tone, but as a mere noise. When a wheeled carriage is passing over the stones of the street, each projecting stone with which the wheels come in contact receives a blow, and to a certain degree vibrates in consequence; but the stone has so little elasticity, that the resulting vibrations are not so regular and equable as to form a musical tone; nor are the successive percussions of the wheels against different stones so equal-timed or "isochronous" as to yield such a tone. Again, when the teeth of a saw work against a piece of wood, the successive contacts of the teeth with the wood are too unequal in their occurrence for the production of a musical tone. A file, working against a piece of metal, produces a sound approaching more nearly to a tone, partly because the teeth are finer, and because the substance is more perfectly elastic than wood.

Now in order to induce a belief that this isochronism of vibration occurs during the production of a musical tone, we may refer to the action of a common pendulum, or even a ball hung from a hook by a piece of string, and made to oscillate. We shall find that any one such pendulum will perform its oscillations in almost precisely the same length of time, whether the extent of the oscillation be great or small. If the pendulum or the ball have to pass through a larger arc, it moves proportionably quicker, whereby the path is gone over in the same time as a smaller arc. So, in the various musical instruments, the elasticity of the vibrating body is in general so equable, that the rapid vibrations to which we refer succeed each other after equal intervals of time. The parchment of a drum or a tambourine, the string of a violin or harp, the column of air in a flute or horn, the metal of a triangle or cymbals, however they may be excited to action, and however they may differ in quality of tone, all make their vibrations in an isochronous manner, and yield musical tones. The different qualities of the tones thus yielded are attributable partly to the material of which the instrument is made, and partly to the manner in which the vibrations are excited. Although the piano-forte, the harp, the guitar, the mandolin, and the violin, consist essentially of stretched cords, yet it is easy to distinguish the kind of tone belonging to each; and we may notice the following

points in endeavouring to explain the source of the difference: in the piano-forte, the strings are enclosed in a box, and are struck with a soft hammer; in the harp, they are open to the air, attached to a sounding-board at their lower ends, and struck with the fingers; in the guitar, they are likewise struck with the fingers, but have a sounding-board or case parallel with their length; in the mandolin, they have scarcely any sounding-board, and are struck with a quill or plectrum; in the violin, they are vibrated by the friction of a resined bow. In all these cases, the tone is modified in quality by the manner in which the string is vibrated, and by the presence or not of a sounding-board, which, being itself set into vibration, communicates vibrations of a peculiar kind to the air. In wind instruments, and in instruments of percussion, the same remarks apply. If the vibrations are brought about in a particular manner, the resulting tone has a character or quality belonging thereto.

Supposing, then, that any series of sounds, to which we are listening, have that character which we call musical, the next inquiry is, how a difference of pitch or acuteness is brought about. An octave-flute produces sounds of the same quality as a concert-flute, a quality essentially different from those yielded by stringed instruments; but the tones of the two flutes differ greatly in pitch or acuteness, those of the smaller flute being more acute than those of the larger. In all such cases, it is found that the more elevated tones result from a quicker series of vibrations, without relation to the manner in which those vibrations are made. If a string make one hundred vibrations in a second, these vibrations will be of the same kind, and will produce a sound of the same quality as those which are repeated from a similar string, with a rapidity of two hundred in a second; but the sound will differ in pitch or acuteness. As the pendulum of a clock will oscillate more quickly when its effective length is diminished, so will the vibrations of a column of air, a string, a spring, or a metal rod, be increased in rapidity, when the length of the vibrating body is diminished; and it has been found that whenever such a result is produced, the ear (or the mind) recognises the fact in the production of a more acute tone, than when the vibrating body was longer.

If it should be asked, why a rapid series of vibrations produce an acute sound, we can only meet the question by asking another,—why do vibrations produce sound at all? We have been desirous of reducing the inquiry to its simplest form hitherto, in order to explain the dependence of sonorous effects on the vibration of the sonorous body; but there is a point beyond which we cannot go, viz., the connexion between the physical effect and the mental perception, which we have represented by the verbs *to sound* and *to hear*. The ear appears to be an organ constituted in such a manner as to be affected by the vibrations of the air with which it is in contact; but the mental machinery, or the mental process which follows this affection, and which we designate as *perception*, will perhaps never be thoroughly understood. It may, however, be as well, briefly to notice the construction of the ear, and the opinions entertained respecting its action.

Anatomists, after a careful examination of the construction of various animals, have come to the conclusion, that the essential organ of hearing is a nerve or a set of nerves, and that the ear is merely a mechanism for effecting more completely that which could to a slight degree be brought about without it. Many of the lower animals enjoy the faculty of hearing to a limited extent, although unprovided with organs exclusively appropriated to the concentration and transmission of sound. A deaf person can find a slight degree of musical pleasure, by placing his hands on the case of a piano-forte while being played; the vibrations of the instrument impart a tremor to the frame which probably affects the auditory nerve. It is sup-

posed that a tremor, somewhat similar, communicated by the vibrations of the air, supplies the want of actual audition in the lower animals. A writer on this subject has observed:—"It is probable that even the lowest animals provided with a nervous system, are able to perceive the notices thus conveyed of external objects, and turn them to account in the degree necessary for their security and comfort. But to meet the increasing wants, and minister to the multiplied faculties of the more complete animals, various subsidiary parts are found to be added, in something like a regular succession, as we advance upwards in the scale, each lower grade possessing the rudiments of some additional provision more fully developed in the next above, till the organ reaches its greatest amplification in man and the other mammalia. The particular use of many of these subsidiary parts has not yet been explained. We know in general that they must increase the force and vividness of the impression; that they afford indications of its direction, and the means of appreciating minute shades of difference in its kind and degree, and in the frequency of its repetition; that some of them add to the security of the organ without impairing its delicacy; and that others serve to adjust its position, and to adapt it to various changes in the state of the atmosphere."

The external, or visible ear, called the *concha*, or *auricle*, consists of several pieces of elastic cartilage, expanded in a form more or less resembling an ear-trumpet in many animals. In man it serves the purpose of collecting the sonorous vibrations, and directing them into the cavity of the ear. From this passage, or channel, the *meatus auditorius externus*, leads to the *tympanum*, an inner portion of the ear. This passage proceeds at first upwards and forwards, then downwards and backwards, and finally in a horizontal direction, till it ends at the tympanum, or "drum," of the ear. The tympanum is a small hollow bony case, having at the exterior end, or side, a circular opening, covered by a stretched membrane, called the *membrana tympani*, or the membrane of the drum. Into the hollow of this drum, or tympanum, opens the end of a little tube, about two inches in length, called the eustachian tube, the other end of which opens into the pharynx, the cavity at the back of the mouth and nose. By means of this tube it has been supposed that the external air is admitted into the tympanum from the mouth and nose, to equipoise the pressure of the atmosphere on the other side of the membrane of the drum. Across the cavity of the drum, though not in a straight line, is extended a series of little bones, the smallest in the body, the exterior one of which is attached to the membrane just spoken of, while the interior one is attached to a membrane which separates the drum from an inner cavity of the ear, called the labyrinth. This labyrinth consists of a hollow, excavated as it were in the solid bone, and consisting of a middle, irregularly-shaped portion, and of different channels, which proceed from it in various directions. All these passages are lined by a membrane on which the sentient extremity of the auditory nerve is expanded in different shapes; from these it is collected into one trunk, and goes on to join a particular part of the brain, thus completing a communication between the external ear and the sensorium.

To describe the minuteness and exquisite beauty of the several parts of the ear, is a subject for a volume rather than a paragraph; yet, after all the researches which have been made by talented men, the precise office which each part fills in the phenomenon of hearing, is but little understood. Persons have been found who were deficient in some one or other of these parts; birds and small quadrupeds have been purposely deprived of them, for the sake of experiment; and a few valuable facts have thus been ascertained; but nothing like a rationale of the whole process has been obtained. So far as present observations go, it seems probable that

the form of the external ear concentrates the vibrations, and sends them inward through the channel to the membrane of the tympanum; that the membrane is thus set into vibration; that air is admitted to the drum through the eustachian tube, to counteract this pressure; that the chain of little bones communicates those vibrations to the membrane at the inner end of the drum; that this in its turn communicates a tremor to a limpid fluid contained in the cavities of the labyrinth; and lastly, that the nervous tissues in contact with this liquid, convey to the brain those peculiar impressions which we call sound. But how the various gradations and qualities of sound, whether noisy or musical, are thus detected by the ear, we shall probably never know.

It would appear that when the vibrations of a sonorous body vary in rapidity, there is a limit to the perception of them by the human ear. Savart found, from some experiments which he made with a revolving bar, that when only twenty or thirty impulses were given to the air in a second, the effect was scarcely audible; but that, as the rapidity increased, a musical note was produced, which became more and more acute as the number of impulses in a second was increased. On the other hand Dr. Wollaston has shown, that when sounds become extremely acute, in consequence of the rapidity of the vibrations which produce them, the human ear is less and less enabled to perceive them. He found that a friend, whose general hearing was good, could not hear the sound of a shrill organ-pipe; another person could never hear the chirping of the common grasshopper, or *gryllus campestris*; a third was equally insensible to the chirping of a common house-sparrow; while the sounds emitted by the house-cricket and the bat were equally inaudible to others. Wollaston thinks there are animals capable of hearing sounds utterly inaudible to human ears.

As a concluding remark, we may observe, that although there are many difficulties in the way of answering fully the question, what is sound? yet we shall gain a notion of the elements of the subject by remembering, that, in all ordinary instances of sound, there is a body in a state of rapid vibration; which vibrations are communicated to the surrounding air, and by it to the drum of the ear; and that when such vibrations are equable, rapid, and uniform, the ear (or mind) recognises the result as a musical tone, higher or lower according to the rapidity of vibration; whereas, if the vibrations be irregular, the result is merely a noise.

DON'T BE AFRAID.

A Tale.

"I HAVE got good news at last, Aunt," said Agnes Walton, stepping into the little room, called by courtesy a parlour, where Mrs. Lacy was occupied in what she designated "washing up the breakfast things," otherwise, rinsing a few cracked and handleless cups in a basin of dingy-coloured water; whilst her eldest daughter, Charlotte, went through the process of wiping them with a towel, which seemed to have seen more service than soap.

"What is it, Agnes?" cried both mother and daughter in a breath, and their cry was echoed by five little girls in torn shoes and soiled calico, who came rushing in at the sound, and Robert, the only man of the family, lifted his pale and careful-looking face from a borrowed newspaper, to which he devoted the time saved from his breakfast hour, with the quick inquiry, "What is it, Agnes? has your uncle sent you money?"

"Oh no!" said Agnes, in a half-offended tone, "I expect no money from any one; but, you remember Mrs. Carleton, the officer's widow, who used to lodge with us?—she keeps a nice shop in London now, and

knowing her to be a kind good woman, and always friendly to me, because I sewed for her four young children when she was sick, I wrote the other day, just to ask her if she knew of any little situation where one might earn bread in an honest way, for you know there is a large family at home, and no work for any but William. And here," continued the girl, producing an open letter, "she tells me that she wants an assistant in the shop, and, if I go up to London, she will teach me her business, and give me a small salary after the first year."

"Is that all?" muttered Charlotte, bundling by the soiled towel and cracked tea cups, for she knew how neat and clean Agnes and her family kept everything in their house.

"All!" said Agnes, "is it not a great matter, to have the prospect of doing decently for oneself? and, when I am well settled, I will try to find a place for you, Charlotte; wouldn't you like that?"

"Oh dear, no!" cried Charlotte, "I would be afraid to go all alone up to London; one doesn't know what might happen one in such a great bad city."

"Take care of yourself, and trust in Providence," said Agnes; "there are thousands at work in London, younger than either you or I, and, if people can't find work at home, they must go abroad, you know. Wasn't it well that I saved all I earned by plain work for the last twelve months? I have now a pound—whole twenty shillings—and a sixpence besides: that will take me up to Mrs. Carleton decently."

"Sure you would not think of going, Agnes!" said Mrs. Lacy, with eyes as wide as astonishment could make them, "all the way to London in search of a situation, just as if you couldn't live at home; you that has such a nice good brother to work for you, and so many little sisters to look after? Child, child, I wonder what your father and mother would say if they could only hear it, poor souls!"

"My father and mother would say it was well done," said Agnes, "to take some of the burthen off poor William's shoulders: he has wrought for us all long enough; and, though I could do something at home, I can do much better in London; besides, Ellen is now fit to take my place, and Alice, and Mary, and Elizabeth, will soon be growing up too: who knows but I might get them places?—but, good morning, all! for I must go home and get ready my things."

Agnes departed, and Mrs. Lacy and her eldest daughter remarked and marvelled over the affair, with occasional observations from the junior members of the family, who could only understand that their cousin Agnes was going away; but at length, they all agreed, that it was very foolish and very bold of her to take such a step. Mrs. Lacy wound up her concluding censures, with the declaration that Agnes was very bold any way, and Robert, who knew that his hour was expired, took up his well-worn hat, and quitted the room with a more melancholy look than usual.

Agnes Walton was the daughter of a respectable tradesman, living in the small and secluded village of Willowbrook, a little place like an overgrown hamlet, situated on the southern coast of England, on one of those broad and level downs, in which the writer of "the Dairyman's Daughter," "the Negro Servant," and many another tale dear to our early memories, so much delighted; fenced in by high chalk cliffs from the sea, and covered with pasture land and corn, in the midst of which stood the village, on the banks of a broad clear stream fringed with willows, from which the place was named, its house roofs half hidden by green hedgerows and luxuriant orchards.

We have said that Agnes' father was respectable, and the term is appropriate to an honest, industrious man, for such he was; but like too many of his class, William Walton married early, and saved nothing: he made what is called "a love match" with the daughter of a neighbouring and rather wealthy farmer, who might have brought a few hundreds, by way of portion, to a husband

nearer her own station; but as the girl chose differently, the only dowry vouchsafed to her was the indignation and dislike of her family, including her elder sister, who had been but a month before satisfactorily married to Mr. Robert George Lacy, the village attorney, and third cousin to the Squire of Willowbrook hall; for where was there ever an English village without a hall and a squire?

The sisters had been the only girls of their family: born among many boys, in childhood they had dressed their dolls together, and in youth arranged their curls at the same glass, (for farm houses were scarce of mirrors in those days,) but the currents of their wedded years flowed far apart, for the barriers of style and station rose between them. Mrs. Lacy inhabited a house of two stories, kept what in Willowbrook was called a drawing-room, and sported "her one-horse chaise and bit of livery," as the Caudle papers have it; while Mrs. Walton's dwelling-place was a low cottage, apart from the rest of the village, and standing alone under the old willow trees on the very margin of the stream: but it was covered with rose and honey-suckle, had flowers in the front and a neat garden in the rear: all Willowbrook knew that she kept no servant, and the family (for such things will come,) walked to church every Sunday "on their feet like other people," as an observing dame of the neighbourhood was wont to remark.

Such distinctions were sufficient to mark the respective positions of the sisters, particularly as Mr. Lacy was known to be the Squire's man of law. But in two things, at least, they were equal; first, that their children increased and grew like olive plants, if not much faster; and secondly, that they never thought of laying up any provision for their future days: but time, at length, still more equalized the fortunes of the growing branches. Mrs. Walton passed from her rose-covered cottage to a green grave, at the birth of her sixth child, and her poor husband, whose heart still held fast the love of his stealthy wooings, struggled on awhile with the desolation of his home, and followed her within the year, leaving five almost infant girls to the care of the older and only brother, William, a boy still in the years when tops and balls are precious, and marbles have an intrinsic value.

Mrs. Lacy had but little time to mourn the sister from whom fortune had so far estranged her, for the great destroyer entered her own dwelling also, and Mr. Lacy, in the midst of his apparently prosperous business, and village greatness, was suddenly summoned from this world by a fever, leaving his affairs embarrassed to such a degree that the sale of his effects scarcely paid his creditors, and his wife with seven children to provide for, besides her own singularly genteel ideas and rather useless habits: of course, friends and relations assembled to do what they could for the widow, and the result of their combined abilities was, that she and her family were housed in a small house, much like that occupied by the Walton's, though not so neatly kept, with some poor remnants of their former furniture, and the first-born Robert, (for by a curious coincidence of circumstances, Mrs. Lacy's children had amongst them but one boy, and he was the eldest,) was placed as an apprentice with Mr. Selby, a draper, who had lately set up in the village a shop which, like the rod of Aaron, swallowed up all its former establishments, for the like of it had never been seen in Willowbrook.

But the Walton's had no friends to take care of them; for their father had no relations but one married sister, a poor char-woman with a drunken husband, and, having lost her first baby, she took the youngest child to nurse in its place. Their mother's relatives looked coldly on the tradesman's children, and generally recommended the workhouse; but the orphans preferred their old cottage, and the owner (for such deeds of hopeful charity are still known amongst men,) allowed them to remain in it, free of all charges, till time or fortune should enable them to pay. But young William had learned something of his father's trade, and Agnes, who happened to be their eldest girl, could sew a little; Ellen, and Mary, and

Alice picked up their living by all sorts of small industry;—sometimes they went errands, and sometimes they went where people's wits are said to go—"a wool-gathering," like the children of the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," for Willowbrook was a pasture district, and sheep will leave wool on the bushes. So the orphan family lived on through many a summer, and many a winter too, for poverty can make out life in the country. At times they received assistance from some kind neighbours, who still remembered old friendship, and their dead parents; but often they had none except that of Providence, who, like the old world's Jupiter, still helps those that help themselves; and at length little Elizabeth came to join their company, for her good aunt finished her washing days, just when the little girl was able to go a wool-gathering with her sisters. But every year added strength to their hands, and means to their resources, for time is the trust of the young. As William grew older, his skill and employment increased, till his praise was in all the parish as a good and trusty tradesman. Agnes was in requisition by all who were fastidious in shirts, caps, or baby linen, and there was a taste for such things even in Willowbrook. Her sisters, one after another, became expert in the use of the needle, and added to the family finances by the practice of every useful art, from "straw plait," up to "Berlin;" and the Walton's were known as a decent, industrious family, who paid their own way, and wanted nothing but work from the world.

How the Lacys lived was for some time a problem to the whole village, for Robert was still in his apprenticeship, and Mrs. Lacy promulgated the fact, that "her girls, poor things! could do nothing for themselves," and nothing certainly they did that could bring in a farthing. Her own time, as well as that of her eldest daughter, was occupied by perpetually washing and patching up the remains of old finery, for the purpose of enabling that young lady to appear to advantage. As for the junior branches of the family, they were very seldom visible.

In the days of their mamma's glory, they had all, including the baby, (for, of course, there was one,) been daily exhibited on the village street, under the conduct of a very loud-speaking nurse, who drew the attention of both strangers and natives to the magnificence of their frocks, hats, and feathers. But those days were past, with all their grandeur, and Mrs. Lacy's chief care was now to keep them as much out of sight as possible, and fast shut up in the cottage, lest, as she expressed it, "they might learn bad habits, by associating with the children of common people;" for, Reader, the exclusive spirit hath its temples every where. To be sure, this arrangement did not much improve either the health or tempers of her little girls; but what are such considerations to prudent and determined mammas, compared with the indulgence of their own caprices or vanity! however, the grand mystery of Willowbrook was at length solved, for it became generally known that the family received an allowance in a quiet way from the parish, and, besides, sundry contributions from all who came within the pale of relationship, out of which consolidated fund Mrs. Lacy occasionally purchased white pinafores and gay-coloured calicoes, destined to be washed every second day; for the most merciless wearers of her household supplied their wants in the provision line, and drank tea at least three times per diem.

But the years that passed over the Lacy's, in paltry dependence, petty jealousies, bitter disputes, and all the mean miseries of an idle community, shut up in their poverty both of mind and purse, brought changes, though not bright ones, to Robert; he was naturally of a gentle and patient disposition, and his mother had so earnestly impressed upon him, that he was to be the staff of her age, and the support of his sisters, that Robert seemed to regard himself as a staff in good earnest, on which the weight of the whole family must lean.

Doubtless there was ballast enough in that connexion

to keep his youth steady; for, from a frank and handsome boy, he grew up a sober and very subdued young man, anxious to succeed, and extremely attentive to business: such boys are always sure to please their employers; and, as soon as Robert's apprenticeship expired, Mr. Selby engaged him as a shopman, with the usual amount of salary given by country drapers; but, small as that amount was, it would have left poor Robert savings, besides the supply of his own simple wants. However, such was not the destiny of his earnings, for, no sooner did the parish authorities discover that Mrs. Lacy's son was in the receipt of money, than they stopped the supplies; the few relations, whose patience was not already exhausted, also refused to be further taxed, on the same account. And Mrs. Lacy and Miss Charlotte, who now stood on the threshold of womanhood, with the deep-rooted consciousness that she was Attorney Lacy's daughter, and therefore could do nothing for her own support, patched and mangled, and drank tea as heretofore accustomed, till one penny of poor Robert's quarter's salary never beheld the succeeding quarter paid: and the good dame spent most of her leisure hours in lamenting that it was not in her power to send her little girls to Miss Green's nice day-school, where deportment and all sorts of fancy work were taught for two shillings a month, and observed to a friend who hinted that girls might learn to read at the charity school, "that Attorney Lacy's daughters could not be seen in such a place: no reading at all was better than that, for she knew those who had lived and married well without much learning, and Charlotte could teach her sisters, any way."

How Miss Charlotte fulfilled the duties of a governess we cannot tell, never having seen the fruits of her instruction; but one thing is certain, that, having a good deal of unoccupied time, the young lady improved her own mind with all the novels she could either buy or borrow, and took a special pleasure in reading the adventures of young noblemen, who were captivated by lovely faces seen through cottage windows; for in the truth of such tales both she and her mamma had an unwavering faith, particularly when they ended with a peal of bells, a bridal procession, and the instantaneous transformation of a young and beautiful peasant girl into a jewelled countess. At times indeed it seemed to have entered into their calculations that one of those marvellously rare events might occur in their own history; but Robert had no such visions; he laboured on with persevering though uncrowned industry: never was there a youth more anxious to learn or less prodigal of his gains, but the burthen was beyond his strength, and in spite of every effort the helpless dependent family continued pinched and poor. Meantime the village matrons observed that he was a discreet and deserving young man, and the girls hinted it was a pity he had so many sisters, for Robert was handsome and good, and the only amusement he sought, after the long toil of his busy day, was an evening visit to the cottage of the Waltons.

Mrs. Lacy had recollected their near relationship ever since her fortune sunk to the same level. The families in consequence became intimate as cousins ought to be, and the Waltons were found very useful in the way of small loans, and other obligations, which were not always returned, though the good dame remarked, in the secrecy of her own heart, "one could not forget they were a mere tradesman's children, and no equals for her family, who had seen better days."

But Robert seemed to think his best hours were spent beside the small open window where Agnes used to work. Young men will fall in love, however far it may be beyond their means, and the girls of the neighbourhood, always keen in such matters, could tell how his eye followed her light active figure, when his step was limited by the shop threshold, as she passed on those numberless errands that keep the early rose on the cheek of the young country needlewoman, in spite of

long sittings and late hours. They knew also that he walked to and from church by her side in his well-brushed though rather threadbare coat, for Robert's wardrobe was not extensive; but the sight or mention of a wedding always made him look strangely sad, like one who felt he could not afford to marry.

Some said that Robert was foolish for thinking of a girl so poor as Agnes, and others that Agnes was too wise to think of him; but none remarked that young Master Lently, the tallest of the rector's boarders, (for the good pastor of Willowbrook eked out his limited income by a private seminary,) sat directly opposite her in church, and was sure to bid her good-morrow at every stile in her many walks of necessity.

Master Lently was the son of a London merchant; his father had higher views for him than the counting-house, for an estate and title were the crowning visions of all the old man's commercial speculations.

Frederic, for that was the boy's name, was his only heir, and, being particularly anxious for religious and moral training, he committed his education for some years to his old acquaintance, the peaceful and the easy-tempered Rector of Willowbrook, for the old merchant was firmly convinced that boys could learn no evil in the country.

Master Lently was now eighteen, and talked much of setting out for Cambridge or Oxford, but still he did not go, and Agnes encountered him by the green lanes and hedge-rows oftener than usual. From frequent meetings she had formed a sort of acquaintance with the young gentleman, just sufficient to answer his good morning, and remark on the state of the weather; and, if her smile was more brief and bright than that bestowed on her sober and paternal cousin, Agnes knew too well the barriers that rose between their stations, and never permitted them to be passed, though Lently was said to be the best-natured and handsomest boy in the parish. But she was already sixteen, her young sisters were growing up around her, and all their arts could only keep want out of the cottage, besides, work would fail at times among so many hands, and, though William's earnings were on the increase, he called himself a man now, and cast long looks on Rose White, the blacksmith's eldest daughter. Agnes saw this, and had for some time contemplated resigning her office of chief needlewoman of Willowbrook, to her next sister, Ellen, who was now fully competent to fill it; but the prudent take no steps without making sure of their ground, and she accordingly consulted Mrs. Carleton.

That lady was, as Agnes had said, an officer's widow, whom disease had overtaken in her journey to London, where she intended to join her relations; her route lay through Willowbrook, and, as her funds were low, she found accommodations suited to them in the neat cottage of the Waltons, who practised a sort of subletting with the better part of their dwelling, in order to discharge their obligations to the kind owner who had spared their weaker days.

Mrs. Carleton was one of those who believe the world owes us all a living, and are determined to recover the debt. Her relations were people of business, and with their assistance she opened a handsome retail shop, in one of the quiet but respectable streets of the capital. Well might Agnes rejoice over her letter, for it was the return of "bread cast upon the waters," with the memory of many a kind and careful deed done to the sickly woman and her orphan children. Such things will come back; but blessed are their goings forth even when they never return.

Short and hasty were the young girl's preparations, for Mrs. Carleton had said, the sooner she came the better; but the Lacy's were in still greater haste discommodating the news, for news were scarce in Willowbrook, and therefore highly valued. All the village wished well to Agnes, but some joined in Mrs. Lacy's opinion that "she was very bold," and many wondered with Charlotte that she wasn't afraid. But another morn-

ing, at a still earlier hour, found her come to take leave of the Lacy's. She had got the farewells and good wishes of all Willowbrook, the rector and his pupils included; and Frederick Lently was out unusually early that morning, walking backwards and forwards in front of "The Golden Deer," where the southern stage stopped, on its way to London. Agnes had taken an outside seat, but the good people of Willowbrook thought that Frederick expected his father; however that might be, Agnes Walton made her parting arrangements; she gave her brother William a watchguard for himself, and a "Billen bag" for Rose, bestowed upon Ellen her cheap workbox with all its well-worn appurtenances, kissed all her little sisters, and promised to look out for places for them in London; and—Readers, they were not afraid—took solemn farewell of all the Lacy's, who were assembled in the parlour, and crying on the occasion; only Robert, for he stood at the door ready and determined to see her to the coach, which now came thundering on with all the temporary stir and tumult which a passing stage can create in the street of a quiet village: and, after many prayers not to think of going all alone, from her weeping Charlotte, mingled with the mother's strong recommendations to just "come straight back to her brother if she found London in the least disagreeable," Agnes wiped her eyes, slipped her arm in that of Robert, who drew it kindly in with "God bless and prosper you, Agnes; I know you'll come to something yet, and get some great match in London, but I'll never forget you," said the young shopman, as he helped her up to her outside place, about which Frederic Lently was marvellously busy, but all the world knew that he was good natured. "Thank you, Mr. Lently. Cousin, farewell!" said Agnes; and away drove the southern stage, in all the glory and importance of being the coach to London, for railways had never risen on the dreams of Willowbrook.

(To be continued.)

THE PASSAGE OF THE SPLÜGEN.

A FRAGMENT.

No person can pass from Milan to Lecco without being struck with the singular beauty of the scenery, increasing at each step in variety of feature and in richness of landscape. The hills, gently undulating, are clothed with trees of the richest verdure, from which vines hang in a succession of festoons, or are trained as roofed terraces, among which cottages and villas of the most dazzling whiteness sparkle in their softened outlines. A higher range of grey rock, on the crags of which many an ancient ruin frowns on the peaceful scene beneath, rises in the middle distance, preparing the eye by a rising and natural gradation for the stupendous forms and snowy crests of the distant Alps. The Adda, winding in its course through the narrowd vallies, gives additional life to the scene, now rich and bright in pastoral beauty, but still recollected as one of rapine and horror while occupied by the French army during its Italian campaign.

The writer of this little sketch performed this journey on a splendid evening of last summer, and it will be long, sufferer even as he was from acute illness, before the recollection of that gorgeous sunset, and the calm repose of that hour, will be effaced from his memory. Imperceptibly night drew on, but there was no darkness, for hardly had the Alps to the west lost the bright pink tinge of the setting sun, than those to the east were lit up by the brilliancy of the moon at its full, throwing a long flood of dancing light on the ripple of the Adda. He hardly regretted the circumstance, though in his then helpless state the position promised discomfort, if not danger, but the motion of the carriage became so insupportable, that he was compelled to alight, and to allow the vehicle to continue its course, while he feebly followed it at intervals, as

the freshness of the air, and the repose of nature, acting on the mind gave impetus to his powers. He sat down from time to time on the bank of the river, and rested against the mulberry-trees on its border, an object of silent curiosity and inspection to the patrols, and little caring as to the hour of his arrival at Lecco; but sympathy for his condition and alarm for his safety brought people from the town to his assistance. They had been alarmed by the report of the driver of the carriage, and, as they said, humanity would not allow them to leave a sick man on the road exposed to the violence of the storm which they were assured was approaching; nor were they mistaken, for shortly after they reached Lecco, lightning and distant thunder announced its vicinity. Soon the rain fell, and continued to fall in torrents for five hours, amidst lightning that lit up the surrounding mountains with a lurid glare, and peals of thunder, which boomed and echoed among them in a continuous roll.

The morning broke fine and cloudless, and nature was bright and fresh from the effects of the storm. The traveller mustered his energies, and engaged a little carriage to take him to Varenna, a small town on lake Como, where he proposed to join the steamboat, and to proceed in it to the end of the lake. Varenna has nothing to recommend it but its position and scenery. The church, and here and there a white building, alone distinguish it from the rock of which it otherwise seems to form a part, and which is fringed with olive and lemon trees, and cypresses of enormous growth and towering height.

Anticipating the appearance of the steamer, the traveller embarked in a small boat in order to enjoy uninterruptedly the beauty of the panorama, the green waters of the lake, the sloping hills, densely wooded with oak and chestnut-trees to their summit, and studded with innumerable villas and hamlets, and the towering Alps in the back ground, beneath whose snowy tops wreaths of cloud and vapour wind slowly along, like mysterious spirits in those inaccessible regions; but a strong gale, rushing through a ravine, accompanied with mist and rain, so agitated the waters, that the boatmen were alarmed and turned to gain the shore; he, however, compelled them to bring the head of the boat to the wind and to await the steamer. Resolution prevailed and the point was gained, but at the expense of a complete soaking to himself and luggage.

The storm soon passed, and again all was sunshine and beauty, and in less than two hours the steamer was moored along side the rude quay at Colico, a little rough spot at the navigable extremity of the lake. Here difficulties seemed to increase, for the place boasted but of one carriage, which was already engaged, and the diligence only passed through at midnight, so as to reach Chiavenna at six in the morning, in order to have the advantage of daylight to ascend the pass of the Splügen, and to get clear of the defile of the Via Mala. The request to be permitted to join in the solitary carriage was courteously acceded to, the driver having stipulated to take the party with whom the traveller was now associated, to Chiavenna at all risks, by boat or otherwise, if the report of a bridge on the road having been washed away should prove correct. For about two hours every thing progressed favourably, and the party were congratulating themselves on the storm of the previous evening, which had brought the mountain-torrents and waterfalls into full activity, some dashing madly through the gullies, and others either falling in a sheer stream from a precipitous height, or winding gently down the side of the mountains like silver threads, when suddenly the carriage came to a dead stop.

Here the work of devastation had begun, for an inconsiderable stream, swollen by the sudden and vast addition to its waters, and boiling furiously along, sweeping away trees and vineyards in its course, had covered the once cultivated surface with stones and rocks,

which, carried onwards by the impetuosity of the waters, had torn away the bridge, and had deposited themselves like a foaming barrier, which it was impossible to ford.

The cunning Italian, foiled in his attempt at imposition, turned sulkily round and drove off; but a boat was soon luckily procured, in which the party were conveyed to the little hamlet of Riva. On their course they perceived that two other bridges had been equally demolished, and the road elsewhere perfectly obliterated. At Riva no conveyances could be found but a country waggon and a little cart; the latter was appropriated to the luggage, and the former, furnished with some sacks filled with grass, was occupied by the traveller. The course lay through a valley about half a mile wide, mountains rising on either side to the height of three or four thousand feet, and here the scene of destruction was frightful. Immense crags, loosened from the mountains, had toppled down, crushing cottages and bearing every thing headlong in their course, had covered the road and large tracks of land with their débris; and the Splügen river, having burst its banks a little below Chiavenna, although its waters had now subsided into its bed, had swept over the land, leaving a deposit of mud and stones, and prostrate trees, where before all was life and promise; and, as if in mockery of the desolation, or to afford the unhappy owners an idea of where their property had been, a few solitary mulberry-trees had withstood the shock, and reared themselves amidst the ruins of the soil.

At Chiavenna, which stands on the rising ground at the foot of the Alps, and at the very mouth of the Splügen pass, the storm had burst with fearful violence, aggravated in its terrors by night and its uncertainties, and driving the terrified inhabitants to their churches for prayer and mercy. Happily its fury abated before positive destruction befall them, for the waters had already touched the crown of the arch of the bridge, and any additional rise would have burst them, and have spread the flood through the town; for the channel, being in a deep rocky gully, through which, even in its most quiet moods, the stream foams and tumbles with headlong impetuosity, was already full to its brink. In one hour the water subsided six feet, and by morning they were but little above their usual level: the town was saved, but its property in land was destroyed.

The travellers here engaged a carriage to take them over the Splügen, and by the Via Mala to Chur. The toilsome ascent occupied eight hours, the road occasionally passing over a natural slope in the mountains, and sometimes either along a shelf cut in the rocks themselves, or working in a zig-zag direction, where a direct progress is rendered impossible by the nature of the ground. It is a triumph of engineering skill, and as safe as such a hazardous undertaking can be; but there are spots where a few spare inches, and a rickety wooden fence, alone intervene between the carriage and the yawning precipice beneath. In no case is the valley at its foot more than a quarter of a mile wide, and is narrower by degrees till it is finally arrested by a wall of rock. A few scattered cottages here and there in that hollow, and along the road, tell of a scanty population, afflicted with goitre, and very—very poor.

It is curious to notice the gradual change and succession of vegetation in the ascent; vines, oaks, and chestnut trees, are soon left behind, and corn and maize give place to potatoes, and a scanty produce of barley on little patches of land here and there to be found; higher up, hay is cut six weeks later than in the plains, and at last vegetation of all kinds is stunted, and becomes little more than an effort. On the very summit of the pass, a wretched squad of men in the Austrian uniform reside, performing the double duty of police and custom-house officers, always cold, and rarely passing a day without rain or snow, which latter covers the hill sides throughout the year.

The utmost ingenuity has been displayed through the whole pass in forming the road, (an operation of only

three years,) along almost inaccessible tracts, in boring through rocks, and in avoiding the course of torrents, which discharge volumes of water, and fall in a sheer and uninterrupted line many hundreds of feet, adding grandeur to the scene, and depriving it of the feeling of weariness and satiety. At particular exposures, where snow-drifts would fill up and bar the way, covered passages of great length are erected, but still a snow storm must be fraught with the greatest danger to travellers, where a false step, or a slip of the horse, would hurl them to destruction.

The descent to the village of Splügen, on the Swiss side, is carried in an unbroken zig-zag direction down the side of the mountain, purple with a species of Azalea, and occupies less than an hour. In this valley the Rhine, as a mere brook of a few feet wide, struggles onwards, increasing however somewhat in width, and considerably in power, as it foams and works its way in falls and torrents through the precipitous and inaccessible gullies it has worn for itself at the base of the mountains through which the Via Mala runs. For miles this road, which would be more appropriately called *Periculpna*, is bounded on one side by the mountain rock, out of which it is cut, and on the other by a fearful precipice, against which a miserable wooden paling is the only protection; and, simply with the precaution of a skidded wheel, the drivers trot their horses along, and turn them round corners with the indifference of habit.

Accidents rarely occur, but a frightful one awaited the travellers. At a point where the road had slipped, leaving for some distance a bare passage for a carriage, and without any barrier or protection against danger and the depth beneath, one of the party, a Pole, insisting on the reckless folly of remaining in the carriage exposed to such fatal risk, got out with his wife, begging his companions to follow his example, and compelling the postilion to dismount and to lead his horses. A few seconds had barely elapsed before the near report of a gun alarmed the horses;—they swerved, and the wheels of the carriage trembled on the brink;—the ground crumbled beneath them, and the body of the carriage, inclining to the angle thus formed, overbalanced itself, hanging for one instant by a vigorous effort of the horses;—it was but an instant, for, falling on its side, it slid and rolled down the few feet of bank on the top of the rock, dragging the struggling horses with it;—they plunged, and made frantic efforts to maintain their ground; but the weight of the carriage, and the impetus given to it by this fall were beyond their power. It was terrible to see their agony and convulsive struggles as they were being dragged downwards; and when the carriage disappeared over the verge of the precipice, and their fate was inevitable, one animal, as, with the supernatural strength of despair, clung for a second to the brink with its fore feet, and then, falling backwards, uttered a shriek, which was beyond description appalling. A crash, and a dull heavy sound borne upwards, announced the catastrophe to the horror-stricken party.

When reason returned, and a sense of their providential escape had been as far expressed as the agonizing excitement of the moment would admit of, (a full and due acknowledgement was not omitted at an early time and an appropriate place,) the travellers bent over the chasm, a depth of several hundred feet, through which the Rhine boils furiously along, and where no human foot can gain access, and there, in a confused and mangled heap, among rocks and water-riven fragments of trees, lay the carcasses of the horses, and such a portion of the carriage as had not been swept into the stream, never to be recovered; a loss, as regarded the luggage, of great moment, particularly to the unfortunate Pole, who lost his all; but the look of joy and thankfulness for their escape, which passed between him and his young wife, as she clung to him for support, showed how little they considered the wreck of their property in comparison to the mercy which had spared them.—E. P. T.

A MISTAKEN VOCATION.

CHRISTIAN URBAN, first alto of the Royal Academy of Music, expired at Paris last week. He was a consummate musician, and highly esteemed in the musical world. Short, ill-shaped, invariably wearing a sky-blue coat, and dining every day at the same table at the Café Anglais, Urban was well known for his originality. But what, above all, distinguished him was an extreme devotion, the minute practices of which he scrupulously followed. He went to mass every day of the week, and on Sundays attended every service. At night he brought with him to the Opera orchestral books, which he read with unctious whenever he was permitted to quit his bow for a moment. You will ask why so devout an artist had engaged at the Opera. He deplored it, but had been obliged to enter the band. Urban had at first devoted his talents to sacred music, but it had not yielded him enough to live upon, and necessity had thrown him into the dramatic world a theatrical musician. All the resources of his mind were employed in reconciling his ideas with the exigencies of his profession. Whilst accompanying with his violin the song and the dance, he had remained a complete stranger to the spectacle, and to its pomp and fascinating attractions. He had made it a rule to keep his head constantly bent on his chest, and his eyes lowered on his music or prayer-book. On no account would he have infringed the duty he had imposed on himself, for the slightest infraction would have been to him an enormous sin. Never did his eyes venture across the proscenium; never did he see the end of the foot, or the lower part of the leg of a dancer, even when she executed her liveliest *pirouettes* or most celestial *entrechats*. He had a holy horror of such abominations. We do not exaggerate; it is literally true that Christian Urban was many years in the Opera orchestra without ever having seen the stage. He was as unacquainted with the *cantatrices* as with the *danceuses*. One day, in a drawing-room, he met a young and pretty woman, who addressed him as a person whom one often sees, and complimented him on his talents in flattering terms. "Who is that lady?" asked Urban. "What, don't you know her?" replied the master of the house. "I have never seen her." "Impossible! look at her well." "In vain do I look at her," reiterated Urban: "I assure you that I have never seen her before." He told the truth; and it was necessary to name Madame Dorus, whom he actually saw for the first time, although he had heard her sing for the last ten years. Urban knew no faces on the Opera stage, and knew as little of the plays as of the performers. He carefully avoided paying the least attention to those works of Satan; and the pious meditations into which he was plunged prevented his hearing the words of the lyric drama. Several modern works have exhibited on the stage the ceremonies and pomp of the Church. Urban considered it a profanation, and shuddered when he heard the chorus utter Church music. One evening, whilst a procession moved across the stage, he was seen to kneel in the orchestra, cross himself, and pray with joined hands, as if he had been at Notre Dame. At the moment death struck him, Urban was about to retire on a pension, and devote himself to monastic life, which promised him unmingled felicity. He has died, leaving the reputation of a very intelligent man, who, during twenty-five years never missed a single performance at the Opera, and never saw *Guillaume Tell*, *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, the *Juive*, *Sylphide*, nor *Giselle*—of a musician of the Opera band who was faithfully at his post every night during those twenty-five years, and who, though provided with excellent eyes, never saw Mademoiselle Falcon, Nourrit, Taglioni, Madame Stoltz, Duprez, Carlotta Grisi, or any other of the gods and goddesses of either song or ballet.—*Paris paper.*

Miscellaneous.

THOUGHTS ON AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

TAKE the case of a common English landscape;—green meadows with fat cattle; canals, or navigable rivers; well-fenced, well-cultivated fields; neat, clean, scattered cottages; humble antique church, with churchyard elms; and crossing hedge-rows, all seen under bright skies, and in good weather: there is much beauty, as every one will acknowledge, in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Not, certainly, in the mere mixture of colours and forms; for colours more pleasing, and lines more graceful, (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred,) might be spread upon a board, or a painter's pallet, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion in the mind; but in the picture of human happiness, that is presented to our imaginations and affections,—and in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, and cheerful and peaceful enjoyment,—and of that secure and successful industry that insures its continuance,—and of the piety by which it is exalted,—and of the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life,—in the images of health and temperance and plenty, which it exhibits to every eye,—and in the glimpses which it affords to warmer imaginations, of those primitive or fabulous times, when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition; and of those humble retreats on which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

SOME Scotch officers were coasting along the shores of the Mediterranean in a felucca; when a woman's voice came warbling on their ears from the bosom of a grove; the air was that lovely, simple, and touching melody of their native land, *The Broom of the Cowdenknowes*. The associations it awakened were such as to make every chord of their manly hearts vibrate with emotion, and they wept. They landed in quest of the songstress, when, to their surprise, they discovered an old Scottish woman, seated at her cottage door, twirling her distaff, and lightening her task with these long-cherished strains of her youth. She was the widow of a soldier who had been killed in battle, and she had been thrown by the tide of accident into the spot where the gentlemen found her. Their grateful feelings prompted them to offer to convey her to her native country, in return for the delight they had experienced from the pleasurable associations with home which her notes had awakened. But, alas! all her friends were dead,—her native country was no longer her country,—she was, as it were, rooted in the soil where she now vegetated, and, perhaps, she enjoyed her indulgence in those visionary visitations to the scenes of her youth which the singing of its ballads procured for her, more than she could have done the really visiting her native land.

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Old Sally—a well-known London Character.

“My servant has a very good place of it, Sir. Why, besides her board and lodging, she has all my left-off clothes.”

ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT FLOOD AT DRESDEN, IN THE YEAR 1845.

[The following vivid description, embodying the personal experience of a native of Dresden, during the calamity referred to, has been communicated to one of the contributors to this Magazine, and now appears in print for the first time.]

THE year 1845 has been, and ever will be, especially memorable to the dwellers on the banks of the Elbe, on account of the high floods which, at the commencement of spring, overspread vast tracts of country, and caused much misery and loss of life, with the desolation of many a smiling valley and peaceful habitation. In no part of their course were these floods more terrific, or more awfully grand, than in the lovely valley of Dresden; where, however, they were happily less destructive than in some other parts of their wild career.

That you may understand my description the better, let me recall to your recollection the situation of Dresden and its environs with respect to the river Elbe. From Pirna, where the river breaks forth from the rocky walls which fetter its course all the way through the Saxon and Bohemian Switzerland, it rolls its waters along a wide open valley, which stretches in a north-westerly direction, nearly as far down as Meissen, a distance of about four German miles. At first, the river seems to prefer the vine-clad hills on its right bank to the cultivated fields and gardens on its left; but, about the middle of the valley, it appears to take a sudden fancy to the left side, and crosses over to it in an oblique direction. Midway on this oblique line stands the attractive little capital of Saxony, being situated in a plain, not much above the level of the river, but soon rising gently from it on either side. Thus portions of *Neustadt* (the New Town), which is on the right bank of the river, and portions of *Altstadt*, and *Friedrichstadt* (Old Town, and Frederic's Town), on the left bank, are comprised in the low-lying district close upon the Elbe, while the adjacent rising grounds are occupied by the chief part of the town. Facing the river on the Altstadt side, is the Brühlische Terrace, one of the great attractions of Dresden. This formed part of the ancient fortifications, and consists of bastions and high walls, rising nobly from the stream, whose waters vainly dash and murmur against its strong foundations. This terrace extends about eight hundred feet, and, at its western end, a handsome flight of steps leads down to the fine old bridge, overarched the river, and forming the only solid means of communication between the two chief portions of the town, Alt and Neustadt. Below the bridge, on both banks, are landing-places and wharfs for the goods brought up and down the river in boats. Farther down, on the left side, extends a low but lovely meadow ground, interspersed with avenues of lime-trees, called the *gehäge* (preserves), which is embraced by a large circuit of the river towards the north. Shoals of pebbles and sand, between the *gehäge* and the wharfs, indicate the mouth of a small tributary of the Elbe, called the *Weisseritz*, emerging from a rocky glen among the south-western hills. This little stream separates *Friedrichstadt*, the "west end" of Dresden, from *Altstadt*, the easterly portion. At the same spot also terminates a channel of the *Weisseritz*, called the *Mühlgraben*, or the Mill-stream, after having run through the western suburbs of Altstadt. If you bear these several particulars in

mind, you will the better understand the details of the calamity I am about to describe.

It cannot be forgotten that the chief feature in that remarkable winter was the enormous fall of snow in many of the continental countries, and the long continuance of that fleecy mantle, even to a period far beyond that which has been fixed on as the commencement of spring. Such masses of snow were drifted together, that, in the glens and ravines of the Saxon-Switzerland, as well as in the Silesian and Bohemian mountains, it lay to the depth of from twenty to thirty feet, and upwards. In the upper districts of the Saxon Erz-mountains (all along the Bohemian frontier left of the Elbe) it completely stopped up the roads, which had to be cleared at immense cost and labour. The cottages, in the highest parts of these mountains, were for weeks immersed in the downy billows to the very chimney-tops, and the inmates had literally to cut their passage out like miners.

For the benefit of these poor people, a pamphlet, with descriptive woodcuts, was offered for sale; and though in the latter the truth was somewhat overstepped, and an exaggerated picture was given of the wild wintry scenes of these desolate tracts, yet a better idea was given of the sad reality than could have been conveyed by words.

In the same way all Bohemia—from the mountain-tops, encircling this fine country, down to the bed of the Elbe, which receives their numerous streams—was loaded with the same dense wintry garment. From the end of February one thick layer of snow was buried by another and heavier one; and now, even over the minds of the least concerned persons, the secret fear of a dangerous *eisgang* began to creep. This apprehension was more than confirmed by reference to the chronicles of past centuries, which showed that a similar state of weather had always proved fatal in its consequences to the districts bordering on the rivers, especially the Elbe. To meet the impending evil, government now began to take vigorous measures for the security of life and property. At different points along the river, officials were stationed to warn those of the inhabitants most exposed to danger, and to arrange and direct the proper measures of safety by word and action, causing families to retreat in time, with all their moveables, to places of refuge prepared for them. To these wise precautions it is chiefly to be attributed that the loss of human life, and the destruction of property, were so small, compared with the great extent of the calamity. At proper distances pieces of ordnance were stationed, to announce, with the alacrity of thunder, the breaking up of the ice at any point, from the Bohemian down to the Russian frontiers. Amidst these apprehensions and preparations holy Easter had drawn near, and at last appeared, but with it no sign of genial spring, not as Göthe so beautifully has it:—

"Vom Eise befreit sind Strom und Bäche
Durch des Frühlings holden, belebenden Blick;
Im Thale grünet Hoffnung-Glück;
Der alte Winter, in seiner Schwäche,
Zog sich in rauhe Berge zurück." (2)

GÖTHE.—Faust.

Raging storms came on, accompanied by thickly whirling showers of snow, now and then changing into drizzling rain. Mists and heavy clouds at other times obscured the sun, the thermometer still keeping the freezing point. On the first day of the Easter holidays the river was crowded with skaters, sliders, and sledging parties, and a fair was even talked of, as likely to be shortly established on the frozen stream. A friend of mine, who had long been confined to his room by illness, had set his mind on a skating expedition on the

(1) The general breaking up of the ice is thus denominated in Germany.

(2) Rivers and brooks are liberated from ice by the gentle, vivifying glance of Spring; the joy of hope is verdant in the valleys; old Winter in his weakness withdraws to desolate mountains.

second Easter holyday; and he was enabled to perform it, although under very unfavourable circumstances. For it was on that day early in the morning that the weather changed decidedly, and earth, air, and sky indicated that the last day of surly winter was at hand. The streaming rain, however, was, for nearly the whole of this and the following day, quite unavailing over the thick masses of snow, which imbibed it like thousands of sponges; and it was not until a warm southerly gale began to breathe over the vast expanse that the solid mass began to dissolve by degrees into its original form. No sooner had this melting commenced, than torrents of water came pouring down the roofs, rushing from every corner and recess of houses, and soon turning streets and squares into lakes and pools of water, from which bubbling rivulets ran out in every direction. The sewers were wholly insufficient to swallow the hundreds of small torrents, and indeed soon became choked up.

A strange sight it was when at last the tiles and slates on the roofs of houses and churches re-appeared! Not so quickly were the pavement and ground restored to view. With pickaxes, spades, and every kind of breaking implement, they had to be freed from their burden, and heavy cart-loads of icy matter were constantly moving towards the river, and crowds of workmen were busy all over the town making, at least, the foot-ways passable. Out of town all remained apparently unmoved and stationary. The highways seemed, as it were, *Macadamized* with compact snow, wedged together into an icy substance. Only the tops of the most prominent hills were peeping forth their melancholy dark heads, looking over the white waste, now changing by degrees into a muddy, greyish coloured dress. But the smaller rivers, swelled by the incessant rains and melting snows, now began to uplift and break their icy crust. The Weisseritz and Bräueritz-river in the immediate neighbourhood of Dresden, the Lockwitz-Bach, and several others, soon succeeded in throwing off the fetters which had chained them in such a long bondage. The harmless manner in which this was effected seemed to many persons a good omen respecting the Elbe Eisgang; but, alas! this proved a mere delusion, very soon to be overthrown. Towards the evening of Mary (Lady) day the thaw became rapid, and here and there the fields on the hill-sides were laid bare; several instances of little avalanches likewise occurred in the hilly districts of the surrounding country. As a remarkable phenomenon, it was observed that near the lovely village of Kreische, nine miles distant from Dresden, in the afternoon of the said day, the whole mass of snow covering one side of the hills was suddenly lifted up, and tumbled down with a crashing noise. This was owing to the numerous little springs which stud this slope, and of which there are great numbers in the hilly districts generally. Rumours from the Bohemian frontier now asserted that the breaking of the ice was about to take place. To numbers of people this was a cause of anxiety and watchfulness, while to others it merely served as a zest to their curiosity and love of sight-seeing. Every ear was now intent for the sound of cannon, the signal that the ice was moving. Yet the whole of Wednesday passed without the expected sign, and not a few grew tired and impatient of watching for it.

It was not until late in the afternoon of Thursday, 27th of March, that a deep and awful sound rolled over the town. It struck every ear and heart. In a few minutes thousands of inhabitants were roused, and poured forth from every house and street towards the river. When I arrived there, which was scarcely more than a quarter of an hour from the firing of the first shot, every point along the whole extent of the Brühlische Terrace, as well as both sides of the bridge, was closely occupied by spectators, on whose faces curiosity mixed with traces of anxiety was the prevailing feature. After several attempts I succeeded in catching

a glimpse of the river, and a very surprising one it was. Below the bridge the river presented its clear and quiet mirror nearly as far as the eye could reach, only in the distance a compact mass of ice slowly and majestically made its retreat, like a defeated enemy who reluctantly gives way after stout resistance. Above the bridge, however, the river was still firmly fettered by the ice, and no immediate sign of its delivery appearing, the multitude dispersed to their homes, with the exception of those who, unwilling to be absent when the catastrophe occurred, took possession of the taverns on the high ground, whence they could obtain a good view of the bridge and of the river. Incredible would it have appeared to them, had any one stood up and declared, that in two days the wild waves should occupy the very place on which they stood, and spread a desolation hitherto unknown.

As matters stood, a general feeling began to prevail that all would go off well, the open state of the stream below the bridge having, as it appeared, removed the danger of a stoppage across the river, and thus given promise of the general safety.

The *Elbmesser*, an instrument to mark the height of the water in the Elbe, and which was affixed to the middle pillar of the bridge, now became an object of general interest, but there was nothing yet to excite apprehension. The *Elbmesser* is divided into ten parts or *ellen*, and at close of day the water did not reach higher than the fourth *elle*. Night came on and quietly passed over; but at five o'clock in the morning of Friday, the thunder of cannon broke the rest of the people all along the river from the Bohemian to the Prussian frontier. At seven o'clock the ice was in full motion near Dresden. The darkness of the morning had hidden the interesting sight of the first heaving up and bursting asunder of the icy coat by the swell of waters beneath; but the view of the river was still imposing and beautiful. Not a glimpse of the water bearing the heavy load could be obtained, and so thickly was it thronged with, for the most part, very large pieces of ice, that it appeared as if the whole contents of the stream were solid, yet in motion. There was no room for what Bürger beautifully describes—

“Die Schollen rollten Schluss auf Schluss
Von beiden Ufern hier und dort.”

Towards five o'clock in the afternoon, twelve hours after the early signal, the water had already risen seven *ellen* over the usual level, and as the rain continued it was very much to be feared that a still higher rising would take place. A crack down one of the middle pillars of the bridge was now a truly awful sight. The far-spread torrent, with majestic grandeur bore downwards enormous blocks of ice, which, arriving at the bridge, seemed to pause in astonishment at the resistance they found, then like giants leaned against the noble building which trembled and groaned under their weight. Yet it bravely withstood their shocks, and gradually crushed and crumbled its powerful enemies, which were then driven furiously through the narrowed arches and whelmed in the roaring whirlpools below. Listlessly stared the thousands of spectators on this grand spectacle when night again closed the scene.

On the following morning, (Saturday the 29th,) there was a return of cold. The thermometer stood at thirty, and the rain changed into a heavy fall of snow. Every one eagerly sought the *Elbmesser*, but turned in disappointment away on finding that inch after inch was being lost in the swelling waters. The increase at this time was generally attributed to the junction of the Elbe waters with those of the Eger, which poured down the melted snows of an extensive mountain region. The dark yellowish colour of the waters was indicative of this having taken place. The river was not now so densely crowded with masses of ice, but in the intervals

(1) The noise of contending flakes of ice resounded from both banks hither and thither.

already were seen broken rafts and timbers, articles of furniture, boats, planks, &c., the too sure signs of the inroads which the inundation was making higher up the river. The situation of several of the more populous parts of the town had become very precarious. The Elbmesser, towards evening, stood at seven and a half. In the lower streets of Friedrichstadt, and those touching the Mühlgraben, and at different quarters at the foot of the Brühlische Terrace, all was bustle and hurry to remove goods and furniture, children, and sick or aged persons, from the ground-floor lodgings, into which the water was rushing with impetuosity. Already the vaults of the theatre began to fill, and in a short time reached the parterre (pit). Boats were sent on carriages to all points where they were then likely to be wanted, and fishermen and the military were ordered to attend them. Bridges were set up, consisting of tressels boarded over with planks to keep up the communication from house to house along the streets, but these soon became unavailing from the swell of the water, so that it was necessary to replace them by boats, removing the bridges to places where they might still be available. A great many doors of houses in the inundated streets were now half their height in water, and the inmates were obliged to go out and come in at the window of the first story.

I must now speak more particularly of my own personal situation in these critical days. You cannot have forgotten my abode at the lower end of the Hundsgasse, near where it joins the Gerbergasse. At the place where the two streets meet, the above mentioned Mühlgraben passes by, carrying the muddy sediment which it has taken up in its course through a considerable portion of the town, with a quick and winding course, to the river. By previous inundations the occupants of the houses near this Graben, and in my immediate neighbourhood, well know that if the water on the Elbmesser reaches seven it will be on a level with this channel, and that any further rising must be followed by an overflow and a consequent swamping of the whole Gerbergasse and lower part of Hundsgasse. The reaching of this seven had (as already described) taken place, and it might be about five o'clock when the water began to wash over the pavement at the end of our street. You remember that the house I inhabit consists of a huge building fronting the street, with two wings stretching backwards, thus forming three sides of a square, enclosing a spacious court-yard, the fourth side being made up by a range of houses close upon the Mühlgraben. Thus we had the enemy in front and in the rear, and soon might be fairly surrounded. I occupied with my family the right wing, which does not properly deserve that name, as it is detached from the other parts, and can only be reached by crossing the yard. The ground-floor of the house is raised about an *elle* above the road, so that you have to ascend three stone steps on entering. Now, when the court-yard had filled with water, we were effectually cut off from the inhabitants of the chief building and left wing. For this extremity no provision whatever had been made, as no one could for a moment suppose that the water would reach so high. We ourselves felt quite easy on the subject, until we saw the water approaching the street door on Sunday morning. Then in all haste we sent out for supplies of water, bread, and sundry other necessaries, and carried up stores of wood and coals to the upper part of the house, where also my little daughter conveyed four chickens, for whose safety she was anxious. Thus we prepared for the siege as well as we could in the hurry of the few hours left us, in which it was possible to pass to and fro. Still we did not think of removing a single article of furniture, clinging still to the hope that, in filling the court-yard, the waters would have reached their height, and would then gradually retire. Fallacious hope, speedily to be disappointed!

SOME ACCOUNT OF DR. RADCLIFFE.¹

In 1699, the Duke of Gloucester, heir presumptive to the crown, was taken ill; and, notwithstanding the antipathy felt by his mother the Princess of Denmark to the personal attendance of Radcliffe, he was sent for: he pronounced the case hopeless, and vented his abuse upon the two other physicians in no measured terms. He told them, "that it would have been happy for this nation had the first been bred up a basket-maker (which was his father's profession), and the last continued making havock of nouns and pronouns, in the quality of a country schoolmaster, rather than have ventured out of his reach, in the practice of an art he was an utter stranger to, and for which he ought to have been whipped with one of his own rods."

At the close of this year, the king, on his return from Holland, where he had not very strictly followed the prudent advice given by Radcliffe, being much out of order, sent for him again to the palace at Kensington. In reply to some questions put by the physician, the king, showing his swollen ankles, which formed a striking contrast with the rest of his emaciated body, exclaimed, "Doctor what think you of these?"

"Why, truly," said he, "I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms."

With this ill-timed jest, though it passed unnoticed at the moment, the professional attendance of Radcliffe at court terminated, nor would the king ever suffer him to come again into his presence, notwithstanding the Earl of Albemarle, who was then chief favourite, used all his interest to reinstate him in favour. After the death of King William, which soon after took place, an attempt was made to overcome the repugnance which was felt towards Radcliffe by Queen Anne, but she would by no means consent to his coming at that time to court, alleging, in reply to the recommendations of his friends, that he would send her word again that her ailment was nothing else but the vapours. His advice was, nevertheless, frequently resorted to on the various occasions of her majesty's illness, and for his opinions and prescriptions he was most liberally rewarded.

Radcliffe's keen sighted knowledge of the effects of intemperance did not preserve him from falling into that fashionable vice of the times. There is a singular letter on record from him to the Duke of Beaufort, on the death of their mutual friend Lord Craven, which, while it expresses most affectionate regret for his loss, and some self-accusation at having encouraged his excesses by sharing in them, yet strikes the reader with surprise, that a man, in many respects conscientious, should take so low and slight a view of the moral guilt of a course of intemperance, and only lament his friend's self-indulgence for the fatal consequences that ensued to his bodily health. "His lordship," he says, "from a particular freedom of living which he took, and always indulged himself in, had contracted an obesity of body, that, through want of exercise, made him entirely averse to it. This disposition bred an ill habit of body in him, from whence proceeded dropsical symptoms, which I endeavoured to prevent the effects of by proper remedies. Nor could they have proved unsuccessful, had his lordship been of a less hospitable temper, or the nobility and gentry been less taken with the sweetness of his conversation, and affability of his deportment. Alas! I tremble for your Grace when I consider that all these good qualities, that were so eminent and conspicuous in my dear breathless lord, occasioned the very loss of them for other noblemen's imitation; for by these engaging, these attractive and alluring virtues, the best good-natured companion that ever lived is lost for ever, lost to all our hopes and wishes, and had it not in his power to abstain from what was his infelicity, while it was thought to be his comfort.

"Poor William, Lord Craven! How did I flatter myself with the uninterrupted enjoyment of his inviolate and unalterable friendship during the residue of those few years of life that are allotted for me! how have I dwelled upon the contemplation of his future acts of affection, loyalty, and beneficence to the church, the state, and the commonwealth, when I should be laid low in the earth, and be devoid of means to see and admire 'em. . . . What is incumbent on me is to request of your Grace to take care of a life so important as yours is, in this dearth of great and valuable men, and to assure you that, while you consult the preservation of your health, by letting the exercises of the field share with the pleasures of the bottle; in so doing your Grace will not only give length of days to that which is mortal in your own earthly fabric, but for some time longer prevent the return of that frail timent of clay to its first origin, which as yet continues to be dragged on by, my dear duke,

"Your Grace's most obliged and faithful servant,

"JOHN RADCLIFFE."

Two years after the date of this letter, the Duke of Beaufort was taken ill of the small-pox and the manner in which Radcliffe treated both the disease and the friends of the patient, is thus given by Pettis:—"The doctor was sent for, and found his Grace's window-shutters closed up in such a manner, by the old lady duchess his grandmother's orders, that not a breath of air could come into the room, which almost deprived the duke of the very means of respiration. This method had been observed by the physicians in her Grace's youthful days, and this she was resolved to abide by, as the most proper in this conjuncture, being fearful that her grandson might otherwise catch cold, and by the means of it lose a life which was so precious to her and the whole nation. She had also taken a resolution to give her attendance upon the duke in person during his sickness, and was in the most violent consternation and passion imaginable, when Dr. Radcliffe, at his first visit, ordered the curtains of the bed to be drawn open, and the light to be let in, as usual, into his bed-room.

"Now!" said the duchess, "have you a mind to kill my grandson? Is this the tenderness and affection you have always expressed for his person? 'Tis most certain his grandfather and I were used after another manner; nor shall he be treated otherwise than we were, since we recovered and lived to a great age, without any such dangerous experiments."

"All this may be," replied the doctor, with his wonted plainness and sincerity; "but I must be free with your Grace, and tell you, unless you will give me your word that you'll instantly go home to Chelsea, and leave the duke wholly to my care, I shall not stir one foot for him: which if you will do, without intermeddling with your unnecessary advice, my life for his that he never miscarries, but will be at liberty to pay you a visit in a month's time."

"When, at last, with abundance of difficulty, that good lady was persuaded to acquiesce, and give way to the entreaties of the duke and other noble relations, and had the satisfaction to see her grandson in the time limited at Chelsea, restored to perfect health; inasmuch that she had such an implicit belief in the doctor's skill afterwards, that though she was in the eighty-fifth year of her age at that very time, she declared it was her opinion she should never die while he lived, it being in his power to give length to her days by his never-failing medicines."

During the stay of Prince Eugene in England, which took place this year, he condescended to accept an invitation to dine with Radcliffe, who is said to have treated his princely guest after the fashion of true English hospitality: instead of the ragouts, and other French dishes, with which the nobility entertained him, the doctor ordered his own table to be covered with barons of beef, legs of mutton and pork, and other

substantial British viands; and directed some strong beer, seven years old, to be served round to the company, in addition to foreign wines. The prince was so pleased with this national repast, that, on taking his leave, he addressed Radcliffe in French, to the following effect:—"Doctor, I have been fed at other tables like a courtier, but received at yours as a soldier, for which I am highly indebted to you; since I must tell you that I am more ambitious of being called by the latter appellation than the former. Nor can I wonder at the bravery of the British nation, that has such food and liquors of their own growth, as what you have this day given me a proof of."

In the year 1713, he was elected member of parliament for Buckingham, and began now to retire from practice, recommending Dr. Mead to his patients. During his short sitting in the House he is recorded to have made two speeches, one in favour of the Malt-tax Bill, the other in support of a Bill against the Growth of Schism.

On the 28th of July, 1714, Queen Anne was seized with the sickness which terminated her life. Radcliffe was at this time not in London, but confined by a fit of the gout at his house at Carshalton, in Surrey. Notwithstanding his enemies accused him of refusing to give his professional advice in the case of his sovereign, and a member of parliament went even so far as to move, on the 5th of August, four days after the death of the queen, that Radcliffe should be summoned to attend in his place, in order to be censured for not waiting upon her majesty in her last extremity, in a letter to a friend he indignantly repels this accusation, while he justifies the treatment of her physicians, and says, "I know the nature of attending on crowned heads in their last moments too well, to be fond of waiting on them without being sent for by a proper authority. However, as ill as I was, I would have went to the queen in a horse-litter, had either her majesty, or those in commission next her, commanded me to do so. You may tell Sir John (his accuser) as much, and assure him from me, that his zeal for her majesty will not excuse his ill usage of a friend," &c.

The tide of popular feeling was, however, strong against him, and he was not without apprehension of suffering even personal violence in case he ventured out; for he speaks in a letter of having received several anonymous letters threatening to pull him to pieces if he came to London.

He lived only a short time after this, falling, according to his biographer, a victim to the ingratitude of a thankless world, and the fury of the gout. He died on the 1st of November, 1714, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He never married, and in the course of his practice accumulated great wealth, which, by his will, was disposed of as follows:—

His Yorkshire estate he left to University College for the foundation of two travelling fellowships; to St. Bartholomew's Hospital he gave for ever the yearly sum of 500*l.* for mending the diet of the patients, and the further yearly sum of 100*l.* for buying linen; 5,000*l.* for the enlargement of the building of University College; 40,000*l.* for the building of a library at Oxford, and when the library should be built, 150*l.* per annum to the librarian, and 100*l.* per annum for to buy books. The rest of his property he left in trust to his executors, to be applied by them to such charitable purposes as they should think best. Besides the Radcliffe Library, which was finished and opened in 1749, the observatory and public infirmary at Oxford were built from these funds, the guardians of which have ever been found ready to contribute, according to their means, to every charitable and useful purpose.

Radcliffe's body lay in state at the house where he died till the 27th of November; from thence it was escorted to his favourite city, Oxford, where he was buried with great pomp in St. Mary's church.

Richardson relates of Radcliffe, that he once said to

Dr. Mead, "I love you, and now I will tell you a sure secret to make your fortune: *use all mankind ill.*" If this saying applies only to roughness and rudeness of manner, it seems to be a secret discovered and practised by other successful members of his profession. Though capable of great acts of generosity, he owned himself to be avaricious, and expressed a great dislike to changing a guinea, because, he said, "it slips away so fast." The authority we have already quoted even says, that he would put off the payment of just debts till the patience of his creditors was worn out. There is a story of a paviour, who after long and fruitless attempts to get his money, caught him just getting out of his chariot at his own door in Bloomsbury-square, and set upon him.

"Why, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth, to hide your bad work."

"Doctor," said the paviour, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides."

"You dog, you," said Radcliffe, "are you a wit? you must be poor, come in;" and paid him.

If this fondness for money be truly imputed to him, it must at the same time be admitted by all that.

"Though he were unsatisfied in getting, (which was a sin,) yet in bestowing he was most princely."

SKETCH OF THE TRADITIONS OF GERMANY.¹

THE lakes, the streams, the rivers, have also their fairy spells, their enchantments. There is the Merman, who ascends, from time to time, a sand-bank, to bask in the sun, singing to allure the passers-by. The merman is, like the dwarfs, complaisant enough when let alone, but inexorable to those who have once offended him. He is of small size, and slender form. He has green teeth, and wears a green hat; but, in the bosom of the ocean-deep, upon the golden soil which the waves hide from our view, he erects palaces of mother-of-pearl and coral. Shells, blue as the azure sky, yellow and violet-hued like the opal, bright as the ruby, tapestry the walls; while garlands, ever fresh and verdant, wreath around his dwelling. He drinks out of a cup of amber, and lies upon an ivory couch. Here, he passes his solitary life, sometimes singing, sometimes swimming over his rich domains, and luring to his palace the souls of the drowned. A peasant, who dwelt on the borders of a lake, had made acquaintance with the merman of the place: they sometimes met on its shores, and chatted together like good neighbours. One day, the merman proposed to show him his abode; and, drawing him gently into the waters, he displayed to him, one after another, his splendid halls. At the extreme end of the royal habitation the peasant perceived a small room, in which were some phials hermetically sealed. He inquired what they contained; and the merman replied that these were the souls of the drowned. After this aquatic excursion, the peasant returns to land; the fate of the poor souls touches his heart with pity, and he resolves to deliver them. He watched his opportunity when he knew the merman was out, approached the lake, and, commending himself to God, plunges boldly beneath the waters. His good angel supports and guides him on the way. He regains the abode of the fiend; and, entering the mysterious chamber, opens every phial, and the souls dart joyously from their prison, and spring upwards to the light and air.

The Nixes, or Spirits of the Mountain, are more beautiful and less cruel than the merman; but they, too, sing to draw the fisherman into their toils. Rarely

can those who once listen to them resist them; and the passing traveller, fascinated by the magic melody, plunges into the stream to hear it more distinctly; and the boatman, on his way home, turns again his bark towards them, and is lost in the treacherous flood. But more especially in the evening, near mills,—on the brink of cascades,—do the fountain nymphs sing their sweetest songs. They have, it is said, eleven different melodies. At a certain distance, a man may listen to ten of them without too great risk; but, let them once come to the eleventh, and old men and children, the sick and the lame, the very chairs and tables, must yield to the wondrous notes, and all begin to dance.

The Nix, or female water spirit, has, like the Siren, the half of the body very beautiful; the rest resembles the tail of a fish. They often come to the surface of the water to play on their harps, or comb with a golden comb their long fair hair. A huntsman having perceived one, and taken aim at her, she laughed in scorn, plunged beneath the waves, and the next day the daring one was found drowned. Sometimes they go, all pale and shivering, and sit all night beside the fires lighted by the shepherds in the fields. They seek the love of mortals, and lavish upon him who loves them every mark of tender attachment, but on condition that he never speaks of them. Some of them have the power of daily leaving the lake in which they dwell, but they must return at an appointed hour. The story runs, that once three young nymphs used to come every evening to visit a hamlet in the neighbourhood of their lake. They entered the peasant's house with their distaff, and sat working, with the other women, round the fire. Every one delighted in them, for many were the wondrous tales they knew, and the sweet songs they sang. But no sooner did eleven strike upon the church-clock, than they departed, and no entreaty could induce them to prolong their stay. A youth became enamoured of one of them, and, to detain them longer, put back the clock, and the young maidens left not till midnight; but the next day were seen on the surface of the lake three stains of blood, and from that time they never again appeared.²

The Germans regarded all these spirits as beings not very orthodox in their nature; and yet they believed that Christianity extended even to them the law of redeeming love and mercy. A child was walking by the river's side, and perceived a nix playing on his harp, and singing to its chords: "Why dost thou sing so mirthfully, poor wretch?" said the child; "knowest thou not that one day thou wilt be for ever lost and condemned?" At these words the nix drooped his head, and wept. The child went away, and told this scene to his father, who was a priest, and who said to him: "Thou wert wrong thus to grieve the water-sprite, for neither he nor his race will be lost." The child ran back to the nix, and repeated his father's words, and instantly the poor spirit took up again his harp, and touched it to strains of joy.

But, if certain chronicles are to be believed, there were other inhabitants beside the nixes in the lakes and rivers. At night, when the heaven was bright, and the water calm, beneath the transparent surface might be seen churches and fortresses; nay, even the hallowed sound of bells has been heard through the crystal wave.³ Sometimes, too, the waters have been the scene of mighty miracles. On the borders of the Lake of Steinberg there once lived a knight, who, by pillage and crime, had become the terror of the country. One day, a young girl happening to pass, he flew at her, and attempted to drag her into his castle. She asked per-

(1) It only requires a glance at the phoca, with its round head, its large green eyes, so soft, so gentle, and its ferried bosom, to perceive how easy it was for it to become the object of popular superstition. Thus the Greeks made of it the Siren; the Germans and Danes, the Water Spirit; and the savages of America termed it the Demon of the Waters.

(2) Southey has embodied this popular belief in a poem, called "The Submarine City."

mission to kneel for a few moments in prayer. She obtained it; commended herself to the Virgin, and then flung herself into the lake,—when, lo, the waters divided, and she passed through the lake as through a meadow! The knight would have followed, but the waves closed over him, and he disappeared. Even now, not unfrequently, are heard, issuing at night from the lake, his tones of anger, and his plaints of love.

All the northern nations attributed a mighty influence to springs, fountains, and rivers. They went at certain periods of the year to draw water from them, and used them in all occult practices. Sometimes in honour of them, they lighted torches on the banks of a river, and they looked upon a troubled fountain as an omen of misfortune, and upon a dried-up spring as a prediction of mourning. Russian tradition speaks of a miraculous water which cured wounds and restored the dead to life, and the German legendary annals recount many prodigies of a similar nature.

The elves, the dwarfs, the kobolds, the nixes, compose the ordinary cycle of traditions; but the Germans found place in their large credulity for a vast number of other spirits,—for the wood nymphs, and the nymphs of the valley; for the fairies whose office it was, like the Parcae and the Nornas, to rule over the destiny of man, to weave and cut at pleasure the thread of his existence; for the warrior virgins who presided over the battlefield, and for the magicians who predicted the future. They had full room for apparitions, for human beings spell-bound in the mountains, or changed into serpents. At Bryneburg, a girl, who was killed by a thunderbolt, appears every night in the midst of the ruins, and during a storm comes to the help of those who invoke her aid. There is another besides, half woman, half snake, who holds in her hand a bunch of keys, and a casket of gold, waiting till some youth who has never known the love of woman, breaks by a threefold kiss the magic spell that enthralled her. In the Castle of Bodo a young girl, who had died for love, rises every night in her shroud, and makes her way, with her white veil and garland of flowers, to the room of any stranger who arrives there. She is still beautiful, though bearing upon her forehead the pale hue of death, and a glance from those eyes, whose brightness the slumber of the grave has not dimmed, is sufficient to trouble the gazer. She approaches the stranger, and speaks to him in soft and melodious tones,—should he not repel her, she puts a ring on his finger, imprints a kiss upon his lips, and calls him her betrothed. But if fares with her betrothed as with that of Lenora, their nuptial chamber is the tomb, a shroud their marriage-bed. Once a young knight slept in this castle, and listened to the maiden's voice; the next day, as he rode off, he perceived three old women crouching by the wayside, and stooping over a coarse thread which they were twisting with their shrivelled and bony fingers.

"What are you about there?" said he to them.

"We weave thy shroud!" answered the old women, and three days after, the young knight was dead.

Frequently the German legend is nothing but the symbol of some moral principle, some lesson of virtue. In order to remember a precept, the people needed a poetic image, and they translated or transfigured into a legend the words of the priest, or the instruction of the father of the family.

A man in his passion for hunting has profaned the Sabbath, and carried his pack of hounds through the corn field of a widow; he is condemned to hunt to the end of the world, to run night and day through the thickets, over the rocks, after a stag which he can never overtake. This legend is to be found in every country of the north, as well as in some of the French provinces,—Brittany, for instance, and Franche Comté.

A young girl persists in marrying against the will of her mother, who curses her, and dies. The very night of the wedding, a fearful storm bursts over the castle, he walls are thrown down, the nuptial couch changed

into stone. The young girl appears on the mountain-top, chained to a bed, with the ravens devouring her.

In a time of scarcity, a bishop of Mayence turned a deaf ear to the complaints and applications of the poor, and as a punishment from heaven, an army of mice penetrated into his abode, and devoured all the stores he had amassed. In vain did he employ every means to destroy them; the mice appeared every day in swarms, and the house was overrun by them. In order to escape them, he crossed the Rhine, and built a huge and strong tower at Bingen; but the mice swam after him, and devoured him in his fortress.

The following legend presents a moral contrast to this, and must not be omitted. A poor pedlar was travelling on foot through the plains of Bohemia, his purse empty, his wallet empty. He was far from any habitation, and a morsel of bread spared from his yesterday's dinner was all that he had. He sat down near a fountain and began his frugal repast, without any hope of a second that day. While there, a mouse approached him and looked up in his face imploringly, as if asking an alms. "Poor little animal!" said the pedlar, "thou art still more destitute than I am; this is all I have left, but I will not eat without thee." And he crumbled his bread, and placed it before her. His breakfast over, he went to take a drink at the fountain, and as he returned, guess what he saw! the little mouse bringing one by one broad pieces of gold to his wallet. She had already brought three, and was gone for a fourth. He followed her, widened the hole at which she got in, and found a treasure.

If, from these legends of human beings, we descend a step in the scale of creation, we come upon all the apocryphal animals so often described by the credulous of the middle ages. Here are the horned wolves with eye of fire, and bloody jaw and tusk, whose counterpart is found in the Russian traditions; as well as the winged wolf, who sometimes changes into a man, and combats sword in hand, then resumes his wolfskin, and takes his sudden flight. Here are serpents issuing from their caves, with a crown of gold upon their heads; here the dragon, stern and horrible, which plays such a prominent part in the Edda and the Niebelungen, in the Iseult Wiser and the Kumpfe Viser.¹ Spencer, in his "Faery Queen," describes the dragon as having a body monstrous, horrible, and vast, swollen with wrath and with bloody gore, covered all over with brazen scales; the sharpness of his cruel rending claws exceeding sharpest steel; deep, devouring jaws, in which were set three ranks of iron teeth,—with blazing eyes like two bright shining shields, while from his mouth, which gaped like the grisly mouth of hell, exhaled a cloud of smothering smoke, and noisome sulphurous stench; his wings were like two sails in which the wind was gathered full, with which, when he did beat the air,

"The cloudes before him fled for terror great,

And all the heavens stood still, amazed with his threat."

The Germans represented the dragon as a monstrous animal, guarding treasures; sometimes also as an infernal being to whom every year a victim must be devoted. The dragon who killed Regner Ladbrok, the valiant king of Denmark, had grown up with the wedge of gold under him. The dragon of Frankenstein spread his fearful claws over the fountain, the only provision of water for the whole country, and none could draw any from it, unless from time to time a young maiden was delivered up to him; a knight killed him, but the dragon had scratched him in the knee, and the knight died of it. In Switzerland, whenever a storm has broken the trees of the forest, the peasants say to this day, "the dragon has been passing by!" A shepherd fell one day into an immense cave, where he perceived two dragons. He was a pious man, and commended him-

(1) Kumpfe Viser is a collection of Danish heroic songs, first published in 1591.

self to his God, and the dragons did him no hurt. But he could not get out, and he passed the whole winter there, living like his formidable hosts on some kind of saline substance that he found on the walls of the cave. When Spring came, he observed that the dragons were about to take flight; he fastened himself to the tail of one of them; and, thus suspended to it, he was carried out of the pit. Once upon *terra firma* he bade adieu to his aerial courser, and went off by himself.

Upon the banks of the Rhine, not far from the fair city of Bonn, the traveller perceives, in the midst of seven mountains, a rock covered with ruins, rising towards heaven like a pyramid. It is called Drachenfels (the Rock of the Dragon). Byron's description of it renders every other superfluous:—

The castle crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine;
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these
Whose fair white walls along them shine;

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise:
Above the frequent feudal towers
Though green leaves lift their walls of grey,
And many a rock which deeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers.

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear.

In the days of paganism a dragon took up his abode upon the steep rock, and to him the people of the place offered up their prisoners of war. One day, in one of their frequent battles, they took a young girl, whom they devoted to the monster. But the young girl was a Christian; she calmly proceeded to the place of death, and, the moment when the dragon, with horrible roar, darted upon her, she drew forth a crucifix and showed it to him. At sight of it the monster uttered a fearful howl, rushed back into his cave, and was seen no more: but the people, witnesses of this miracle, listened to the preaching of the gospel, and abjured paganism.

FRANK FAIRLEGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

PART THE THIRD.

TO THE READER.

A FAIR good morrow to thee, Courteous Reader; how has the world treated thee, since thou and I held pleasant converse together? Has Fortune smiled on thee? then let thy face reflect the sun-beam of her smile, and, with thy kindly dispositions fostered by its genial influence, do thou look favourably upon others, and in particular upon Frank Fairleigh. But perchance the fickle dame has proved an unkind step-mother to thee, thwarted a pet scheme, brought some favourite "gazelle" of thy imagination to an untimely end, and, having

suddenly grown "virtuous" herself, mulcted of thee thy fair allowance of "cakes and ale!" Never heed her frowns, dear Reader; there is comfort in store for thee even yet. Turn to your "Old Companions," for sympathy and consolation. Frank Fairleigh, sententious Frank himself, shall give you a little of the wholesome advice by which he strives to regulate his own conduct, though being human, and one-and-twenty, he does sometimes fall short of the standard of perfection. Sweet Clara Saville shall fix her deep blue eyes upon you, with an expression of melancholy interest—dear little Fanny shall smile encouragement—Harry Oaklands shall tell you "that it is the worst plan possible to worry and excite yourself about even's that are past, for there's nothing in the world tires one like that sort of thing"—Freddy Coleman shall inform you that "there's not a bit of use in pulling a long face about it, and making yourself look a regular 'caution to owls,'" advising you, if the case is a very bad one, to "put it into the governor's hands, for lawyers are up to all sorts of knowing dodges for helping a fellow:"—while rough but good-natured Lawless shall slap you on the back with painful heartiness, as he recommends you "Never to say die, but to keep up your pluck and be jolly; and if it's any thing in the horse way, that has gone wrong with you, apply to him, and he'll put you up to a move or two which shall prevent that sort of thing bothering you for the future—"Eh, don't you see?"

Yes, Reader, you can't do better than forget your annoyances, in accompanying your "Old Companions" through the following "New Scenes," and by way of beginning, see if you can contrive to feel any interest in—

CHAP. I.

THE STRUGGLE IN CHESTERTON MEADOW.

HAVING now no one to interfere with me, I determined to read as hard as my powers, mental and bodily, would allow, so as to give my talents, be they great or small, full scope, and endeavour to evince my gratitude to my unknown benefactor in the only manner that lay open to me, *i. e.* by proving to him that his liberality had not been thrown away. As the men began to come up, I took care to let it be generally known among my friends that I was reading steadily and in earnest, with a view of going out in honours, and when they became convinced that this was the case, and that whenever I "sporting the door," there was positively "no admittance," they left me to my fate, as one who, in the words of Lawless, "having strayed from the paths of virtue and—eh!—what do you call it?—jollity—had fallen a victim to the vice of mathematics—not a hope of recovery—a regular case of Hydrostatics on the brain—eh! don't you see?"

Besides the regular college tutor, I secured the assistance of what, in the slang of the day, we irreverently termed "a coach," which vehicle, for the conveyance of heavy learning, (from himself to his pupils,) consisted of a gentleman who, but few years older than those whom he taught, possessed more practical knowledge and a greater aptitude for the highest scientific research, than it had ever before been my fate to meet with combined in any one individual. Under his able tuition I advanced rapidly, and reading men began to look upon me as a somewhat formidable rival. Several of my opponents, however, were men of first-rate talent, whose powers of mind, as I could not for a moment disguise from myself, were infinitely superior to my own, and with whom my only chance of competing would be by the exercise of indefatigable perseverance and industry. Daylight, therefore, (which at

this season did not make its appearance over early,) found me book in hand, and midnight saw me still seated at my desk—sometimes with a wet towel bound round my head, to cool the throbbing of my heated brow; at others, with a tea-pot of strong green tea by my side, to arouse and stimulate my wearied faculties from two to four; conventional specifics, of which, by the way, I very quickly discovered the fallacy.

A fear of completely knocking up, however, induced me to preserve some little method in my madness. I laid down a rule to walk every day, and thus, although I grew pale and thin, no very dangerous effects appeared likely to ensue from my exertions.

One evening, about a week before the examinations were to begin, I was taking my usual constitutional after Hall, accident having prevented my doing so at the accustomed time; and careless which way I turned my steps, crossed the river at Moore's, and followed the foot-path which led across the fields to the village of Chesterton. There had been a cattle-fair at some place in the neighbourhood, which had drawn together a number of disreputable characters, and in the course of my walk, I had passed two or three parties of rather suspicious looking men. Having nothing valuable about me, however, I continued my walk. I had advanced some half mile or more, when I was roused from my meditations by a cry of "thieves! thieves! help, ho! thieves, I say!" accompanied by the sound of blows. On looking round, I perceived I was close to a hedge and stile, across which the foot-path led, and from the farther side of which the sounds proceeded. It was growing dark, but there still remained light enough to distinguish objects at a moderate distance. To bound over the stile, and cast my eyes around, was the work of a moment, nor was I much longer in taking part in an affray which was going on.

The person whose cries I had heard, was a stout little man, respectfully dressed, who was defending himself vigorously with what seemed, in the twilight, a club, but which turned out eventually to be an umbrella, against the attacks of a tall strapping fellow, in a rough frieze coat, who was endeavouring to wrest his weapon from him. A more formidable adversary was however approaching, in the person of a second ruffian, who had just armed himself with a thick stake out of the hedge, and was creeping cautiously up behind the shorter man, with the evident intention of knocking him on the head. I instantly determined to frustrate his benevolent design, and there was no time to lose, if I wished my assistance to prove of any avail. Shouting, therefore, as well to intimidate the scoundrels, as to let the person attacked know that there was succour at hand, I sprang upon the man who held the cudgel, and seizing his uplifted arm, succeeded in averting the coming blow from the stranger's head, who ignorant of the impending danger, was making most furious thrusts at his assailant with the point of his umbrella, a novel mode of attack, which seemed to perplex and annoy that individual in no small degree.

I had, however, but little time allowed me to make observations, as the fellow with whom I had interfered, as soon as he perceived that he had only an unarmed man to deal with, appeared determined not to give up his hopes of plunder without a struggle, and freeing his wrist by a powerful jerk, he aimed a blow at me with the bludgeon, which, had it taken effect, would at once have ended all my anxieties, and brought this voracious history to an abrupt and untimely conclusion—fortunately, however, for "my gentle public," (you do think so, now don't you, kind Reader?) and their humble servant, I was able, by dodging on one side, to avoid the stroke, and seeing that matters had now become serious, I closed with him, and after a short, but severe struggle, had the satisfaction of depositing him flat on his back on the green sward. As he fell, he dropped his stick, of which I immediately possessed myself, and planting my foot upon his chest to prevent his rising, I turned

to see how the other combatants were getting on. Dame Fortune had not in this instance acted up to her usual principle of favouring the brave, for the hero of the umbrella, having struggled gallantly for the preservation of his property and person, had apparently at length been overpowered, and, when I turned towards him, was lying on the ground, while his assailant was endeavouring to rifle his pockets, a matter which was rendered anything but easy of accomplishment, by reason of the energetic kicks and struggles of the fallen warrior. It was clear that if I would not have the unfortunate little man robbed before my very eyes, I must go to his assistance—giving therefore my prostrate foe a tap on the head with the stake, by way of a hint to lie still, I advanced to the rescue with uplifted weapon—no sooner did the rascal perceive my approach, than, quitting the fallen man, he sprang up, and without waiting to be attacked, took to his heels, and ran off as fast as his legs would carry him, an example, which his companion, seeing the coast clear, hastened to emulate.

My first act, as soon as the thieves had departed, was to assist the old gentleman to rise. As soon as he was on his legs again, he shook himself, as if to ascertain that he was uninjured, and exclaimed, "Umph! they're gone, ar? they? the scoundrels, high time they should, I think; where's my umbrella? umph! second I've lost this year,—just like me."

The voice, the manner, but above all, the emphatic grunts, and the final self-accusing soliloquy, "just like me," could proceed but from one person, my old Helmsstone acquaintance, Mr. Frampton; though by what strange chance he should be found wandering at owl-light in a meadow near Cambridge, passed my comprehension to conceive. Feeling secure, from the alteration which had taken place in me since I had last seen him, that he would be unable to recognise me, I determined to amuse myself a little at his expense, before I made myself known to him. In pursuance of this plan, I picked up his umbrella, and handed it to him, saying in an assumed voice as I did so, "Here is your umbrella, Sir."

"Thank ye, young man, thank ye, cost five-and-twenty shillings last Friday week; umph! might have got a cotton one for less than one quarter the money, that would have done just as well to thump thieves with—a fool and his money—just like me, umph!"

"I hope you are not injured by your fall, or the rough treatment you have been subjected to?" inquired I.

"Umph! injured?" was the reply—"I've got a great bump on the back of my head, and burst all the buttons off my waistcoat,—I don't know whether you call that injured; but I can tell you, I got away from the Thugs at Strangleabad without any such injuries: Umph!"

"It was fortunate that I happened to come up just when I did," observed I.

"Umph! glad you think so," was the answer—"if that stick had come down upon your skull, as he meant it to do, you would not have found it quite so fortunate, I've a notion—Umph! all the same, I'm much obliged to you; I might have been robbed and murdered too, if it had not been for you, young man, and if you'll walk home with me to the 'Hoop, (there's a name for an inn!) I'll give you a couple of sovereigns, and that's more than you've earned before to-day, I'll be bound—umph!"

"I shall be delighted to see you safe home, Sir, but you will excuse my declining your pecuniary offer, though I must plead guilty to the charge of not having earned as much,—I believe I might say, in my whole life, before."

"Umph! I see,—a gentleman, eh? and I to offer him money,—just like me—a lord, or a duke, I shouldn't wonder—there are all sorts and sizes of 'em here, they tell me—ask him to dinner—Umph! Perhaps you'll do me the honour of dining with me, young man—my lord, I mean,—mulligatawny—cat smothered in rice, which they call curry, kibobs, and kickshaws—the cook

is not so bad for a while; but you should go to India, if you care about eating—that's the place for cookery, Sir."

"I shall have much pleasure in accepting your invitation," replied I, "if you will allow me to run away directly after dinner: I am reading for my degree, and time is precious with me just now."

"Umph! so it should be always. So you are one of the cap and gown gentlemen, eh?" (Then came an aside: "Cap, indeed! it's a fool's cap would fit one half of 'em best.") "Pray may I ask what college you belong to, Mr. —?"

"Lekh is my name, sir—Lekh of Trinity."

"Umph, Trinity: just the man I wanted to get hold of. My name's Frampton, Mr. Lee: they know me well at the India House, Sir. When we've had a bit of dinner, and washed this horrid fog out of our throats with a few glasses of wine, I shall be glad to ask you a question or two. Umph!"

"Any information it may be in my power to afford you," I began—

"That'll do, Sir, that'll do," was the reply. "Perhaps you won't be quite so ready, when you hear what it is I want." Then, in an under tone—"Tell me a parcel of lies, most likely: I know how these young stamps hang by one another, and think it high fun 'to do the governor,' as they call it. Umph!"

On our arrival at the Hoop, we were ushered into one of the best sitting-rooms the inn afforded, where a blazing fire soon effaced all traces of the wet-blanket-like fog in which we had been so lately enveloped. I was shown into a comfortable dressing-room, to get ready for dinner, an opportunity of which I availed myself, to render my appearance as unlike what it had been in former days as circumstances would allow, before again subjecting myself to Mr. Frampton's scrutiny. For this purpose, I combed my hair back from my face as far as possible, and brushed my whiskers (an acquisition of which I had only lately become possessed) as prominently forward as the growth of the crop permitted. I poked my shirt-collar entirely out of sight, and tied my black neckcloth stiffly up under my chin, and finally buttoned my coat so as to show off the breadth of my shoulders to the greatest advantage. Thus accoutred, and drawing myself up to my full height, I hastened to rejoin Mr. Frampton. My arrangements seemed thoroughly to have answered their purpose, for he gazed at me without evincing the slightest symptom of recognition. He shook me by the hand, however, and thanked me more cordially than he had yet done for the assistance rendered him, and then rang for dinner. The bill of fare embraced all the Asiatic luxuries he had enumerated, to which, on the strength of his having invited a guest, sundry European dishes were added; and with appetites sharpened by our recent adventures, we did full justice to the good cheer that was set before us.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

At no period within our recollection has the position of British Art been so exalted—so full of brilliant promise and performance—as in the present season. The metropolis, the provinces too, are every where rife with Art: it is the leading topic of every conversation, public or private; and "the Exhibition" is no longer alone in its glory in London; but the off-shoots of the Royal Academy are flourishing in every direction, and exhibitions of pictures are to be enjoyed in most of the large towns of the empire.

The influence of this love of Art is evident at every turn, and it spreads through the pursuits of every-day life. Our buildings, public and private, are altogether of better character than formerly, as regards the architecture of their exteriors, and the decoration of their

interiors. We have exhibitions of improved domestic manufactures—of house furniture and fittings,—to stimulate our artisans. This taste has, doubtless, been much fostered by the advances in the illustrated character of our popular literature: illustration is no longer shut up in expensive books, but is extended to our very newspapers, and every class of periodical publication. Of course, there are many grades of excellence in all these artistical productions: in our own sphere, we have made it an object to educate the reader *artistically*, by engravings of pictures that aim at the improvement of the mind and heart through the gratification of the eye; and awaken the gentler passions by the purity of sentiment, and generosity of motive, which the artists of such productions seek to inculcate. To the combined genius of composition and colour—in other words, the pictorial art—even the uneducated eye is not insensible: hence, the effect of this spread of art upon the popular mind is of illimitable influence; and it has, unquestionably, taken the most beneficial direction in leading men from those fierce contentions of "words, words, words," which not long since rendered our cheap literature occasionally offensive to well-regulated minds, and the lovers of social order.

At the moment we write it is the high carnival time of Art in the metropolis. There are open four large Picture Exhibitions, besides the parent Academy; then, there are single pictures, and private galleries to be seen for the trouble of application. The Queen has opened her palace for the exhibition of Winterhalter's two pictures of Her Majesty and the Royal Family; the Ex-Minister has invited the representatives of the educated classes to view his splendid collection; and, no sooner is a portion of the new Palace of Parliament fitted for the reception of the Peers, than the public are admitted by thousands to witness its elaborate beauty and skill. Last month, too, the Art-Union of London distributed some 10,000*l.* worth of prizes through the length and breadth of the empire; and the dispersion of collections of pictures, by sale, is, beyond all precedent, extensive; all which is, more or less, an unmistakable sign of the dominion which the love of Art is exercising over the minds of the people.

The reported excellence of the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy was such as to make us doubt its realisation. However, the opening of the doors on Monday, the 3d inst., soon dispelled all doubt on the matter. Last year, an artist in our hearing declared the Exhibition of 1846 to be the best collection that had been assembled for forty years: then, said an elder brother artist, it is the finest since the institution of the Academy. The general impression is, that the present Exhibition is, in many respects, superior to that of last year: whilst the master-minds of the Academy assert their high position in some of the leading pictures, there is abundance of early achievement as well as promise of talent in other directions: the maturity is flourishing, and the youth in full vigour. The general characteristics are a comparative paucity of portraits; a remarkable absence (with two or three great exceptions) of historical subjects; and an abundance of refreshing scenes of nature, such as gladden the eye and heart, and enlist the sympathies of every visitor; for, in the language of the venerable president, quoted as the epigraph to the catalogue, "To Nature still we must look, through the productions of the great masters, and consider even the best works of antiquity but as the telescopes of taste, to mend our vision, not to bound our view." (*Sheep's Elements of Art.*)

The Exhibition comprises some 700 paintings, in the principal rooms; besides as many drawings and miniatures, architectural subjects, and works in sculpture. Of the 1450 productions we can only notice those of leading excellence, as our arrangements will not allow us to follow the example of some critics, in extending our notice to the duration of the Exhibition.

To begin with pictures of the highest class, we must

take Mr. Etty's *Joan of Arc*, a very large triptic, or storied picture in three compartments, which, with a row of pictures above and beneath, occupies nearly the entire side of the east room. This large picture is about thirty feet long by thirty feet high: the first, or left compartment, represents Joan of Arc, on finding the sword she had dreamt of, in the church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, devoting herself and it to the service of God and her country. The centre, or larger compartment, shows Joan on horseback, making a sortie from the gates of Orleans, upon the enemies of France; and the right-hand division portrays the hapless maiden, after rendering the most signal services to her prince and people, suffering martyrdom at the stake. The sad episode of heroism is wonderfully told: the seizure of the sword is powerfully conceived; the grandeur of the sortie, and the devotedness of the heroine, as her charger gallops over the vanquished and slain foe; and the fervour of the dying heroine;—are all impressive beyond description. There may be defects of drawing in various points of the composition; but the colouring, especially of the flesh, is masterly; and there is a barbaric picturesqueness in the triple scene, which is a startling novelty in British art. The picture has been purchased for the sum of 2,500 guineas, a sum which we hope may prove an incentive to the aspirants to heroic art. Though somewhat out of place, we may here notice Mr. Etty's other contribution—*Aglais, Thalia, and Euphrosyne*, grouped with much of the antique taste, and coloured with the painter's usual success in such subjects, in which he is unapproached.

Mr. Frost's only contribution, *Una*, a poetic impersonation from Spenser, is a charming picture: the lovely maiden is surrounded by "faire hamadryades," "light-foot naiades," and "satyres," in a "woody" scene of beautiful picturesqueness; and the dancing figures in the right-hand distance are the very fascination of painting. This fine work attracted the admiration of the Queen, on Her Majesty's visit to the Academy; and it is stated to have been purchased for the royal collection. In exquisite composition, drawing and colouring, this picture is, perhaps, unequalled in the present Exhibition.

Mr. Maclise's productions are two groups from Moore's Melodies; pretty conceptions of Irish character, but cold and opaque in colouring. The painter's other work is more ambitious—*Noah's Sacrifice*: "the ark resteth on Mount Ararat, the bow is set in the cloud." The passing of the living creatures from the ark is the most successful portion of the picture; the bow lacks refraction, and prismatic effect; and the figure of Noah is equally unsuccessful. Even setting aside the masterly treatment of the same scene by the older painters, Mr. Maclise's work is poor and unsatisfactory.

Near this picture hangs Mr. Turner's single contribution, *The Hero of a Hundred Fights*, a sort of allegory of the casting of Mr. Wyatt's colossal statue of "the great Duke;" with more method, and less extravagance, than Mr. Turner has shown of late, but still sadly puzzling to matter-of-fact, unpoetic spectators. The kitchen esculents in the foreground may be set down as ludicrous; but the foundery, on the right, and the statue in the centre, enveloped in one of the painter's wonderful combinations of colour, will disarm some sceptics as to Mr. Turner's genius; he has many strange fancies, but this is not his strangest, by several degrees.

Another single picture of mark is Mr. Herbert's *Our Saviour subject to his Parents at Nazareth*. The scene is out of doors: Joseph is at work as a carpenter, the Virgin is spinning, and the Saviour is entering, bearing a basket; at his feet is a heap of chips, two of which have fallen crosswise:

"Behold the cross, which chance would oft design
Upon the floor of Joseph's homely shed,
Across thy brow serene and heart divine
A rising cloud of sorrows would spread."

The Virgin is watching intensely the effect of "the cross" upon the youthful Saviour, and the expression of her face is truly beautiful. The Christ is by no means so successfully represented. The background of the picture is stated in the catalogue to be painted from a very careful drawing made at Nazareth.

Mr. Hart has three pictures: one from Scripture, *Righteousness and Peace*, two full-length figures kissing each other; the second is *Milton's Visit to Galileo in the Prison of the Inquisition*, wherein the numerous accessories denote the free-thinking astronomer to be far from uncomfortably lodged. Mr. Hart's third picture, *Toilet Musings*, is a sort of half-character portrait, cleverly painted.

Mr. Leslie, R.A., has also two scriptural subjects—*Martha and Mary*, and *The Pharisee and the Publican*. Both, to our thinking, are poor in composition and colour. The same artist's *Children at Play* proves much more attractive: a little girl is playing "the lady" of the party; and bears her parasol with the air of an *élégante*; and two younger children, driven by a third, with their pinafores for reins, are "playing at horses." These incidents are very winning, but the room is cold and dreary. The children are portraits.

Mr. Harvey, an Edinburgh artist, has a striking picture—*Quitting the Manor*,—the minister leaving the church after the disruption of 1843. It is cleverly painted, though somewhat objectionable in tone and colour.

Here may be noticed a work of small dimensions, but highly artistic character—*Neptune assigning to Britannia the Empire of the Sea*, a sketch for a fresco to be painted at Osborne House for the Queen. This is Mr. Dyce's only contribution: it is cleverly conceived, and has a Rubens-like glow of colour. It has been purchased by the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Mr. Elmore has two pictures. One is from Lord Byron's *Beppo*, and consists of three figures—Lance, her lover, and the Mussulman: it is a pleasing work, but of no higher mark. The second picture is *The Invention of the Stocking-loom*: Lee, after his expulsion from college, sitting with his wife, watching her knitting, by which means he conceived the idea of imitating those movements by the stocking-machine. We admire this work as well for the artist's clever treatment as for the national interest of the subject: it proves very attractive in the Exhibition.

Lance has two largish fruit-pieces, one of which has more composition in it than usual. This is *from the Lake—just shot*: a wild duck, some splendid fruit, a richly chased gold tankard,—all very cleverly grouped, and their gorgeoussness relieved by a nicely painted distance—"the lake." The other picture, *From the Garden—just gathered*, is some magnificent fruit, grouped as it were by Nature, and painted without any of the superb accessories of art. Both pictures are full of rich colouring and masterly manipulation.

The excellence of the English school in landscape is nobly maintained by Stanfield, Roberts, Lee, and Creswick. Stanfield has six pictures—two of them, *Naples* and *Dort*, of great brilliancy and finish. *On the Zuyder Zee* is almost redolent of spray. His largest picture, *French Troops fording the Margra, Sarzana and the Carrara Mountains in the distance*, is a glorious scene. David Roberts's three pictures are—*a Spanish Scene*, *the West Front of Antwerp Cathedral*, and *Edinburgh*; all of characteristic power and beauty. The architectural wonder of Antwerp has its exquisite detail lit up by a splendid sun. Lee's five pictures evince his advance in colouring: *A Misty Morning, with Figures*, *the Watering-place*, and *the Miller's Boat*, are charming productions. Creswick sparkles in his building streams and sunlit trees: one of his five pictures, *the London road a hundred years ago*, with a waggon on the hill-top, has a sort of historical interest. We must not omit to notice *Mule Chabod, North Wales*, a charming picture, by T. Danby: the water, hills, and trees,

and a large bird, are alike admirably painted; and an unmistakable testimony to the excellence of this work is, that it has been purchased by a brother artist in the same class, Mr Creswick. Sidney Cooper has a large Cuyplish picture, *Among the Cumberland Mountains*, with cattle, wonderfully painted.

Witherington has three genuine pictures of English rural life—the *Mid-day Retreat*, *Going to Market*, and *the Village*; the latter with the green—

"The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that tops the neighbouring hill,
* * * * *

The playful children just let loose from school."

The painter has closely followed the poet, and the touches of truthful nature are very delightful at every point.

Landseer has two large pictures of great power. *The Drive—shooting deer on the pass*, has two men in the foreground, one holding back a couple of fine dogs, the other loading his rifle for a second shot; a capital group. The driving deer on the Black Mount, Glen-Urchy Forest, the background and distance, are hardly as successful as usual; though the picture requires to be seen in bright weather, and such was not the characteristic of the opening day. Landseer's other contribution, *Portrait of Van Amburgh, as he appeared with his Animals at the London Theatres*, is a commission from the Duke of Wellington, who wished to have a picture exemplifying the power of the human eye. The lion-tamer, an excellent likeness, stands in the centre in a den, with tigers on one side, lions on the other, iron bars before him, and a whip in his hand, denoting, however, that something more than "the power of the eye" enables him to maintain his dominion over the quailing lion and the crouching tiger. The rage of the lions is fearfully depicted, and the characteristics of the two specimens of one genus are admirably preserved. There may, however, be some difference of opinion as to the choice of the subject; and, as we have intimated, it scarcely supports the moral—"the power of the eye." "Mr. Humanity Martin" would have protested by way of criticism.

In that class of paintings which may be distinguished as domestic or familiar from its illustrating scenes of every-day life, there are several masterly productions. In such works, by the way, history descends from her stilts, and teaches us many fine humanities for rule and conduct; and philosophy is thus blended with the most popular mode of teaching social duties, for it would be difficult to name a more welcome castigator of human failings and follies than the painting moralist.

Foremost of these pictures is Mr. Mulready's *Burchill offering to assist Sophia in sowing an aftergrowth of hay for the Rev. W. Primrose, the Vicar*, we need scarcely add from Goldsmith's fine English story. The incident is capitally told: Burchill and Sophia are most prominent; in the mid distance, the vicar is watching the pair, and in the back-ground, the young folks playing with the hay, is admirable. The composition is admirable; the colouring beautiful; and the finish so high as make the entire work (about eighteen by twenty inches) resemble a first-class work on ivory. It is stated to be a commission from Sir Thomas Baring, and is, in every way, a worthy companion to Mr. Mulready's *Choosing the Wedding-gown*, in last year's exhibition, and which was purchased by Mr. Sheepshanks, of Rutland Gate, for 1,000 guineas. This munificent patron of art commissioned Mr. Webster to paint the next subject of our notice—*A Village Choir*, from Washington Irving's Sketch Book; here is cousin Simon leading the band of village amateurs, the deep solemn mouths, and loud ringing mouths, of the country bumpkins: their stolidity contrasts excellently with Simon's ardour, and the variety of expression of the whole band, aiming at one common end, is cleverly preserved; the singing girls in front are beautifully painted, especially the earnest simplicity of one of them.

Mr. Redgrave has contributed five pictures of this class, the most important of which is *Fashion's Slaves*—a lady reclining on a couch, and pointing with a scent-bottle in her hand to a clock, denoting that a milliner is behind her time with a dress. The moral is unexceptionable: the poor overworked dress-maker, timid and sorrowful, is a touching portrait of a class of sufferers from what is termed high civilization; and the luxurious and thoughtless folly of fashion is admirably personified. It must prove a sad lesson to many a "lady patroness."

Another of the social abuses of our day is satired in a picture of one of the follies of the last century—*The South-sea Bubble: or 'Change Alley in 1720*, by Mr. E. M. Ward; the tables with clerks, in the Alley, and the eager strife of churchmen and dissenters, whigs and Tories, country gentlemen and brokers, and lady gamblers, as well as the accessories of the locality, make up a work of Hogarthian treatment. Perhaps, the figures are somewhat crowded, and the contrasts are sometimes forced; still, everything contributes to the main story; the famishing boy and the fine lady are an excellent juxtaposition. The picture is very attractive to visitors, for it has a reflex in the railway mania of our own day, and must be a sort of painting lecture to committee-men and directors.

Mr. Frank Stone has a pair of pictures—*The Impending Mate*, and *Mated*, which have been separated in the hanging, although they explain one another—Love foreshadowed in a game of chess. In one picture, the swain and the innamorata are seated at a game of chess; the position of the pieces, by the way, is a first-rate problem. There is, however, as much love as chess in the play. In the companion picture, the battle is settled; the chess-board is put aside, and the wooer is telling his love at the feet of the girl. The pictures are largish; the scene a sort of gallery open to a graceful landscape; and the costume the best of the last century. The girl is exquisitely beautiful, the young man, perhaps, a little too *silky*. They are painted with very high finish, and are very charming works.

Two large pictures, of a Wilkie-like character, tell of the simple joys of rural life,

"When, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth."

The first is Mr. Frith's *English Merry-making, a hundred years ago*, a scene of out-door festivity, of "sunshine holiday and chequered shade," which it were hard to describe save by the pencil. The second work to which we have alluded, is Mr. F. Goodall's scene, with the same epigraph as Mr. Frith's, in the catalogue, from Milton's *L'Allegro*. Mr. Goodall's scene is at a village ale-house door; the dance in the centre is charming. We have called these pictures Wilkie-like, but it is only in choice of subject and treatment—not in colouring or finish. There are three or four rising artists in this walk, whose contributions we regret we have not room to individualize.

Portraiture is ably sustained in the collection: the works are fewer than usual; and, we think, of superior character, which is a two-fold improvement. Grant takes the lead: he is the Gain-borough of his day; figures and back-grounds, how beautiful; then for his horses, only look at No. 127: his three-quarter portrait of Hon. Mrs. Wortley is, perhaps, his finest picture; his portraits of Lady Dalmeny and Mr. Sidney Herbert, too, are capital. Mr. Watson Gordon's portraits are in another style of excellence: his whole-length of Principal Lee is admirable. Knight has but two portraits—Mr. Bright, M.P., a whole-length; and Holman, the Blind Traveller, half-length; the head of the latter is surely too large. Of Pickersgill's eight portraits, the best, as well as the most interesting, is a three-quarter of Mr. Hallam, the historian. Mrs. Carpenter's "Mother and Child" are excellently painted; and a large full-length portrait by an amateur, is remarkably finished. We miss Linnell's masterly portraiture; he

has but three works here, and one only a portrait, a lady, admirably painted.

The drawings and miniatures include some fine productions. Richmond and Chalon take the lead in the former; and Sir W. Ross and Thorburn in the latter. Carrick, too, has some fine portraits; and there is a curious pen-and-ink presentation of Jenny Lind, by Minasi, a venerable artist lately rescued from blindness and poverty.

The "Architecture" room contains but few drawings of that class; never do we remember so little castle-in-the-air-building as this season.

The Sculpture Room has a few poetical groups, over and above the average of busts. Marshall's *First Step*, (a child learning to run alone,) and Mac Dowell's *Early Sorrow*, (a maiden unconventional,) struck us as among the best specimens. A small marble bust of the Prince of Wales, executed for the Queen, by Mrs. Thoneycroft, is a clever performance.

In this glance at the entire exhibition, limited to a few columns, it is impossible to do justice to all the successful aspirants to academic honours, who, we rejoice to say, are very numerous.

At parting, we may mention that Mr. Etty's large triple picture, (Joan of Arc,) which certainly has not his usual finish, will, at the close of the exhibition, receive "more work;" it will then be a magnificent specimen of heroic painting. We may notice, by the way, the objection by some, that in the sortie Joan is not sufficiently excited: this is intentional on the part of the artist, and is intended to convey the idea of Joan's *inspiration*, and not the expression of those passions which actuate more ordinary characters: her superior power is told in the serenity of self-possession.

THE GREAT KING'S DAUGHTER.

THERE was a great king who reigned at Rome, who had one son and four daughters. The son, Candidus, was fair, wise, bold and courteous. His daughters were Justice, Truth, Mercy and Peace. The two elder were of commanding forms and severe features, the two younger of slight stature and mild countenances. Desirous of finding a suitable bride for his heir, the great king searched frequently among the regal families, until he chose the daughter of the king of Jerusalem, whose beauty was the theme of every writer at her father's court.

With great pomp the young princess was brought to Rome, and the wedding celebrated amid the joyous admiration of the people, and the hearty congratulations of the great king and his family. For a time all went well, and the young prince rejoiced daily more and more in the beauty of his young wife. But the tempter was nigh at hand, and the peace of the prince was soon blasted. A noble, the confidential servant of the great king, a man of many and fair words, and wherewithal crafty, seduced the young mind of the princess, and led her away by flattery from the prince her husband.

The infidelity of the princess became at length known to Candidus and to the great king his father, and the punishment of the law was awarded upon the faithless princess. Publicly divorced from her husband, and repudiated from him with the loss of every honour, she soon reaped the bitter fruits of her sin. Neglected and deserted by the noble who had led her to sin, she wandered from place to place, begging her bread, and praying for death as a deliverance from her abject misery.

The heart of the young prince was torn with conflicting emotions,—anger at the ingratitude of his wife, and yet love, fervent love for her in despite of her infidelity, and pity for her many sorrows. At last his love and pity overcame his anger, and he sent some of his nobles to seek for her, and recall her to his father's court. Readily did the nobles hasten on their mission, for the princess was greatly beloved.

"Lady," said they, when they found the princess in a far distant country, nearly worn out with hunger, fatigue, and sorrow—"Lady, return in perfect safety; thy lord the prince calls thee back to him; fear nothing."

"Great and mighty lords," meekly rejoined the princess, "tell my lord the prince, that right willingly would I obey his commands were I able so to do."

"Unable, Lady! are we not here to convey thee back to our lord, thy prince?"

"Know ye not the imperial law; if a man marry and his wife prove unfaithful, he shall give her a writing of divorce; and from that day is she no longer his wife!"

"Truly, it is as you say, Lady!"

"Know ye not that to me such a writing was given, for that I was unfaithful to my lord the prince. How can I then return unto my lord?"

"Is not our lord greater than the law which he has made himself? Since, then, he is disposed to forget and pardon; return in peace, secure from punishment or reproach."

"How shall I know that his wishes are such? If my lord would assure me of it, would deign to come and kiss me with the kiss of his lips, then should I be sure of his favour."

Firm in her determination, the nobles brought back the heavy tidings to the prince. Then he called together his wise men, and sought out from among them one that would go and persuade the princess to return. One by one the sages refused the task, and the prince could only send again his former nobles.

"Lady," said they, "thus saith the prince, What can I do for you, there is not a man in my dominions that will execute my wishes."

Sorely wept the princess, but she feared to return, because the law was strict, and the great king was just though merciful. Then went the prince in before his father and bowed before him, and prayed a favour. And when the great king had raised him up and kissed his right cheek, he said, "Speak, my son, and let thy wishes be known unto thy father."

"Father, my love for my erring wife compels me to reseek her society. Twice have I sent to her to persuade her to return, but she fears the imperial law, and refuses to come back, unless assured by me that she may return in peace and security."

"Go, then, my son, in thy might, and reinstate the penitent in the seat from which she has fallen; and you, great and mighty lords, go before our son, and tell the princess how he comes to recal her without punishment and without reproach."

"Father and great king," interposed Justice, "art thou just, and is thy judgment righteous? Is it fit that she who was once unfaithful should again be our brother's wife, the partner of his future throne. You sanctioned the writing of divorce; to the law, therefore, let her appeal. One such violation of justice forbids my being any longer accounted your child."

"My father," said Truth, who stood by the great king, "our sister has spoken truly. You have adjudged this woman to be faithless to our brother. If you permit her now to return, what do you but destroy the very essence of Truth, and prevent me too from fulfilling any more the offices of your daughter?"

"Nay, father," interposed Mercy, "am not I also thy child, and wilt thou abandon Mercy? Forgive, then, the offence of this penitent woman, else never more can I acknowledge thee as my father."

Peace, too, would have spoken for the penitent; but when she saw that there was discord between her father and his daughters, she fled to a far-off place. Justice and Truth, however, swerved not from their purpose, and hastened to place in their father's hand a naked sword.

"Father and great king," said they, "we present you with the sword of Justice. Take it, and strike the faithless woman who hath wronged our brother."

"Enough, father, enough," exclaimed Mercy, rushing forward and snatching the weapon from their hands. "Long have you reigned, and your inclinations been our father's law. Now forbear: is it not fit that my wishes should sometimes be listened to? Am not I also the king's daughter?"

"Truly hast thou spoken, sister," rejoined Justice; "long have we reigned. Yea, and long will we preserve our authority: but come, let us call back our brother, who is wiser than us all, and let him be our judge."

Then Candidus, who had been hastening the needful preparations for his departure, returned to the king's apartment, and heard how Justice and Truth demanded the infliction of the law, whilst Mercy and Peace advocated a free forgiveness.

"My beloved sisters," said Candidus, "the flight of our sister Peace, whom your miserable shifts has driven away, little satisfies. This ought not to be and shall not. As for my faithless wife, I am prepared to undergo her punishment myself."

"If this be your determination, oh my brother," said Justice, "we cannot oppose you."

"Sister," said the prince, turning to Mercy, "use your endeavour to restore my hapless wife. But, should I receive her and she again falls into sin, do you design to renew your intercession?"

"Yes, brother, again and again, if she be but penitent." Then the prince conducted back his sister Peace, and caused each of the others to embrace her in turn: and when concord was thus restored, he set out in search of his penitent wife, and brought her back with every honour.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM'S POEMS.

THIS little volume consists of the poetry of a man who was in every way worthy of following in the footsteps of the immortal Burns. Sir Walter Scott—Scotland's high priest in the regions of historical romance, himself a poet, and an excellent critic of poetry—was one of the first to recognise the genius of Allan Cunningham, and his discrimination, assisted by the zealous enthusiasm of the Ettrick Shepherd, brought the humble-minded sculptor into public notice.

It is speaking in language higher than all words of praise to say, that there are some verses in this book which Burns himself might have written. To those who love the sweet phrases, and soft and harmonious utterances, of true Scottish song, the lyrics will prove treasures indeed—household beauties, to be sung and listened to through many a summer's day. The collection is divided into three parts; the first containing the imitations of the old ballad Jacobite reliques. These ballads were published in 1810, and brought out by Cromek as veritable remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song. "Short-sighted man,"—"Bonnie Lady Anne,"—"It's hame and it's hame,"—"She's gane to dwell in Heaven," and "Thou hast sworn," are conceived in a spirit of the most poetical fervour. "The Return of Spring" is a lovely composition.

"Could Winter be awa', my love,
And Spring be in her prime,
The breath o' heaven stirs a' to life—
The grasshoppers to chime;
The birds canna contain themselves
Upon the sprouting tree;
But loudly, loudly sing o' love—
A theme which pleaseth me.
The blackbird is a 'rawkie loun,
And kens the gate o' love,
Fu' weel the sickit mavis kens
The melting lift manna move,
The gowd-spink woe in gentle note,
And ever singeth he,
Come here, come here, my spousal dame,—
A theme which pleaseth me.

What says the sangster rose-linnet?
His breast is beating high:
Come here, come here, my ruddy mate,
The gate o' love to try.
The lav'rock calls his freckled mate,
Frae near the sun's be-bree;
Come, make on the knowe our nest, my love,—
A theme which pleaseth me."

The verses which follow, and conclude the song, are equally good, and will remind the reader of the "Smiling Spring," a song written by Burns for Johnson's "Musical Museum;" and one of his most charming lyrics.

"The Mermaid of Galloway," we regret, is too long for our columns, and to quote a line of it in any way would be a sorry mutilation. It is a romantic legend, garbed in a dress of the choicest poetry.

The Second Part consists of Poems and Miscellaneous Pieces. Listen to the "Poet's Invitation":—

"My youngest, fairest, come;
For not the sunshine following showers,
Nor fruit buds to the wintry bowers,
Nor lady-bracken to the hind,
Nor warm bark to the tender rind,
Nor song-bird to the sprouting tree,
Nor heath-bell to the gathering bee,
Nor golden daylight to ad eyes,
Nor morn-star showing larks to rise,
Nor son long lost in some far part,
Who leaps back to his mother's heart,
Nor lily to Dalswinton lea,
Nor moonlight to the fairy,
Can be so dear as thou to me,
My youngest one, my Mary.

The sea-pieces are enough to rouse the blood of all the "English gentlemen who live at home at ease." There is a daring vaunt in them which will find an echo in the heart of many a sailor who loves the sea as his dearest and best mistress. But more to our taste is the "Poet's Bridal-day song." There is a tenderness and beauty in this which makes itself felt and understood in a moment. The Third Part is made up of Songs. The very first has music in it. It is to be hoped that it may find some one among our living composers who will marry it to a melody worthy of its vigour.

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast,
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lea.

* * * * *
There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark, the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing fer—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea."

No description of a poet's lady-love can exceed in simplicity and natural grace the lines that occur in "Know ye the fair one." Here is real poetry—

"Her lips are like the red rosebud,
Dew-parted in a morn of June,
Her voice is gentler than the sound
Of some far heard and heavenly tune."

"The Broken Heart of Anais" is a fair specimen of the earnest force of a man who writes with the feelings genuine and inherent in a lover of the beautiful. Ousting flowers alike in lady's garden or on heathery moor, the poet is ever true and faithful to his vocation; he tunes his lyre to remembrance with the fond emotions that gladden his inmost heart, regardless whether the music floats along the delicate perceptions of his brain, caught from tones that swell in lofty hall, or wander from

peasant lips on village green—so that he retains the melody ere it is lost to him for ever. Of the right craft was Allan Cunningham, and it is a worthy tribute to the memory of so excellent and amiable a father, that his son has in this shape brought together all that he could collect of remains so valuable.

Before quitting this very interesting volume, let us recommend the patient consideration of the modesty which so long a time shrouded its author from public observation, to the aspirant for worldly honours—worldly fame. It is a merit not very common in these high-pressure, progressive times. For the rest, very dull must that heart be, whose throbbings are not quickened by the perusal of many of these sweet songs.

RAMBLES IN BELGIUM.

No. VI.—NAMUR & HUY.

FROM the moment I set foot at Ostend, on Flemish soil, to the time of my departure from Waterloo, I had seen nothing but a flat, level, though fertile, country. The scenery on the road to Namur, however, improves at every step. The banks of the Meuse are beautiful. After passing Sombrefe and Temploux, the road winds a devious way through a most luxuriant valley, on one side of which may be seen the lovely river gliding on, skirting banks and rocks covered with vegetation in its richest garb; and every now and then adorned with a picturesque chateau. There was one point in particular which reminded me of my old favourite ride from Bake-well to Matlock,—the same masses of ivy-covered rock, the same sort of trees growing in every occasional crevice, and the river below like a glittering snake, all bright in the glowing sunshine. There is a hill before Namur can be entered, which is very steep, and adds to the effect of the striking situation of the old town. There is a drawbridge and several very tortuous alleys, all which had to be crossed and traversed before I could reach the Hotel de Harcamp. I was astonished to see the number of cutlers' shops in one of the strange irregular streets, forgetting for the moment that I was in the Belgian Sheffield. If the knives that lay before us at the Hotel, and with which we attempted to cut our meat, when summoned to the early table-d'hôte, were an example of the manufactory of steel, I may safely say my Yorkshire acquaintance need be under no sort of apprehension of being cut out. A lady who was determined to test the merits of some articles temptingly displayed in a large though low shop, was doomed to discover that she had made a bad bargain, for, out of three penknives, two were broken at the first trial. The chagrin of the fair purchaser appeared to be a source of much merriment to some mustachioed and whiskered gentleman to whom she was relating her mishap, and the grapes were swallowed between a grin and a laugh as he listened to the story of the fractured blades. As soon as I could leave the table I departed on a tour round the place. The church, or cathedral, as it is more properly called, is of very little interest. There is the tomb of the gallant Don John of Austria, who died near Namur, from the effects of poison, administered to him by the emissaries of his brother, Philip II. of Spain. An old tradition has asserted, that the reason of this very unbrotherly act was the belief of Philip, that Elizabeth of England would bestow her hand on the conquering hero of so many valorous days. However true it may be that Philip was influenced by such a motive for his brother's assassination, there do not exist any authentic data for supposing our English monarch ever contemplated such an alliance. The church of St. Loup is one mass of decorations, gildings, arabesques, quaint confessionals, coloured marbles, and carvings. Coming from the daylight it had a handsome appearance. The ceiling is elaborately chased in white stone,

and is stated to have been the unassisted work of a monk of the order of Jesus.

There was no necessity or wish to stay longer at Namur, especially as Liege was to be attained on the morrow; so, packing the baggage into the vigilante, which was to follow with the lady of the penknife and her friend, I set out with a dapper little Frenchman to walk part of the road by the Meuse. It was a fine afternoon, and the sun, pouring down his warmest rays, lit the whole route with a genial influence. My companion was in raptures, everything was *conneur de rom*, the air was so light and so bright, the river so cool, so deliciously captivating, the scenery so majestic, that in his phrases I began to think hyperbole was thoroughly exhausted. Nothing could or would arrest his exclamations, which were so constantly on the increase, that on arriving at a turn of the road, where the river was making an angle, as if to show how sportive Nature will be, a fresh series broke out with redoubled vigour, to such an extent, indeed, that I feared nothing but the waters of the Meuse could cool him. However, on we rambled till night and the vigilante overtook us at the door of a small hostelry, where I was rash enough to taste a most horrible liqueur, called Absinthe, the remembrance of which clings to my palate yet, and which "an rhubarb, senna, or purgative draught," can exceed in bitterness. I must be a faithful chronicler, and as such confess that it was highly relished by all my fellow-travellers. It was late when we entered Huy, and rest was very needful after our long walk. Morning was over the Meuse before I could lose myself, an effect of restlessness, tired as I was, I could not help attributing to the execrable Absinthe.

Huy is, like Namur, strongly fortified; its situation on the river is most romantic. The fortress is placed on a rock, and commands the river on either side. Every one of the little party wished to see the works, and permission having been accorded, we paced through them. The rock itself is made to assist in forming places for cannon, &c., where it has been excavated with great care. It is due to the authorities to say that they were very obliging and courteous, sparing no pains to show and explain every thing that attracted our notice. A very richly carved gateway abuts on the cathedral, which is said to have been founded by Peter the Hermit. A hasty glance at the interior was sufficient to see that it was of the Gothic order, and of very elegant design.

It was necessary to cross a bridge on our retreat from Huy, and to pursue the road to Liege on the left bank of the river. We had proceeded a short distance further, when the first vineyard that I had seen in Belgium presented itself. Certainly it had a pretty look; the clusters of purple grapes twined, as it were, round with the green leaves and graceful tendrils; one seemed as it were insensibly reminded of Italy, and those beautiful representations of the old masters, where they so frequently introduce a vineyard in the background of their choicest subjects. I must in justice to dear Old England give the preference, beautiful as some of the vineyards are, to the hop gardens of Kent. The poles are higher, and group themselves into more fantastic forms when swayed or tossed by the wanton winds. The aroma of the hop, too, is so delicious, and there is not that tendency to fall utterly prostrate in the vines, that so often militates to the prejudice of the grape-vine. The grapes we tasted at a house near Huy were of pleasant flavour, not too sweet, and small, both singly and in bunches. Some wine made from the same vines at the last year's vintage was most unpalatable, and afforded a bad specimen of the general quality, of which we were told it was a fair average.

There are some noble views, comprising rock, river, trees, winding roads, luxuriant pastures, retired chateaux, to be seen between Huy and Liege. As this latter place is neared, however, the face of the country assumes a more cultivated aspect, and the rocks and forest-crowned heights recede into a beautiful fertile valley.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

VILLAGE LYRICS.

No. I.—THE SANCTUARY.

W. BRAILSFORD.

STILL clings the ivy to the wall;
Still the elm tree's shadows fall,
Over grave and tomb:
Still flows the gentle river on,
With a sweet murmur of its own
Music in the gloom.

And still, from yonder moss-grown tower,
The bell is heard at Sabbath hour,
Calling men to pray.
Many a heart, that now lies cold,
Underneath the darkness mould,
Bent its thoughts this way.

Ah! the days of our childhood's spring,
When the mind was a gallant thing,
Strong to do and dare:
As life's summer creepeth slowly,
Losing sense of symbols holy,
How it droops to care!

Ever to the world grown fonder,
How we droop, and seldom ponder
On our early time:
When the sound of the village bell
Subdued old griefs, like magic spell
From some eastern clime;

Bringing thoughts of peace and heaven,
With no measure of earth's leaven;
Pointing, with the spire,
To that highest source of sweetness,
Where perfection, and completeness,
Are the soul's desire.

Yet, sometime in the busy crowd,
When cares and woes the spirits shroud,
Bells upon the wind
Will tremble o'er the wearied brain,
And bring in gentle calm again
The old Church left behind.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

How common it is to hear people talk about conscience, and yet how few there are who consider what it is; for conscience is an agreement or coincidence of the judgment of man with the judgment of God. When conscience condemns what God approves, or approves what God condemns, it is no longer conscience, but deceit and delusion. The conscience of the Quaker assures him that it is needless to be baptized, and the conscience of the Socinian scruples the worship of the Church of England as idolatry; but there is no more reason in the one or the other than in that conscience of the Musselmans which sends them two thousand miles on a pilgrimage to the tomb of their false prophet.—*Jones of Nayland*.

THE other morning I happened to rise earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not pass my time better

than to go upon the admonition of the morning bells to the church prayers at six of the clock. I was there the first of any in the congregation, and had the opportunity, however I made use of it, to look back on all my life, and contemplate the blessing and advantage of such stated early hours for offering ourselves to our Creator, and prepossess ourselves with the love of him, and the hopes we have from him against the snares of business and pleasure in the ensuing day. . . . Were this morning solemnity as much in vogue, even as it is now, at more advanced hours of the day, it would necessarily have so good an effect upon us, as to make us more disengaged and cheerful in conversation, and less artful and insincere in business. The world would be quite another place than it is now the rest of the day, and every face would have an alacrity in it which can be borrowed from no other reflections but those which give us the assured protection of Omnipotence.—*Addison*.

FEET OF THE CHINESE WOMEN.

THAT a whole race should take so much trouble, inflicting and undergoing so much pain, to deface and damage the body, is strange. It is the most universal and curious kind of mutilation practised in any country, and shows how dangerous it is to permit fashion, leagued with false notions of beauty, to tamper with the wholesome operations of nature. There is little doubt that the practice began at first in a small way and with slight results, in a desire of doing what they might, by artificial contrivances, to help in the formation of a small well-arched, female foot, and that it crept on with increasing force, though by scarcely perceptible movements, till it reached its present universal extent, and power of at once destroying all the beauty of the foot, and all but annihilating its functions. While the foot is stunted and crippled the leg wastes, loses its symmetrical roundness and waving outline, and, though other parts of the body are still in a state of vigorous growth, shrinks and withers like a palsied limb. It need scarcely be added that such a condition of the lower extremities must interfere materially with the power of locomotion. Walking is difficult and painful, the gait being uncertain and waddling: the maimed object totters, is in continual danger of falling, and, beyond short distances in girlhood, gladly avails herself of the help of a stick. Yet all this is done and suffered, sacrificing at once beauty and usefulness, in the absurd ambition of completing Nature's operations, and surpassing the scheme of creative wisdom.—*Wilson's Medical Notes on China*.

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The Children in the Wood.

(FROM THE NEW WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.)

ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT FLOOD AT DRESDEN, IN THE YEAR 1845.¹

THE night from Saturday to Sunday was stormy and cold; but, notwithstanding this latter favourable circumstance, the water had risen up to eight *ellen*, the height of the famous inundation of 1799, and still continued rising. With terror the people watched the register, and saw inch after inch continually gained by the raging waves. When, on the morning of this never-to-be-forgotten sabbath, I went to the door of my house, I was dismayed at the progress the water had made during the night, and hastily ran back to order all those preparations which I have already named. When this was done, I became desirous of getting a survey of the dominion of the flood in other parts of the town, as far as anxiety respecting my own situation would allow. In two hours the water had overstepped our threshold, and tanners in their great coats were busy erecting the tressel-bridge in our street, to which, from every door, a board led over. Having thus a mode of egress, I soon directed my steps to the great focus of attraction, the bridge, and Brühlische Terrace; but you cannot form an idea, from my poor description, in any measure adequate to the reality of the sight which the river presented. If you can picture to yourself a quiet, inoffensive, nay, ever-amiable and lovely being, wrought up by some extraordinary occurrence to a height of passion, bordering on frenzy, then you may have something of the impression I wish to convey. On passing through the Zwinger, at the entrance leading towards the river, I was met by a rush of water, which, gushing out from one of the sewers, seemed the fierce messenger to announce the speedy occupation also of this pretty spot. Arrived at the Terrace, I stood fixed to the earth in awe and admiration, not unmixed with inward shuddering. For now, it might be about noon, the water-mark was already over nine, and very little below the enormous floods of 1784. Frightful was the rush of the torrent through the arches of the bridge, for the bed of the river is narrowed at that part by the houses on both sides, and by the Brühlische Terrace. The water was actually higher by an *elle* on one side of the bridge than on the other, several of the arches being entirely stopped up: it seemed, indeed, but too probable, that, in consequence of the enormous weight it had to sustain, the noble structure would at length be swept away. For it was not the pressure of water alone which threatened destruction; it was rather the enormous quantities of timber floating down the river. Large trunks of trees, masts, and beams, either with their thick ends ran against the piers like catapults of old, or, swinging round, came across the arches, where, tossed by the fury of the torrent, they were splintered into a thousand fragments. Still, the bulwark of by-gone centuries nobly withstood these shocks, and carriages and passengers went over it with the fullest confidence in its solidity and long-tried excellence. In the place of the ice, the stream was now perfectly covered, not only with the larger species of timber, but with thousands of logs cut short for firewood, together with stores of planks and boards from timber-yards. Some of these latter were situated in the lower parts of the town, and within sight of the Brühlische Terrace, whence the havoc could be clearly discerned. It was really distressing to see how, one by one, the valuable stores, built up in huge stacks, were lifted up majestically from their places, carried into the middle of the stream, and then overturned, and scattered widely over the river. But still more distressing was it to distinguish, among the floating materials, portions of human habitations—house-doors,

thresholds, pieces of furniture, garden-fences, railings, &c., betokening the heavy accidents which must have befallen the villages and towns higher up the river. Glancing across the vast expanse of water to the opposite side, the eye could partly discern the inroads the flood had made into Neustadt and the more eastern suburbs. All the chief streets of those parts opening on the river, together with a number of small lanes running into them, were extensively flooded, those at the eastern extremity chiefly by the back-water of a brook coming there into the right bank of the Elbe. The most imposing view of the whole scene was gained by persons standing in the garden of the Japanese palace. From this height they could clearly see the imminent danger which threatened the bridge and town. Looking downwards, the whole valley appeared like a wide and extensive lake, out of which only the trees, forming the avenues of the Gohege, raised their lofty heads: on the opposite side, poor Friederichstadt looked out from the waves, a second Venice. Leading to the last-mentioned suburb from Altstadt, is a fine avenue of chestnut trees, more than a hundred years old. This connexion was now nearly cut off for foot-passengers, and was only kept up by an odd medley of conveyances. Besides a few boats that plied between the insulated spots, there were also several carts, droskies, and other vehicles, in full activity, carrying over heavy loads of people, not so much as a matter of necessity, but for the enjoyment and amusement of the younger portion of the populace, who, in their thoughtlessness, were delighted with a state of things, which to their elders was a matter of sadness and anxiety. To gratify their eagerness to cross the flooded way, robust men were seen, with large boots up to the thighs, wading through the water, and bearing in succession not a few of the crowd for a trifling sum. At the end of this avenue there is a bridge over the Weisseritz leading to Friederichstadt. From this bridge, whose arches were now nearly filled up, a good view of the havoc going on might also be obtained. The water here was nearly all back-water, caused by the torrent of the Elbe driving back the waters of the Weisseritz. The occupants of a great many old and low-built houses in this neighbourhood were busily engaged in removing their furniture to the top story, or in leaving their habitations altogether. It was certainly a sign of a protecting Providence, as well as a proof of the efficiency of the precautions adopted by the authorities, that in the midst of all these scenes of confusion no accident occurred, but everything was conducted in perfect order and quiet. Charity, hospitality, and Christian kindness were abroad to assist the needy, and shelter those who were driven from their homes. This kindness was even extended to animals: a number of pigs, for instance, were rescued from their flooded sty, and carried into an up-stairs room for safety.

When I returned to my home, after this hasty survey of the town, I found that a boat had replaced the bridge in our street, the latter having become useless from the rising of the water. I also perceived, to my dismay, that the water was within two or three inches of my threshold. It now appeared, indeed, too probable that the water would actually enter our house, and pour through it into the courtyard behind, which, being lower than the street, would have been filled ere this had not the walls of houses on every side prevented the entrance of the water. It was not until this moment that we were convinced of our mistake in supposing that we were safe from the attacks of the enemy. A very little farther rise would now be sufficient to overflow our warm and comfortable apartments. The contemplation of this event saddened our spirits, and though we sat down to dinner as usual, neither my wife nor I could enjoy our meal. But we forced ourselves to take some refreshment, under the idea that strength might be wanted to bear the coming trial. Scarcely had we risen from table when, on looking into the yard, I saw little bubbles rising in the softer parts

(1) Concluded from p. 100.

of the ground, and in the chinks of the paths little pools gathering as from unseen springs. At the same time a rushing and splashing noise in one corner indicated that the water had found its way through the walls of the neighbouring houses. Though the enemy was close at hand, no one took the precaution of securing a passage for us over the court-yard, which indeed would afterwards have proved quite useless, as the common mode of setting up tressels was soon defied by the rapid rising of the water. At this moment it occurred to me to procure from the wash-house a large tub, by means of which I might, in case of necessity, row myself to the opposite side of the yard.

The ground now became more and more like a sieve, through which the water rushed up incessantly. In the mean time the flood had entered one of the houses by the street-door, and passing through, became a rivulet, which poured in a cascade down the stone steps into the yard, thus hastening the conversion of the latter into a reflecting sheet of water. This change was accomplished in less than an hour; streams, also, running from every corner and crevice of the opposite houses. The water having now risen half an elle, I tried my first expedition in the washing-tub, and succeeded, amidst the cheers of the spectators, in reaching the opposite house. There I found a man to whom the opening, and shutting, and cleaning the house belonged, busily engaged in removing various articles. I applied to him for assistance in removing my furniture, especially my piano, from the ground floor, to an upper story. But he said, "How can we manage, both of us, to cross the yard in your washing-tub? and when there, how shall I return? Besides," he added, "you have nothing to fear; the water will not rise so high as to enter your house." This hope I no longer could or would cherish. Therefore, as soon as I had returned from my expedition, my wife and I set to work in earnest in removing as many articles as we possibly could in so short a time. It was all very well while we had to deal with the smaller articles of furniture; but when we came to the heavier ones, we found ourselves little competent to the task. However, the near approach of danger gave us increasing energy, and we managed to secure many of the more cumbersome pieces also. To our dismay, we found ourselves wholly unable to remove the piano, and the most of our failing strength would permit us to do, was to place it upon a strong and heavy table. After the toil of four hours, we were ready to bid farewell to the half emptied rooms; and high time it was to do so. An hour ago, the flood had made a furious rush down into the cellar, and filled it. Pressing upwards from thence, it now began to ooze through the boards of the floor, and soon formed little pools here and there. This was the state of things when, with a sigh, we left our comfortable sitting-room; and very soon afterwards, the rooms were several inches deep in water. Evening now closed in, followed by a night, to us, the most desolate we had ever passed, while, to others, it was one of real danger, threatening death and destruction. Many eyes were open, and many hands folded in prayer. We also slept very little; the sense of being utterly cut off from others, whatever might happen, was too painful to permit of repose. But, if this was our condition, what must have been the apprehensions of those who lived nearer the river! The scene from the bridge that evening was described by an eye-witness as being very awful. The roaring of the torrent, caused by the waves breaking against the piers, was frightfully high, and the spray fell everywhere like hail; while the distorted reflections of the lights on the bridge made the whole only more wild and distorted. A general fear began to prevail, that the pressure of the still increasing waters would act on every street, so as to choke and burst the sewers, and thus bring on Dresden a similar destruction to that by which the city of Pesth had been visited the year before. From this terrible fate we were happily spared. At length, Monday morning came; but the sun rose amidst

mist and drizzling rain. The first look out from our prison was a dreary and distressing one. In our court-yard, as well as in the yards belonging to the adjacent houses, the water had risen to an imposing height, the shrubs having vanished, and only a few trees standing out. The surface of this lake was strewn with floating materials of every description, and a cold damp atmosphere rested upon it, giving an unwholesome chilliness to our encampment. I ran down stairs, to see what advance the water had made in our habitation, latching my boat, namely, my washing-tub, that I might the better examine the state of the piano, and other furniture. I was grieved to find that, without some strenuous effort on our part to remove them, our most valuable articles would soon be irreparably injured. Determined to seek once more for aid, we called across the yard to the occupants of the other parts of the building; but they declared they had no means of getting over to us; and, perhaps, they felt no great wish to do so, having, doubtless, abundant cares of their own. I then attempted to cross the yard in my tub, but without success. The poles I used to urge my vessel forward stuck fast in the mud, and nearly capsize me, so that I was obliged to return, and try a second appeal from the windows. Two women answered me that their husbands were out, seeking for bread; and, even if they were at home, it was scarcely possible they could reach us. Several vain and impracticable schemes occupied another weary hour, but lo! when hope began to fail us, unexpectedly help appeared. A young and courageous friend, who had just heard of our situation, had contrived to make his way to the house opposite ours, where, seeing our insulated position, and hearing our lamentations, he set to work at once making a raft. With a long pole he caught a number of planks as they floated by on the water, drew them to the steps of a staircase on which he stood, nailed them together, and completed his work by placing a large door upon this frame-work. In a few minutes afterwards our hero was seen bravely skimming the ocean, and was greeted by the general applause of the people who had watched his operations. Having tested the safety of his raft, he took on it another friend of ours, and both came to our assistance. Being now three, we were able to remove all the rest of the furniture, including the piano, though, in order to do this, we had to wade in the water up to our knees. Our minds were now more at rest, and a means of communication being opened to us by the raft, we were speedily provided with fresh water, food, &c., and also received the visits of a number of friends.

During the hour in which we had been occupied with the removal of our goods, we fancied there was no further rise in the water; and soon, to our great delight, we found this actually to be the case; not that we dared trust our eyes, but soon the glad tidings were running through the whole town. And truly it was in a time of extremity, that the Almighty thus checked the progress of the waves, for great things had been going on while we were occupied by our petty cares. This we learned of the friend who came to our rescue, and who had been abroad the whole morning.

In front of the royal castle, and round the theatre, the waters had gained ground hour by hour. The Roman Catholic church, nearly in the centre of this spacious place, was now quite surrounded, and its vaults, where the coffins of the royal family are deposited, were completely filled. Street after street became extensively flooded, and much damage was done in the shops of grocers, bakers, and others, who, thinking themselves secure, had neglected to remove their stores. Notwithstanding the precautions of the magistracy, the want of bread and provisions began to be felt. His majesty the king, who had already visited the most endangered districts, set the example of relieving the poor, by ordering the sum of five hundred dollars to be paid to the police for distribution, in the form of bread. Of the

bridge, only the top and railing of the middle now stood above the water. Most of the arches on the Neustadt side were stopped up; and, even at the Altstadt side, where the arches were highest, the water could only with difficulty force its way through. The inundation was now higher than it had been for the last four centuries. The very formidable rising of 1784 was twenty inches lower. At the middle and highest pier of the bridge stood a crucifix, mounted on a pedestal of rock. This pier projected farther into the water than any of the others, and it was here that a crack began to extend itself. No sooner had the sad discovery run through the crowd of spectators, and drawn their eyes to the endangered spot, than the pier, as far as it stood out into the flood, was seen to give way. For one moment the golden image of the Saviour was observed to rock to and fro, the next it sank backwards and vanished beneath the flood, which rushed and foamed as it closed over its booty. For a minute the hum of the thousands of spectators was completely silenced. They remained staring on the empty spot, as if unable to trust their eyes. But then a general cry of grief burst from their lips; women and children began to weep bitterly, and even the men turned pale. Precisely on this fatal pier, up to this moment, a sentinel had faithfully kept his post; and it was not a little remarkable that, although the sentry-box had sunk down at his side, he escaped. The passage over the bridge was now prohibited: and every one expected that the complete destruction of the bridge would follow; but, strange to say, with the sinking of the crucifix the angry demon of the waves seemed to be appeased; for, from that moment, the water did not rise another inch. The sinking of that particular pier was doubtless occasioned by its projection beyond the others, which caused it to be exposed to a terrible body of back-water, and also by a cavity or vault which existed in its upper part, just underneath the pedestal of the crucifix. It must also be remarked, that the bridge was not wholly of stone, but had its internal cavities filled up with sand. This led one of the oldest citizens of Dresden (the bookseller, Arnold) to foretell, only a few months before, the fate which had now befallen the bridge. In spite of this very natural explanation of the circumstance, superstition, and rising party-strife between Roman and German Catholics, caused numbers to avail themselves of the falling of the crucifix, and make the best of it for their particular views. The Roman Catholics declared that the crucifix was overthrown because Christ would no longer suffer his holy image to remain in the midst of an unbelieving population; the German Catholics affirmed that the image was destroyed in order to show the Divine displeasure against idolatry. This latter opinion became very prevalent, even in the minds of persons who had nothing to do with party-strife; and it now appears unlikely that the emblem will ever be set up again in that situation.

The gradual decrease of the waters could now be plainly discerned, and all faces brightened with hope and thankfulness. There was no longer an Elbmesser to consult, for it had been swept away with the falling pier; but the happy fact was sufficiently evident without it. At four o'clock in the afternoon the passage over the bridge was again opened, under proper precautions, for pedestrians only. The next morning, being that of the first of April, the sun rose serenely over the sinking floods; and that day, otherwise a day of deceptions, became at this time one of fulfilled hopes. Nevertheless, the very brightness revealed more clearly the extent of the devastation which had taken place. The sinking of the flood had been three *ellen*, and the water had, in consequence, receded from the royal castle, the theatre, and many other public places. Wherever the water drew back from houses, streets, and squares, persons were busily engaged removing the mud, sand, and rubbish, which was by no means an easy task, as it frequently lay an *elle* deep, and extended over the space of many acres. There were also deep holes rent by the torrent to be

filled up, pavements to be repaired and relaid, and sewers to be examined. Furniture, beds, and thousands of different household utensils which had not been saved, were now brought from their watery graves and exposed to the influence of the sun. At the close of this day the ark in my garden happily became useless, and once more I stood on solid ground. The rooms were also free of water, and in a condition to undergo the necessary cleanings and dryings. By order of the magistracy, no persons were allowed to re-occupy their flooded rooms, until inspection had been made by proper authority. It certainly was not by accident that, for nearly a fortnight following the inundation, the finest sunshine prevailed, and powerfully assisted in obliterating the traces of the calamity, while it also dispersed the foul and damp exhalations necessarily arising from the state of the town.

On the night of the first of April a strong frost set in, which covered still water with a coat of ice, while it contributed to send the river back to its proper channel. The next morning the water had sunk six *ellen*, and the higher objects along the shores reappeared. Reports were now received from the villages adjoining the river, of the imminent danger thousands of persons had been in, and the damage which had been sustained in the fields and meadows. In a village near Dresden the more valuable horses and cattle on a gentleman's estate were actually dragged up to the first story of his house, and accommodated in a suite of apartments appropriated to the summer use of the owner. A little farther up the river a wooden cottage, which had been carried away from the valley where it was built, was washed ashore, very little injured, and firmly settled in a garden belonging to the royal demesnes, where it is left standing, a monument of the ever-memorable event.

Through the wide extent where the flatness of the shores had permitted the river to spread, fields, meadows, gardens, and roads, were greatly injured, both by the deposit of pebbles and sand left by the receding floods, and by large fissures which were rent in the earth. The shores, far and near, were strewed with timber and various fragments, but happily no human bodies were seen among them. The most ghastly scene was, however, presented by one of the churchyards lying in the direct line of the most formidable torrent branching from the main river. Not only were the coffins in the vaults heaved up, and floated about within the walls of the churchyard, but even dead bodies, particularly from new-made graves, washed out and laid bare. The sight is described as having been really horrid, and far more frightful than that of a battle-field. One man told me, with faltering voice, that, when he ventured to climb up and peep over the wall into the cemetery, the first object that arrested his eyes and struck him with horror, was the grim visage of an old coachman whom he had known very well, and who was only buried a few days before. Repenting his curiosity, he at once jumped down from the wall, and made off; but he could not so easily forget the horrible spectacle, which haunted him wherever he went. By the activity of the authorities, all these sad traces of the calamity were speedily removed; and, in a comparatively short space of time, the progress of vegetation restored to the fields and gardens also much of their wonted appearance. The heavy losses sustained by numbers were partly made up to them by the assistance of government, and partly by private benevolence; for people seemed to vie with each other on this occasion in acts of kindness. Thus the tribulation in this, as in many other cases, was the means of bringing forth and ripening the wholesome and heavenly fruit of Christian love.

One of the most striking monuments of the flood was, for a long period, the bridge of Dresden. Two of the other piers sunk, after a few days had passed, and then all communication by it was forbidden. A bridge of boats, during the whole summer, supplied its place until its restoration could be effected.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

CHAP. II.

MR. FRAMPTON'S INTRODUCTION TO A ROYAL TIGER.

"I HOPE you feel no ill effects from your adventure, Sir: you resisted the fellow's attack most spiritedly, and would have beaten him off, I believe, if you had possessed a more serviceable weapon than an umbrella," observed I to Mr. Frampton, as we drew our chairs to the fire after dinner.

"Umph! all right, Sir, all right: a little stiff or so across the back, but not so bad as the tiger at Bungleapoor. I'm not so young as I used to be, and there's a difference between young men and old ones. Young men are all whalebone and whipcord, and it's nothing but hopping, skipping, and jumping with them all day long; when you're turned of sixty-five, Sir, the whalebone gets stiff, the whipcord wears out, the skip and jump take their departure, and the hop becomes an involuntary accompaniment to the rheumatism,—confound it! Umph!"

"You have been in India, I presume: I think I heard you refer to some adventure with a tiger," returned I.

"I've been everywhere, Sir—north, south, east, and west. I ran away from school at twelve years old, because the master chose to believe one of the ushers rather than me, and flogged me for lying when I had spoken the truth. I ran away, Sir, and got aboard a ship that was bound for the East Indies, and for five and forty years I never saw the white cliffs of old England; and, when I did return, I might as well have left it alone, for all who knew and cared for me were dead and gone—all dead and gone, dead and gone!" he repeated, in a tone of sorrowful earnestness. Then came an aside: "Umph! wonder what I told him that for; something for him to go and make fun of with the other young scapegraces, instead of minding their books:—just like me!"

"You must have seen many strange things, and met with various adventures worthy of note, in the course of your wanderings," remarked I.

"I must have been a fool, if I hadn't," was the answer. "Perhaps you think I was—umph! Young folks always think old ones fools, they say."

"Finish the adage, Sir, that old folks know young ones to be so, and then agree with me that it is a saying founded on prejudice, and at variance with truth."

"Umph! strong words, young Gentleman, strong words. I will agree with you so far, that there are old folks as well as young ones—old fools, who, in their worldly wisdom, stigmatise the generous impulses and disinterested affections of youth as folly, who may yet live to regret the warm feelings they have crushed, and the affections they have alienated, and find out that the things which they deemed folly, may prove in the end the truest wisdom." Then came the soliloquy: "There I go again—just like me! something else for him to laugh at; don't think he will, though—seems a good lad—wish t'other boy may be like him—umph!" He paused for a minute, and then observed abruptly, "Umph! about the tiger at Bungleapoor. You call to-night's an adventure, Sir: wonder what you'd have said if you'd been there!"

"As I was not, would it be asking too great a favour, if I request you to relate the anecdote?"

"Aye, boy, boy, I see you know how to come round an old traveller: set him gossiping about all the fine things he has seen and done in his younger days, and you win his heart at once. Well, fill your glass, Sir, and we'll see about it," was the reply.

I obeyed, Mr. Frampton followed my example, and after sipping his wine, and grunting several times to clear his throat, began the following recital:—

"Umph! ha! let me recollect. When I was a young shaver, having lived in the world some twenty years or so, I was engaged as a sort of supernumerary clerk in the house of Wilson and Brown at Calcutta; and, having no one else who could be so easily spared, they determined to despatch me on a business negotiation to one of the native princes, about eight hundred miles up the country. I travelled with a party of the — dragoons, commanded by a Captain Slingsby, a man about five years older than myself, and as good a fellow as ever lived. Well, somehow or other, he took a great fancy to me, and nothing would do but that I should accompany him in all his sporting expeditions,—for I should tell you that he was a thorough sportsman, and, I believe, entertained some strange notion that he should be able to make one of me. One unfortunate morning, he came into my tent, and woke me out of a sound sleep which I had fallen into, after having kept awake half the night by the most diabolical howls and screams that ever were heard out of Bedlam, expecting every minute to see some of the performers step in to sup, not with, but upon me.

"Come, Frampton, wake up, man," cried Slingsby, 'here's glorious news.'

"What is it?" said I,—'have they found another hamper of ale among the baggage?'

"Ale! nonsense," was the reply. 'A shikkarree (native hunter) has just come into camp to say, that a young bullock was carried off yesterday, and is lying half eaten in the jungle about a mile from this place; so at last, my boy, I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to a real live tiger.'

"Thank ye," said I, 'you're very kind; but if it's at all inconvenient to you this morning, you can put it off: another day will do quite as well for me—I'm not in the least hurry.'

"It was of no use, however; all I got for my pains was a poke in the ribs, and an injunction to lose no time in getting ready."

"Before we had done breakfast, the great man of the neighbourhood, Rajah somebody or other, made his appearance on his elephant, attended by a train of tawnies, who were to undertake the agreeable duty of beating. Not being considered fit to take care of myself—a melancholy fact of which I was only too conscious—it was decreed that Slingsby and I should occupy the same howdah. Accordingly, at the time appointed, we mounted our elephant; and having a formidable array of guns handed up to us, we started."

"As my companion, and indeed every one else concerned in the matter, evidently considered it completely as a party of pleasure, and seemed prepared to enjoy themselves to the utmost, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I did so too; and, consoled by the reflection that if the tiger had positively eaten half a bullock yesterday afternoon, it never could be worth his while to scale our elephant, and run the risk of being shot, for the sake of devouring me, I felt rather bold than otherwise. After proceeding for some distance through the jungle, and rousing, as it seemed to me, every beast that had come out of Noah's Ark, except a tiger, our elephant, who had hitherto conducted himself in a very quiet and gentlemanly manner, suddenly raised his trunk, and trumpeted several times, a sure sign, as the mahout informed us, that a tiger was somewhere close at hand."

"Now then, Frampton," cried my companion, cocking his double-barrel, 'look out!'

"For squalls," returned I, finishing the sentence for him.—"Pray is there any particular part they like to be shot in? whereabouts shall I aim?"

"Wherever you can," replied Slingsby, "be ready; there he is, by Jupiter!" and, as he spoke, the long grass about a hundred yards in front of us was gently agitated, and I caught a glimpse of what appeared a yellow and black streak, moving swiftly away in an opposite direction—"Tally ho!" shouted Slingsby, saluting the tiger with both barrels. An angry roar proved that the shots had taken effect, and in another moment, a large tiger, lashing his sides with his tail, and his eyes glaring with rage, came bounding towards us.

"Now, what's to be done?" exclaimed I,—if you had but left him alone, he was going away as quietly as possible."

"Slingsby's only reply was a smile, and, seizing another gun, he fired again. On receiving this shot, the tiger stopped for a moment, and then, with a tremendous bound, sprang towards us, alighting at the foot of a small tree, not a yard from the elephant's head.

"That last shot crippled him," said my companion, "or we should have had the pleasure of his nearer acquaintance—now for the *coup de grace*, fire away!" and as he spoke he leaned forward to take a deliberate aim, when suddenly the front of the howdah gave way, and to my horror, Slingsby was precipitated over the elephant's head, into, as it seemed to me, the very jaws of the tiger. A fierce growl, and a suppressed cry of agony, proved that the monster had seized his prey, and I had completely given my friend up for lost, when the elephant, although greatly alarmed, being urged on by the mahout, took a step forward, and twisting his trunk round the top of the young tree, bent it down across the loins of the tiger, thus forcing the tortured animal to quit its hold, and affording Slingsby an opportunity of crawling beyond the reach of its teeth and claws. Forgetting my own fears in the imminence of my friend's danger, I only waited till I could get a shot at the tiger, without running the risk of hurting Slingsby, and then fired both barrels at its head, and was lucky enough to wound it mortally. The other sportsmen coming up at the moment, the brute received his quietus, but poor Slingsby's arm was broken where the tiger had seized it with his teeth, and his shoulders and chest were severely lacerated by its claws, nor did he entirely recover the shock for many months.¹ And this was my first introduction to a royal tiger. I saw many of 'em afterwards, during the time I spent in India, but I can't say I ever had much liking for their society—umph!"

This anecdote brought others in its train—minutes flew by apace, the wine grew low in the decanters, and it became apparent to me that if I would not lose the whole evening, and go home with my brains muddled beyond all possibility of reading, I must take my departure. Accordingly, pulling out my watch, I reminded Mr. Frampton of my previous stipulation to be allowed to run away as soon as dinner was concluded, adding that I had already stayed longer than was altogether prudent. The reply to this announcement was, "Umph! sit still, Sir, sit still; I'm going ring for another bottle of port."

Finding, however, that I was determined, he gave up the point, adding,—“Umph! well, if you must go, you must, I suppose—though you might refuse a worse offer;—but, if you really are anxious about your studies, and wish to distinguish yourself, I won't be the man to hinder you—it's few enough of 'em are like you here, I expect;” then, sotto voce, “wish t'other young monkey might be.”

"You hinted before dinner at some information I might be able to give you?" said I, interrogatively.

¹ The main facts of the foregoing anecdote are taken from Capt. Mundy's very interesting "Pen and Pencil Sketches."

"Umph! did I?—aye, so I did—you see, Mr. Lee, there's a young fellow at Trinity, about your age, I should fancy, whom I used to know as a boy,—and—he was a very good boy—and—and—his mother's a widow; poor thing—a very nice boy, I may say, he was—and as I feel a sort of interest about him, I thought that you might, perhaps, give one an idea of how he's going on—just a notion—you understand—umph!"

"Exactly, Sir," returned I, "and what may be the name of your friend?"

"Frank Fairleigh," was the answer.

"You could not have applied to a better person," replied I. "Frank Fairleigh!—why, he was one of my most intimate friends."

"Was—umph!"

"Why, yes, it's more was than is, certainly—for since I've been reading hard, it's a positive fact that I've scarcely seen his face."

"That looks as if he wasn't over fond of reading, then, himself—umph?"

"You may put that interpretation upon it, certainly," replied I, "but mind, I don't say it's the true one. I consider it would not be right in me to tell tales out of school;—besides there's nothing to tell—everybody knows Frank Fairleigh's a good fellow—ask Lawless—ask Curtis."

"Umph! Lawless? what? that wild young scamp who goes tearing about the country in a tandem, as if a gig with one horse wasn't dangerous enough, without putting on a second to make the thing positively terrific? he must be badly off for something to do, if he can find no better amusement than trying how nearly he can break a fool's neck, without doing it quite;—umph! Curtis—why, that's the name of the young gentleman—very gentle—who, the landlord tells me, has just been rusticated for insulting Dr. Doublechin, and fastening a muzzle and chain on one of the men they call 'bull dogs,' saying, forsooth, that it wasn't safe to let such ferocious animals go about loose—nice acquaintance Mr. Frank Fairleigh seems to choose, and you know the quotation, 'Noseitur a sociis.'"

"Oh," replied I, "but he has others; I have seen him in company with Mr. Wilford."

"Wilford? the noted duellist, that scoundrel who has lately shot the son of Sir John Oaklands, as fine a young man as ever I set eyes upon?—for I have often seen him when I was down at Helmsstone; if I thought, Sir, that Fairleigh was a friend of that man—I'd—I'd—well, Sir," he exclaimed, seeing my eyes fixed upon him with a degree of interest I could not conceal, "it's nothing to you, I suppose, what I may intend to do by Mr. Frank Fairleigh! I may be his grandfather for any thing you can tell to the contrary; and I may choose to cut him off with a shilling, I imagine, without its affecting you in any way—umph?"

"Scarcely so, Mr. Frampton," replied I, turning away to hide an irrepressible smile, "if it is in consequence of what I have told you, that you are angry with poor Frank."

"Angry, Sir, angry,"—was the answer,—“I'm never angry—there's nothing worth being angry about in this world. Do you take snuff, Sir? I've some that came from—Umph! eh!" he continued, fumbling in all his pockets—"hope I haven't lost my box—given me by the Begum of Cuddaleakee—splendid woman—only complexion too strong of the tawny—Umph! left it in the other room I suppose—back in a moment, Sir—Umph! Umph!" and suiting the action to the word, he went out, slamming the door behind him.

As the reader may suppose, I was equally surprised and pleased to find, that my old friend not only remembered our former intimacy, but felt so warm an interest in my welfare, as to have put himself quite in a rage on hearing of my supposed delinquencies. Although it had been the means of eliciting such strong indications of his continued regard for me, I felt half sorry for the deception I had practised upon him—the only thing

that could be done now, however, was to make myself known to him without delay, and his absence from the room enabled me to put in practice a plan for doing so, which I had had in my mind all along. Accordingly, going up to the chimney-glass, I shook my hair forward, so that it fell in waving curls about my face and forehead—took the stiffener out of my neckcloth, and, knotting the latter loosely round my throat, turned down my shirt collars, so as to resemble as nearly as possible the Byron-tie of my boyhood—then unbuttoning and throwing open my coat, I resumed my seat, arranging the candles so as to throw their light full upon my face as I did so.

I had scarcely completed my arrangements, when I heard Mr. Frampton's footstep in the passage, and in another moment he entered the room. "All right, Mr. Lee, all right, Sir; I found the box in my other coat-pocket; I was afraid the thieves might have forestalled me; but—Umph!—eh! why? who?" Catching sight of me as he spoke, he stopped short, and shading his eyes with his hand, gazed earnestly at me, with a look half-bewildered, half-incredulous. Taking advantage of his silence, I inquired in my natural tone and manner, whether he had seen Dr. Mildman lately.

"Umph! Eh! Dr. Mildman!" was the reply—"why it can't be—and yet it is—the boy Frank Fairleigh himself! Oh! you young villain!" and completely overcome by the sudden and unexpected nature of the surprise, he sank back into a chair, looking the picture of astonishment.

Springing to his side, and pressing his hand warmly between my own, I exclaimed, "Forgive me for the trick I have played you. I knew you the moment I heard your voice, when I was helping you up to-night, and, finding you did not recognise me, I could not resist the temptation of preserving my incognito a little longer, and introducing myself to you as a stranger."

"Oh! you young scapegrace," was the rejoinder, "if ever I forgive you, I'll—Umph!—that I will"—then changing his tone to one of much feeling, he continued, "So you hadn't forgotten the old man then, Frank? good boy, good boy."

I had seated myself on a stool at his feet, and, as he spoke, he patted my head with his hand, as if I had been a favourite dog.

"And all the things you said against yourself were no many lies, I suppose? Umph! you are no friend to the homicide Wilford!"

"True to the ear, but false to the sense, Sir," replied I. "Harry Oaklands is the dearest friend I have on earth; we love each other as brothers,—between the man whose hand was so lately raised to shed that brother's blood and myself, there can be little friendship—if I do not positively hate him, it is only because I would not willingly hate any one. Lawless was an old fellow-pupil of mine, and, though he has many follies about him, is at bottom more kind-hearted and well-disposed than people give him credit for; we still continue friends, therefore, but our habits and pursuits being essentially different, I see very little of him—with Curtis I never exchanged half a dozen words in my life."

"Umph! I understand, I understand; and how is Harry Oaklands? better again, eh?"

The reply to this query led to my being obliged to give Mr. Frampton a succinct account of the duel, and it was not till I explained my intention of trying for honours, and made him comprehend the necessity of my being fully prepared for the ensuing examination, that he would hear of my departure; and, when at last he did allow me to go, he insisted on accompanying me to the gate of Trinity, and made me promise to let him see me as often as I was able during his stay in Cambridge, where he informed me he proposed remaining till after the degrees were conferred.

SKETCH OF THE TRADITIONS OF GERMANY.

CHRISTIANITY did not annihilate all the old popular beliefs; it only invested them with a sort of religious veil. However zealous the new converts might be, they could not at once renounce the traditions of their fathers. When converted themselves, they wished to convert with them all the beings whom they had formerly venerated. Like the pope, they placed the image of the saint on the heathen column; and, like the Anglo-Saxons, changed their pagan temples into christian churches. They made of their gods either celestial spirits or fallen angels; of their heroes, martyrs; and retained in the rites of their new worship many of their ancient superstitions. Their teachers tolerated, by a kind of tacit assent, what they could not prevent; but, while doing this, introduced amongst the people a set of new legends, legends of patriarchs, of apostles, of saints, of miracles, and those legends of the devil, which present themselves in so many and such varied forms in the middle ages. Grouped around the devil are the magicians who, like Faust, for a little knowledge sell their souls to him; and the witches, members of the nightly meeting. They assemble every Saturday on the Blocksberg, and sit on each side of the demon goat; the oldest amongst them triumphantly relate their diabolical achievements, while the younger ones listen in hope of instruction. Then comes the ball; each witch gives her arm to some horned demon, and the music begins. Melodious doubtless it must be, the violin being a horse's head, and the bow a cat's tail. The joyous rites over, all the witches prostrate themselves before Satan, and return home on their broomsticks.

In many countries of Germany, there exist monuments which tradition attributes to the devil. Near Altenburgh is a rock, which the united efforts of five hundred men could not move,—the devil put it on his head for a hat, and carried it in triumph through the fields. In the church of Gorlar, there is a hole in the centre of the wall, which can never be filled up. The Abbot of Isolda and the Bishop of Hildesheim were disputing about precedence, and so great was their pride, that they came to blows in the church. The devil entered by this hole in order to prevent any reconciliation, and keep alive the rage of the combatants. Many similar traditions current in other countries, at once present themselves; Ireland has its Devil's Bit, its Devil's Punch-bowl, &c.

But these legends of the devil seem to offer to view a singular feature of the human mind;—the way in which it can caricature an object of fear, render it absurd and grotesque, without at the same time trembling one degree the less before its own ludicrous creation. The devil of the middle ages is a being tricked, played upon, bargaining for a soul as a farmer for an acre of land, and, strangely enough, always keeping faith, always strictly adhering to his part of the compact, while monk and peasant make it their boast to overreach and outwit him. The malice attributed to him is in little keeping with the simplicity which makes him lose in almost every transaction his gold and his pains. Like some mighty crag, around which the clouds group and shape into many a grotesque form; the fearful adversary of man, seen through the legends of the middle ages, appears no longer, as in the awful colouring of Scripture, a being whose mysterious power is only surpassed by his soul destroying malignity. Who would imagine that the term Old Nick, applied in derision to Satan, had in its first origin a far different meaning, borrowed as it is from the title of an evil genius amongst the ancient Danes? Keyser mentions a demon worshipped by the ancient Germans and Danes under the name of Nocca or Necken, styled in the Edda, Nikur, which he derives from the German *nugen*, answering to the Latin *nocere*, to slay, kill, or hurt.

Countless are the legends in which Satan is repre-

sented as cheated and foiled by some clumsy artifice. When the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle was building, money was wanting, and the burgomaster was obliged to suspend the work, to the great dismay of the citizens, who took pride in the rising church. The devil came to their assistance; he proposed to finish at his own expense the building, on condition that the first living creature that entered it should be his. The bargain is struck, the work begins, the devil's money builds the church, and soon it is completed; not a pane of glass, not a gilded cornice left unfinished. Now comes the point, Who is to pay the devil?—nobody seemed particularly anxious to be the man. The bells were rung, a great holiday given out; all in vain, not a soul would go near the church; the priests themselves kept at a respectful distance, and those who had mortal sin on their conscience would not go within sight of it. At length, a senator of the town, a man of sense, and ever since venerated as a saint, devised a mode of outwitting the devil. He had a wolf caught in the forest, and brought on Sunday morning to the door of the church; the bells were rung, the great door was thrown open, and two men let loose the wolf into the body of the church, where the devil, who was lying in wait, seized upon him; but suddenly perceiving that he had got nothing but a wretched wolf, he shook the brazen gate of the temple with such fury that he broke it. The next day the priests entered the church in full procession, and the people quietly flocked in to pray.¹

We meet another story, as creditable to the devil's simplicity of character. A peasant of Hesse was in great want of a barn, but could not afford to go to the expense of erecting it. One day, while walking in the fields, and turning in his mind how he could accomplish his object, he saw an old man coming towards him, who said, "I know what is upon thy mind, and I undertake to build the barn between this and to-morrow morning at cock-crow, if thou, on thy part, wilt give me a treasure which is thine, though as yet thou knowest not of it; if the cock crow before the barn is finished, I shall have no claim upon thee." The peasant, who knew very well all his possessions, thought he had made a very good bargain, and ran in delight to tell it to his wife; but his wife said to him, "Unhappy one! What hast thou done? I am pregnant! This is the treasure the devil spoke of, and thou hast given up our child to him." Meanwhile the devil has set to work; thousands of labourers hew the stones and saw the beams. In a few hours the foundation of the barn is laid, and the walls built. Already the doors turn on their hinges, the shutters are put up and the roof covered in. Only one or two tiles remained to be added, and it was still night. The peasant's wife, who had anxiously watched the progress of the work, ran into the poultry yard and imitated so well the crowing of a cock, that instantly every cock awoke and began to crow. The devil fled in a rage, and never could the tile wanting be put on; placed there in the day, it was taken away at night by some invisible hand.

Such are the fairy traditions, the superstitious legends of Germany. But along with this varied and endless cycle, which goes back to the pagan poetry of the East, and comes down to the most mysterious symbols of Christianity, there is another not less vast, not less striking, that of historical traditions. We are now to pass from the fabulous creation to the real being, from conventional nature to actual nature. If we turn to the winding river, to the trackless ocean, it is no longer to behold the fair haired nixæ dwelling in palaces of crystal beneath the waves, or the water sprite entrapping the souls of the drowned. It is to gaze upon the little bark of the fisherman who in the storm commends himself to the Virgin, the boat conveying the pilgrim to the shrine or the knight to the crusade, and the vessel with

its iron prow, upon which the bold pirate ploughs the wave in search of booty. If we wander in the forest, it is no longer to listen for the horn of Oberon or the whistle of Ariel; but to see Genevieve the fair, the hapless, weeping at the foot of a tree, or Bertha escaped from murderous hands, kneeling, calling upon heaven, and sadly regretting her own sweet land of Hungary, and her good mother the queen Blanche fleur. If we climb the mountain, it is no longer to seek the giants which inhabit its rocky cavities, nor the dwarfs fabricating metals into thousand implements; but to call up to fancy's eye the lofty battlements whence resounds the war cry,—the grey turret from which lady-love waves the last fond salute to her departing knight. If we descend to the valley, we no longer behold winged sylphs floating around, but the cell of the hermit tells us its miracles, and the abbey opens to us its book of chronicles.

All these German historic traditions, are not, however, quite destitute of the marvellous, but they have at least a certain basis of truth, they rest upon a fact. The people, giving free scope to imagination, have adorned and embellished them, surrounded them with poetic imagery, but have not altered their primitive character, the name they celebrate, or the event they verify.

Every convent of Germany, every castle, every fortress, has its legend. In our day, when the first stone of an edifice is laid, a medal or coin is placed under it. Formerly a new monument was dedicated by a legend. The monument falls into ruin, the legend remains. In our day, when we build for ourselves a dwelling, one thing alone occupies us, and that is to ascertain what it will cost, and whether it will be comfortable enough. In the middle ages, some thought of love, of heroism, of religion, was associated with every edifice as with every enterprise. A knight-errant returns weary of adventure, and repentant for his sins. He sells his domains, distributes part of the price to the poor, and with the rest builds a monastery. A noble during his crusade falls into the power of the Saracens, prays to the Virgin to deliver him, and on his return erects a chapel to her. A Bavarian baron finds one day at the foot of a rock the bleeding body of his beloved, and, on the spot where she breathed her last, he raises a monument of pious grief. A queen of Germany, seated in her balcony, lets fall her veil, goes to seek for it in the forest, and, as if it had been brought thither by the breath of God, builds an abbey near the bush upon which it had caught. Many an edifice has been projected in a vision of love, and built in mourning, and the votive chapels from many a hill-top, from the shores of many a lake, tell by the place they occupy, by the inscriptions they contain, to what grief they have served as a refuge, to what memory they are dedicated.

In Germany as well as in France the monasteries were the receptacles of all the religious legends,—all the legends of saints, of miracles, of penances; and the legends of the Jews, that wondrous race in itself a miracle, that race so cruelly persecuted by the middle ages. In both countries are found the same prejudices, the same opinions, adduced from different facts, and clothed in different forms. It was firmly believed in Germany that the Jews practised sorcery, that they carried on horrible wickedness in their own houses, and that, to work their magic spells, they disinterred dead bodies and massacred little children. One day a poor country woman was working in the fields; she was alone, she had left her husband and child at home. Suddenly a dreadful foreboding seized upon her, and three drops of blood fell upon her hand. She rushes home and asks for her child; her husband tells her that he has sold him to the Jews, who had just killed him, and he shows her the gold pieces he had received; which, on the instant, were changed into so many leaves. The unhappy mother dies, the husband goes mad, and the Jews are burned. But it would be too difficult a task, to select from the monkish legends, so almost infinite is the number.

(1) The figure of the unfortunate animal in bronze is still to be seen on the top of a pillar at "the Gate of the Wolf," so named in commemoration.

Those of the castles, are all legends either of love or of war. To those purely Germanic are added numbers originating in Provence, Armorica, England and Spain. In Suabia as well as in Cornwall chroniclers have related the adventures of Iristan, and poets sung the fair Yseult. In Thuringia, Wolfram of Eschenbach has revived the name of Arthur and of Percival; the romance of Fleur and Blanche fleur, of the fairy Melusina, of Magulona.

The most celebrated of all the heroes of German tradition is Charlemagne. It is true it imputes to him adventures, of which neither Eginhard nor the Archbishop Turpin ever dreamed. But almost every nation has taken the same liberties with the old emperor. An Anglo-Norman poem makes him travel to Constantinople and to Jerusalem, and the song of Rolando considerably enlarges the frame-work of the battle of Roncesvalles.

One day, says the German tradition, Charlemagne set off for Hungary with a view to convert the pagans. He embraces his wife Hildegarda, and says to her, "Look out for me for ten years; if at that period I do not return, thou mayest consider thyself as a widow, and art free to marry." Nine years elapsed. The nobles of the kingdom, hearing nothing of Charlemagne, press Hildegarda to choose another husband. She resists for a long time, but they redouble their entreaties, and she yields. The husband is chosen, the marriage day fixed. One night, an angel is sent to Charlemagne to warn him of what is to take place. Immediately Charlemagne mounts his horse, and by the power of his celestial guide arrives in three days at Aix-la-Chapelle from Hungary. It was time for him, for already the bells were ringing, the sacristans decorating the church, the counts and barons thronging around the palace; and, when the emperor asks the meaning of all the festive preparations and the crowd, he is told that the next day Hildegarda is to be married. The good emperor does not make himself known, and passes the night in a hostelry; but, the next morning, when high mass was celebrated, he gets first into the church, and seats himself in a chair of gold, in the top of the church, reserved for the emperor's sole use. Then drawing his huge sword and placing it across his knees, he quietly waits the entrance of the priests. The first who perceived the grey-haired man, seated upon the imperial throne, and rolling around him eyes flashing with indignation, uttered a cry of terror. The other priests immediately ran to him, and the bishop, advancing in his robes, demanded of the majestic old man who he was. "Who am I?" cried Charlemagne, in a voice of thunder. "Do you not know me? I am your emperor, whom you ought to serve, and whom you have betrayed!" The Bishop throws himself into his arms, the people salute him with shouts of joy, and Hildegarda blesses heaven for having restored her husband.

What is this but the old Odyssey of Ulysses applied to other names, mixed up with other facts? This story of a man wandering over the world, returning home unrecognised, and finding his wife married or about to be married, belongs not to a single country—to a single individual, but to a whole course of legends, a whole epoch. It is to be found everywhere in Germany, in the legend of Moeringer and Henry the Lion; in Spain, in the romance of Count Islos; in France, in the chronicle of the Sire de Palud.

Another tradition relates, that Charlemagne being at Aix-la-Chapelle, became enamoured of a woman who was neither young nor handsome. Every one was astonished at this singular passion. More than once, those who could speak freely to him even ventured to represent to him his bad taste in such a choice. But neither advices nor reproaches roused him from his infatuation. At last the woman died; and bitterly he wept for her. He had her corpse brought into his room, he kept it near him, and passed whole nights and days in gazing upon it. Already were becoming visible

the signs of decay; but Charlemagne, absorbed in his passionate grief, did not perceive it. At length the Archbishop Turpin suspected, that such a passion could only proceed from magic influence. He entered the room where the corpse lay, had it examined, and found under the tongue a gold ring, which he took away. When Charlemagne returned, he appeared as if he had suddenly awoke from a long sleep. He looked around in surprise, and angrily asked who had brought into his room the loathsome corpse. But immediately his whole affections centered in the Archbishop. He directed to have him continually beside him, and followed him wherever he went. The worthy prelate then perceived all the power of the ring, and foreseeing the misfortunes to which such a talisman might lead if it fell into wicked hands, he threw it into the lake. This, it is said, accounts for the preference of Charlemagne for Aix-la-Chapelle and its lake.

Otho III. opened the tomb of Charlemagne, and found the old emperor seated upon his royal chair, his crown on his head, his sceptre in his hand; death had not altered a single feature; and, when beholding him thus in majestic attitude, with head erect, and shoulders covered with his mantle, the spectator could scarce believe that he was not still in the days when he reigned in Aix-la-Chapelle. The barons of the empire made obeisance, and the proud Otho gazed upon him in reverence.

The name of Rolando, like that of Charlemagne, has been preserved amongst the Germans, and lives in their legendary lore. Towards the left bank of the Rhine, not far from the Drachenfels, is an island, a smiling abode in the midst of surrounding verdure. This island is surrounded by a rocky mountain, on the top of which appear a tower and some battlements in ruins. This is called the Rolandsck, and there tradition makes the illustrious nephew of Charlemagne to have lived for a long time. He loves a maiden, discovers her to be a nun, and builds a castle from whence he may at least gaze upon the convent walls that hide her from his loving eyes. One day the bell tolls a funeral knell, he sees the crucifix, the chapel, the white roses laid on the dark bier. It was his Hildegarda. He abandons the castle, wanders into other lands, and is never heard of more. The song composed in memory of Rolando, was the most famous of all the warlike songs of Charlemagne's days. For a long time, and up to the fourteenth century, the French troops marched to battle singing the song of Rolando; and Robert Wace, in his romance of Rollo, mentions that in 1066, the army, led by William the Conqueror to the field of Hastings, advanced, preceded by a knight or bard who sang with loud voice, "Roland and his companions slain at Roncesvalles." We are also told, that, after the fatal battle of Poitiers, a soldier repeating it in the presence of King John, "Why," said the prince, "do you sing of Rolando, when there is no longer a Rolando in the French armies?" "Sire," boldly replied the soldier, "there would be Rolandos enough, had they a Charlemagne to lead them."

DON'T BE AFRAID.

A TALE.

AGNES WALTON was poor in purse, and poorer still in experience, young and unprotected, as the novelists have it, when she left the unvarying quiet of her village home, for the stir and tumult of the all engrossing city; but the girl knew well that self-protection was the nearest within the limits of civilization. She had made all necessary inquiries before setting out, and, by adherence to the safe policy of her own old maxim, "Take care of yourself, and trust in Providence," Agnes not only arrived safe at her destination, but soon acquired a very respectable degree of usefulness in her new

(1) Concluded from page 94.

calling. Mrs. Carleton welcomed her kindly, and showed her over the establishment, which consisted of a shop, a back parlour, and three bed-rooms so called, though they were in truth only closets promoted to that use, with a supply of furniture proportioned to their dimensions; but Agnes felt herself rising in the world when one of them was allotted to her, with a box of mignonette in the window, which Mrs. Carleton said looked into a very decent court, because, dingy as it was, she had never heard a row in it: even the mysteries of the kitchen and its queen, the single servant, emphatically "of all work," were not left unknown to Agnes, and glad were the four young children to meet her when they returned from school. Yet she had much to learn and something to endure, for the last mentioned is, we believe, attached by way of quit-rent to every lease of life, be the tenement great or small: the habits and scenes of Mrs. Carleton's shop were not those to which she had been accustomed, and her aunt's parting advice often crossed her memory, but only to wake a smile when there was little else to smile at, for she found something disagreeable in London. There were long wearisome days of hard work to please and sell, puzzling accounts to keep, and troublesome customers to be satisfied; there were odd and ungente characters to be met and borne with in the way of business; but Agnes had seen her share of such already, for, in this respect, the golden age has left as faint traces of its steps in the country as in the town. Besides, the smoky and laden atmosphere of the city at times pressed heavily upon her, and the certainty that there was many a long mile of brick and pavement and beaten highway between her and the green fields and trees, haunting her thoughts through many a summer day, that came with heat and dust and long busy hours to the crowded town, but brought roses to the cottage windows where her young sisters sat at work, birds to the tall willows bending over it, and wild flowers under the green hedgerow beside the low stile, where Frederic Lently used to stand and bid her good-morrow. But the evils had their balance. Sunday came, with its long hours of rest, its pleasant churchgoing, and sweet summer walks into the country, from which the town-pent girl returned to her week's toil refreshed in frame and soul by that stolen glimpse of nature.

Letters too arrived, brought by friendly carriers,—for the days of penny postage were not yet come or even dreamed of:—kind letters from her brother and sisters, telling of efforts made and difficulties overcome, and still accompanied with some small country present, saved from their own supply, however slender, and set apart for the absent and the missed.

There came also an occasional epistle from Charlotte, filled with declarations of unchanging friendship, descriptions of the latest traveller who had admired the cottage when she was at the window, and long quotations from the last read novel, the whole being guiltless of both sense and grammar: but Mrs. Lacy generally added a P. S. of good advice, and the burthen of her song was still, "come straight back to your brother." But the power of that oft-repeated counsel was lost on Agnes Walton.

Yet, ever as Valentine's day came round, through the changing prospects of many a year, among the myriads of its letters so meaningless to all but the young hearts that quivered over them, one regularly reached her,—a small square quiet-looking epistle, sealed with the commonest red wax, and the figure of a heart, on which her own initials were graven inside; there was a verse or two from the old songs known in Willowbrook, written in the clear and clerk-like hand of Robert, and a few faded snowdrops from the garden which he cultivated in the early and late hours left him by a country shop.

Agnes always replied, as a cousin should, to that yearly valentine, but never to one that came oftener, though not so constantly,—a gay gilded paper, richly embellished, and filled with quotations from the fashion-

able poets, for they say there is fashion in such things; and that costly valentine might have suited a lady's boudoir, but not the bedroom of a poor shop girl; yet it was carefully laid up, often brought out, looked at, but never shown, for Agnes knew the handwriting was that of Frederic Lently, and he was the son of a London merchant. The girl's apprenticeship was soon over, for she was determined to be taught, and Mrs. Carleton fulfilled her promise by assigning a small salary as soon as she became really useful; and what a fund of hope and satisfaction was that slender remuneration to Agnes, who now for the first time in her life found herself the possessor of an income on whose amount she could calculate with certainty! in truth, it was easily reckoned, hardly earned, and carefully spent, but it gave Agnes many an opportunity of returning the tokens of remembrance received from Willowbrook. There were smart gown pieces, gay ribbons, and gloves as good as new, which could be bought at a trifle, and transmitted as their presents had been; and, above all, there were cheap books which were pearls of price in long winter nights to the children at the cottage; even the Lacys were not forgotten; an occasional handkerchief was sent to Charlotte, and her five juniors were remembered with similar presents, which, however, in justice to Miss Lacy, we must acknowledge, she always wore in right of seniority; but the gifts were discontinued, for the fact was discovered; but Robert got a whole newspaper to himself without borrowing; and Mrs. Lacy observed that there was no standing the pride of them Waltons, the minxes wearing all the fine things their sister sent them from London, and she hoped that creature (as the kind aunt generally denominated Agnes) was not casting an eye on her Robert, as he was something above a tradesman's daughter, and, besides, had the family to support."

The lady need not have been alarmed, for Agnes was better engaged. As time wore on, the girl grew more expert in business, and gained a share in those advantages which cities confer on the masses;—for, in spite of all that has been said and sung regarding the vices of towns, we believe that the great marts of the world present to their toiling thousands lessons of good, and opportunities for mental improvement, which are not found in the calm, but sometimes muddy, current of country life. Agnes found means, through cheap libraries and weekly lessons, to enlarge the bounds of her Willowbrook education, which the accounts of Mrs. Carleton's shop had "weighed in the balance and found wanting;" its foundation was laid at the charity school, in the early orphan days, when bread was all that the children could gather. But it had subsequently advanced under better times, and the management of the parish clerk, who was also writing master and accountant general to the district: however, as we observed, Agnes had found its deficiency, and therefore did her best to improve; and improve she did, for those who do their best rarely fail in their object. Besides being able at least to keep the books as well as Mrs. Carleton, she contributed something to forward her young sisters in similar attainments; and Alice, who was the genius of the family,—for we believe every family has one,—was soon regarded as a prodigy of ability, in what the learned Alderman called the three great r's of England.

Mrs. Carleton's business grew and prospered day by day, for she was a managing woman. Agnes found in her a friend as well as an employer; the widow's children were still young, and she was alone in her management, for the companion of her youth had left no room in her heart for a second. No wonder then that the woman turned to Agnes, her active assistant and gentle companion; and, as the best proof of friendship, she increased the girl's salary in proportion to her own profits. Agnes had early begun the saving system, and, though her little stock increased slowly, its growth was very sure, so that after four years' residence with Mrs. Carleton, when the widow found herself able, and we

may add willing, to remove into a larger house, and a more fashionable street, she offered her whole capital, and was accepted as a minor partner in the firm.

"Charlotte never writes now," said Agnes, as she folded up the letters just received from the country carrier, and read by the first light of the gas, while she walked on to see how Mary liked her new place; for Mary had always a taste, and a hand for shaping; and a dress-maker of Mrs. Carleton's acquaintance, who happened to have more work than girls on hand, had lately taken her as an apprentice, with a fee, which she assured Agnes was next to nothing, though it swallowed up the entire profits of her first year's partnership. Yet the girl's heart and step were light, for her letters brought good news. Alice, whose accomplishments have already been mentioned, was now appointed assistant to Mrs. Green in her deportment and fancy-work teaching establishment. Ellen and Elizabeth, for the washwoman's nursing had grown a tall and fair-haired girl, got as much work as they could do, and William was rapidly accumulating the capital necessary to commence partnership with Rose White in the matrimonial line.

But there was no news of the Lacey. "Could anything have happened to offend Charlotte, or has she forgotten me?" thought Agnes, as she recollected that Miss Lacey's last letter had been written almost three months before, and contained a complete description of the great figure Frederic Lently on a visit to his old teacher during the Cambridge vacation. The gay gilt valentines had ceased long ago; and an involuntary sigh rose to the girl's lips. It might have been a voice from where the young lay up their early wrecks of memory, or a mere expression of fatigue, for that day had been a busy one in the shop. And Agnes had three long miles of street and square to traverse before she could see her sister, and learn how things went with her. Half the distance was already done, and her way, which had hitherto been through the less frequented streets, now led through one of those public thoroughfares or arteries of the great city, through which the living stream pours on incessant as the old Thames itself, but some unusual occurrence had drawn the passengers together in front of a very dashing, though not very well reputed, house.

Agnes paused; for the crowd, which almost blocked up the street, was momentarily increased from every lane and alley, whose nondescript inhabitants thronged and jostled each other round a dusty post chaise, beside which a tall and fashionably dressed man stood in an attitude of the most careless ease, listening to a portly and very angry old gentleman, who harangued from a street cab, whilst a woman screamed in chorus from the window of the chaise. But there was a tone in that woman's voice that brought Willowbrook with its broad sunny downs and white cliffs to her remembrance. "I'll make way for you, ma'am," said a policeman who happened to know her, and Agnes moved forward.

"Oh, you villain! after all my care and anxiety to give you a religious education," vociferated the occupant of the cab, "but you're my only son, Freddy. Leave the seducing slut, and I'll forgive you."

"Very generous, 'pon my soul," said the young man, looking round, and Agnes saw the yet unforgotten face of Frederic Lently.

Five years had made terrible changes there, though the features were still handsome. But the frank and cheerful glance of the dark-eyed boy was gone. Early dissipation, and vice habitual and shameless, were graven on its manhood. Agnes stood heartstruck for a moment. Alas, for the work of time, and the trust of memory! but, as he proceeded to enter the cab, with "I think I will go, old fellow," the woman sprung from the chaise, and rushed towards him, exclaiming, "Dear Frederic, don't desert me—won't we be married?"

"Certainly, my dear," said Lently, (endeavouring to extricate his skirts from her hold,) "when the old fellow comes to," he continued, winking at the by-

standers, who laughed and shouted "he was a run one." And Agnes felt fairly bewildered with astonishment when she recognised the washed out finery and pretty doll-like face of her cousin Charlotte Lacey.

Time had wrought no change on her, for the character was still the same; but her eyes were red with weeping, and she clung to Lently in such evident terror, that, in spite of anger, in spite of shame, Agnes instinctively pressed forward to the rescue. "Step into that house, my dear," said Frederic, who found he could not get her shaken off as easily as he at first imagined. "Step into that house, and I know they'll pay you every attention, on my account."

"That we will, Mr. Lently," said a bold-looking flashy dressed woman who stood in the door.

"Let go my son, you wretch," shouted the old gentleman, as he attempted to haul Frederic in, while Charlotte still clung to his skirts, inquiring what sort of a house it was, and the crowd shouted their adjurations to both parties to "hold on, and pull away."

"Come with me, Charlotte," said Agnes, who had now got beside her cousin, grasping the poor girl's arm as she spoke. At the sound of her voice, Frederic, who had been answering the ribaldry of the crowd in evident enjoyment of his position, (for the downward progress is easy and rapid, and he had advanced far and early in the degradation of vice,) turned quickly round, and caught a glance of her upturned eye, resting at once upon himself and Charlotte. Readers, the past has spells from which no after time can bar us; and that look, in the midst of his hardened profligacy, rebuked the man with the memory of his better days; his countenance fell, and turned crimson to the brow, and thrusting his hand hastily into his pocket, he drew forth a purse, which he pressed into Charlotte's now relaxing hand, and darted into the cab, which was instantly driven off with a speed that soon left the hooting mob far behind. "Come, Charlotte," said Agnes, drawing the poor girl, who now seemed half petrified, as quickly as possible from the scene.

"Here's a cab for you, ma'am; I called it," said the policeman, for he never forgot that Agnes had been kind to his poor wife, when, as the guardian of the peace expressed it, "things were very low with him before he got the situation."

"Thank you," said Agnes, as she slipped in, and the policeman lifted Charlotte beside her, and away they drove, by his desire, to his own lodgings. The policeman knew that Agnes could not bring her cousin to Mrs. Carleton's house, under the circumstances, and therefore kindly offered her an asylum for the girl in his own humble but decent abode; and there Agnes learned the story of poor Charlotte's misfortunes: it was such as might have been expected, from her useless dependent life and pretty face, which she was convinced would one day make her fortune, and total ignorance of this world and all its ways.

Frederic Lently, on going to college, made full proof of the benefit of a secluded education, by being first led, and afterwards plunging deeper, into vice than most of his companions, till, having at length desperately offended his father, by all sorts of extravagance, and consequent debt, he adjourned to Willowbrook as a place of penance, and, finding nothing better or worse to do there, took to killing time by "falling in love," as he termed it, with Charlotte; and the poor girl, in a fit of anger with her family, for the unemployed are apt to quarrel, was induced by her own folly, and Frederic's eloquence, to elope with him to London.

Charlotte was one of the many who fear to think or act for themselves in the real interests and duties of life, but acquire marvellous courage in matters not only wrong but dangerous. She of course anticipated marriage, and so did Frederic's father, for the transaction happened to reach his ears; and, as the merchant's wrath was entirely merged in the fear of his son forming a low connexion, he hastened to interfere; and

overtook the pair, in his cab, just as they reached the house already mentioned, which had been for some time the chosen rendezvous of Master Lently.

Agnes had seen the result of the old gentleman's endeavours, and, whatever might have been his opinion of Charlotte, he had certainly served her by preventing the worst consequences of her foolish journey.

"Why, I thought you would be afraid to come to London, Charlotte," said Agnes, in unfeigned surprise, as her weeping cousin concluded the narration.

"Oh, but I came under his protection," sobbed the weeping Charlotte, "and he promised never to forsake me."

"Charlotte, Charlotte, such promises are not to be depended on; Providence and prudence are our best protectors, and, believe me, they are always safest who trust in them; but in the meantime what is to be done?" said Agnes; "we might hit on some plan for you in London, as I am sure you would not wish to return home."

Charlotte had no answer for this but declamations against the villany of men, and threats of drowning herself immediately, which however she seemed in no haste to execute; and Agnes knew the paroxysm would wear off sooner than the crushing weight which that day's occurrences had left on her own heart.

"True, Charlotte," said she, "there are wicked men enough, and foolish women too, God help the world! for it has been long and deeply cursed by the vice of the one and the folly of the other; but talk no more of dying, for, when one has not learned to act their part wisely on earth, why should they venture on eternity. But what is this?" continued the girl, as her eye fell on Frederic Lently's purse, which Charlotte had flung from her on the floor, vowing never to touch it, though she acknowledged she had come to London without a farthing in her pocket. It contained six sovereigns, all the man could command at the moment, and Agnes knew it had been given as an offering to the shade of his youth's departed virtue, and the last that he might ever make. Yet she sympathized in that lingering of decent pride in her cousin, and the policeman left it at Lently's house the same night.

"If you please, Miss Walton," said his wife, now re-entering the small room which, with a delicacy not always found in better stations, she had left to the cousins, that they might talk over their troubles alone, "there is a quiet decent looking man here outside, asking for Miss Lacy."

"My brother!" said Charlotte, and before Agnes had had time to answer, Robert Lacy stepped into the apartment.

The years of their separation had passed on him with heavy, though not changing steps; the frame had grown more square and muscular, the face more thin and grave, and the brow had more that sober head-of-the-family expression, found among elderly married men, with whom things have not been very prosperous; but the look was still sad and patient, though yet still subdued and kindly in its glance, and the coat was as well brushed and as threadbare as ever. His errand to London was not a pleasant one, for he came in search of his foolish sister, and had left a sorrowing family at home; yet, at the sight of Agnes, his countenance brightened for an instant with a joy that seemed shed back from the years of childhood, before he grew careful and troubled about many things and sisters.

"Oh, how are you, cousin?" cried he, grasping her hand, "I am glad, glad, to see you, blessings on all your good fortune, Agnes, I knew you would come to something yet; but you are pale, I think far paler than when you left Willowbrook: will you never come back to see your sisters and William? they are all well and happy. But tell me, how is Mary—and don't cry, Charlotte," continued the kindly brother, as the sobs of the poor girl, who had half concealed herself in a corner on his entrance, now became audible. "Oh, why did you leave us? but come home with me, and

we'll never have a word about it. I know you're sorry for it, and my mother will forgive you."

There was a deep well-spring in that sincere and simple heart; but Agnes tried to persuade both him and Charlotte, that, considering the state of things at home, it was better she should remain, and try to find bread in the city, at the same time promising to give all the assistance in her power. But Charlotte was afraid to stay in London, and Robert was afraid to leave her; for years of idleness and dependence had left her neither prudence nor energy, and he seemed to consider none of the family safe from under his own eye, and, in spite of all that Agnes could say, back they went to Willowbrook, that careful patient brother, and Miss Charlotte in a fit of repentance too strong to last. And last, of course, it did not, for home was altered for the worse as regarded her: the story had gone abroad, and, as stories always do, in its deepest colours; out of doors, her former acquaintances scarcely recognised her, and the village girls tossed their heads and looked tremendously virtuous as she passed.

Within the cottage, where her reign had been so absolute, she was no longer queen of the family; the elopement had dethroned her for ever, and Mrs. Lacy did not fail to refer to it as cause of humiliation in their household disputes, which now became more frequent, as all the sisters grew to maturity with their narrow means and more limited employment.

This state of things had its natural consequences; poor Charlotte had lost caste; and temptation, now doubly strong, again came in her way, when the lesson of her first folly had worn off, in the shape of a very dissipated officer of the preventive service, who happened to be stationed in the neighbourhood. Robert Lacy once again went in search of his sister, and found her at Dover; but circumstances were not so favourable to his second attempt. Agnes was not there, and Charlotte had grown more fearless; she refused his most earnest solicitations to return; the officer threatened to shoot him; a mob began to collect; and poor Robert, overwhelmed with grief and shame, returned to work for the rest of the family.

Five more years had passed over; it was ten years since Agnes had left her native village, and great changes had taken place in Willowbrook: the old rector slept in the churchyard; his pupils were scattered far in the paths of their various fortunes, and a single young gentleman now occupied the parsonage. The cottage beside the stream was still as richly covered with roses and green leaves, but small children played at its door, on long summer evenings, with more thoughtless faces and gayer garments, than those of the orphans who once inhabited it, and William Walton looked out with a father's eye on their play; but, opposite the establishment of Mr. Selby, who had by a gradual transition, not uncommon in country places, slipped into the grocery line, there stood another shop, far eclipsing in the eye of the villagers the remembered splendours of his early drapery.

It was the hour of the coach, *par excellence*, for Willowbrook knew but one, and its coming was a date in the village day, when, through the mass of millinery which crowded the window of that shop, four young and well-dressed women might be seen keeping earnest watch upon the "Golden Deer," which still remained, though with many alterations and improvements, the principal inn of the village. In front of it there were now assembled a considerable number of persons, but belonging to a more respectable order than those who thronged round the southern stage on the day of Agnes Walton's departure. But the southern stage had shared the fate of all ancient things, for it was now superseded by the Royal Mail; and, as that government chariot stopped at its appointed station, a tall fine-looking woman, to whom hats were lifted, and hands stretched with words of welcome and congratulation, stepped out amid that general attention bestowed on a well-known

and much respected traveller; it was Agnes Walton returning to her native village to superintend the shop already opened under the management of her four sisters, and filled by the proceeds of her ten years' industry.

Mrs. Carleton's children had grown up, and, like the patriarchs of old, both she and Agnes felt they wanted room, and therefore parted in all friendship.

Agnes returned rich in the opinion of her neighbours, and they had waited for and welcomed her. There were her mother's relations, who once could not notice the "tradesman's daughter," but now saluted her warmly with the titles of "cousin" and "niece."

There were the rich neighbours who had scarcely known, and the poor who had assisted, her orphan childhood. Change had passed over many, but there was still one unchanged, who came with the same friendly grasp, the same look of unaltered affection, aye, and the same threadbare coat—and that was Robert Lacy.

Frederic Lently was not there; his father had at last succeeded in marrying him exactly to the old merchant's mind, for the bride was very plain, rather old, and a little ill-tempered, but she had a peerage in her own right. Agnes had never named or seen him since the day of Charlotte's elopement, but it was said that for the last five years the girl's look had grown more sad and serious in the midst of her prosperity. How that prosperity continued we need not particularize, for the interest ceases with the struggle. But Agnes and her sisters rose to fortune they never dreamt of, and their shop was patronized by all the fashionables of Willowbrook, but one after another the sisters left her side, and launched forth on a matrimonial voyage; all the village said they made good matches, for Alice became the wife of the rector; Ellen married Mr. Selby's eldest son; and Mary selected the individual known as "the nice young man" who travelled for the great cap and bonnet warehouse of London; and none was left with Agnes but the fair-haired Elizabeth, whom the young apothecary courted with all his might for the last two years, but she would not leave her sister; yet when we last heard from Willowbrook they said it would be a match.

We know not if any ever spoke in courting strain to Agnes; it was thought she would give no encouragement, and had already begun to call herself an old maid; but daily, as the evening fell, in the same old and well-brushed clothes, and with the same sad and loving look, unchanged through all his fortunes, Robert Lacy took his station in the shop, and enjoyed the long evening conversation with the same relish he had in earlier days at the rose-covered cottage. He was still a hard-working man, but time had lessened his burthen by diminishing the family. Poor Charlotte never ventured back, and all they knew of her after career was that it led to the usual depths of vice and misery.

The second sister was more fortunate, for she married a tradesman, and contrived to keep him so poor by her bad housekeeping, that they had nothing to spare.

Rose, the youngest and merriest of them all, died of a rapid decline, at the age of sixteen. Her next sister cast in her lot with a soldier, whose regiment chanced to be quartered in the village; and Mrs. Lacy, after adding to her beloved tea something of a stronger flavour, by way of consolation, under the many afflictions and downcomes of dignity which beset her latter days, departed this life, leaving to Robert her blessing, and the two plainest and crossdest of the family to support; and it was their special care to see that he should not marry before them. In that matter, indeed, they had little difficulty, for Robert had lost his youth, and his only magnet was found in the shop of Agnes, where there was still a friendly greeting for him, but nothing more.

Readers, the tale of Agnes Walton comes at last to a close. She is still the principal draper and milliner of

Willowbrook; and we trust her story will prove that this world is not so bad a world after all, for it has hope for the humblest, and a way to rise if they only take it. But let us say a parting word to all young ladies, of whatever rank or station:—In any step that involves life's true interests, and still more its duties, hope well, and be prudent—but, DON'T BE AFRAID.

MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH."

THE scholar is wont to contemplate with a reverential admiration the ages, when, beneath the bright skies of Greece, and amid the solemn grandeur of Athens, a nation listened to the harmonies of the Grecian chorus, as it chanted the lofty verses of *Æschylus*, or the thrilling beauties of *Sophocles*. Many a classic enthusiast would gladly renounce the advantages of living in this age, for one day in that ancient theatre, when some sublimely wild strain of mystic music bore aloft the wondrous story of the demigods, and echoed the fragments of primeval traditions to the imaginative Greeks of old. Transported by such emotions, some have attempted to create amongst us an imitation of the Grecian drama, as if the bright forms of ancient mythology could deeply impress those who *know* that the whole circle of the Grecian deities are but beings of the imagination, or only dim representatives of early traditions, now more brightly manifested in the Scriptures. The Grecian drama is for us but a confused echo of the struggling emotions of a past world, to which we may listen with the interest ever associated with all things revealing the smallest portion of man's bygone history; but we have no reverence for its oracles,—for, do they not come from pagan shrines, and are not the once mighty temples now in ruins, and does not darkness cover the mysteries of *Samothrace*,¹ and the caves of *Eleusis*?²

Is there, however, nothing which the Christian can substitute for the splendid classical chorus, and the Grecian recitative? nothing which shall combine the two great essentials of the beautiful and the true? Have we no development of sacred and ancient truths, uttered by the voice of high art, and sounding out stories of solemn grandeur, or touching beauty, in strains of immortal music? What are the magnificent narrative of the "Israel in Egypt," the dramatic power of the "Samson," the wondrous sublimity of the "Messiah," and the varied beauties of the "Creation," but distinct exhibitions of the power of *Christian art* applied to subjects as much surpassing the Grecian mythologies in majesty as in truth?

The solemn Oratorio can effect for us, what the ancient drama, in its religious aspect, accomplished for the more thoughtful Greeks in times of old. We do not intend to institute a close comparison between the classic drama and the oratorio, being sensible of a marked difference in works of such a distinct character; but the *great object* of each is the same,—to develop religious history,—and in this latter character we shall now briefly review the Oratorio of "Elijah." This, the composer, Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, has thrice conducted during last April, at Exeter Hall, before a crowded audience, and once in the presence of the Queen; as thousands of our readers must have been unable to attend these performances, it may be of some use to develop the *spirit* of this oratorio for their information.

(1) This island was the seat of a peculiar worship called the *Cabiric*; it is near the coast of Roumelia, and is now named *Man-drake*, or in some manuscripts *Samothraki*.

(2) A town in Greece where secret rites were celebrated which the devotees were bound not to reveal.

Our object is not a *musical* critique, nor indeed a criticism of any kind at all, but simply an analysis and exposition of the *thoughts* pervading the whole composition. We shall not, of course, attempt to vindicate such performances from the objections advanced by some serious persons, but take for granted their accordance with ancient christian custom,¹ and their uses when properly conducted.

The first part of the "Elijah" opens in a somewhat remarkable manner by a prophetic recitative, in which occurs the prediction of the three years' famine by the prophet. The solemn brevity of the announcement came with a peculiar emphasis to the assembled thousands, who had so recently joined in a fast and supplication against a threatened famine in the year 1847. All seemed to connect the eventful epoch in the land of Israel, more than two thousand five hundred years ago, with something in the condition of Europe now. No prediction from the mouth of a prophet has foretold calamity for us; but the wisest of England's sons were very recently engaged in reading the signs of the past and coming harvest with many forebodings. To such the chorus,—"The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone," came as a remembrancer of the emotions with which sage heads lately looked on Ireland and other parts of the British isles. These thoughts were doubtless also suggested to the Queen and Prince by the mournful opening of the Oratorio, and must have reminded them of the late national fast, in which monarch, nobles, burghers, and peasants had joined.

At this point the Oratorio has but opened the subject; the prediction of the famine has startled the land of Judah, and a nation is presented deprecating the threatened infliction. But the calamity begins to work; and a hundred bright rills which gushed down Judea's mountains, rippled by the gnarled roots of ancient cedars on the slopes of Lebanon, and shed their soft beauty over valleys consecrated by memorials of a holy past, - are all dried up, and desolation is placing her sombre mark on once happy villages. This condition of the land is brought before the audience by recitative chorus, beginning with "The deeps afford no water, and the rivers are exhausted." The composition now advances into the narrative, and hints with solemn words and suggestive music, another element in the condition of suffering Israel. Our attention is called from physical to spiritual evils; from the melancholy and woe-stricken cities, in the streets of which the laughing music of childhood's voice is heard no more, to the gloomy groves where stand in ominous splendour the altars of Baal, and the priests of the host of heaven. The planets shed their soft light from their far-off paths on those dark waving trees, and the moonbeams gild, with a pale splendour, the horns of those foliage-veiled altars; but thence rises the plague which now overshadows the land. The sin of idolatry has degraded the people, and called down upon the tribes remedial punishments. This fact is suggested by Mendelssohn in the recitative opening with "Ye people rend your hearts, forsake your idols." The composer has not, however, left the audience to suppose that a *whole* people have lost their ancient faith, and forgotten the marvels of their early history; and, therefore, the voice of gentle hope is heard breathing sweetly in the soft beauty of the air, "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me." Like a voice from the watching angels does the promise float along over those polluted groves of Baal, the incense of which seems to rise like a penitential smoke towards heaven. But these gleams of hope on the horizon, like summer light in the west when night is deepening, are not sufficient to dispel the horrors which rest on Israel's prince and people; the sin is not yet passed away, and, therefore, the calamity spreads. We accordingly next hear the melancholy forebodings of those Jews who saw both the depth of the national degradation, and the necessity

of a strange catastrophe to rouse the slumbering elements of goodness in the subjects of Ahab. The night of suffering is only beginning; and these emotions are expressed in the chorus—"Yet doth the Lord see it not." The nice perception of that mingled good and evil which so constantly complicates the workings of society, has been exhibited by Mendelssohn in the union of gloomy anticipations with hopes of distant good, with which this chorus closes in the words,—"His mercies on thousands fall."

Thus great painters ever portray men; making them, not all demon, nor all angel, but a strange admixture of the two, so that the terrible and the beautiful are often in immediate contact; as in a thunder-storm the lightning flashes over soft and peaceful valleys, whence the perfumes of a thousand wild flowers rise. The oratorio now leads the audience first to view Elijah, in his solitude by the brook Cherith, where, within sight of troubled Jerusalem, he gazed in deep thoughtfulness on the slow ripple of the waters as they descended to the Jordan. But soon the river sinks in its channel, and the brook becomes a parched-up hollow. The prophet then departs to Zarephath; where, far from the metropolis, he may meditate on the glories of the past, and transmit to an unknown widow of Asher's tribe, wondrous gifts from God. From the silent Jordan to the melancholy sounding sea the graves are opened; but in one lone house of Zarephath the powers of the invisible world are revealed in miracles, like those of olden days. Such startling contrasts between the vastness of national woe, and the happiness of one favoured circle of beings, no music will ever fully exhibit; but all that a spiritual and high toned art could effect was done by Mendelssohn, in this portion of his composition, to develop the supernatural grandeur of the subject.

The performance now begins to concentrate its powers on the great event which once struck a whole people with awe, and through long ages displayed the brightness of the avenger to the startled eyes of idolaters. Elijah is brought before us uttering that sublime challenge to the priests of Baal, which is *now*, even to the imagination of the purely intellectual man, a development of such moral grandeur as beams upon the earth only at intervals of a thousand years. We are accustomed to discourse on the power of truth, and chaunt forth our "*Magna est veritas, et prevalabit*," but with all this we are strangers to *great* contests, and know little of the granite-like endurance required by accumulating dangers. Elijah calmly summons the priests of Baal to a trial of their mission before their own altars. The bold confidence of the prophet when, gazing upon the woods and mountains of Carmel, he utters in the musical harmonies of the oratorio—"Invoke your forest gods and mountain deities," - prepares us for the strains of alternate grandeur and beauty which speak alike to ears and hearts. Then follows that magnificent chorus in which the priests of Baal are represented invoking the object of their wide-spread superstition. The words "Hear, mighty God; Baal, oh, answer us!" are given with a power which attests the composer's perfect conception of the fierce spirit of fanaticism in those doomed hierophants of an imaginary God.

The sacred irony, with which Elijah attempted to recall the maddened idolaters to a feeling that all they trusted in was false, is nobly developed in the recitative, "Call him louder, for he is a God." We see the excited priests, who had risked their power in one daring attempt to confront Elijah, whirling in fanatic dance around the altar, cutting their bodies, and gazing at intervals into the tranquil sky for the appearance of the fire; we hear their wild outcries to the God of the power of the air, as with diminishing hope they make the mountains echo with "Hear and answer, Baal! Mark how the scorner derideth us." But the last wail of the idolaters is over, and the hush of deep expectation now suspends the breath of the host grouped round the steep of Carmel, as the heaven-commissioned pre-

(1) The public exhibition of sacred narratives can be traced for a period of nearly fifteen hundred years in the Christian Church.

phet, with the calmness of celestial power, approaches the altar. The quiet grandeur of such a spectacle is impressively suggested by the recitative, in which the assertor of eternal truth to a fallen people is supposed to summon the congregated tribes of his nation to witness the fall of the avenging fire, now about to annihilate the haughty insolence of a pagan priesthood. The power of the scene is increased at this moment by the quartett representing the gentle voices of angels, the soft musical whispers of the seraphim floating through the still air, and suggesting lofty thoughts of that sympathy which the invisible spirits take in the history of earth.

The subject now changes, and a bold strain of choral music brings before us the descending fires, the triumph of the prophet, and of all who had stood in such perilous times near the storm-beaten banner of the truth. A series of recitatives, airs, and choruses prolong the grandeur of the decisive victory just obtained over the powers of paganism, the arrogant priests of which perish by the indignation of a people whose understandings and imaginations had been long fast bound in the miseries of darkness and superstition.

We must not be drawn from the narrative of the oratorio by speculations or reasonings on the destruction of Baal's prophets, whose total ruin might be proved absolutely necessary for the highest interests, not only of Israel but of the world. We cannot however refrain from once more surveying these marvellous events as developed in the music of Mendelssohn.

We have here no space for criticism on the *technical* excellencies of the composition, our object being rather to develop the *idea* of the oratorio, than exemplify its artistic merits. All must have been impressed by the rare felicity with which the composer illustrated the great and diverse events which on that memorable day struck with terror or amazement the heart of a nation. The despairing agony of the false priests; the sublime confidence of Elijah; and the sympathy of the glorious who tabernacle round the world, are all displayed to the imagination of the hearer, who is for a time endowed by such music with a species of supernatural vision, by which he pierces the mists of ages, and beholds the distant Israelitish people of a thousand ages past.

The first part closes with the miraculous fall of rain which descends on the parched dales, where no lilies of the valley have of late appeared, and sounds most musical amid the myriad leaves of Carmel's groves. The gathering of the clouds, the heaving of the sea, and the commotion of the heavens, rush upon the ear in the nicely adapted music; whilst the five hundred chorus singers sustain the imagination of each hearer in the "Thanks be to God! he heareth the thirsty land! The waters gather," &c. This scene ends in a grand strain of magnificent beauty, disclosing the fallen altars and disgraced temples of Baal, whilst the true and the faithful sons of Israel stand exalted amongst the repenting crowd.

The second part opens with gloomy forebodings, and remonstrances with the powers of evil, which still rule the palaces of Israel. The mighty signs from heaven have not bowed the heart of Ahub, and already the desire of revenge has fired the vindictive monarch, who mourns over the absent rites of Moloch, and the ruined worship of Baal. A recitative and chorus, in which the wretched Jezebel and her flatterers join in execrating Elijah, illustrate the perils of the prophet. This part will recall to the classical scholar the structure of the ancient Greek chorus, in which some speaker utters his thoughts to a chorus as the representatives of the nation, and these again in responsive strains re-echo the dark sayings of the speaker. Thus the chorus in the Elijah sympathize with the pagan queen, and utter, in the words "Woe to him, he shall perish," the full concentration of the malice with which the demons regard the spirits of the blessed. Elijah retires from the fury of his

enemies, and almost despairing of the triumph of truth, utters his mournful soliloquy in the desert. The idea now suggested by the oratorio is this, "Elijah is left to the solitude of the wilderness, man has deserted the prophet, and Israel is even yet willing to restore the prostrate altars of Baal." But the apostle of truth is not alone, the air around utters sounds of life, and reveals unnumbered spiritual intelligences; the souls of ancient prophets and of patriarchs unite with that other host of unknown beings, called angels in human speech, to support the prophet. The beautiful trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains whence cometh help," shed a soft influence over the audience, and enriched the imagination with a gently flowing stream of celestial images. This part is well placed in the oratorio, for it precedes the journey of forty days to Mount Horeb, and thus shows the source whence Elijah derived his supernatural strength. To realize this portion of the composition, it is essential to carry our minds far back, through all the tumults and changes of many ages, to a period when *supernaturalism* existed visibly before men, and miracles were constantly revealing the mighty powers now resting behind the machinery of general laws. This mysterious condition of the ancient earth, at least in Judea, is repeatedly forced upon the attention in the "Elijah," where the spirits of a higher abode are supposed to be brought into constant communication with man. Upheld by such influences the prophet passes to Horeb, the grand supernaturalism of which is suggested by the chorus, "Behold, God the Lord passed by, and a mighty wind rent the mountains round - and the earth was shaken; but yet the Lord was not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake there came a fire, and yet the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire there came a still small voice; and in that still small voice onward came the Lord." The elemental commotion, and the sublime quietude succeeding, whilst the mysterious voice speaks, present a contrast of solemn grandeur and heart subduing stillness. The majesty of the oratorio rises to the full height of the sublime, as we remember that such events did *really happen* at a certain hour of a certain day in Mount Horeb; when, after the Arabian wilds had heard the roar of the rushing tempest, *that voice* broke on the ears of a man resting in the entrance of a small cave, with covered face and prostrate form. The quartett, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord," appropriately follows such a manifestation of super-mundane power; after which lofty recitatives, airs, and choruses, proclaim the triumph of the heavens, and the joy of earth.

Mendelssohn then images the final event in Elijah's earthly history, his translation from earth, which the words of a powerful chorus assist our imagination to contemplate as the ascending prophet disappears veiled in brightness. As this closed Elijah's ministry, so does the illustrative chorus terminate the true action of the oratorio. The concluding airs, recitatives, and choruses, do but form a graceful close to the sacred epic, and serve to prolong, in gentle re-echoes, the impression already produced.

One decided merit in the composition is its harmony with the spirit and meaning of Elijah's actual history; whilst much that must be *imagined* to have accompanied such events is *suggested* with that lofty ideality appropriate to such a theme. To say that *all* the grandeur surrounding the ministry of Elijah is brought out by Mendelssohn, would be too high praise for human skill to merit; for, on every side of such great facts, numberless images of the sublime float, which chide all the efforts of the intellect to give them a distinct and picture-like form. But it may be safely affirmed that the composer has aimed high, and generally succeeded in attaining his object; and higher praise cannot be given to Handel or Haydn, with whom Mendelssohn may justly hope to stand, in the temple which shall be raised by coming ages to the memory of genius.

W. D.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY CHARLES HAINES GUNN,

(Author of "Dearly Hallowed.")

How bright is summer oft portrayed in life's first op'ning spring,
When hope paints prospects lovely, and when, trembling on the wing,
The soul pursues her mystic flight, through many a dreary maze;
Or led, as by a meteor false—a bright, delusive blaze!
Keenly the heart will feel the wound, by cherished hopes undone!—
How quickly clouds will gather o'er the glory of the sun!

Thus 'twas with thee;—thou didst not look on hopes as passing shades;—

Anticipation often calls the flower that soonest fades!
When doting on futurity, so beautiful and fair,
Thou didst not think thyself a prey—thy foe was in his lair!—
When future bliss enwrapt thy soul, how little didst thou deem
Thy happiness a phantom, and thy bliss a passing dream!

How calm the ocean, hushed the wind! when o'er the crisped wave

Thy little barque skimmed gallantly—to bear thee to thy grave!
At length, at length, the angry blast of hurricane swept o'er,
And here thou art, a wreck, compared to what thou wert before!
How distant from thy heart the thought, that so serene a form
Should ere be roughened by the wind, or maddened by the storm!

He digs in vain for happiness, who digs in earth's gross mines,
Who grasps at tinsel'd gauds, forgets "All is not gold that shines!"

Mysterious dream! it is not *here* bliss is allowed to dwell,
Its shadow proves its utmost charm—deception's in the spell!
Sorrow may cast an angel's shade, we grasp, but grasp in vain,
For unsubstantial joys precede substantial grief and pain!

Yes, such is life; but cease to weep, although thy heart must feel
The rankling of the barbed shaft, the lancing of the steel.
Fair flowers of bliss which deck our path, how soon they cease
to bloom!

And summer bright is quickly chased by winter's dreary gloom;
And oft, alas! one hour will blast the hopes of many years,
Though buds may promise blooming joys, they often blossom
curse!

As children at the mountain's base will often gaze on high,
And fondly deem the skies thus pierced, hide *Heaven* from the eye,
And climb its steep in hopes to find upon its hidden height
That blissful place, but find it still as distant from their sight,
Thus didst thou innocently gaze, and climb life's giddy steep;
Thy bliss was all delusion!—thou art left alone to weep!

The garland's withered on thy brow, and from thy cheek is flown
The roscate beauty of thy youth;—unknowing and unknown!
The lightning flash from blackest clouds has struck thy beauteous
form,

And thy horizon, once so bright, is darkened with a storm!
The beauty of the spring is gone, thy summer, too, has fled,
Thy winter comes,—he brings thy shroud,—he comes to mourn
thee dead!

The wild caprice of traitor man oft blasts the bloom of youth,—
Oft momentary smiles repay fond woman's love and truth:
Coiled in the hooded bower lies hid the viper,—neath a smile
May lurk the foul design of man—the garb of many a wile!
Though thou didst drink ambrosial drink, yet in the self-same cup
The poisonous aconite was mixed, and thou didst drink it up!

Oh, were I but an angel, and from Heaven could bring thee bliss,
Or bear thee on my wings away from such a world as this!
If supplication could prevail, thy beauty should return,
And thou shouldst be that happy bride—the bridal gift's an urn!
For blighted hopes of future bliss are stamped upon thy brow,
And spectres of false joys deride and mock thy bitter woe!

Oh, could I stand upon yon rock, the monarch of life's ocean,
And throw a calmness o'er its breast, thus still its wild commo-
tion!

And with my breath disperse the clouds, and bid the tempest cease,
And hold the hurricane that sweeps, and change thy storm to
peace!

But, no, alas! it cannot be; time's curtain now must fall,
Death comes to end this chequered scene, and spread thy funeral
pall!

VILLAGE LYRICS.

NO. II.—THE PATRIARCH.

W. BRAILSFORD.

NINETY years have passed and gone,

Ninety years have fled,
Since the balmy sun first shone
On that aged head.

Still he lingers near the spot

Where his kinsmen lie,
As he would not be forgot
In their company.

"One, two, three," he counts each grave

As he totters by,
Seeming he would like to crave
Something ere he die.

"One, two, three,—aye, there, beneath

Where those blossoms fall,
Let me be alone with death,
Sweet flowers over all."

As a withered oak doth stand

When its glories fade,
Waiting for the woodman's hand,
In some forest glade;

All around his branches sere,

Howling in wild glee,
Wanton winds come trooping near,
Yet unmoved is he;

So the busy urchins come

With their merry words;
Some to call the old man home,
Some like mocking birds;

In a mimic state they go

Slowly on his path:
Much they marvel he should show
Neither fear nor wrath.

But he heeds them not, his heart

Dwells upon the past;

He hath memories apart

That he hopes will last

Till the grave hath closed o'er,

With its shadows dim,

And he hears the sound no more
Of the Sabbath hymn.

Sinks the sun in golden state

Slowly in the west,

And the linnet seeks her mate

In their leafy nest.

The bell in solemn tone is rung—

Doth the old man hear?

Knows he not that warning tongue

Hath a meaning dear?

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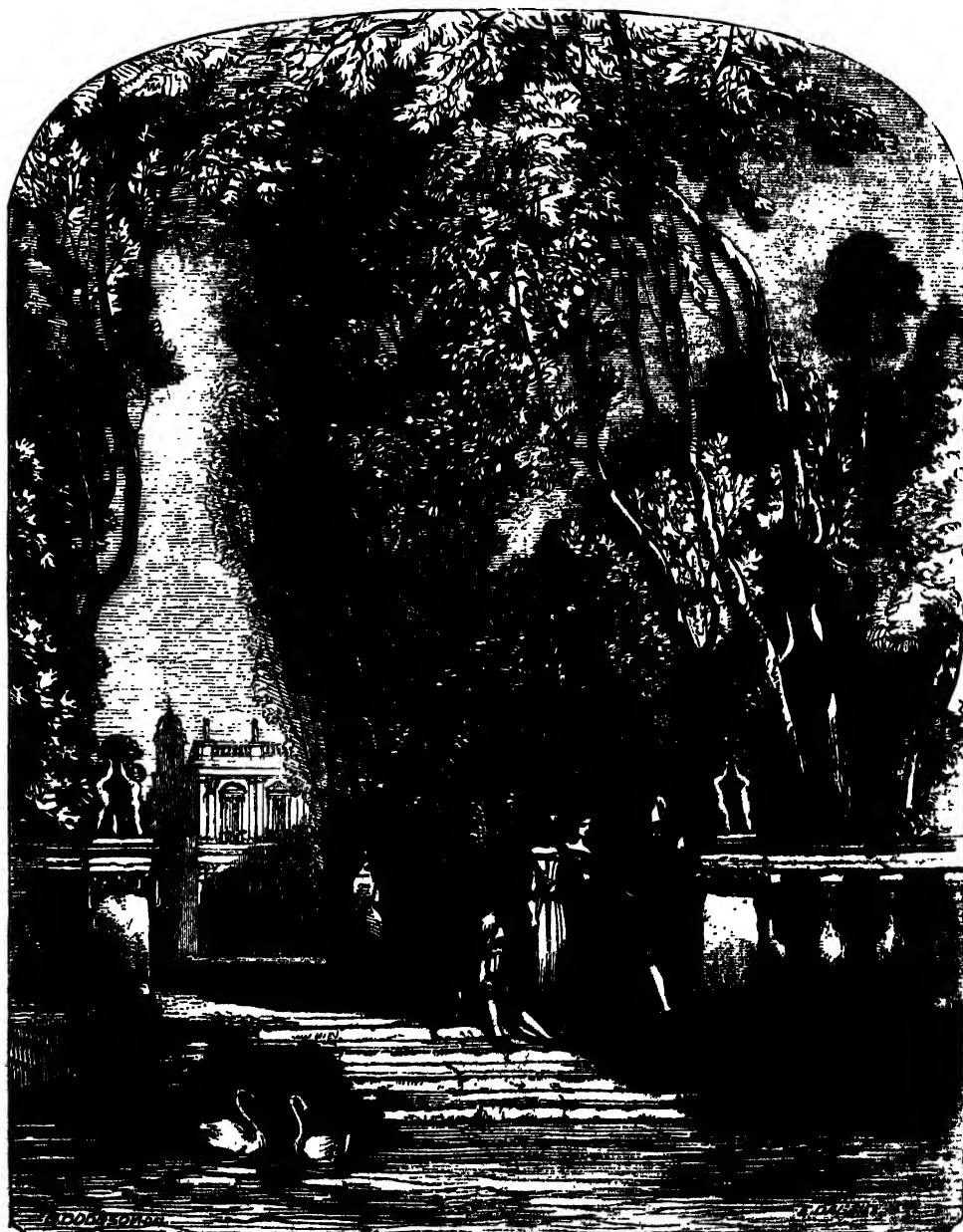
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The Avenue.

GREAT EVENTS FROM LITTLE CAUSES.

In wandering through the "highways and byeways" of history, how curious it is to seek out the springs which set the world in motion, and to read how the most trivial circumstances have occasioned the subversion of empires, and erected new ones in their stead; in a word, how the most important events frequently came to pass from very inconsiderable causes. A few instances, "though at random strung," may be interesting.

The story of Semiramis shall be our first instance. How this beautiful heroine, by her charms and her valour, won the heart and crown of Ninus, King of Assyria, history doth tell. Enamoured of his bride, one unlucky morning, he resolved on the pleasure of seeing all Asia subject to the will of one who had possession of his heart: he, therefore, gave her absolute authority for the space of one day, and ordered all his subjects to execute the commands of Semiramis. A wise and prudent woman would, doubtless, have made use of this frolic to tell Ninus of his faults; not so, however, Semiramis; she consulted her ambition and her cruelty, for as soon as Ninus had placed this power in her hands, she employed it in causing him to be assassinated. The traitors whom she employed for this vile purpose, reported that the king had given up the reins of the empire to his wife, because he found his end approaching; this the people believed, and readily acknowledged Semiramis as their sovereign. How she used her newly-acquired power by building the city of Babylon, employing two millions of men; how she extended the Assyrian empire by levelling mountains, turning the course of rivers, and building vast cities; and how she failed in her attempted conquest of India, and was, in consequence, privately put to death by her son Ninas, history doth narrate: we have told enough to prove how a little cause produced a great effect.

Agessilaus, when in the flush of conquest, was one day suddenly seized with the cramp in his left leg, which caused him great pain. "Men thinking that it had been but blood which filled the vein, a physician being there, opened a vein under the ankle of his foot, but there came such abundance of blood that they could not staunch it, so that he swooned often, and was in danger of present death. In fine, a way was found to stop it, and they carried him to Lacedæmon; where he lay sick a long time, so that he was past going to the wars any more, and thus Lacedæmon lost her hero.

"In most naval fights," says Sir Thomas Browne, "some notable advantage, error, or unexpected occurrence hath determined the victory. The great fleet of Xerxes was overthrown by the disadvantage of a narrow plain for battle. In the encounter of Diullus, the Roman, with the Carthaginian fleet, a new invention of the iron cornet, (beaks to the ships,) made a decision of the battle on the Roman side. The unexpected falling off of the galleys of Cleopatra lost the battle of Actium. Even in the battle of Lepanto, if Carneseo had given the Turks orders not to narrow on account of the number of the Christian galleys, they had in all probability, declined the adventure of a battle; and even when they came to fight the unknown force, an advantage of the eight Venetian gallies gave the main stroke unto the victory."

Archimedes, we know, set fire to the ships of Marcellus at a considerable distance, by burning-glasses; and this philosopher, who had offered to move the world with a lever, was taken off in a very unseemly manner; for he was killed by a soldier who knew him not, while intent upon some geometrical figures, which he had drawn upon the sand.

Rome, in its foundation by the twin-brothers, Romulus and Remus, saved from the torrent of the Tiber; and the preservation of the capitol by the cackling of geese, are examples of great effects from little causes,

too familiar to need quotation in detail. The founding of Carthage by Dido, is a kindred event; for the cunning colonist, to escape the cruelty of her brother Pygmalion, put her goods and chattels on board ships, and sailed in quest of a new settlement; having landed on the African coast, Dido is said to have bought from the natives as much ground as she could encompass with a bull's skin. In this transaction she evinced both ingenuity and mathematical skill, for she not only cut the skin into very small thongs, but, after joining them, laid them in the form of a circle, a figure which encloses the largest space by the smallest bounding line. On that ground she built Carthage, one of the most celebrated cities of antiquity. The latter part of this account has been disputed, but it has often been quoted as authentic history.

The fall of Lucretia was the cause of the expulsion of the kings from Rome, and the change of the monarchy into a republic; and the licentious passion of one of the Decemviri, (Appius Claudius,) led to the abolition of the Decemvirate, as is told in the touching story of Virginus and his daughter.

The conspiracy of Catiline was defeated through the disgust of Fulvia with her lover, Curtius, when he could no longer heap presents upon her. Curtius, who was one of the conspirators, had "in moments of confidence," told the plot to Fulvia, who spread it abroad; it soon reached the ears of Cicero, who discovered it to the Senate: Catiline fled from Rome, and took up arms; he was pursued; overtaken; a battle ensued, in which he was killed, and thus Rome was saved by the betrayal of a woman's secret, from one of the most powerful combinations ever formed for the overthrow of the Roman state. The ugliness of another Fulvia was the cause of a civil war between Anthony and Octavius; for Octavius rejecting the suit of Fulvia, and declaring that her ugliness terrified him more than death, the indignant woman led the Roman soldiers against him, and set the two Triumviri fighting.

Titus Antoninus was raised to the throne of the Cæsars through his affection for his father. The emperor Adrian one day saw Titus leading the infirm old man to the Senate; he instantly adopted him, and after the death of Adrian, Titus ascended the imperial throne.

Commodus, another emperor, of a very different stamp, was killed through a child playing with a paper which he had found in the emperor's chamber; the little boy had been reared in the palace, had followed Commodus into his apartment, and staying there after his departure, took up the paper, and went out of doors, playing with it as he walked through the street; the child was met by a woman, who, taking the document out of his hand, found it to be the sentence for her own death, as well as some other persons; they together saved their own lives by first poisoning, and then strangling the imperial tyrant.

Belisarius, one of the greatest captains in history, after having conquered the Persians, and subdued Africa and Italy, was deprived of all his honours and dignities for having very properly reproached his worthless wife. She being a confidante of the empress, persuaded the latter to get up a charge of revolt against Belisarius, and then instigated Justinian to confiscate the soldier's estate and goods, and degrade him. "Before Belisarius's disgrace," says the account, somewhat naively, "every person thought it an honour to be in his company; but, after his misfortune, none dared to speak to him, compassionate him, or even mention his name. True friends are rarely met with among the great."

Placidia, the mother of Valentinian III., Emperor of the West, brought up her daughter, Honoria, so severely, that the young princess, who was a forward vixen, to get rid of the maternal restraint, wrote a letter to Attila, King of the Huns, offering him her hand, and as a pledge of her faith, sent him half a ring. Attila, who only wanted a pretext for ravaging the

west, took advantage of Honoria's offer, and wrote to the Emperor Valentinian, that Honoria was his wife; desired that he would send her to him, and likewise cede to him the moiety of the empire which was to be her portion. Valentinian, of course, refused these unreasonable demands, which so enraged Attila, that he ravaged all Gaul and Italy, and drove some of the inhabitants of the latter to the point of the Adriatic Gulf, where they built themselves cottages, and thus commenced the city of Venice.

Valentinian III. was a reckless gambler, and whilst Rome was falling to pieces for the second time, this emperor was playing at dice with his ministers, and cheating them whenever he could; and Maximus preserved the friendship of this weak emperor only by gaming with him. One day, when they had both played very deeply, Maximus lost a considerable sum; and, as he had not the amount with him, the emperor compelled him to leave his ring with him as security. Through the base use which Valentinian made of the ring, he was assassinated in a conspiracy formed by Maximus, who succeeded to the imperial throne, and then compelled Eudoxia, the widow of Valentinian, to accept his hand. She soon became disgusted at his cruelty, and invited the Vandals from Africa to come to her aid; Genseric caught at this opportunity of gratifying the desire he had of pillaging Italy: he soon landed with a large army, advanced to Rome, and entered the city, sword in hand, and pillaged it for fourteen days. He then returned to Carthage, carrying with him the Empress Eudoxia, and all the principal personages of Rome, loaded with chains; in the mean time, the people, enraged at Maximus, tore him to pieces. Thus we see how the inability of a gambler to pay a loss immediately led to the sacking of the mistress of the world.

Many a war has been caused by the most trifling circumstance: here is an instance. About the middle of the thirteenth century, the two republics of Genoa and Venice were at the height of their prosperity, and had establishments in all parts of the world. They had a considerable one in the city of Acre, on the coast of Syria, where they lived, subject to the laws of their respective countries, in perfect union. Their peace was, however, destroyed by a mere accident. One day, two porters, one a Genoese, and the other a Venetian, fell out about a bale of goods which was to be carried. From words they fell to blows: the merchants, who at first gathered round them only by way of amusement to see the battle, at length took part in the quarrel, each assisting his countryman; and much blood was spilt on both sides. Complaints were soon carried to Genoa and Venice; and the magistrates of each republic agreed that satisfaction should be made for the damage, by arbitration. The Genoese had the greater sum to pay, which they failed to do; when the Venetians, by way of retribution, set on fire all the Genoese vessels which were then in the port of Acre. A sanguinary battle ensued; and the account says, Genoa and Venice resolved to support their merchants, and each fitted out a considerable fleet; the Genoese were beaten, and compelled to abandon their settlements at Acre, when the Venetians rased their houses and forts, and destroyed their magazines. The Genoese, irritated at their defeat, refitted their fleet, and every citizen offered to venture his person and fortune to revenge the outrage on his country. Meanwhile, the Venetians were equally active. The sea was covered with the ships of the rival republics; an engagement ensued, much blood was spilt, and many brave citizens were lost on both sides. In fine, after a long and cruel war, in which the two republics reaped nothing but shame, they made peace.

Towards the middle of the fourteenth century, the Genoese became disgusted with the tyranny of the nobility, and sighed for change. The populace wished to elect an *Abbe*, whose authority should keep in check the captains, who were then the magistrates of the

republic. A large and tumultuous meeting was accordingly held for the election of an *Abbe of the People*. The tumult increased, the people grew warm, and were about to proceed to blows; when a shoemaker, who had just come out of a wine-house, mixed among the crowd, and getting upon an elevation, emboldened by the fumes of wine, he bawled out, "Fellow-citizens, will you hearken to me!" The Genoese, who were about to tear each other to pieces, burst into a hearty laugh. Some told the shoemaker to be quiet; others encouraged him to speak; but some threw dirt at him. The orator was nowise disconcerted, and shouted out: "You ought to nominate to the dignity of *Abbe of the People* an honest man; and I know of none more so than Simon Boccanegra; you ought to appoint him." Now, Simon was a good man, and was much esteemed both by the nobility and the people; and he was, moreover, a man of good family. In short, his merits occasioned the people to attend to the shoemaker's recommendation: they elected Simon to be *Abbe*, and presented him with a sword, as the mark of his dignity; this, however, he returned, thanking the people for the goodwill they had shown him, but declining to be the first *Abbe*; but, availing himself of the shoemaker's speech, he soon attained the lead in the republic. The people soon shouted, "Boccanegra, Lord of Genoa." The ambitious man then said he was ready to submit to the will of the people; to be *Abbe*, or *Lord*, as they should ordain. This feigned humility pleased the people, as he had calculated; they shouted, "Lord Boccanegra!" and he was proclaimed perpetual Doge! So that, the speech of a drunken shoemaker caused the government of Genoa to be transferred from the nobles to the people, and a single man to become sole master in the state.

How the Genoese fell under the Austrian yoke we need not particularise: they freed themselves from it through a very trifling occurrence. On Dec. 5, 1746, the Genoese were compelled to assist in drawing the artillery of their city, to aid their conquerors in an expedition against Provence. In drawing one of the mortars through a narrow street, the carriage broke; a crowd assembled, in the midst of which an Austrian officer struck with his cane a Genoese, who was slow at his work. The exasperated republican drew his knife, and stabbed the officer; the whole crowd of Genoese became excited; they broke open the armourers' shops, demolished the gates of the arsenal and of the powder magazines, fell upon the Austrians, and drove them out of the city; the peasantry poured in, and joined the citizens, and thus they drove the enemy entirely from the state of Genoa. The Genoese celebrated, with great rejoicing, this recovery of their liberty: with great solemnity they drew through the streets the mortar which had occasioned this revolution. The Austrian army, destined for the expedition against Provence, marched to, and blocked up, Genoa; but France sent the citizens aid—the Duke de Richelieu saved the republic, and the senate erected a statue in honour of him.

A window was once the cause of a war, and very oddly, too. When the palace of Trianon was building for Louis XIV., at the end of the park, at Versailles, the king, one day, went to inspect it, accompanied by Louvois, secretary at war, and superintendent of the building. The sovereign and the minister were walking together, when the king remarked that one of the windows was out of shape, and smaller than the rest: this Louvois denied, asserting that he could not perceive the least difference. Louis had it measured, and finding that he was right in his observation, treated Louvois with contumely, before the whole court. This so incensed the minister, that when he reached home he was heard to say he would find better employment for a sovereign than that of insulting his favourites: Louvois was as good as his word; for by his haughtiness and ill-temper, he insulted the other leading powers of Europe, and occasioned the sanguinary war of 1689.

between Louis on the one side, and the Empire, Holland, and England, on the other. The treaty of Reykwick, in 1697, terminated the war, by which Louis gained nothing, acknowledged William III. as King of Great Britain, and restored the Duke of Lorraine to his dominions.

These, we may observe, for the present, are but a few of the historical instances of "Great Events from Little Causes."

SKETCH OF THE TRADITIONS OF GERMANY.¹

But all the ruined fortresses, all the grey turretted castles, which rise upon the picturesque banks of the Rhine, the tops of Thuringerwald, the mountains of Silesia, do not record a tale of unhappy love. There are some pointed out by tradition as the abode of malignant spirits, and before which the credulous children of Germany make the sign of the cross as they pass. The people of the middle ages delighted to idealize the memory of princes who had dealt kindly and bountifully with them, but they marked out by a poem or a story the name of tyrants for execration. This was their only vengeance. They repaid themselves for all the exactions they had suffered,—all the tears they had shed,—all the blood they had lost, by a legend. Like the Egyptians, they tried the man after his death; they summoned him to their formidable tribunal, and condemned him in their popular songs,—in their fire-side tales—to endless remorse. Here the greedy baron, who his whole life long has been plundering his subjects, is doomed to toss with cries of agony on a couch made of the gold he has unjustly amassed. There the murderer stalks along, for ever pointing to a bleeding wound in his breast. And here, again, he who has despised the complaint of the poor widow,—the tears of the orphan,—comes back at midnight to implore the prayers of the children of those once his victims.

In Bohemia, the ruins of the Castle of Kynast are pointed out to the traveller, and the following strange tale related:—"The lord of this castle had only one daughter, named Cunegonda, to whom, when dying, he bequeathed all his property. Cunegonda was beautiful, but of harsh and haughty disposition. When her father's old retainers entreated her to choose a husband, she led them to the top of a precipice, to the summit of a rock so steep that the bravest amongst men could not put his foot upon it without trembling, and she said, 'He who hopes to be my bridegroom must boldly ride to the top of this beetling crag, and I swear by all that is sacred never to betroth myself to any who will not dare attempt it for my love.' Many knights adventured the fearful risk, but all failed. Some were lured by the beauty of Cunegonda, others were prompted by ambition, or by an absurd vanity, and the pitiless maiden, with equal indifference, saw perish those who loved her truly and those whom interested views led on to tempt their fate. One day, three new knights came to dare the enterprise. They were three brothers; all three young, handsome, brave; they attracted every eye, and the crowd followed them with ardent wishes for their success. One after another they essayed to climb the fatal rock. The first had hardly got half way when his horse made a false step and threw him into the abyss; the second failed a little higher up; the third advanced more cautiously, and already had he surmounted the principal difficulties, already was he near the top, when suddenly a dew-moistened plant made his feet slip, and he rolled from rock to rock into the yawning gulph beneath. Cries of horror burst from the

people at the cruel sight, and even Cunegonda for an instant felt a touch of pity. But soon she resumed her haughty indifference, and continued to behold, unmoved, the fate of all whom that bloody rock deterred not from the contest. One morning, the sound of trumpet announces a fresh arrival. A knight enters the castle, his armour is dazzling in its brightness, an eagle's plume nods from his helmet, and his long black hair falls low upon his shoulders. He is handsome, far handsomer than all that had preceded him. Proud was his look, majestic his bearing. As she gazed upon him, Cunegonda felt a thrill of fear and love before unknown to her. When he announced to her his desire to scale the mountain, she turned pale, she trembled; glad would she have been to have forbidden the attempt, to have twined her arms around him, and to have vowed to him eternal fidelity. But he was determined to attempt the perilous journey. Already is he on his way, climbing by the hair-breadth path from crag to crag, from peak to peak. Cunegonda follows his course with eager, anxious eye, reckoning his every step, his every peril. When she sees him advancing as yet unscathed, standing erect upon the most precipitous ledge, her heart beats high; she lifts her eyes to heaven, she prays, she hopes, then the next instant relapses into despair. Meanwhile, her knight pursues his way, onward and upwards, till at last he wheels his noble horse on the topmost peak, and his plume waves above the abyss. At this sight, Cunegonda falls upon her knees, and the air resounds with her cries of almost frenzied joy. She now rushes forward to meet the stranger knight. But he repulsed her with the most loathing contempt, 'Hence, vile wretch!' said he, 'begone from my sight, thou tigress, who hast been the cause of so many tears! Dost thou remember the many noble knights thy cruelty has slain!—Dost thou remember the three young brothers whom thou didst behold with pitiless eye perish one after the other! I am come to avenge them. Thou lovest me,—I loathe, execrate thee.'

"With these words he left her; and the unhappy Cunegonda, a prey to disappointed love, to torturing remorse, flung herself headlong from the precipice down which had been hurled so many victims to her insensate cruelty."

This legend of Cunegonda forms a striking contrast to all the other love-tales of Germany. In almost all, love appears meek and tender, faithful and devoted, growing up like a flower silently budding forth, expanding in solitude. The maiden devotes herself to him whom she loves, takes him as her protector, as her lord, is bound up heart and soul in his destiny. He suffers, she suffers with him; he commands, she obeys; he returns wounded from the battle-field, she dresses his wounds and tends his couch with unremitting care; he leaves his country for knightly emprise, she retires from the world to pine for his absence many a long year,—to ask of every passing wave, of every flitting cloud, if they have not seen her love, if he will not soon return.

Near Hirzenach are the remains of two castles, the abodes of two brothers. They had been brought up with a young orphan girl, and both loved her with the same ardent passion. When she was of age to marry, they both offered themselves to her, and implored of her to choose. The young girl durst not avow a preference, but the eldest, thinking he had discovered that his brother was the most favoured, generously abandoned his claim, and left the country. The second was desirous of visiting the Holy Land before his marriage, and, some years after, it was reported that he had returned to Germany, bringing back with him a young Greek maiden as his betrothed. These tidings soon reached the elder brother, and, indignant at this desertion of her whom he had so long loved, and whose memory he still fondly cherished, he challenged him to single combat, determined upon vengeance. The day was fixed. The two brothers met midway between their respective castles; their swords were already drawn, and they were

(1) Concluded from p. 131.

rushing upon each other in fratricidal rage, when suddenly the maiden threw herself between them, and with soft pleading looks, and earnest, yet gentle words, succeeds in appeasing their fury. Instead of deadly conflict, they meet in brotherly embrace, and swear eternal friendship. Without one reproach to him who had betrayed her, she who had reconciled them retired to a neighbouring convent, to weep, to pray, to die.

Another tradition I would not willingly omit. A knight of Lorraine, named Alexander, sets out for the Holy Sepulchre. His wife gave him as her parting love-gift a white vest, upon which she had embroidered a red cross. "Take this," she cried, "and wear it ever, for my sake. It is the symbol of my devoted constancy,—no stain can ever rest upon it." The knight is taken prisoner by the Saracens, sent to the Sultan, and condemned to draw the plough. Through all his labours he ever wears his vest, and neither rain nor dust, neither mire nor blood, could imprint upon it a single stain. It was white as the day upon which he took it from the hand of his young wife. This marvel was observed, and told to the Sultan, who sent for the prisoner, and asked him how he became the possessor of this wondrous vest. "It was the gift of Florentina, my wife," said Alexander, "the token of her stainless faith." The Sultan dispatches a trusty embassy to Metz, with orders to employ every means, every art, to seduce the devoted Florentina. But promises, presents, adulation, all were alike vain, the young wife remains insensible to the gallantry of the Saracen. A short time after, she assumes a pilgrim's habit, and, with harp in hand, she goes from shore, till at last she reaches Palestine, and the country where her husband is a captive. She gains entrance into the palace, and so deftly does she enact the minstrel's part, that the Sultan, caught by the sweet sounds of her voice and instrument, desires her to name the guerdon she would have. She asks the liberty of a prisoner, makes choice of her husband, and without making herself known to him, takes with him the road to Metz. When within two or three days' journey of the city, she says to her companion, "I am now obliged to leave you. There is your way, and here is mine. In return for the service I have rendered you, I ask only a piece off your vest." The knight readily gives it to her. She takes the shortest road, arrives at Metz twenty-four hours before him, resumes her woman's garb, and, when her husband appears, receives him with every mark of joy, and with as apparent surprise as if she had never seen him since his departure. But the friends of Alexander are not slow in communicating to him the suspicions excited in their minds by her long absence, and her concealment of where she had been, and how she lived. The knight is inflamed with jealousy, and he summons his kinsmen and his friends, and there, in solemn assembly, he demands of his wife an explanation of her conduct. Florentina asks permission to leave the hall for a few moments, and she soon re-appears in the pilgrim's robe, her harp slung upon her arm, and the fragment of the vest in her hand. The knight recognises his beautiful deliverer, and falls at the feet of his loving wife.

A striking feature in all the German legends is the homage paid to beauty. Wherever it appears, whether in a legend or in a popular ballad, it carries all before it; it levels all distinctions. A daughter of the people it raises to the rank of the noble. Men proudest of their birth court its smile—kings rise up to do it honour, as the Trojan sages before Helen. So great is its ascendancy that the people attribute it to magic influence, as in the story of Lore Lay, told by a legendary poet, thus:—

At Bacharach, on the banks of the Rhine, a sorceress has fixed her abode. Graceful is she and beautiful. No heart resists her allurements. Many already have perished for her sake. Once caught in her toils, there is no escape. The bishop summons her before the ecclesiastical tribunal. He would have passed sentence upon her, but he could not, so fair was she in his eyes.

"Tell me," cried he, and deeply was he moved as he spoke, "tell me, unhappy Lore Lay, who has made of thee a wicked sorceress?"

"Alas, my lord Bishop, let me die! I am weary of life; for each one that looks upon me is doomed to misery. Magic fire is in mine eye, and in the wave of mine arm is a magic spell. Condemn me to the flames, for only thus canst thou put an end to my enchantments."

"I cannot condemn thee till thou hast told me how it is that thy magic fire has been already infused into my breast. I cannot condemn thee, for my heart would break."

"My lord Bishop, mock not thus a hapless maiden. Be it thine rather to pray for me that the God of all mercy may have mercy upon me. I desire not to live any longer, for I can love no more. Condemn me to death; death is all that I crave of you. He whom I loved has betrayed me—he has abandoned me for a foreign shore. My tender glance, my sweet voice, my face that men call lovely, has been no spell to him. Give me then death; suffer me to die. What should I live for, when him whom I love I can never more behold?"

And the bishop was moved to pity. He summoned three knights. "Take her," he said, "to the peaceful cloister. Go, fair Lore Lay, and may Heaven have pity on thee. Thou wilt become a nun; thou wilt wear the dark robe and the veil, and have fitting space to prepare for thy death-voyage."

The knights depart with her for the cloister, and often as they journeyed did they gaze with pitying sadness upon the fair Lore Lay.

"Courteous knights," she cried, "let me go to the top of yonder rock. I wish for the last time to behold the abode of my beloved;—I wish for the last time to gaze upon the Rhine's deep waters. And then we will go to the cloister and I shall be at peace."

Steep was the rock, precipitous the ascent. But with winged speed she is at the top, and there she stands and cries, "I see a boat upon the Rhine—the who guides the bark must be my beloved. Oh, doubtless it is my beloved, and my heart once more has joy!" With these words, she droops her head, then springs into the whelming waters.

Here ends the poet's song. But the people have caught up the tradition, and add, that Lore Lay still appears in the midst of the river into which she had flung herself. Often is she seen on the surface of the waters, plaiting her long tresses; and nightly is she heard to sing and touch the chords of her harp: and none who approach her too nearly, or lend an ear to her melodious chants, can resist the magic of her voice, the fascination of her glance. They abandon their bark to plunge into the stream.

Thus, in the poetry of the people, beauty is imperishable, and death, which sweeps away at a breath emperor and king and pope, has no power over the soft glance, the sweet voice, of maiden loveliness.

Such is a rapid sketch of German legendary lore. Volumes might be written on the subject, and industriously have the Germans compiled the materials for such a work. The principal collections of these popular stories are to be found in the books of the brothers Grimm, and of Meuser, some of which have been given to the English public through the medium of a translation. It has been well said that the very fables of antiquity should be preserved, because the belief which they obtained, and the influence they exercised, are facts it is not allowable to omit. They are among the most important facts in the history of the human race; they are facts concerning mankind, not merely concerning individuals. Of what importance is it to the present generation whether Cadmus or Theseus existed?—of how much importance that the belief in these men existed for many years! The one is a question of an individual, the other of the state of humanity. Without understanding the errors, prejudices, superstitions, and creeds of various nations, we should not fully be

unable rightly to understand their history, but also our own intellectual constitution. This consideration stamps importance upon—

"Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of old."

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

CHAPTER III.

HOW I RISE A DEGREE, AND MR. FRAMPTON GETS ELEVATED IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

THE week passed away like a dream, and with a beating heart, and throbbing pulse, I went through the various examinations, and engaged with my competitors in the struggle for honours. Anxious in the highest degree as to the result of my labours, I scarcely ate, drank, or slept, and, had the necessity for exertion been protracted much longer, my mind could not have borne the continued strain, and I should probably have had a brain fever. It was the eventful Friday morning on which the poll list was to come out, and in the course of an hour or two my fate would be known. Utterly worn out by a night which anxiety had rendered sleepless, I had hastily swallowed a cup of tea, and, turning away from the untasted eatables, flung myself, wrapped in a dressing-gown, on the sofa. I had not, however, lain there above a quarter of an hour, when a tap was heard at the door, and Mr. Frampton made his appearance, attired as usual in the well-remembered blue coat, with brass buttons, drab shorts, and gaiters, and the broad-brimmed hat, lined with green, fixed sturdily on his head, as if it was not made to take off at any time.

"Umph! found my way up, you see! Follow you call the gyp wanted to make me believe you were out—thought I looked too like a governor to be let in, I suppose; but it wouldn't do, Sir; old birds are not to be caught with chaff; and he spoke with an air of such intense honesty that I felt sure he was lying, and told him so. Don't get up, boy, don't get up; you look as jaded as a hunted antelope. Why, you've never touched your breakfast; you'll kill yourself if you go on at this rate."

"It will not last much longer, Sir," said I; "in about another hour or so my fate will be known. The poll list comes out this morning. Some of my friends were to call for me, and we were to make a party to go down to the Senate House together, for there is sure to be a crowd; but I shall let them go without me, for I'm in such a state of nervous anxiety that I feel fit for nothing."

"Umph! I'll go with them, if they've no objection," returned Mr. Frampton. "If I should happen to get knocked over in the scuffle, I shall want somebody to pick me up again. I shall like to see how near the tail of the list they stick your name, Frank—umph!"

At this moment the door was flung open, and Lawless, Archer, and one or two more men of my acquaintance, came tumbling over one another into the room, laughing vociferously at some unknown jest. Owing to the shape of the apartment, the place where Mr. Frampton had seated himself was not easily to be seen as you entered, consequently none of them observed him.

"Fairleigh, old boy!" began Archer—

"Eh! here's such a tremendous go!" broke in Lawless. "Where's the smelling-bottle? Archer swears he has just seen the ghost of Noah's great-grandfather, as he appeared when dressed in his Sunday clothes!"

"'Pon my word, it's true, and what will you lay it's a lie?" sang Archer. "Oh! if you had but seen him, Fairleigh; he looked like—hang me if I know anything ugly enough to compare him to."

"Was he at all like me, Sir?—umph!" inquired Mr. Frampton in his gruffest tone, putting on the broad-brimmed hat, and rising slowly from his seat as he spoke.

"The very apparition itself, by Jingo!" exclaimed Archer, starting back in alarm, half real, half affected, thereby nearly overturning Lawless, who was just behind him.

"Hold hard there; where are you jibbing to? You'll smash my panels in a minute, if you don't look out—eh!—why surely it's the old fellow from Helmstone. Mr. Frampton—Sir, your most obedient."

"Same to you, Sir," was the reply; "glad to see your spirits don't seem likely to fail you, Mr. Lawless—laughing at me, all of 'em, impudent young dogs—what's t'other one's name, Frank? the one that took me for a ghost—umph!"

"Allow me to introduce you. Mr. Frampton, Mr. Archer, Mr. Green, Mr. Lacy, Mr. Richards."

The individuals named delivered themselves of a series of nods and jerks as I pronounced their various patronymics, and Mr. Frampton took off his hat, and made a polite bow to each man separately; then turning to Archer, he said,

"Pray, Sir, may I inquire when and how you became so intimate with Noah's great-grandfather as to mistake me for him?—umph!"

"Well, Sir," said Archer, who was evidently taken somewhat aback by this direct appeal, "it is an affair—that is, a circumstance—what I mean to say is—the thing, as you must see, was completely—in fact it was quite by accident, and promiscuously, so to speak, that I mistook you for the respectable antediluvian—I should say, for his ghost."

"Umph! don't think I look much like a ghost, either. Not that there are such things in reality; all humbug, Sir. A man goes and eats beef and pudding enough for two, has the nightmare, fancies next morning he has seen a ghost, and the first fool he tells it to believes him. Well, Mr. Lawless, not made a ghost of yourself by breaking your neck out of that infernal Machine of yours yet. Get King Louis Philippe to go out for a ride with you in that, and his life would be in greater danger than all the Fieschis in France could ever put it in. Umph!"

"The horses are in first-rate condition," returned Lawless, "enough to pull a fellow's arms off till they've done about ten miles; that takes the steel out of them a bit, and then a child may guide them. Happy to take you a drive, Mr. Frampton, any time that suits you,—eh?"

"Thank ye, Sir, when that time comes I'll let you know; but I hope to live a few years longer yet, and therefore you'll excuse my not accepting your kind offer. Besides, if Mr. Archer were to see the ghost of Noah's great-grandfather in a tandem, he'd never get over it." Then came the aside;—"Umph! had him there, the young jackanapes."

"Well, Fairleigh, are you coming with us?" asked Lacy: "the list must be out by this time."

"No; 'pon my word I can't," replied I. "I'm good for nothing this morning."

"Serve you right, too," said Lawless, "for refusing the second bowl of punch last night. I told you no good would come of it, eh?"

"Positively, we ought to be going," said Richards; "we'll bring you some news presently, Fairleigh, that will set you all right again in no time."

"I only wish you may prove a true prophet," replied I.

"Umph; if you'll allow me, I'll accompany you, gentlemen," said Mr. Frampton; "make one of your party, Umph!"

Several of those appealed to exchanged glances of horror, and at last Archer, who was rather an exclusive, and particularly sensitive to ridicule, began—

"Why, really, Sir, you must excuse—"

"Umph! excuse? no excuses are required, Sir; when you've lived as long as I have, you'll learn not to care in what company you sail, so as it's honest company. Noah's great-grandfather found out the truth of that, Sir, when he had to be hail-fellow-well-met with tigers and hippopotamuses in the ark—hippopotami, I suppose you classical men call it—though, now I come to think of it, he never was there at all. But you will let an old man go with you, there's good boys," continued Mr. Frampton, in a tone of entreaty; "not one of you feels more interest in Frank Fairleigh's success than I do."

"Come along, Governor," exclaimed Lawless, taking him by the arm, "you and I will go together, and if any body gets in your way, down he goes if he were as big as Goliath of Gath. You shall see the list as soon as any one of them, for you're a trump,—a regular brick!"

"With a very odd tile on the top of it," whispered Archer, pointing to the broad-brim.

"Now, then," continued Lawless, "fall in there. Follow the Governor; to the right about, face! March!"

So saying, he flung open the door, and, arm-in-arm with Mr. Frampton, hurried down the stairs, followed by the others, in double quick time. When they were all gone, I made an effort to rouse myself from the state of lassitude and depression into which I had fallen, and succeeded so far as to recover sufficient energy to attempt the labour of dressing, though my hands trembled so that I could scarcely accomplish it, and had to postpone the operation of shaving to some more favourable opportunity.

Having made my outer man respectable, I returned to the sitting-room, and waited with impatience for the return of my friends. Oh! the horrors of suspense! that tooth-ache of the mind, in which each moment of anxiety, stretched on the rack of expectation, appears to the overwrought senses, an eternity of gnawing anguish!—of all the mental tortures with which I am acquainted, defend me from suspense!

I had worked myself up into a thorough fever, and was becoming so excited that I was on the point of rushing out to learn the worst at once, when sundry shouts, mingled with peals of laughter, reached my ear,—sounds which assured me that news was at hand. And now, with the inconsistency of human nature, I trembled at, and would willingly have delayed their arrival, lest it might bring me the certainty of failure, than which the doubt and suspense I had been so lately execrating appeared preferable. The sounds grew louder and louder—they were approaching. Oh! how my heart beat! in another moment they would be here. Sinking into a chair, for my knees trembled so that I could scarcely stand, I remained with my eyes fixed upon the door in a state of breathless anxiety. More shouting! surely that was a cheer—

"Hurra! hurra! out of the way there! room for the Governor!"—a rush of many feet up the stairs—more cheering—the door is thrown open, and a party of from fifteen to twenty under-graduates come pouring in, with Mr. Frampton in the midst of them, carried in triumph on the shoulders of Lawless, and another man, and waving a poll-list in one hand, and the broad-brimmed hat in the other.

"Bravo, Fairleigh! all right, old fellow! never say die! hurrah!" exclaimed half a score voices, all at once, while both my hands were seized, and nearly shaken off, and I was almost annihilated by congratulatory slaps on the back from my zealous and excited friends.

"Well," exclaimed I, as soon as I could make myself audible amidst the clamour, "I suppose by your congratulations I'm not plucked, but how high do I stand?"

"Silence there!" shouted Lawless. "Order! order! hear the Governor; he's got the list. Fire away, Sir."

Thus appealed to, Mr. Frampton, who was still mounted on the shoulders of his supporters, having cleared his throat, and grunted proudly, and with an air of majesty, read as follows:

"Rushbrooke, Senior Wrangler,—Crosby, second,—Barham, third,—Fairleigh, fourth!"

"Nonsense," exclaimed I, springing up, "the thing's impossible!"

"What an unbelieving Jew it is," said Archer; "hand him the list, and let him read it himself. Seeing is believing, they say."

Yes, there it was, beyond all possibility of doubt; with my own eyes did I behold it. "Fairleigh, fourth Wrangler!" Why, even in my wildest moments of hope my imagination had never taken so high a flight. Fourth Wrangler! oh! it was too delightful to be real. So overcome was I by this unexpected stroke of good fortune, that for a minute or two I was scarcely conscious of what was going on around me, and returned rambling and incoherent answers to the congratulations which were showered upon me. The first thing that roused my attention was a shout from Lawless, demanding a hearing, for that "the Governor," as he persisted in calling Mr. Frampton, was going to make a speech. The cry was immediately taken up by the others, who for some moments defeated their own purpose by calling vociferously for "silence for the Governor's speech!" Having at length from sheer want of breath obtained the required boon, Mr. Frampton, waving his hand with a dignified gesture, began as follows:—

"Umph! on this happy occasion, gentlemen—set of noisy young scamps!—on this happy occasion, I say"—(shouts of encore! bravo! &c.)—"what I was going to say was—umph!" (a cry of "you have said it," from a man near the door, who thought he could not be seen, but was.) "Much obliged to you, Sir, for your observation," continued Mr. Frampton, fixing his glance unmistakably on the Detected One, "but I have not said it, nor does it seem very likely I ever shall say it, if you continue to interrupt me with your small attempts at wit." (Cries of "hear! hear! don't interrupt the Governor! Shame! shame!" and an aside from Mr. Frampton, "had him, there, umph!" during all of which the detected individual was striving to open the door, which several men, who had perceived his design, held firmly against him.) "What I was going to say," resumed the speaker, "when that gentleman who is trying to leave the room interrupted me," (more cries of "shame!") "was, that I beg in the name of my friend, Frank Fairleigh, to invite you all to a champagne breakfast in his rooms to-morrow," (tremendous cheering, and a cry of "Bravo, Governor! you are a brick!" from Lawless,) "and in my own name to thank you all, except the gentleman near the door, who has not yet, I see, had the grace to leave the room, for the patience with which you've listened to me," (laughter, and cries of "it was a shame to interrupt him," at which the Detected, with a frantic gesture, gave up the door, and turning very pale, glances insanely towards the window,) "and for the very flattering attentions generally, which you have all of you, particularly Mr. Archer, done me the honour of paying me."

A perfect tornado of cheers and laughter followed Mr. Frampton's speech, after which I thanked them all for the kind interest they had expressed in my success, and begged to second Mr. Frampton's invitation for the following day. This matter being satisfactorily arranged, certain of the party laid violent hands on "the Detected One," who was a very shy freshman of the name of Pilkington, and, despite his struggles, made him go down on his knees, and apologize in set phrases to Mr. Frampton for his late unjustifiable conduct; whereupon that gentleman, who enjoyed the joke, and entered into it with as much zest as the veriest pickle among them,

sternly, and with many grunts, rebuked and then pardoned him.

The champagne breakfast on the following morning who shall describe? What pen, albeit accustomed to the highest flights imaginable, may venture to depict the humours of that memorable entertainment? How, when the company were assembled, it was discovered that Mr. Pilkington was missing, and a party, headed by Lawless, proceeded to his rooms, which were on the same stair-case, and brought him down *vi et armis*, in a state of mind bordering on distraction, picturesquely attired in a dressing-gown, slippers, and smoking-cap of a decidedly Oriental character; and how, when they had forced him into a seat of honour at Mr. Frampton's right hand, that gentleman discovered in him a striking likeness to his particular friend the Rajah of Bundelocragbag, which name being instantly adopted by the company, he was invariably addressed by ever after. How, as the champagne circulated, the various members of the party began to come out strong, according to their several idiosyncrasies, every man who had a peculiarity exhibiting it for the benefit of the others; while those who had not, were even more amusing, either from their aping the manners of somebody else, or from the sheer absurdity of uttering insipid common places in such an atmosphere of fun and frolic. How, later in the day, after healths had been drunk, and thanks returned, till every one save Pilkington was hoarse with shouting, that individual was partly coaxed, partly coerced into attempting to sing the only song he knew, which proved to be, "We met;" how, after making four false starts, and causing a great many more meetings to take place than the author of the song ever contemplated, he contrived, in a voice suggestive of a sudden attack of cholera, to get as far as the words, "For thou art the cause of this anguish, my mother," when he was interrupted by such a chorus of laughter as completely annihilated him for the rest of the day. How Mr. Frampton, without giving the slightest warning of his intention, or there being any thing in the subject of the conversation generally to lead thereto, began to relate his adventure with the tiger of Bundelapoor; while Lawless favoured the company with a full, true, and particular account of a run with the royal stag-hounds; and Archer, who had grown sentimental, with tears in his eyes entered into a minute detail of certain passages in a romantic attachment he had conceived for a youthful female branch of the aristocracy, whom he designated as Lady Barbara B.; and how these three gentlemen continued their various recitals all at one and the same time, edifying the company by some such composite style of dialogue as the following: "So, Sir, Slingsby roused me by a kick in the ribs, saying,—umph!—" "Fairest, loveliest of thy sex,"—"Shove on your boots and buckskins, stick a cigar in your mouth, and clap your leg over"—"An elephant half as high again as this room; take a couple of double-barrelled rifles, and"—"Slap at everything that comes in your way; no craning, ram in the persuaders, and if you do get a purr!"—"Look upon it as the purest, brightest gem in your noble father's coronet, for true affection"—"Flung him clean into the tiger's jaws, Sir, and the beast!"—"Drew her handkerchief across her eyes, and said, in a voice which quivered with emotion 'Love between two young creatures, situated as we are, would be utter madness, Charles.' To which I replied, 'Barbara, my own sweet girl,'"—"Mind your eye, and look out for squalls, for that's a rasper, and no mistake."

How all this took place, together with much more notable merriment, not many degrees removed from "tipsy mirth and jollity," we will leave to the fertile imagination of the reader to depict. Suffice it to say, that, ere we broke up, Mr. Frampton had distinctly pledged himself to ride one of Lawless's horses the next hunting-day, and to accompany Archer on a three weeks' visit to the country-seat of Lady Barbara B.'s

noble father, with some ulterior views on his own account in regard to a younger sister.

THE GOODWIN SANDS.

— "a dream
Won from the waters, whose far roarings sleep
Upon oblivion's shores."—*Heraud.*

It was on an Autumn afternoon towards the close of the eleventh century, that a brilliant company was observed by the native cottagers to descend from St. Lawrence Hill, in Thanet, down the little creek leading through the cliffs to the sea, where Ramagat town and harbour now stand.

The day was sunny, and the scene cheerful; and, though the tide was ebbing, the waves, impelled by a light east wind, broke on the sands briskly and cheerily, though by no means roughly. But the sea gulls and curlews hovered around, and kept flying more and more in shore, and the bright blue of the firmament was chequered to windward with those mazy feathery streaks which are vulgarly called "mares' tails." Right in front, so near and distinct that in imagination you might almost wade thither, lay the magnificent and beautiful estate to which our party were bound, called still, from the name of its whilom owner, "Goodwin Island." There it lay almost a span from the land, stretching along the coast, northward as far as the Foreland, and southward further than the eye could here trace it. Gallies and smaller boats were plainly seen plying around its shores, and some were advancing thitherwards, apparently from Sandwich. The outline of the isle was beautifully clear and distinct; the woods in the bosom of which the mansion of the then proprietor was nestled showed their waving outline flickering in the light breeze, and here and there a darker spot on the margin was discerned, which the spectator had no difficulty in ascertaining to be the hut of some domestic villain.

No little excitement was caused on the Thanet shore by the appearance of the party who now advanced down the sands. Ramsgate was then a lonely, desolate, uninhabited spot, only frequented by the peasantry of St. Lawrence, who came thither for the convenience of fishing, and not unfrequently took up their temporary abode for a night (for the convenience of watching their nets) in some of the numerous excavations and caves with which the island abounded. These, habited in rude tunics girt about the waist, and, for the most part, barefooted, quitted their lurking places to gaze with curiosity and wonderment on an apparition of such bravery as seldom greeted their lonely strand, seeing that it was a sudden whim of the royal visitor to cross hitherward from Canterbury, instead of proceeding to the universal embarking place, Sandwich. Such of the natives, also, as were following their craft on the water, speedily forsook their labour, and steered their rude boats as near as they dared to the magnificent galley, which now, with her anchor heaved and laid across the stern, rode gallantly on the water, waiting her royal freight.

The galley was not of very large size, but was sumptuously appointed. At no time were the barges and pleasure vessels of the nobles generally more beautiful than at this; but this one was particularly costly, being the gift of a wealthy noble to the king himself. There was little distinction between the head and stern of the vessel, (both of which rose high from the deck,) except that the former had some slight additional ornament.

Both were richly gilt and burnished, and the deck, rigging, and furniture were all profusely ornamented with gold. The sails were of purple silk, and, coming from the top of the mast, were fastened to the head and stern of the vessel. Within it were many slaves magnificently attired in garments ornamented with gold, and wearing bracelets of pure gold, caps heavy with the same costly material, and each a sword, of which the hilt was solid gold.

As the king set his foot on the gaily-trimmed little boat which bore him to his galley, the musicians stationed on the latter pealed forth a deafening salute on their horns and trumpets. The Red King was attired in a tunic of purple silk, banded round the waist with a gold-embroidered belt, clasped with jewels; bracelets of the same fashion and material fastened it at the wrists, and also confined it round the throat. From his shoulders, probably fastened there by an invisible hook and eye, hung a cloak of crimson velvet lined with furs. His cap was of the same material, with a small coronet of jewels round it, and over the neck a *Rheno*,—perhaps what we might now call a comforter,—covering the neck and breast. It was made of the costliest furs, and worn only by the highest nobility. His chausses were of fine scarlet cloth, and his pointed shoes, an immense length, curved upwards, and twisted like a ram's horn, were richly embroidered. His hair fell down over his shoulders, and his face was closely shaven. His personal appearance was peculiar, and not attractive; the flash of his eye was piercing, and his demeanour had that perfectly natural air of authority and command, which, to be so natural, must be inherent,—as was the case now. But his figure was ungraceful and undignified, his hair red, and his eyes of different colours, or appearing so from the peculiar spots with which they were disfigured. His language was by no means select, and he stammered in his speech.

His companions were attired much in the same style, except that they none of them wore a purple tunic, that colour being consecrated to royalty; and they had mostly cloth caps, turned up in front, without any ornament. One, in ecclesiastical dress, assuming, however, more of the foppery of a secular one than was at all consistent with his sacred profession, was the unworthy favourite, Ralph Flambard, chief justiciary, and recently created Bishop of Durham; to which eminence Rufus had raised him from a low origin, entirely owing to the creature's unscrupulous servility in ministering to his pleasures and vices.

The king and his immediate attendants embarked in the royal galley, which was closely followed by various other vessels, containing either invited guests, privileged attendants, or others, who had followed the progress, prompted by curiosity, or stimulated by the hope of gain.

The noble host, Roger de Fitzmahon, with crowds of serfs of all degrees, *villains*, *cottarii*, and *bordarii*, and above all, near a hundred personal attendants in rich uniform, was at the rude jetty supported on piles, which was the usual landing-place of the island, to receive his royal guest, who, in fulfilment of a long standing promise, came to sup with his faithful follower. This meal was at five o'clock; the other great repast of the day being usually at nine in the morning.

The mansion was large and irregular, and, from the various styles of the architecture (if we may apply such a term to a period when *domestic* architecture was little studied), had recently received various improvements and additions from the time when in Earl Godwin's days it had been a purely Saxon erection. The principal entrance was still in the old building, which was composed of rough planks plastered over, except at the corners, which were faced with stone. It was roofed with lead, a token of the wealth and rank, and especially of the *pride*, of its owner; and the entrance was under a low archway, circular, but without a vestige of

ornament. A wing to the house, of more recent erection, was of stone ornamented round the corners and windows with *brick*, which was, as yet, a comparative rarity, and little used, but for ornament. This wing, though of smaller extent than the original building, was more stately in style and appearance, and bore witness to the improved taste on which the Norman barons were beginning to pique themselves, even in their domestic dwellings. The Saxons had little "house-pride;" the Normans, in time, much; and dwell, we are told, in "stately and magnificent palaces," which began very shortly to assume the aspect of castles.

Scattered all round were sheds, and offices, and hovels, of all shapes, sorts, and sizes,—many of mud only, others of rough wood, the crevices filled or not filled, as it might happen, with coarse mortar of shells and sand. These breasted the main building in a way certainly not becoming, nor in all respects convenient. Little prepossessing as was the exterior of the mansion, the interior was so gloomy that it was frequently requisite to have lights in the day time. The windows were small, square, some few only of them glazed and that badly, and placed so high up in the wall as to serve, like a newly-lighted candle, rather to make darkness visible than to give light. However, the internal arrangements, though presenting the greatest contrast of splendour, and what we, at this day, should call misery, gave evident tokens of preparation for an illustrious guest. The lofty and spacious hall, raftered above, was hung round the upper end with rich tapestry, representing the Temptation of St. Anthony; this did not, however, go round the whole, but the space at the lower end was decorated with smaller pieces. It was hung on hooks at a short space from the walls, and was easily removable, being probably only displayed on festal occasions. It by no means reached the ceiling, between which and the top of the hangings the interstices of the walls (as probably the whole of them might be) were coated with plaster of a shining earth, on which was a rude tracery in coloured figures.

The floor was covered for the most part with rushes, somewhat faded, and not over clean; but at the upper end, where was a dais, or elevated platform, attempts had been made to rifle fresh treasures from the waning year. Boughs of the latest verdure were scattered amid fresh rushes, intermingled with sprigs of wild thyme, samphire, the fragrant wormwood, and the beautiful tamarisk, all which grew in profusion in the neighbouring marshes.

In the centre of the dais was a small table, ornamented in a costly manner with gold, and a seat, so fashioned as to represent a lion's head at each extremity, also wrought with gold. Tables and seats of a less costly description occupied the remainder of the dais; and down the centre of the hall were common oaken ones, and rough wooden benches, some of them with coverings, some not. A proportionate dissimilarity was also apparent in the utensils of the tables. On the one assigned to the king were sparkling Venice glasses, and a costly chased goblet, either of silver gilt, or, it may be, of solid gold; and the adjacent boards displayed no lack of silver cups and bowls, while, as the tables retrograded from the station of honour, horns rimmed with silver, and indeed without the precious garniture, cups of bone, and bowls and platters of wood, were provided; but this was the case in English society for ages later.

Anon the banquet commenced, and the tables groaned under a load of good things; for though, on their first arrival in the island, the Normans had pretended to loathe the gluttony of the Saxons, they by no means preserved their philosophic indifference to the pleasures of the table. Nor was there usually, and especially, we may infer, when a king was to be banqueted, any expense spared in provision.

Of several favourite dishes, such as *harum-pot*, *delle-grout*, *maupiggrnum*, we now know nothing more than

the names; but the boar's head stuck with rosemary (which, in honour of the royal guest, rather anticipated its legitimate season) we are still familiar with. The seasonable geese appeared; but, unlike our modern custom, it was boiled. These, however, though highly esteemed, were not a *peculiarly* dainty offering; but the dish of eels, which (owing, doubtless, to the conditions used to them) cost five pounds—equal to seventy-five of our money—was surely a royal offering. There was also a dish at the royal table composed of the tongue of the whale—a great delicacy; and there were several dishes of porpoise. The flesh of cranes was also daintily dressed with spiceries and sauces; the noble swan and the lordly peacock graced the board; and there were other rare dishes, of which the component parts were brought even from Constantinople, Phœnicia, and Alexandria.

The king did ample justice to the delicacies provided for him, being little interrupted in his gastronomical operations by the dicta of his physician, who, though stationed behind the royal person at all banquets, was too good a courtier to risk his favour with the king by venting sage anathemas on any dishes which he saw were peculiarly pleasing to the royal palate; while the quips of the buffoon (who, as well as the physician, maintained his station behind the king) seemed to stimulate the appetite of the monarch in the exact proportion that his humour was tickled. Indeed, so joyous and jolly was William, that, on one occasion, as a page knelt before him holding a roasted bird on a small spit, for his grace to carve for himself, the jester insisted on his own right to the first severed wing, which the king laughingly accorded him.

During the whole of the banquet, minstrels, stationed in a recess behind the arras, played at intervals on the harp, and on a species of flute. They were, however, but little attended to during the earlier part of the repast; but when the symmel, and wastel, and spice-bread, with the pigment and hypocras, succeeded to the beef and brawn, the ale and cyder,—and more especially when the minute internal crevices left by these substantial viands were being closed by the most exquisitely delicate confections imported from foreign climes, washed down with claret—not the thin-visaged beverage of these degenerate days, but rich, full wine, clarified and mixed with spices,—then, and not till then, did the king bethink himself to make courteous inquiries after the fair daughter of his host. These were duly responded to by her father, who, however, seemed in no wise disposed to dwell on the theme.

"Surely the fair Ermentha will permit us to pay our debts to her: methinks the feast lacks its proudest ornament, wanting her presence."

"I pray your grace to pardon her: my daughter is evil-disposed, and keepeth her chamber by the leech's command."

"Nay then, truly, she the more requireth the solace of our presence. Our own leech shall administer to her malady, and we will assist his judgment with our royal opinion."

"At your royal pleasure; but I shall fear that my humble entertainment is altogether unworthy and distasteful, if ye suddenly quit it. I have some wine of a choice vintage, which I have studiously reserved for this period, trusting to have your grace's favourable judgment thereon."

"Produce it, man, produce it; nor fear that we will prescribe the less judiciously for the Lady Ermentha's malady; for, by the face of St. Luke, good wine is a marvellous sharpener of the wit."

Under the pretence of earnestness to meet the king's wishes, Roger de Fitzmahon mingled amongst the attendants; and, drawing one aside, whispered to him, "Haste thee to the lady: bid her that she instantly speed to her bower in the vale, and that she stir not thence until I myself summon her. Haste thee: abide with her thyself, and, for thy life, be silent."

This precaution taken, the alarmed father returned to his guests, and now, from a stronger motive than hospitality, plied the king's goblet unremittingly with the choicest and best of his vintage. The brutal licentiousness of the times, when the noblest maidens of the land had no hope of security but within the walls of a convent, more than justified the anxious parent's precautions, whose object was to render the king insensible. Meantime the mirth and merriment increased, but was near having a sudden check put to it by an injudicious reference to the Archbishop Anselm, who, though he had been long abroad, still continued to assert claims which incensed the vindictive and irreligious king.

"May I become an Englishman!" said he, stuttering even more than usual from choler and wine—"may I become an Englishman, if I yield one jot or tittle to that stiffnecked prelate. By the crucifix at Lucca," continued he, starting up—

But he was interrupted by the abrupt entrance of two or three nobles, who had shortly before quitted the hall, and who now returned in haste to say that the tide was flowing roughly, that a heavy storm was apparently approaching, and that it would be advisable to hasten their departure.

"By the face of St. Luke," said the king, "I stir not: what is the storm to me?"

"Nay, your grace: the passage, though so short, may not be the less dangerous, if delayed."

"Danger! tush! When heard ye ever of a king being drowned? I stir not these three hours;" and again he replenished his goblet.

During this interval other guests had been out, and with them the Bishop of Durham. He, like the rest, felt the desirableness of passing to the continent immediately, unless, indeed—which could not be thought of—their departure were deferred till the morning. To argue with the king in his present mood he knew to be utterly useless: he used a subtler weapon, and appealed to his cupidity. He approached the king, and spoke in a low voice:—

"In truth it liked me not to mar so goodly an entertainment with ill-timed intrusion, else would I have beseeched your grace to depart some time ago, for I have despatches from the Earl of Poitiers, brought to me but now, wherein he announceth his intention of joining the Croisade, and offereth to mortgage his dominions to your grace. He craveth, however, a speedy answer, seeing that he hath hope of obtaining the money from another quarter, but giveth your grace the preference."

"By the face of St. Luke, man, we will take him at his word: but how to raise the money?"

"Fear not that—I have already devised the means; but I must consult with your grace thereon. Is it your pleasure that we depart?"

"Instantly. May I be an Englishman, if the world be not gone mad after this Croisade."

It may readily be supposed that the wily bishop's intimation of another bidder for the Earl of Poitiers' domain was a pure invention: nevertheless, it answered the purpose; and, as quickly as possible, the royal visitor and his immediate attendants quitted the island.

About a mile from the mansion southward was a little creek which ran in a zigzag direction half across the island, and near the source of this creek was a tiny nook which nature might have meant for the choice retreat of the queen of the fairies, so lavish had she been in her donations to the favoured spot. Even now, though November had commenced his dreary reign, the grass was of the most beautiful green, and many a flower opened its crimson, azure, or golden petals to the light, unconscious of the near approach of winter. A small bower was erected here, of rude appearance with-

(1) His own most kingly remark on another and more worthy occasion.

out; but within it was closely hung with fine tapestry, the seats were all covered with embroidered work, a day-couch was laid with the finest skins, and on the floor beneath it, a soft warm skin was laid over the rushes. On the table were a lute and an embroidery frame. The bower had evidently been decked with fond care and at much expense for the solace of the fair possessor.

And she was fair—she who now occupied the apartment—young and beautifully fair, with soft blue eyes, and flaxen hair parted on her ivory forehead, and hanging in rich waves over her shoulders. She regarded her companions—a damsel and a male attendant (who seemed above the rank of “villain,” and yet far from “gentle,” being perhaps a *bordarius* or upper domestic servant)—she regarded them with a look of mingled perplexity and anxiety.

—and desired that I should remain here until he came. Were these indeed, Hugo, my lord and father's commands?”

“In truth, lady, even as I have told you.”

“And assigned he no reason?”

“None, Lady.”

“And canst thou guess none?”

“In good truth I cannot.”

“’Tis passing strange that he should send me hither on a night wet, stormy, and in truth very cold,” said the young lady, shuddering as she drew her furred mantle closely round her slender form, which was enveloped in a long flowing silken tunic, girt round the waist with a band of embroidery, whilst a veil, fastened on her head with a small gold circlet, hung round her shoulders.

“He is ever cautioning me against abiding much here even in seasonable weather, and when every precaution hath been taken for my comfort; and lo! now, when, owing to the bustle of the banquet, no spark of fire hath been kindled here for a week, he sendeth me hither on, in truth, the most wintry evening the season hath yet known.”

“Rest assured, even therefore, dear lady, that mine honoured lord hath good and sufficient reason for what he doeth, and that his orders proceed not from any lack of anxiety for your comfort.”

“Thou art right Maude, and I was much to blame to cavil at his command: but hark! by our lady he is here; that is his note.”

A whistle on a silver call had instantly been recognised by the lady as her father's, who indeed now entered the bower. She hastened to meet him, and he greeted her with the fondest affection.

“My precious lady-bird, I am about to put thy courage to the proof. Thou must cross with me to Sandwich to-night.”

“To-night! nay, good my lord, not so. It is a fearful night.”

“It is so: but the wind though stormy is good for the land: the tide also is favourable: and in truth, my child, were it not so, I have no alternative. The king who has just embarked, hath unexpectedly commanded my immediate attendance; and not for the treasures of his realm would I trust my precious flower under the same roof with yon rude wassailers, unchecked by my presence.”

The Lady Ermentha involuntarily clung closer to her father, and offered no further opposition to his will. Some question she put touching the stay of the revellers.

“Nay, they mean not to stay; they are even now departing; but doubtless there will be many loiterers; besides that I know not what license this unwonted revelry may introduce among my own serfs, I not being here to control them. But hasten: I have ordered thy place in the vessel as regardfully as such short time for preparation would admit, and I will bestow thee for the night at Sandwich, with the worshipful the Bailiff, whose dame will be glad to welcome thee.”

The prognostications of the revellers with regard to the approaching storm were fearfully borne out by the result. The strong east wind became a tempestuous blast; the blast strengthened and deepened till it became a furious hurricane, roaring, shrieking, howling, and bellowing without intermission for days and nights. High above the cliffs, high above the forland, the boiling billows foamed and tumbled,¹ breaking on the shore with a terrific noise like thunder, and dashing far inland, trees torn up by the roots, piles of timber, pieces of furniture, wrecks of vessels, and human bodies. In vain did the awe-struck inhabitants of the mainland, and of Thanet Island, turn their eyes eastward. All that could be seen were the foaming billows dashing against the leaden sky, whilst for the most part even these were shut out from sight by the torrents of rain which rendered all beyond a few yards' space utterly undiscernible.

For days the tempest continued unabated, and fearful news began to be whispered about of towns and villages swallowed up by the waves, of hundreds of human beings lost in the inundation, of the whole course of the Thames being marked by deluge and devastation, and of evil spirits openly exulting over the wreck.²

But it subsided: day after day the wind abated; day after day the waters retired, and at length seemed to have returned to their usual bounds. And now anxiously, most anxiously, did the bachelors of Kent look to a visit to Godwin's Island, where they doubted not to find much damage, much scathe, and it was to be feared loss of life. But day after day they looked for the island and it did not appear; and doubtless they thought the thickness of the atmosphere, not yet cleared from the storm, hid the land. But one morning the sun rose bright and beautiful, the air was clear, not a cloud was to be seen in the whole horizon, and the sky was brilliantly blue.

Now they looked for the island—and saw (for it was low water) a thin narrow strip or line of sea-sand shimmering in the sun.

Now—a holiday stranger at Ramsgate, wandering perchance on the shore, sees a small sparkle on the waters, shimmer through the advancing gloom of night.

“What is that?”

“Oh, only a light on the Goodwin sands.”

And probably we esteem it “only a light,” and think no more about it: or it may be that a solitary walk induces a meditative mood; imagination draws the curtain of ages aside, and the actions and images of the days of yore rush on our fancy. We see feasting and revelry; a princely mansion; a noble host; a royal guest; crowds of retainers:—we hear the tinkle of the harp, the songs of the minstrels, the quips of the jestours, the uproarious mirth of the revellers—and a hallowed contrast to these, the gentle music of that fair girl in her lone retreat. But somehow, without breaking the spell, the dash of the waves at our feet mingles with, and colours the vision; and we see the calm sea that bordered the island become agitated, heave, swell, and finally roll tempestuously. The waves advance—they reach the mansion—they fill its chambers—they foam and tumble higher than its roof:—the shrill screams of the dying are lost in the reverberating thunder

¹ This is not an exaggeration. There is an account given in the Annual Register for 1816, of a storm on this very spot, in which it is said, that the surf rose considerably above a hundred feet from the sea, and broke with such force over the cliffs as to inundate every object around.

² “In his 12th year an excessive tide flowed up the Thames, and overwhelmed many villages with their inhabitants.”—*William of Malmesbury*.

“After yt Kyngye Wyllyam, as before is sayd, was returned out of Normandy, many wonderfull prodgyes and tokens were shewed in Englonde; as ye swelling or fynyng of the water of Thames, in such wyse yt it drowned diverse townes and dyd much harme by cuttynge his boundys in diverse places about London and elyewhere. Also the devyll was seene walke in many places.”—*Fabyan*.

of the waters:—we see them heaving to and fro over a hundred drowning despairing souls, while a light—a solitary light—by some spell hangs over the spot, as if it were a warning token from those gone down into the deep.

A grasp on our arm—we spring aside as if from a serpent.

"What, in the name of wonder, are you about, my dear? I've been seeking you everywhere, and supper's been waiting this half-hour."

RAMBLES IN BELGIUM.

NO. VII.—LIEGE AND VERVIER.

THE entrance to Liege, owing to the moonlight falling on the waters of the Meuse, was much more picturesque at night than I found it to be by day. The town is very different from either Ghent or Bruges. There are none of the old halls, and architectural accessories, which render those towns such objects of attraction. Coal, too, is found in abundance in the neighbourhood, and produces a corresponding increase of smoke and dirt. There are several manufacturing for fire-arms. I visited a workshop, where I found a brawny fellow, worthy to follow his profession, as he termed it, of armourer. He offered me a double-barrelled gun, apparently proved, and well made, for twenty-nine francs. It was made on the old principle of flint locks; he informed me that neither he nor his *confrères* had as yet adopted the percussion caps; and added, that he did not consider them any improvement on the older fashion. Large quantities of fire-arms are annually exported to all parts of the world, and have even found their way to the great marts of England. This may be readily believed, inasmuch as the cost of their production is so much less than our own. There is a foundry of cannon in the town, which continues its operations in a very flourishing manner. Near the Black Eagle is a fountain of very fair design, and presenting a good contrast in its soothing, lulling sound, to the noise and bustle which pervade the streets. The shops are well supplied, but I found them not at all more reasonable than in London, and in articles of drapery most decidedly inferior. One linen draper's store had a very familiar, yet odd aspect; for wherever the eye could penetrate, there were to be seen displayed Manchester prints, and a great number of plaids of every hue and pattern; these were accompanied with special notices in good old English characters of their excellent quality, and warranted British manufacture. It did not require much time or attention to discover that there is very little in this city to excite the interest of tourists, whether antiquarians, artists, or gentlemanly idlers. The Palais de Justice was the first point to which I hastened. It is chiefly remarkable for an inner court full of arcades, which are supported by low pillars, each of which is embellished in a different manner to its fellow. Returning at night to visit it again, there was a strange and fine effect produced by the moon-beams lingering on the columns, which threw the more distant parts of the building into so sudden a shade that it appeared to be the very spot for some stirring incident, such as may be found in the pages of some mysterious romance. Then came, naturally enough, thoughts of "Quentin Durward," and the "Great Wizard of the North." I was sorry not to be able to lay my hand on his fascinating tale, and so to trace upon the spot the scenes so admirably told. What a high prerogative has genius! What a power to elevate the common-place and material above its true and real position! How many persons are there in this working world, whose only acquaintance or

knowledge of this Liege, this town of activity and commerce, is through the medium of the poet-novelist, the great known "Unknown!"

There are several churches in Liege, but from what I had heard of their relative merits, I visited one only, St. Jacques. The interior did not please me at all: profuse in very florid Gothic architecture, with rich embellishments, traceries, arabesques, and gildings, there was a total want of repose, of that chaste simplicity which, to my thinking, best becomes the house of prayer. All through Flanders, this same feeling forced itself on my notice wherever I went; meretricious and elaborate ornaments continually supplying the place of solemn avenues of arches, simply but appropriately adorned. In our own cathedrals what effect can be more beautiful, or more impressive, than their interiors convey? There is a singleness or quietude of art, which is, after all, the true grandeur; as at sea, what is more striking, or more magnificent, than the ceaseless roll of the ever-moving waves; when not a ship, or animate or inanimate thing, disturbs the view of the wide expanse of waters. So, too, at night, when there is no moon, and the air is very clear and cold, how brilliant are the stars, how lustrously they burn in their spheroid orbs, undimmed by the superior brilliancy of the poetic moon!

One thing, I must confess, manifested itself in unmistakable reality in all the churches and chapels during the hours of divine service throughout my wanderings in this country,—the apparent devotion, and wrapt earnestness of the entire congregation. Nothing could or would distract their attention from the serious offices of their religion. If strangers came in to examine the paintings, or admire the buildings, it was all one to them, they moved not, nor exhibited any sign of disturbance. Heartily engaged in solemn prayer, they heeded no intrusions, however unwelcome or regardless. My fancy upon one particular occasion, in this very place, and in the church before mentioned, led me, albeit to the detriment of my own countrymen, to compare the effect of some new comers or strangers entering a place of worship in a metropolitan suburb, or rural district in old England.

There are some charming views to be obtained in the vicinity of Liege. The Meuse is the grand contributing feature. The junction of the Ourthe with this river, so sweetly sonneted by Wordsworth, takes place close to the town. The Vesdre, which is a small shallow unnavigable river, soon joins them, and the three conspire to render the situation of the valley altogether beautiful. Quitting Liege for Verviers, the road winds up a toilsome ascent, which being filled by a troop of soldiery, mounted and in good order, had a picturesque appearance, exceedingly showy and good, as the early morning sun glittered on the habiliments of the men. The middle of the highway was paved, and the driver of the carriage, a most steady-looking and grave-faced man, invariably kept his horses upon it, and whenever, which was a very unfrequent occurrence, another vehicle approached him, deliberately made his team stand still. By the way-side were many crosses, and wretchedly executed figures of the Virgin Mary, and numberless saints.

It was impossible to stop the horses at anything which attracted one's notice, for the beggars were "legion," some of them most miserable objects, chiefly of the softer sex, imploring, begging, praying, screaming, shouting, entreating, crying, and occasionally, it would seem, imprecating, and all this *pour l'amour de Dieu*. At a little inn, the host brought out some flat cakes of oaten bread; in my blissful feeling of ignorance, I fancied it was intended for Monsieur le Voyageur; not so, for the imperturbable coachman slowly descended from his seat, and after quietly unfastening the bridles and reins, handed the delicacies to the animals, who, truth to say, appeared much in want of, and relished them accordingly. When they had nearly consumed

this extraordinary provender, mine host remembered that possibly Monsieur would please to alight and take what his poor house could afford. It was my wish to proceed, but the lord of the box informed me that his horses were not common animals, and being of some extraordinarily gifted nature, would certainly stop another half hour. There was no help for it, so out I got, and ensconced myself in an odd looking but cheerful room, apparently as old as the middle ages. Here I was regaled with some Belgian buns, and a tumbler of milk, which had been boiled and sweetened to excess. When the horses were quite ready to continue the journey, I was summoned to enter the vehicle, which was driven at a rate which made me believe that both the driver and horses had had a "wee drappie." It was not long before Verviers was reached. It is a straggling manufacturing town on the banks of the Vesdre. All descriptions of worsted and cloth are made here.

The inhabitants did not give any idea of an unwholesome occupation, nor did the place look at all like the manufacturing districts of the north of England. The surrounding scenery, and the wide handsome streets, and clean-looking habitations, had a cheerful healthy look, which differed from many other towns of a like stamp, even in Belgium. In a conversation held with a very intelligent gentleman, who was much interested in the prosperity and respectability of his country, I heard much of the revolution which seated King Leopold on the throne. Sad havoc was the consequence of the revolutionary sentiments finding their way here. All sorts of depredations were committed, many valuable pieces of machinery were utterly destroyed, and it took the more respectable citizens a long time to restrain the passions of the angry multitude, and to bring their turbulent and rebellious blood into a calmer channel. It is here where the woollen trade is carried on to the most considerable amount. The workmen in very many instances employ themselves in their own dwellings, as in the case of the fire-arms manufacturing at Liège.

From the little I could glean after and during an inspection of several large factories, I came to the conclusion that capital is wanted to increase and carry on the trade, which without it must inevitably decline. Within a few miles is Eupen, the frontier of the Prussian dominions. With the exception of a ruinous town, dreary, desolate, and melancholy, and which harmonizes exactly with the character of the surrounding hills and dales, there is no remarkable object of which mention need be made. I was bound for Malines, but instead of retracing my steps, I preferred taking to the railroad, which bore me with its rapid wings to my destination in a few hours.

FORTUNE'S WANDERINGS IN CHINA.¹

THIS is without exception the most interesting book of travel of the season; it is a book thoroughly devoid of all pretension or attempt at book-making. Previous to the war, our knowledge of China and the Chinese was limited enough, and what was known was in too many instances grossly exaggerated, and mixed up with very pleasant fictions. A determination on the part of the natives of all classes and in all parts of the empire of the "Flowery Land," to envelope their actions in mystery, served for a length of time to render their country a complete *terra ignota*, and also to promote the extension and diffusion of all kinds of absurd stories, which a little mystery always prompts the lovers of the marvellous to originate.

It is very seldom that war, that most devastating of

all evils, is productive of good results; but it is most earnestly to be hoped that now that the war is at an end, civilisation and Christianity may work their way hand in hand in the Celestial Empire. At all events, one good has ensued:—Mr. Fortune has given us by far the most authentic, valuable, and truthful epitome that has ever appeared of an Englishman's intercourse with these strange people. He was despatched, soon after the news of the peace first reached England, as botanical collector to the Horticultural Society of London, and in pursuit of the Society's objects travelled through a vast extent of territory. That those persons to whom botany is a *drug* may not be deterred from following in the wake of Mr. Fortune, we can assure them of a plentiful stock of amusing matter, worthy their attention, as highly illustrative of Chinese manners and customs. Take for example his account of a visit to one of the greatest lions of Chusan, an artificial hatcher of ducks' eggs.

"Walking through the city, and out at the north gate, I passed through some rice-fields, the first crop of which had been just planted, and a five minutes' walk brought me to the poor man's cottage. He received me with Chinese politeness; asked me to sit down, and offered me tea and his pipe,—two things always at hand in a Chinese house, and perfectly indispensable. Having civilly declined his offer, I asked permission to examine his hatching-house, to which he immediately led the way. The Chinese cottages are generally wretched buildings of mud and stone, with damp earthen floors, scarcely fit for cattle to sleep in, and remind one of what Scottish cottages were a few years ago, but which now, happily, are among the things that were. My new friend's cottage was no exception to the general rule: bad-fitting, loose, creaking doors, paper windows, dirty and torn, ducks, geese, fowls, dogs, and pigs, in the house and at the doors, and apparently having equal rights with their masters.

"Then there were children, grandchildren, and for aught that I know, great-grandchildren, altogether forming a most motley group, which, with their shaved heads and long tails, and strange costume, would have formed a capital subject for the pencil of Crankshaw. The hatching-house was built at the side of the cottage, and was a kind of long shed, with mud walls, and thickly thatched with straw. Along the ends and down one side of the building are a number of round straw baskets, well plastered with mud, to prevent them from taking fire. In the bottom of each basket there is a tile placed, or rather the tile forms the bottom of the basket; upon this the fire acts,—a small fire-place being below each basket. Upon the top of the basket there is a straw cover, which fits closely, and which is kept shut whilst the process is going on. In the centre of the shed are a number of large shelves, placed one above another, upon which the eggs are laid at a certain stage of the process. When the eggs are brought they are put into the baskets, the fire is lighted below them, and a uniform heat kept up, ranging, as nearly as I could ascertain by some observations which I made with a thermometer, from 95° to 102°; but the Chinamen regulate the heat by their own feelings, and therefore it will, of course, vary considerably. In four or five days after the eggs have been subject to this temperature, they are taken carefully out one by one, to a door in which a number of holes have been bored, nearly the size of the eggs; they are then held against these holes, and the Chinamen look through them, and are able to tell whether they are good or not. If good, they are taken back and replaced in their former quarters; if bad, they are of course excluded. In nine or ten days after this, that is, about fourteen days from the commencement, the eggs are taken from the baskets, and spread out on the shelves. Here no fire heat is applied, but they are covered over with cotton, and a kind of

¹ Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China. By Robert Fortune, Botanical Collector to the Horticultural Society. London, Murray, 1847.

blanket, under which they remain about fourteen days more, when the young ducks burst their shells, and the shed teems with life. These shelves are large, and capable of holding many thousands of eggs; and when the hatching takes place, the sight is not a little curious. The natives who rear the young ducks in the surrounding country know exactly the day when they will be ready for removal, and in two days after the shell is burst, the whole of the little creatures are sold, and conveyed to their new quarters."

The curiosity displayed by the inhabitants of the villages and localities where our traveller wandered appears to have been intense. Hundreds of men, women, and children flocked eagerly to see the *barbarian*. There is a most graphic account of one of the principal methods employed by this singular people of catching fish, by means of the cormorant. The extract would be too long for our purpose, besides the whole chapter should be read to appreciate the vividness of the description. The dwarfing of trees is a curious process:—

"Stunted varieties were generally chosen, particularly if they had the side branches opposite or regular, for much depends upon this; a one-sided dwarf tree is of no value in the eyes of the Chinese. The main stem was then in most cases twisted in a zig-zag form, which process checked the flow of the sap, and at the same time encouraged the production of side branches at those parts of the stem where they were most desired. When these suckers had formed roots in the open ground, or kind of nursery where they were planted, they were looked over, and the best taken up for potting. Whilst the branches were forming, they were tied down and twisted in various ways; the points of the leaders and strong growing ones were generally nipped out, and every means were taken to discourage the production of young shoots which were possessed of any degree of vigour. Nature generally struggles against this treatment for a while, until her powers seem in a great measure exhausted, when she quietly yields to the power of art."

Mr. Fortune had an invitation to go to the house of a mandarin, to see a theatrical performance, or "Sing-Song," and to dine afterwards *à la Chinoise*.

"Tea was immediately handed round. Shortly afterwards a servant came with a tray full of wet warm towels, not unlike those generally used in kitchens at home, and presented one to each of us. At first we could not conjecture what these were for; but on looking at our Chinese friends, we observed them rubbing their faces and hands with them, and, although not very agreeable to us, we immediately did the same. I afterwards found that this was a common custom amongst the Chinese, and I have often been much refreshed by it after a warm walk. In hot countries like China, this plan is much better, and more conducive to health, than either washing, or bathing in cold water. While this was going on in the house, the players were getting everything ready in the large room where the performance was to take place. In a little while one of them entered the room where we were, carrying in his hand several fine long ivory cards, on which were written a number of the most popular plays of the day, any one of which the players were ready to perform at the command of our host and his friends."

The actors, it seems, were all men, and wore most superb costumes. There was no scenery, other than a screen. The feats of tumbling, fencing, and pantomime, were very curious and entertaining. The acting was accompanied with a sort of singing, and plenty of noise, made by gongs, and wind instruments like bagpipes. The play having occupied three mortal hours, the dinner began, and a seemingly interminable affair it was.

Fruits and vegetables in abundance, bird's nest soup, and all sorts of excellent cakes succeeded one another in great rapidity. Occasionally the Chinese smoked, then ate *à discretion*. Enough is as good as a feast, however, and in this instance especially.

"We had now been three or four hours at table, and although the whole affair had been very amusing, we had had enough of it, and were beginning to tire. 'How long shall the dinner last?' said I to a linguist who was placed next to me, and who had most politely explained every thing which had occurred during the entertainment. 'Oh,' said he, 'it will last for three or four hours longer, but if you want to go away you may do so now.' We were very glad to find that Chinese etiquette permitted us to withdraw, and ordered our chairs, which were waiting in the court-yard to receive us.

"Our host and his friends lighted us out with lanterns, and we took our departure in the same style in which we came. So ended my first Chinese dinner."

The difficulty of managing the chop-sticks, upon this and other occasions, afforded much entertainment to the natives, and gave some trouble to the English traveller. There is a chapter devoted to the tea-plant, its culture, mode of growth, method of gathering, drying, &c., from the perusal of which it is impossible to rise without having very considerably increased in knowledge of the subject. It is written without pedantry or affectation, and so clearly that he who runs may read and learn.

The following is the mode of smoking opium pursued by the Chinese:—

"Opium is prepared for smoking, and is kept in small cups, which are made for the purpose. The smoker lays his head upon a pillow, has a lamp by his side, and, with a kind of needle, he lifts a small portion of the opium to the candle; and having ignited it, he puts it into the small aperture of the bowl of the pipe. The candle is applied to the bowl during the process of inhaling, and the smoke is drawn into the lungs in the same manner as an Indian or Chinese swallows tobacco. A whiff or two is all that can be drawn from a single pipe, and therefore those who are accustomed to the use of the drug have frequently to renew the dose."

The denizen of Cockaigne will doubtless be surprised to find that Baths and Washing-Houses are to be regarded as regular public institutions in China.

"In the town of Shanghai, as well as in many other large Chinese towns, there are a number of hot-water bathing establishments, which must be of great importance as regards the health and comfort of the natives. I will describe one which I passed daily during my residence in Shanghai. There are two outer rooms, used for undressing and dressing; the first, and largest, is for the poorer classes; the second, for those who consider themselves more respectable, and who wish to be more private. As you enter the largest of these rooms, a placard, which is hung near the door, informs you what the charges are, and a man stands there to receive the money on entrance. Arranged in rows down the middle and round the sides of both rooms, are a number of small boxes, or lockers, furnished with lock and key, into which the visitors put their clothes, and where they can make sure of finding them when they return from the bathing room, which is entered by a small door at the farther end of the building, and is about 30 feet long and 20 feet wide; the water occupying the whole space, except a narrow path round the sides. The water is from 1 foot to 18 inches deep, and the sides of the bath are lined with marble slabs, from which the bathers step into the water, and on which they sit and wash themselves: the furnace is placed on the outside, and the flues are carried below the centre

of the bath. Those visitors who use the common room, pay only six copper cash; the others pay eighteen, but they have in addition a cup of tea and a pipe of tobacco from the proprietors. I may mention, that one hundred copper cash amount to about 4d. of our money; so that the first class enjoy a hot-water bath for about one farthing! and the other a bath, a private room, a cup of tea, and a pipe of tobacco for something less than one penny!"

Agriculture is carried on in the most extensive manner, but it would seem that, as their forefathers did, so do they now. Progress or improvement in this respect seems out of the question. The Emperor, himself, after three days' prayer, engages in farming processes, in order to prove his high estimate of the importance of cultivating the earth.

The manner of burying their dead is curious; tombs, graves, coffins are met with in all sorts of places.

"In the south, the natives form no regular cemeteries or churchyards as we do in Europe; but the tombs of the dead are scattered all over the sides of the hills, the most pleasant situations being generally selected. The more wealthy individuals often convey their dead a considerable distance, and employ a kind of fortune-teller, whose duty it is to find out the most appropriate resting place. This man goes with the corpse to the place appointed, and, of course, pretends to be very wise in the selection of the spot, as well as in the choice of the soil with which the ashes of the dead are to mingle in after years; and upon trial, should the particular earth appear unsuitable, he immediately orders the procession off to some other place in the neighbourhood, where he expects to be more successful. I believe many of the Chinese have this important point settled before they die; for one day, when one of our principal merchants went to call on old Howqua, the late Hong merchant at Canton, a tray was brought into the room with several kinds of earth upon it, which the old man examined with great care, and then fixed on the one in which he wished to be buried. A situation on the hill side is also considered of great importance, especially if it commands a view of a beautiful bay or lake. But, I believe, that of all places, the one most coveted is, where a winding stream, in its course, passes and then returns again to the foot of the hill where the grave is to be made. The director of the ceremonies, with a compass in his hand, settles the direction in which the body is to lie, which is another point of great importance.

"An intelligent Chinese, with whom I was acquainted, informed me that this fortune-teller of the dead is often very eloquent in his descriptions of the future happiness of those who obey his directions; he informs them that they or their children, or some one in whom they are much interested, shall enjoy riches and honours in after life, as a reward for the attention and respect they have paid to the remains of their fathers;—that as the stream which they then behold, when standing around their father's grave, flows and returns again in its windings, so shall their path through life be smooth and pleasant until they sink into the tomb, hoary with years, respected, beloved, and mourned by their children. These men are generally great rogues, and play upon the prejudices of the people.

"It frequently happens, that after a corpse has been interred for some time, they call upon the relatives and inform them, that for some cause, which they affect to explain, it is absolutely necessary to remove, and reinter it. Should the relations object to this, the answer is, 'Very well; I don't care; but your children and relations will also be regardless of your remains when you die, and you will be miserable in your graves.' The feelings of the poor deluded people are thus wrought upon, and a further sum of money is extracted for finding a more suitable grave."

The question of the black and green teas being taken from the same plant is here decided.

"I have stated in a former chapter, that the tea-plant of the northern green tea districts, is the true *Thea viridis* of botanists. I was now fortunate enough, not only to find an extensive tea district, but also to be present when the natives were picking and preparing the leaves; and I not only procured specimens for my herbarium, but also a living plant, which I afterwards took to the green tea hills of the north, and found, on minute comparison, that it was identical with the *Thea viridis*. In other words, the black and green teas which generally come to England from the northern provinces of China, are made from the same species, and the difference of colour, flavour, &c., is solely the result of the different modes of preparation."

There is, as usual, superstition among all sailors, the Chinese not excepted. Something of a devotional spirit is, however, mingled with their preparations for a voyage.

"The Chinese sailor never goes to sea without first presenting an offering to the gods to propitiate them, in order that the voyage may be a speedy and successful one. Accordingly, on this day, the cabin of our junk was set in order, and the tables covered with dishes of pork, mutton, fruits, and vegetables. Candles and incense were burned upon the tables for a short time, and the whole business had something solemn and imposing about it. The cook, who seemed to be the high priest, conducted all the ceremonies. On other days, as well as this, it was part of his duty to light the candles in the little temple, where the gods were kept, as well as to burn incense, and prostrate himself before them."

There is a most exciting and interesting scene on board this same junk, when the pirates make their appearance. For all account of this, however, the reader must consult Mr. Fortune's delightful volume. On our parts, we can assure him a great treat, and may fairly state in conclusion, that this work is the most precious contribution towards our knowledge of an extraordinary race of people.

TRAVELS IN THE STEPPES OF THE CASPIAN SEA.¹

The volume before us forms one of that really valuable series of good and cheap works "The Foreign Library," and affords, like almost all its predecessors, much valuable and important information, which would otherwise be unknown to a large portion of the public. It is inferior to none of the early volumes, and gives a very much more perfect History of Southern Russia than any work on the same subject with which we are acquainted. Our limits will not allow us on the present occasion to do more than give a very brief extract; and although we have suffered a severe winter, we have not been visited with any thing like the Snow Hurricane of Odessa.

"No language can give an idea of these *metels*, or hurricanes. They come down on the land with such whirling and driving gusts, such furious and continuous tempests, such whistlings and groanings of the wind, and a sky so murky and threatening, that no hurricane at sea can be more alarming. The snow is now piled up like a mountain, now hollowed into deep valleys, and now spread out into rushing and heaving billows;

¹ "Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea." By Xavier Hommaire De Hell. Chapman and Hall.

or else it is driven through the air like a long white veil, expanding and folding on itself until the wind has scattered its last shreds before it. In order to pass from one house to another, people are obliged to dig paths through the snow, often two yards deep. Whole flocks of sheep, surprised by the tempest not far from their fields, and even herds of horses, have been driven into the sea and drowned. When beset by such dangers their instinct usually prompts them to cluster together in a circle, and form a compact mass, so as to present less surface to the *metel*. But the force of the wind gradually compelling them forwards, they approach the shore, the ground fails them, and finally they all disappear beneath the waves."

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real, or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals, under the title; in Selections it is printed in Italics at the end.]

TIME AND THE MAIDEN.

BY A. H. I.

"Oh, gentle Time! give back to me
One hour which thou has taken;
I ask it as a boon of thee,
That one hour to awaken.

"It is too beautiful to be
Within thy darkness lying:
Oh I bring it back unchanged to me;—
It was too fair for dying."

And gentle Time, he heard her pray,—
He touched the hour she cherished,—
And called it back to life—the day,
The hour, which long had perished.

He brought her back the same sweet sky,
The flowers around her blowing,
Shedding their odorous fragrant
As though they still were growing.

And all was bathed in evening light,
In softest sun-light shining;
The dying day—the waking night,
Their beauties were entwining.

Perfect the silent loveliness,
Over her senses stealing—
Her voice, when she essayed to speak,
Trembled with inward feeling.

It trembled as she strove to speak,
"All blessings on the spirit,
But where is he for whom I seek,
Whose love I do inherit?"

"The brightest hour from out the sky,
By human eye beholden,
Without him would pass dimly by;
He made the light more golden.

"Far better, gentle Time, to be
Lying the green earth under,
Than live the shining heavens to see,
From those we love asunder!"

But Time, he answered mournfully,
"Poor maiden! all is over;
Thine is a woman's destiny,
My power hath changed thy lover.

"The light within his heart is fled,
The fire within it burning—
The love he bears is cold and dead,
Unworthy thy returning.

"I cannot bind a broken tie—
Alas! I can but sever;
I quench Love's sweet idolatry
In many a heart for ever.

"Poor maiden! when long years are gone,
Thy heart will tell thee clearly,
'Twas well thou didst not look upon
One thou hadst loved so dearly.

"To gaze upon an altered face
With earnest, vain endeavour,
To read of love which hath no place,—
This is a grief for ever.

"How hadst thou borne th' averted eye,
The words so coldly spoken,—
While yet love's hollow mockery
Lived on in outward token,

"Without one trace of that true light,
Bright as the sun above us,
Which sparkles out with joyous might,
In all who deeply love us?"

The voice in saddest whisper died—
All, all is past and over,
Save the broad gulf which must divide
The maiden and her lover.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

THE usual monthly report of the Royal Astronomical Society for April, just published, contains amongst a variety of papers, a most interesting one entitled, "Observations of Hind's second comet in full sunshine." The visibility of a comet in the day time, and within two degrees distance from the sun, is a phenomenon of a rare occurrence, which Mr. Hind describes. He says, "I first saw the comet at 11 A.M., when the sky was perfectly cloudless about the sun, it had a whitish appearance; but during the passage of some clouds over the sun, and between the breaks, I obtained some excellent views of the comet. The nucleus was nearly round, beautifully defined and planetary, the diameter 8" or 10". Two faint branches of light formed a divided tail, like two longish erect ears or horns, arising from each side of the disc. At times I felt certain that the nucleus twinkled. The tail resembled a thin smoke." In a paper by Mr. Hind, on the expected re-appearance of the celebrated comet of 1264 and 1556, he observes, "the position of this comet in the heavens during the approaching re-appearance will be extremely unfavourable for observation; nearly the whole of the vast trajectory of this comet lies below the plane of the ecliptic, and far from the paths of the larger planets, but it extends into space more than twice the distance of the planet Neptune."

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The Harper.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play ;
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart,)
Oh, remember your Sheelah, when far, far away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor ;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray !
And he licked me for kindness, my poor dog Tray !

Though my wallet was scant I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?
Can I find one to guide me so faithful and kind ?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

Campbell.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAP. IV.

CATCHING SIGHT OF AN OLD FLAME.

UTTERLY worn out, both in mind and body, by hard reading and confinement, I determined to return to Heathfield forthwith, with "all my blushing honours thick upon me," and enjoy a few weeks' idleness before again engaging in any active course of study which might be necessary to fit me for my future profession. When the post came in, however, I received a couple of letters which rather militated against my intention of an immediate return home. A note from Harry Oaklands informed me that having some weeks ago been ordered to a milder air, he and Sir John had chosen Clifton, their decision being influenced by the fact of an old and valued friend of Sir John's residing there. He begged me to let him hear all the Cambridge news, and hoped I should join him as soon as Mrs. Fairleigh and my sister would consent to part with me. For himself, he said, he felt somewhat stronger, but still suffered much from the wound in his side. The second letter was from my mother, saying she had received an invitation from an old lady, a cousin of my father's, who resided in London, and, as she thought change of scene would do Fanny good, she had accepted it. She had been there already one week, and proposed returning at the end of the next, which she hoped would be soon enough to welcome me after the conclusion of my labours at the University. Unable to make up my mind whether to remain where I was for a week longer, or to return and await my mother's arrival at the cottage, I threw on my gown and cap, and strolled out, the frock still appearing quite a luxury to me after having been shut up so long. As I passed through the street where old Maurice the pastry-cook lived, I thought I would call and ask how Lizzie was going on, as I knew Harry would be anxious for information on this point. On entering the shop, I was most cordially received by the young lady herself, who had by this time quite recovered her good looks, and on the present occasion appeared unusually gay and animated, which was soon accounted for when her father, drawing me on one side, informed me that she was going to be married to a highly respectable young baker, who had long ago fallen a victim to her charms, and on whom she had of late deigned to take pity; the severe lesson she had been taught having induced her to overlook his intense respectability, high moral excellence, and round, good-natured face—three strong disqualifications, which had stood dreadfully in his way when striving to render himself agreeable to the romantic Fornarina. I was answering their inquiries after Oaklands, of whom they spoke in terms of the deepest gratitude, when a young man, wrapped up in a rough pea-jacket, bustled into the shop, and, without perceiving me, accosted Lizzie as follows:—

"Pray, young lady, can you inform me—what glorious buns!—where Mr.—that is to say, which of these funny old edifices may happen to be Trinity College?"

On receiving the desired information, he continued, "Much obliged. I really must trouble you for another bun. Made by your own fair hands, I presume? You see, I'm quite a stranger to this quaint old town of yours, where half the houses look like churches, and all the men like the parsons and clerks belonging to them, taking a walk in their canonicals, with four-cornered hats on their heads,—abortive attempts to square the circle, I conclude? wonderful things, very. But, when I get to Trinity, how am I to find the man I want, one Mr. Frank Fairleigh?"

Here I took the liberty of interrupting the speaker, whom I had long since recognised as Coleman,—though what could have brought him to Cambridge I was at a loss to conceive—by coming behind him, and saying, in a gruff voice,

"I am sorry you keep such low company, young man."

"And pray who may you be that are so ready with your 'young man,' I should like to know? I shall have to teach you something your tutors and dons seem to have forgotten, and that is, manners, follow!" exclaimed Freddy, turning round with a face as red as a turkey-cock, and not recognising me at first in my cap and gown: then looking at me steadily for a moment he continued, "The very man himself, by all that's comical! This is the way you read for your degree, is it?" Then with a glance towards Lizzie Maurice, he sang,

"My only looks
Were woman's looks,
And folly all they taught me."

"It's a Master of He-arts you're striving to become, I suppose?"

"Nonsense," replied I quickly, for I saw poor Lizzie coloured and looked uncomfortable; "we don't allow bad puns to be made at Cambridge."

"Then, faith, unless the *genius loci* inspires me with good ones," retorted Freddy, as we left the shop together, "the sooner I'm out of it the better."

Ten minutes' conversation served to inform me that Freddy, having been down to Bury St. Edmunds on business, had stopped at Cambridge on his way back, in order to find me out, and, if possible, induce me to accompany him home to Hillingford, and spend a few days there. This arrangement suited my case exactly, as it nearly filled up the space of time which must elapse before my mother's return, and I gladly accepted his invitation. In turn, I pressed him to remain a day or two with me, and see the lions of Cambridge; but it appeared that the mission on which he had been despatched was an important one, and would not brook delay; he must therefore return at once to report progress. As he could not stay with me, the most advisable thing seemed to be that I should go back with him. Returning, therefore, to my rooms, I set Freddy to work on some bread and cheese and ale, whilst I hastened to cram a portmanteau and carpet-bag with various indispensables. I then ran to the Hoop, and took an affectionate farewell of Mr. Frampton, making him promise to pay me a visit at Heathfield Cottage; and, in less than two hours from the time Coleman had first made his appearance, we were seated together on the roof of a stage-coach, and bowling along merrily towards Hillingford.

During our drive, Coleman recounted to me his adventures in search of Cumberland, on the day preceding the duel, and gave me a more minute description than I had yet heard of the disreputable nature of his pursuits. From what Coleman could learn, Cumberland, after having lost at the gaming-table large sums of money, of which he had by some means contrived to gain possession, had become connected with a gambling-house not far from St. James's-street, and was supposed to be one of its proprietors. Just before Coleman left town, there had been an *exposé* of some shameful proceedings which had taken place at this house,—windows had been broken, and the police obliged to make a forcible entrance; but Cumberland had as yet contrived to keep his name from appearing, although it was known that he was concerned in the affair, and would be obliged to keep out of the way at present.

"We shall take the old lady by surprise, I've a notion," said Freddy, as the coach set us down within ten minutes' walk of Elm Lodge. "I did not think I should have got the Bury St. Edmund's job over till to-morrow, and wrote that word not to expect me till

(1) Continued from p. 136.

she saw me; but she'll be glad enough to have somebody to enliven her, for the Governor's in town, and Lucy Markham is gone to stay with one of her married sisters."

"I hope I shall not cause any inconvenience, or annoy your mother."

"Annoy my grandmother! and she was dead before I was born!" exclaimed Freddy disdainfully. "Why, bless your sensitive heart, nothing that I can do annoys my mother: if I chose to bring home a mad bull in fits, or half-a-dozen young elephants with the whooping-cough, she would not be annoyed." Thus assured, nothing remained for me but silent acquiescence, and in a few minutes we reached the house.

"Where's your mistress?" inquired Freddy of the man-servant who showed us into the drawing-room.

"Upstairs, Sir, I believe; I'll send to let her know that you are arrived."

"Do so," replied Coleman, making a vigorous attack upon the fire.

"Why, Freddy, I thought you said your cousin was away from home?" inquired I.

"So she is; and what's more, she won't be back for a fortnight," was the answer.

"Here's a young lady's bonnet, however," said I.

"Nonsense," replied he; "it must be one of my mother's."

"Does Mrs. Coleman wear such spicy affairs as this?" said I, holding up for his inspection a most piquant little velvet bonnet, lined with pink.

"By Jove, no!" was the reply; "a mysterious young lady! I say, Frank, this is interesting."

As he spoke, the door flew open, and Mrs. Coleman bustled in, in a great state of maternal affection, and fuss, and confusion, and agitation.

"Why, Freddy, my dear boy, I'm delighted to see you, only I wish you hadn't come just now;—and you, too, Mr. Fairleigh,—and such a small loin of mutton for dinner; but I'm so glad to see you—looking like a ghost, so pale and thin," she added, shaking me warmly by the hand; "but what I am to do about it, or to say to him when he comes back—only I'm not a prophet to guess things before they happen— and if I did, I should always be wrong, so what use would that be, I should like to know?"

"Why, what's the row, oh, mother? the cat hasn't kitteded, has she?" asked Freddy.

"No, my dear, no, it's not that; but, your father being in town, it has all come upon me so unexpectedly; poor thing! and she looking so pretty, too; oh, dear! when I said I was all alone, I never thought of it; and so he left her here."

"Well, if it isn't the cat, what is it?" persisted Freddy.

"Why, my love, it's very unlucky—very awkward, indeed; but one comfort is, we're told, it's all for the best when every thing goes wrong—a very great comfort that, if one could but believe it; but poor Mr. Vernon, you see, he was quite unhappy, I'm sure, he looked so cross, and no wonder, having to go up to London all in a hurry, and such a cold day too."

At the mention of this name, my attention, which had been gradually dying a natural death, suddenly revived, and it was with a degree of impatience, which I could scarcely restrain, that I awaited the conclusion of Mrs. Coleman's rambling account. After a great deal of circumlocution, of which I will mercifully spare the reader the infliction, the following facts were elicited:—About an hour before our arrival, Mr. Vernon, accompanied by his ward, had called to see Mr. Coleman, and, finding he was from home, had asked for a few minutes' conversation with the lady of the house—his reason for so doing soon appeared,—he had received letters requiring his immediate presence in London on business, which might probably detain him for a day or two, and, not liking to leave Miss Saville quite alone, he had called with the intention of begging

Mrs. Coleman to allow her niece, Lucy Markham, to stay with her friend at Barstons Priory till his return, and so save her from the horrors of solitude. This plan being rendered impracticable by reason of Lucy's absence, Mrs. Coleman proposed that Miss Saville should remain with her till Mr. Vernon's return, which, she added, would be conferring a benefit on her; as her husband and son being both from home, she was sadly dull without a companion. This plan having removed all difficulties, Mr. Vernon proceeded on his journey without further delay. Good Mrs. Coleman's agitation on our arrival had been produced by the consciousness that Mr. Vernon would by no means approve of the addition of two dangerous young men to the party; however Freddy consoled her by the ingenuous sophism, that it was much better for us to have arrived together, than for him to have returned alone, as we should now neutralize each other's attractions; and, while the young lady's pleasure in our society would be doubled, she would be effectually guarded against falling in love with either of us, by reason of the impossibility of her overlooking the equal merits of what Mrs. Coleman would probably have termed "the survivor."

Having settled this knotty point to his own satisfaction, and perplexed his mother into the belief that our arrival was rather a fortunate circumstance than otherwise, Freddy despatched her to break the glorious tidings, as he called it, to the young lady, cautioning her to do so carefully, and by degrees, for that joy was very often quite as dangerous in its effects as sorrow.

Having closed the door after her, he relieved his feelings by a slight extempore hornpipe, and then slapping me on the back, exclaimed, "Here's a transcendent go! if this ain't taking the change out of old Vernon, I'm a Dutchman. Frank, you villain, you lucky dog, you've got it all your own way this time; not a chance for me; I may as well shut up shop at once, and buy myself a pair of pumps to dance in at your wedding."

"My dear fellow, how can you talk such utter nonsense?" returned I, trying to persuade myself that I was not pleased, but annoyed, at his insinuations.

"It's no nonsense, Master Frank, but, as I consider it, a very melancholy statement of facts. Why, even putting aside your 'antecedents,' as the French have it, the roasted wrist, the burnt ball-dress, and all the rest of it, look at your present advantages; here you are, just returned from the University, covered with academic honours, your cheeks paled by deep and abstruse study over the midnight lamp; your eyes flashing with an unnatural lustre, indicative of an overwrought mind; a graceful languor softening the nervous energy of your manner, and imparting additional tenderness to the fascination of your address; in fact, till you begin to get into condition again, you are the very bean ideal of what the women consider interesting and romantic."

"Well done, Freddy," replied I, "we shall discover a hidden vein of poetry in you some of these fine days; but, talking of condition, leads me to ask what time your good mother intends us to dine!"

"There, now you have spoilt it all," was the rejoinder; "however, viewed abstractedly, and without reference to the romantic, it's not such a bad notion either. I'll ring and inquire."

He accordingly did so, and, finding we had not above half an hour to wait, he proposed that we should go to our dressing-rooms and adorn, before we attempted to face "the enemy," as he rudely designated Miss Saville. It was not without a feeling of trepidation for which I should have been at a loss to account, that I ventured to turn the handle of the drawing-room door, where I expected to find the party assembled before dinner.

Miss Saville, who was seated on a low chair by Mrs. Coleman's side, rose quietly on my entrance, and advanced a step or two to meet me, holding out her hand with the unembarrassed familiarity of an old acquaintance. The graceful ease of her manner at once restored my self-possession, and, taking her proffered

hand, I expressed my pleasure at thus unexpectedly meeting her again.

"You might have come a hundred times without finding me, although Mrs. Coleman is kind enough to invite me very often. But I seldom leave home; Mr. Vernon always appears to dislike parting with me."

"I can easily conceive that," replied I; "nay, although in common with your other friends, I am a sufferer by his monopoly, I can almost pardon him for yielding to so strong a temptation."

"I wish I could flatter myself that the very complimentary construction you put upon it were the true one," replied Miss Saville, blushing slightly; "but I am afraid I should be deceiving myself if I were to imagine my society were at all indispensable to him. I believe if you were to question him on the subject, you would learn that his system is based rather on the Turkish notion, that, in order to keep a woman out of mischief, you must shut her up."

"Really, Miss Saville," exclaimed Coleman, who had entered the room in time to overhear her speech, "I am shocked to find you comparing your respectable and revered guardian to a heathen Turk, and Frank Fairleigh, instead of reproofing you for it, aiding, abetting, encouraging, and, to speak figuratively, patting you on the back."

"I'm sure, Freddy," interrupted Mrs. Coleman, who had been aroused from one of her customary fits of absence by the last few words, "Mr. Fairleigh was doing nothing of the sort; he knows better than to think of such a thing. And if he didn't, do you suppose I should sit here, and allow him to take such 'liberties?' But I believe it's all your nonsense,—and where you got such strange ideas, I'm sure I can't tell; not out of Mrs. Trimmer's Sacred History, I'm certain, though you used to read it with me every Sunday when you were a good little boy, trying to look out of the window all the time, instead of paying proper attention to your books."

During the burst of laughter which followed this speech, and in which Miss Saville, after an ineffectual struggle to repress the inclination out of respect to Mrs. Coleman, was fain to join, dinner was announced, and Coleman pairing off with the young lady, whilst I gave my arm to the old one, we proceeded to the dining room.

THE GLASS MANUFACTURE.

"Some of the numerous substances employed by man to lighten his labours, or advance his control over the material world, are so little altered by art as to retain their original and native lineaments. Thus, the timber in a ship of war is little changed from the wood of the trunk once standing in the recesses of the New Forest. But, with other materials, every characteristic of the original disappears, so that to trace the new production to its first state requires the knowledge of many distinct processes.

Amongst such instances *glass* must be classed, for in no substance is the change from the rude element to the transparent and refined material so remarkable. A heap of sand and ashes may to-day lie unnoticed in the stores of a glass-house, and to-morrow the same mass may have assumed the transparent and crystal-like forms, from which the resplendent mirror, or the star inquiring telescope, are produced.

When the mode of extracting glass from the earth was discovered, is amongst the doubtful events in human history, for neither the region in which it happened, nor the name of the discoverer, is *clearly* known. Thus, whether the result was the reward of long studies, pursued by some ancient experimenter in the ante-historical period, or the happy fruit of some accident, is unknown:

the latter is, however, more likely, for there seems little probability that any man should have deliberately commenced a search for the discovery of glass. No natural phenomenon gives a hint that so beautiful a substance was producible from the sands on the sea-shore. Long might an inquisitive ancient philosopher have paced the smooth beach, and examined the forms and multitudes of its sandy elements, without suspecting the possibility of transforming such bodies into a material bright as the dew-drops when glittering on the soft grass in a summer's morning.

Accident, the mother of so many arts, was, therefore, most likely the first teacher of the glass manufacture: and to such a source do the traditions of antiquity point. Most readers have probably heard the story, as given by Pliny, the Roman naturalist, eighteen hundred years ago, and which, if we could take the writer for an authority, would show the exact beginning of this branch of human art. Pliny makes accident the source, the Holy Land the region, and merchants the agents of the discovery. Some navigators steered their ship, laden with nitre, into the Bay of Acre, and up a small river named the Belus, on the banks of which they rested, and lighted a fire to dress their food. The cooking vessels were placed upon some blocks of the nitre, between which the fuel was laid. The heat melted the nitre, and fused it with the sands of the beach, upon which a stream of transparent matter was observed to flow: to this simple occurrence the discovery of glass is ascribed.

Now it must be confessed there is no *high* degree of improbability in the account; all seems natural enough; and this has, no doubt, induced many to acquiesce in the story, as giving a satisfactory account of the first production of glass. We are naturally disposed to receive those traditions for truths which supply us with a plausible explanation of some obscure fact. It is not here intended to impugn the story of Pliny, for that would require more knowledge than that naturalist himself possessed; but, on the other hand, we must not rest on the above statement as presenting the actual facts of the case. Pliny does but say what others had told him; and such reports may have been received without any sufficient authority; for be it remembered, that Pliny, with all his various knowledge, was a credulous man, ever on the look-out for marvellous reports, and not overburdened with the *critical* faculty. After this statement each reader must be left to admit or reject the account given by the old Italian naturalist.

But, if we are unable to ascertain the mode in which glass was discovered, we are sure that the manufacture has existed from the remotest ages. Amongst the ancient ruined cities of Egypt, articles made from glass have been found; thus the eras which beheld the erection of the pyramids, may also have witnessed the less astonishing but more useful operations of glass-making. The manufacturers of ancient Tyre were not ignorant of this beautiful substance, which they probably distributed to distant regions of the world, by their widely-extended commerce. Even amongst the ancient Chinese we find traces of this art, and a diminutive vase, of a bluish-white colour, made from this ancient Chinese glass, may be seen in the British Museum. It is well known that the Romans possessed glass vessels, as urns of this substance have been found in Herculaneum, and some of these are deposited amongst the antiquities of the Museum. The beautiful Portland Vase is formed of dark blue glass, and is supposed to have been the work of an ancient Greek artist, who must have been versed in the manufacture of the substance from which the vase is formed. Thus, in all the more important and civilized countries of the ancient world, we find a knowledge of the art, so adapted to delight the elegant, and interest the philosophical.

The production of such a substance is less important, doubtless, than the discovery of some of the more useful metals, such as iron and copper; but its uses were,

nevertheless, sufficiently appreciated to preserve the art from extinction during the night of confusion which fell upon Europe in the earlier portion of the middle ages.

Venice ranked this manufacture amongst the sources of her wealth, and guarded the secrets of the process with as much jealousy as she watched the actions of her doges. Some remains of this art are still preserved in Murano, a town about a mile north of Venice. In England some large manufactories were fixed in London, at Crutched Friars and the Strand, about the middle of the 16th century. How little the art had been previously practised in this country, may be understood from the high value and rarity of glass windows in English houses. Few circumstances illustrate this more strongly than the custom of removing such windows from the casements, and packing the frames in boxes, whenever the family removed from one habitation to another, as from a country to a town residence. But, if glass was rare and costly in the time of Elizabeth, the tastes of the people were not such as to encourage a great increase of the production from the few manufacturers; indeed, the skill of these could as little be compared with that of our glass makers in the 19th century, as the knowledge of a middle-age alchemist with the attainments of Sir Humphrey Davy. This slow advance of the art did not solely arise from the absence of patronage on the part of the government, for James I. gave a patent for the manufacture to Sir Robert Mansell; and the Duke of Buckingham, introducing skilful workmen from Venice in 1670, established a manufactory at Lambeth, where the traveller may now see the furnaces of the glass-houses burning. The existing manufactories are not the direct successors of those supported by the duke, who was too deeply involved in political intrigue at that time, to give much attention to the useful arts: his works at Lambeth, were, therefore, neglected, and, after a short period, wholly abandoned. The manufacture continued, nevertheless, to advance, though slowly, and glass became a taxable article in the time of William III.; whilst, in the reign of George II., the raw materials were made subject to a higher excise duty. The first large manufactory was established in Lancashire, a county so renowned in the history of the practical, near Prescott, where the "Governor and Company of the British cast plate-glass manufacturers," gave a decided impulse to the production of the material in Britain. This society obtained a royal charter, and the sanction of parliament, for its operations in 1773. Thus, at the very period when Hargreaves and Arkwright were developing the capabilities of cotton machines in one part of Lancashire, the capital of this company was, in another part of the same county, giving the necessary stimulus to the production of glass.

But how was the manufacture faring, meanwhile, in other European countries? The French government had early taken so strong an interest in this department of art, that persons of noble birth were *allowed* to exercise it without the loss of social position, to which a pursuit of trade or commerce generally led. So far the glass manufacture had no cause for complaint, in a time when foreign and civil wars were desolating France, and retarding the pursuit of all arts, save those of attack and defence. But the gentlemen of France were neither willing nor able to avail themselves of this allowance, so that little was done till the 17th century, when the financial genius of the minister, Colbert, included the art of glass-making amongst the commercial improvements to the development of which his labours were devoted.

As one cause of the previously slow progress of the manufacture had been ignorance respecting the proper materials, and the best modes of working, so, before much advance could be made, it was necessary to gain an insight into the usual methods pursued in countries where the art had been long practised. The agents of

Colbert, therefore, directed their attention to the glass-houses of Italy; but all their attempts to acquire the desired knowledge were, for a long time, baffled by the jealousy of the Italian manufacturers, who kept their various processes most vigilantly concealed from the knowledge of foreigners. After many devices, the French succeeded in their attempts: a number of operatives became possessed of the principles adopted by the Italians, and, soon after, in 1665, a manufactory was erected at Tourbeville, near the port of Cherbourg.

Since this period the progress of the manufacture in France has been constant, and glass is now produced in that country equal, or nearly so, in all its qualities, to the finest made in England or Germany.

Let us now describe the different processes by which this sparkling and transparent substance is produced from sand and ashes. Previously to entering upon an account of the various kinds of glass, and the different operations pursued in their production, it may be useful to give a general statement of the *materials* used in the manufacture, after which the reader will more readily apprehend the ensuing descriptions.

Glass in general consists of two bodies united by the agency of a third: these two being sand, and some alkaline substance; and the uniting matter, or the *flux*, is usually lime. Suppose a quantity of flinty sand is mingled with soda or potash; these will not be fused without the aid of a flux, which effects that singular union between the two substances, from which another, so totally distinct from each, arises. Other materials are sometimes used to perform this friendly office for the siliceous and alkaline bodies; thus, borax, and a peculiar compound of lead and oxygen called *litharge*, are employed for such a purpose. Let us glance for a moment at the nature of the two substances, the flint and the alkali, which enter so largely into the composition of the ornamental and useful material which combines the extremes of the elegant and the useful, contributing to the luxury of the palace, whilst it secures from the blast the peasant in his moorland cottage. The man who observes the long line of flint in the chalk cliffs near Dover, may not perhaps think of proposing two curious and interesting questions for his thoughts to work upon, whilst the eye is gazing on the bold scene of that historic coast. These questions are, "What *were* those flints?" and "What *may* they yet become?" To the former query science would answer thus:—those globules and plates of flint, though now so hard, were once *most probably* in a fluid state, and assumed their present form under the influence of that natural chemistry which works on all sides in the visible world.

Some of these flints are, in fact, but the sepulchres of numerous shell fish, around the bodies of which the once fluid substance has formed a solid casing. Thus he who picks up a nodule of this common material holds in his hand a memorial of the ancient earth, when some causes, now long hushed to rest, poured over the ocean beds those flinty streams which are now, by the subsiding of the sea, or the elevation of the land, made visible. It is a singular contrast in the history of the world, that so curious a memento of its early ages should be employed by men in creating additional means for diffusing elegance and comfort through the present population of the globe. This reflection will answer the supposed inquirer's second question. "What may flint become?" Thus the sight of a bit of glass leads the gazer's thoughts into two great fields of human knowledge,—the geology of the earth, and the civilization of its inhabitants. One of the elements therefore of glass is flint; the other, or the alkaline, may either be soda, potash, or pearlash, the two latter being the sediment deposited by water in which the ashes of certain plants have been soaked; the principal difference being that pearlash is more refined by roasting, which frees it from foreign substances. Soda is also procured from

vegetable ashes, but the plants in this case grow near the sea. Thus, from flint or sand, and ashes, arises the material, which, in the form of the Portland vase, the telescopic lens, or luxurious mirrors, contributes in such various modes to the refinement of life.

There are five varieties of glass, each differing much from the other, and requiring distinct operations for its production: these are—flint glass—plate glass—brown glass—broad glass—and bottle glass.

1. *Flint glass*.—This was originally named from the flint formerly used in its manufacture, but which is now superseded by fine sand, selected with care from various districts. Sand, pearlash, and litharge, are the materials generally employed for the production of flint glass; but different manufacturers use various proportions of these substances, as their scientific knowledge or experience may suggest. Some skilful glass makers fuse together one hundred parts of Lynn sand, sixty parts of litharge, and thirty of purified pearlash. The reader may here ask whether the sand required is of a peculiar nature, and whether Lynn alone supplies the necessary quantities. The sand must contain flint in some form, consequently none but silicious sand will suit the manufacturer's purpose; he is therefore compelled to draw supplies for his furnaces from those districts which yield such a material.

The principal sources in England, are Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, and Lynn, in Norfolk. That from Lynn is remarkably fine and white; and its exportation forms an important branch of the trade from that port. In Alum Bay the bed of sand is from thirty to fifty feet in thickness, and under this are the singular marine and fresh-water formations revealed to view in Headon Hill. But neither Lynn nor Alum Bay can yield a sufficiency of pure sand to satisfy the glass manufacturers, who have sometimes entertained apprehensions of a failure in the precious silicious deposits. Here we have another illustration of the value imparted to the simplest objects by the labours of civilized man. Of how little worth in the eyes of an ancient Briton, in the time of Cæsar, would the sands of Alum Bay or Lynn have appeared? Would Cæsar himself have seen ought in these worthy of a statesman's notice? probably not: yet such apparently barren wastes are to some more precious than a mine of gold and silver, and present the resources whence fortunes are to be extracted by a species of refined alchemy, supplied not by ignorant enthusiasm, but by sober knowledge. Were some persons to see a large ship enter the docks at Liverpool laden with sand, they might be puzzled to comprehend the use of such a cargo; but the glass manufacturer regards the vessel with pleasure, for she contains the elements of tons of finest glass, which may hereafter contribute to the pleasures of a palace, or the innocent enjoyment of a cottage. The distant shores of New Holland have been searched for this glass-sand, and vessels have crossed the Pacific laden with the singular cargo. The fears of a decline in the supply of sand entertained by some glass manufacturers, may however be as groundless as the alarms raised some years back respecting the duration of our coal fields.

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF CHIVALRY IN ENGLAND.

PART I.

"Then life was a wild and gorgeous dream,
A meteor glancing with fitful beam;
And the knight pricked forth with his lance in rest,
To far distant lands at his lady's behest;
And the Templar rushed to the Holy Land;
And the Troubadour wandered with harp in hand."

CHIVALRY, in the full and romantic sense of the term, as it is now understood, was not prevalent in England until some time after the establishment of the Norman

dynasty, nor indeed till the devotion of all Europe towards the East for the recovery of the Holy Land from the grasp of unbelievers, had imbued the whole system with that pervading feeling of religion which the earnest participation of the Hierarchy in the purposes of the Crusades had communicated to it. Nevertheless, the honour and order of knighthood had long existed, even amongst the paladins of Charlemagne, even in the dreary woods of Germany; and in England it was in operation in the days of the Saxons, and its details were at that time imbued with a religious character which the Normans, at first, contemned.

Knighthood was never a birthright, though it became a necessary obligation, to those of gentle birth after the Council of Clermont; for at this Council it was decreed, that even so early as twelve years old the nobly-born boy should take an oath before his Bishop to defend the oppressed, the widow, and the orphan; to exert himself to render travelling safe, and to destroy tyranny. Thus, says the historian of chivalry, all its humanities were sanctioned by legal and ecclesiastical power.

When from various circumstances it became an onerous and expensive duty, laws were ordained compelling the owners of adequate portions of land to assume the dignity, and these laws were fully repealed only in the reign of Charles I. Before the establishment of a standing army, knights and their followers were the only military defenders of the country. Thus we find that the all-important Castle of Dover was committed to John de Fiennes, who, with the means provided for the purpose, appropriated to its defence the services of eight other knights and their followers by turns. And thus it was elsewhere. All estates and property were held under the feudal obligation of providing knights at the call of the sovereign, in number proportionate to its value. The "legal service of a knight, for the land which he held by military tenure, was, to serve forty days at his own costs, when the king went against his enemies." This obligation was equally attached to ecclesiastical property; and it is owing to this circumstance that we frequently read of the knights attached to ecclesiastical foundations: and, as state and pomp increased, a domestic array—so to term it—of knights, became a necessary item of baronial state. Thomas à Becket had no less than seven hundred knights as part of his household; and William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, Chancellor and Lord Chief Justice in Richard the First's time, travelled with fifteen hundred horsemen in his suite.

Though gentle birth was usually considered a necessary requisite for a knight, inferior birth, so that it were honest, was not an insurmountable obstacle to the investment of one of approved valour. But to the higher grades of the order a pure origin was indispensable. No bastard, even of a king, could be a templar or a knight of St. John. Perhaps the most remarkable instance on record of the elevation of a man of low birth to knighthood, fame, wealth, and honour, is that of Sir John Hawkwood, better known as "John of the Needle," a tailor's apprentice, and the son of a tanner of Sible Hedingham, Essex, who was pressed into the service of Edward III. Turning, as Fuller says, "his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield," he went to the French wars, stood like a valorous knight the hottest of the brunt at the battle of Poitiers; flying, like his own needle, at the back of his general, the Black Prince; hewing down the obdurate with his sword as smoothly as erst he had a crooked seam with his goose; winning his knighthood by valour alone—he made all Europe resound with his fame. He married

(1) Hawkwood—i. e. Falcon of the wood: derived, it is said, from the circumstance of his mother, when in labour and in dangerous circumstances, causing herself to be conveyed to a neighbouring wood, where, from some magical influence, her celebrated son was born with safety to herself.

the Duke of Milan's niece, and when he died (as even a tailor must, though he have as many lives as a cat) he had the whole city of Florence as mourners.

The mode of investiture of a knight was anciently very simple. Charles the Great merely girded a sword on his son Louis the Good, and in ancient Germany the handing of a shield or javelin to the ardent and eager aspirant conferred on him on the instant the dignity of manhood, and the honour of a defender of his country. But gradually pomp and circumstance accumulated on the ceremony. Edward the Elder, our Saxon king, had Athelstan arrayed in a scarlet robe ere he girt him with a belt ornamented with precious stones, bearing a sword in a sheath of gold. Shortly after this we hear of absolution and confession as necessary preliminaries to the ceremony, and of religious officers accompanying the ceremonial itself, of the sword being blessed, and of the Eucharist being administered to the new-made knight: and, though, as we before remarked, the Normans at first despised these religious accompaniments, it seems as though it might be only the iron-hearted Conqueror who set them at naught; for we find that his rude and licentious son, the Red-haired, was consecrated knight by Archbishop Lanfranc.

Still chivalry, which ever took its hue from the general aspect of the times, was now in its very rudest state. The feudal system was in many respects productive of anarchy and misrule; each baron was omnipotent in his own domain, the extent of which was limited only by his power and strength, and, at a period when "might made right," it is easily to be supposed that no domestic or personal virtue would secure the possession of an estate to any one more remarkable for these qualities than for the more potent consideration of military force, or the wealth to purchase it. In fact, any occupant of a domain was at the mercy of another who could muster a greater number of armed retainers. The numerous forests were occupied by banditti, who bribed the neutrality if not the connivance of those neighbouring barons who might, had they been so disposed, have somewhat assisted the feeble laws in their feeble enforcement. The abduction of females of wealth and rank was an every-day occurrence; and they were kept in rigid confinement, and oftentimes subjected to cruel usage as a means of forcing them into a marriage which should give their brutal ravishers a legal claim to their possessions. Even the royal dignity was not exempted from this degrading and abhorrent risk, for Matilda of Scotland, afterwards wife of Henry I., was obliged to assume the veil in Rumsey Abbey to avoid the risk of a forced marriage.

The cruelties practised by these lawless marauders are abhorrent even to mention. The following description from an old author refers to the period of the reign of Stephen.

"They grievously oppressed the poor people with building castles; and, when they were built, they filled them with wicked men, or rather devils, who seized both men and women who they imagined had any money, threw them into prison, and put them to more cruel tortures than the martyrs ever endured. They suffocated some in mud, and suspended others by the feet, or the head or the thumbs; kindling fire below them. They squeezed the heads of some with knotted cords, till they pierced their brains, while they threw others into dungeons swarming with serpents, snakes, and toads."

Perhaps we may venture to hope that this picture, if not exaggerated, is but of partial application, and may refer more especially to the lawless and foreign bands which the turmoils of Stephen's reign were the cause of introducing into the kingdom; for most certainly the habits of chivalry were then fast progressing towards their high and refined character. Rufus, notwithstanding his personal vices, is said to have conducted towards this result; for, unchivalric as he himself was, he could

admire knightly virtues in others, was an enthusiastic admirer of bravery, and courted the chivalrous of all countries to his society. In the reign of his successor, Henry I., an instance occurred as decidedly chivalrous as any recorded in later times. This was in the field of Audelay, when he was opposed to the French king, who took arms in behalf of Duke Robert. By tacit consent a number of each army detached themselves from the mass, in order to decide, by their individual warfare, the fate of the whole.

Although Henry the Second's reign was marked by no chivalrous displays, its prevailing characteristic had a general influence on society, which conduced (secondarily only to the religious influence of the clergy) to the production of those qualities which were the refining marks of the chivalry which distinguished the reign of Edward III., the culminating period of the Sun of Knighthood. This was the love of letters both of Beauclerc and his gay and beautiful wife. For now the Troubadour warbled his *changos* at the feet of the graceful queen, or his *serventes* in the appreciating ear of the kingly scholar. Now was it that Master Wace garbed in a familiar tongue the Latin Chronicle of Jeffrey of Monmouth, and garnished it with many a delightful legend, decorated it with many a foreign wreath, culled in the romantic plains of Brittany, and flowing with melody and music. Now it was that the knight strung his harp as he doffed his mail, and threw aside the bay encircled helmet in order to wreath his brow with the perfumed myrtle. Now was that taste for literature awakened, which found for centuries its chief, indeed its only food, in the warlike achievements of Charlemagne and his Paladins; in the marvellous actions of Alexander; in the gigantic prowess of Hercules; and far and above all, in the soul-inspiring details of the "gestes" of Arthur and his knights of the "Table Ronde," whether recording their feats of arms against whole continents of "Saracens;" their loyalty and devotion to the idolized beings from whom all inspiration was derived, those fair and gentle dames by whom, if these tales be true, Eve in Paradise must have looked homely; or, more than all, their holy quest, their painful toil, in all humbleness and devotion of heart, in search of the blessed Sangreal.

Chivalry thus regulated by religious precept, and ornamented by a taste for literature and music, and tinged strongly with romantic feeling—the fruit of these tastes—was an elevating code, and certainly tended to ennoble the human race, to humanize their untamed passions, to regulate their uncurbed wills, in an era of heretofore lawless turbulence. The zeal of its votaries may have bordered on, or, indeed, may at times have reached extravagance, but it was a zeal ever unselfish and generous; and there was no country, says M. de Palaye, where chivalry did not "exert its influence to promote public and private good." It cannot be denied, says Henry, that the spirit of the laws of chivalry was friendly to the cause of virtue.

Its characteristics, or rather, its avowed precepts and principles, those to which the newly initiated knight solemnly pledged and vowed himself, were of the highest order, and formed the great, the redeeming quality of that which we may term the modern chivalry, as distinguished from the mere heroic valour of the ancients, or that which pervaded the forests of Germany.

Not the forms merely, but the great truths and precepts of religion, were grafted on the mind, and enforced in the practice of the candidate for knighthood. To be obedient, to be temperate, to be humble, sincere, to be active and obliging, to perform humble offices with cheerfulness and grace, and to look up to elders and superiors with reverence and affectionate devotion, were the qualities daily and hourly inculcated in the domains of the chief barons and nobles, whither resorted the youth of both sexes of the inferior nobility around, to be trained in the usages and virtues of that aristocratic circle which they were afterwards to ornament.

How beautiful were the parting words of the mother of the Chevalier Bayard—the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*—to him on his quitting his paternal home to mingle in the turmoil of life!—

"As far as a mother can command her child, I command you to observe three things, and, if you fulfil them, be assured that you will live with honour in this world, and that God will bless you. The first is, that you fear God, serve him, and love him, without ever offending him, if that be possible. Be particular to pray to him every day, both morning and evening, and he will assist you. The second is, that you be gentle and courteous toward the nobility; that you evince neither hauteur nor pride towards any person; that you be ready always to oblige every person; that you avoid deceit, falsehood, and envy; that you be sober and faithful to your word. Console widows and orphans as much as in your power; avoid flatterers, and take care that you never become one. The third thing which I recommend to you is, again, charity. Neither your father nor I have a long time to live: God grant that before we die we may hear news of you which may bring honour upon ourselves and upon you! I commend you to the Divine goodness."

This advice was entirely in accordance with the general rules of chivalry.

The duties required from a knight were very arduous, and the system of training was proportionably severe. It began, at seven years old, with such athletic exercises as were suited to the age of the pupil, these gradually increasing in extent, in number, in severity, according to the increasing strength and advancing years of the novice. We shall at once understand the peremptory necessity for this early initiation, if we call to mind the dreadful and overwhelming fatigue which those persons undergo, who now occasionally, at a coronation, or a lord mayor's show, wear for a few hours an ancient suit of armour, and compare their labours with those required formerly, when a person was not thought qualified for knighthood, unless he could perform with ease the most athletic, laborious, and fatiguing exercises in full armour, for many hours together, and without showing fatigue. They were even trained to use the maul or the sword, to leap, to jump, &c., for a certain time, *without taking breath*. Doubtless many died in the training.

Falconry in all its branches, the harp, and dancing, were regularly taught as ornamental adjuncts to the more severe occupations of the youth; and "the strongest passion of the human breast was made subservient to the cause of virtue," by each youth being not merely permitted, but encouraged, to choose from the beauties of the baronial court, the fair one most suited to his fancy, whose future grace was to be won by a long series of knightly and honourable achievements.

The period of probation passed, and the novice having gradually risen through, and efficiently performed, the offices of page and esquire—with fasting, and vigil, and prayer; with earnest religious exhortation, and solemn and affectionate benediction—the youthful knight was girt with that sword, on receiving which he solemnly vowed to defend the Church; attack the wicked; respect the priesthood; protect women and the poor; to be merciful, to be courteous: to preserve the country in tranquillity; and to shed his last drop of blood in behalf of his brethren.

Every extraneous aid was afforded, which could add to the solemnity and interest of such a scene, and engage the feelings more deeply in it. The pomp and magnificence of the baronial hall, with its courtly complement of state and equipage; the unwonted honour paid to him by all around, the most distinguished knights and the most beautiful ladies vying with each other in their personal attentions to him; the white dress thrown over him, symbolical of his new character, the scarlet one, as emblematical of his resolution to shed his blood in the cause of heaven; the raising of

his head,¹ ever a symbol of servitude to God; the sword, with the semblance of a cross, to signify the death of Christ; the spear, on account of its straightness, the emblem of truth; the spurs of diligence; the helmet of modesty;—all these, and many other then well-understood symbols of faith, and honour, and duty, were conferred on the youth on his first solemn equipment as a knight, and the various duties which they intimated were impressed on his mind by every circumstance most likely to influence it.

August assemblies were often collected to witness the investiture of some person of rank, and sometimes even national hostilities were suspended for it. When Charles VI. of France knighted the sons of the Duc d'Anjou at St. Denis, the knights and ladies of England were invited to the feast by couriers sent expressly, though the two countries were then at war.

But, perhaps, the most splendid inauguration the world ever witnessed was that which was celebrated in the abbey of Westminster, in the year 1306, when the Prince of Wales, son of Edward I., received his spurs. Three hundred youths,² the hope and pride of the kingdom, the scions of its noblest aristocracy, were at the same period invested with the knightly order. Many of them, with the prince, performed their vigil in Westminster Abbey; but even this lordly precinct was not sufficiently spacious to accommodate all, and many adjourned to the Temple. But, at the time of the solemn investment, the whole three hundred youths, then in the very pride of their years, were robed in purple mantles brodered with gold, the gift of the king, and many of them decorated with furs more valuable in that day than gold.

We may fancy the pride with which the ambitious, but brave monarch, would look upon this hopeful assemblage; we may imagine the hearts swelling almost to bursting of the youths themselves; the manly exultation of their brave fathers and sponsors; the proud, yet somewhat tearful, admiration of the matrons who witnessed the son of many tears, of many hopes, thus introduced to the rough highway of the world; the intense earnestness with which the gentle and high-born maidens observed the whole, here and there one endeavouring, all vainly, to conceal her own especial interest therein.

Around, as far as the eye could reach, amid the dim arches and cloistered gloom, the space was thronged with eager beholders, heralds, pursuivants, esquires, minstrels, varlets, pages, their brilliant and party-coloured vestments contrasted with the dark cowls of the lay brothers of the monastery, or of other members who were not privileged to press nearer to the scene of action. Immense multitudes thronged the sanctuary without the walls, and every avenue leading therefrom.

Each happy candidate for the honour of knighthood was attended by two or three experienced knights; and so dense, so fearful, was the throng in that part of the Abbey near the scene of the ceremony, that, it is said, two knights were crushed to death, and many fainted.

No such catastrophe, however, had taken place, or was anticipated, when the jubilant tones of the organ, and a bustle at the further end of the church, announced to the eager multitude that the great personages were arrived, and that the ceremonies were about to commence.

Dense and unbroken as had appeared the mass, a way was insensibly opened, and first came those bearing the banners of the Abbey, which were disposed in convenient resting-places near the head of the choir. Then came the choristers in white robes, chaunting as they passed along. Acolytes, with their golden censers, flinging steams of rich incense around, which curled aloft, and melted away amid the rich tracery of the roof, were followed by various members of the Abbey, in robes of

(1) By this we must understand, generally, the actual removal only of a lock of hair.

(2) Turner and Mills: some authors say two hundred only.

state, and then by the prior of the convent, richly habited, and walking with the bearing of a prince. A priest, bearing a lofty cross, preceded the abbot, Walter de Wenlock, who wore alb, stole, and cope of the richest embroidery, and a silver mitre of priceless value, so richly was it emblazoned with pearls and gems. An immense ruby gleamed in front, and on either side were exquisitely carved images of St. Peter and St. Edward the Confessor. He carried a crosier in his right hand, turning the crook backward towards himself, indicating that his authority was limited to his own community. By his side walked the Bishop of London, for the Abbot of Westminster acknowledged no inferiority, so peculiarly was Westminster privileged. The bishop held his crosier in the left hand, with the crook forward towards the people.

These personages were followed by a priest, bearing a two-ribbed cross before the Archbishop of Canterbury, the noble, independent, and uncompromising Robert of Winchelsea,—that “thorn in the flesh” to Edward I. who had mental nerve to *refuse* a cardinal's hat; who, though an archbishop, had been so reduced in consequence of his unflinching adherence to the principles of his church, that he had not “one place of all his bishopric whercon to laie his head,” and had taken refuge in the house of “a poore persone,”—but whose unlimited hospitality, benevolent heart, high intellect, and conscientious firmness, albeit imbued with some human weakness in the shape of spiritual pride, had ultimately brought him triumphant through his hard ordeal. He was fully re-established in the favour of the king; and, until his own death in 1313, undauntedly rebuked the vices of his weak successor.

With a calm and lofty dignity, which seemed so entirely to emanate from himself as to be utterly uninfluenced by surrounding circumstances, magnificent as they were, he proceeded to the high altar, which was literally crowded with gold plate and jewellery. A thousand lights dispersed around on various altars (that of St. Edward being brilliantly conspicuous), reflected and refracted interminably the glittering gems and jewellery, the gilded banners, and the brilliant dresses, and daylight streaming in through the deeply stained windows, threw fanciful and fairylike hues on everything.

Scarcely had the prelates taken their places, when an interest, to which the foregoing was as nothing, was excited by the approach of the prince and the king. They and their immediate attendants were quickly marshalled to the places appointed for them (near which the young queen and her ladies were previously stationed), and the service commenced with the solemn performance of high mass.

This over, the prince, “the expectancy and rose of the fair state, and the observed of all observers,” modestly approached the altar, ascended the steps, and taking his sword from the scarf to which it was appended, bent his knee, and presented it to the priest. It was laid on the altar, and the priest, extending his hand over it, prayed thus:—

“Exaudi, Domine, quesumus, preces nostras, et hunc gladium quo famulus tuus accingi desiderat, Majestatis tue dextera benedicere dignare, quatenus defensio atque protectio possit esse Ecclesiarum, Viduarum, Orphanorum, omniumque Deo servientium, contra sævitiam Paganorum, aliisque insidiantibus sit potior, terror, atque formido. Per Christum Dominum nostrum,” &c.

A solemn oath to fulfil the duties of a Christian knight—which were shortly recapitulated—was then administered to him, which having taken, the prelate put the sword into his hands, saying,

“Serve Christi, sis Miles in nomine Patrie, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.”

Other prayers were then offered, after which young Edward retired from the altar, and, approaching the king, his father, knelt before him with clasped hands. Some appointed questions were then asked by the king

and replied to by the youth, and then the ceremony proceeded by investing him with various parts of the dress of the knight, beginning with the spurs, a magnificent golden pair, which the king handed to the young queen, who placed them on her step-son's feet, and ending with the belt, which was always the last. The king himself girt this on his son, and then giving him, as he knelt, a slight blow on the shoulder, proclaimed him a knight in the name of God and the saints. In an instant a thousand swords were gleaming in the air, whilst all the knights present hailed their new brother; and their loud acclaim being heard without, was echoed by the jubilant and accordant shout of the myriads congregated around. It sank, but was raised again and again; but, ere the swords were sheathed, and ere the voices had subsided, the tones of prayer and blessing were heard again from the altar.

Prince Edward had now the proud privilege of conferring the honour he had just received on his companions in arms, all of whom received the accolade from him; and no sooner were all admitted to the “Holy Order,” than preparation was made for another ceremony.

Amid the clangour of trumpets and the din of martial sounds, drowned, however, it is said, by the shouts of the people, several attendants passed along the Abbey, bearing two swans, covered with golden nets, and almost hidden in the studs of gold with which they were adorned. Being placed as appointed, the king advanced towards them, and, raising his hands over them, he vowed to Heaven and the swans that he would go to Scotland, and though death should be the result of the exertion, he would avenge the fate of Comyn, and the violated faith of the Scots. He adjured the prince, the nobles, and the knights, by their fealty and chivalry, that, if he should die on his journey, they would carry his body forward, and never bury it till his son had established his dominion. All assented: excited by the scene, the knights vowed themselves to various chivalrous undertakings; and Prince Edward, in the enthusiasm of the hour, vowed never to rest two nights in one place until he had accomplished his royal father's will; a vow, by the way, which he full soon forgot.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MADAME GUIZOT.

THE history of a woman, and especially that of a happy woman, is soon told. Nature and society have alike combined to establish an indissoluble connexion between the happiness of woman and domestic privacy, and to fix her lot within the calm region of her duties, her affections, and her domestic avocations. Even when imperious circumstances, or a no less powerful vocation, have forced her to extend the sphere of her activity and influence, when a superiority has been bestowed which gives some celebrity to her name, it almost invariably occurs that family ties and affections, the cares and occupations of domestic life, still absorb the greater portion of her time and her energies, by constituting the chief part of her happiness. We must pity rather than envy her who has made the cultivation of her talents the principal business of life; the highest mental endowments could be to her but a poor and perhaps a miserable compensation.

The remembrance which Madame Guizot has left to her friends is happily exempt from any such regret; and to those who have known and loved her, the extraordinary powers of her mind are but the second considerations which her memory awakens. Before they can think of her claims to public regret, her friends love to

From the French.

recall the excellent qualities of her mind; they reckon the invaluable benefits which her short and sometimes troubled life conferred; with an emotion at once pleasing and painful, they first speak of her virtues, and afterwards of her talents.

But, however valuable virtue and happiness may be, there seems but little to say about them. It might satisfy the expectation of the public were we to relate in a few words the principal circumstances of a very private life, and pay a cursory homage to the qualities which have ennobled it, all our attention bearing upon the works and the talents which have alone hitherto given it an interest. Such an account would reduce us to a page of biography, followed by a critical and literary dissertation; but should we thus have made her known of whose writings only we could judge? Should we have said of her more than any one else could say? Should we have done justice to the dearest as to the most revered memorials she has left us? Is it, in short, of her that we should have spoken?

Facts have little interest if she to whom they relate is unknown. Works belong to the public, and they can judge of them better than we can. It is of the author, it is of the person herself, that we would speak; thus only can we learn something of her, and in some degree satisfy the faithfulness of our regrets, above all the wishes of that tender and sorrowing devotion which has confided, for a little, to our charge a memory so dear.

A more general and no less important reason has likewise determined us. Silence could easily be imposed upon feelings which could not be published without some sacrifice; but thought owes allegiance to virtue; great instruction always results from the life of a person equally superior in character as in mind; her example is a lesson; her life bears testimony to the opinions she has professed, and pays a tribute to virtue. Madame Guizot, by dint of experience and meditation, was enabled to refer all her feelings, and to render all her resolutions subordinate, to the general ideas that governed her mind; she had found herself as it were in the likeness of her judgment. It is then to speak of her as she would herself perhaps have wished; it is to imitate her, to unite the relation of her life to the principles she so much valued, to look for a moral end in the observations it suggests, to make the remembrance of her sentiments and actions tend to the furtherance of truth. After all, the most distinguished beings only reproduce with greater effect, and in a higher degree, the essential conditions and the general laws of humanity.

It is daily said that life is short; it appears that it neither answers to our powers, to our wants, or our desires, and that our nature overtops our destiny; and yet, when death arrives, when a human being disappears, one is often astonished at the few traces which his steps have left. Whatever place he may hold in our regret, that which he leaves void in this world is incredibly small; and, viewed as the past, the events which have occupied his days hardly appear to satisfy the duration of his existence. Those who are no more used, however, also to deplore the brevity of human life; they felt themselves pressed within narrow limits, and were uneasy in this career which they could not entirely fill up; and now their actions seem too trifling for an existence which they thought too short for them; even the friendship which regrets them finds that their remembrance holds much more room in the heart than their life does in the memory. May it not be that there are always in the soul a multitude of wants and faculties, of feelings and ideas, which nothing here below calls forth! May it not be that none can take advantage of his whole nature, and that those who have been most prodigal of action, emotion, and thought, still carry to the grave an unapplied treasure of energy, of feeling, and of intellect? Such is the perpetual contrast between our nature and our destiny. There is in us something

infinite which this world cannot satisfy, and which cannot influence this world; therefore it is that we are at once superior to the world, and restrained by it; therefore it is that we can neither put up the whole canvass of our life, or display all our material. In fact, so far from activity, properly so called, occupying all our duration, the greater part of it is perhaps consumed in objectless emotions, barren sensibilities, and vague reveries. A thousand things pass within us, which prove and develop us, and make known to ourselves what no others can know. The world sees and conjectures but a small part of our real existence; what is manifest is but one feature of the picture, and we live much more than is apparent. This inherent and superabundant activity to which circumstances and often external power are wanting, those insatiable desires, that never failing sensibility, that constant renewing of the mind, which more than any sensible object presents the emblem of perpetual motion, all this riches of man which he cannot use, which he knows not how to use; in short, this superfluity of his nature, clearly attest that he is superior to his condition, and that he is reserved for a higher destiny than that of earth: embroidered robes, mysterious tokens found in the cradle of a deserted child.

But this interior life which nothing can interrupt, nothing limit, does not betray itself; it remains the secret of each individual. Man only appears for about a moment to his fellow creatures; at all other times he steals away from their view, and reveals himself only to his God. Perhaps this is saying too much; this internal solitude is not invariably his lot.

Undoubtedly many more have passed through the crowd, have borne even all the ties of family and society, without ever having been drawn out or fully disclosed; but there are also some minds which hold communion with each other, and pour out their thoughts with little less reserve than to their Maker; sympathy disperses the cloud which separates them; love lifts the veil which covers their hearts, and thus the minds of men are sometimes made known, but only to those who love them.

It is for this reason that no account of those of whom death has deprived them, can give satisfaction to their friends. They know more of them than could possibly be related, more than they could themselves repeat; what would be most interesting to them would perhaps be the narration of that part of their life which belongs not to history; they would wish to read over all that they have known, all that they have imagined, and that words could equal the vastness of their desire. But this wish is vain; the more distinguished a person has been, the less is it possible to do him justice by description; he would perhaps himself have failed, had he endeavoured to give an account of his heart, and to reveal, without restraint, what can never be justly known or faithfully described. These considerations have powerfully influenced me whenever I have attempted to recall the circumstances of Madame Guizot's life; it is not, in fact, those circumstances that are interesting, it is herself. She is the soul of the drama; and it is her especially, whom having known, we would wish to make known. Yet how shall we ever accomplish it? How penetrate into those secrets of the mind at once infinite and delicate, into that interior world which conscience itself cannot survey, and entirely elucidate? The difficulty is insurmountable; it discourages, it depresses, and it is with reluctance that I write this account which will not satisfy either memory or truth.

We must then renounce the idea of showing what Madame Guizot was in the opinion of her friends; indeed we scarcely know how to add anything to that which the attentive and intelligent readers of her works must already have formed of her. We can only join our testimony to their conjectures, and assure them that she possessed all that might be expected from her writings; and still we must add that, except by those

who knew and loved her, she could not be justly appreciated.

Elizabeth Charlotte Pauline de Meulan was born at Paris, on the 2nd November, 1778. She was the eldest daughter of Charles Jacques Louis de Meulan, Receiver-General of Paris, and of Marguerite Jeanne de Saint Chamans.

Her parents had all the feelings and tastes which distinguished good society at the end of the last century. They took advantage of their large fortune and position in the world, to open their house to a brilliant and literary society, that made conversation its only occupation and its primary amusement. This liberality of mind, then so common in the Parisian world, gave them some leaning towards the new opinions, which they adopted with confidence, but not with zeal; and amongst the distinguished men of the time they preferred those of the moderate party. It was one of those families of which M. Neckar was the minister; that is to say, who prepared the way for the revolution without either desiring or foreseeing it.

Madame de Meulan showed an early and marked partiality for her daughter, and lavished on her all the cares which a weak and sickly childhood required. From her earliest years she manifested a lively sensibility, a perfect integrity, and, when her education commenced, an extreme facility in learning. Her mind, however, still appeared inactive, tractable, and thoughtful; she gave herself up to the employments of her age, without taking interest in them; her lessons neither wearied her nor gave her pleasure. She went through her duties because she liked order, and it was more easy to obey than to resist. When, between ten and fourteen years of age, the quickness of her understanding struck the attention of her masters, and excited the hopes of her family, she still continued to carry but little spirit or taste into her studies. She sometimes composed fables and little dramas, as many children do who never afterwards excel. These essays, destitute of originality and invention, were only remarkable for singular correctness, and here and there some happy strokes of feeling; but there was nothing that indicated either that energy or that independence which were one day to rank high in the qualities of her disposition and her mind. Thoughtful and silent, she seemed to be waiting for that external cause which was to give her the impulse that she wanted. It is seldom that the stimulating power of circumstances can be dispensed with in the development of the mind, more especially that of a female, of even the most distinguished talents. Called by nature to hold, in a certain degree, a position of dependence, and her own instinctive modesty keeping her talents in the shade, a woman's mind is never fully known, even to herself, till some powerful cause arises, which, touching the key-stone of her heart, calls forth the latent powers of her mind, and shows her what she is. She quietly awaits a voice to say, "Arise and walk."

As Mademoiselle de Meulan began to advance from childhood, she felt a vague necessity of finding some employment for her faculties, though she was conscious of her inability of bringing them herself into play. She has described this feeling in a letter dated 1822. She says, "At that period (1787), I was exactly at the age when I began to take some interest in life, when, after a childhood to which no one knew how to give the impetus that I had not strength to find in myself, I began to feel the energy of existence. I was coming out of the clouds, and awoke as on a fine day in spring. This is the remembrance that I have of that age."

She was nearly sixteen when the revolution broke out. She lived in the midst of every opinion, but held none of them. It was not long before discontent and disturbance were spread around her, and, though she judged of the events of this time with severity, yet she enjoyed the liberty, the excitement it occasioned. She always preserved a very

lively recollection of the society of that period, and of the two sittings of the National Assembly, at which she had been present. From that time a strong leaning towards equality took possession of her mind; therefore it was not through the changes introduced into the social system that the revolution wounded her; the violence and injustice, the readiness to sacrifice right to power, the taste for licentiousness and disorder;—in short, all the evils unhappily inseparable from civil strife, struck her so forcibly, that she retained through life a kind of resentment against the revolution, for having caused her so much suffering. Such was the impression it left on her, that she was not able to speak of it with calmness thirty years afterwards; and it required all the influence of her reason to appreciate that period with the impartiality due to history. She herself distrusted her own remembrances, and, with a candour by no means common, did not make them the rule of her judgment.

To public misfortune, there were soon to be added private ones to her. The fortune of her family had gone, the health of her father became impaired, and he died in 1790, leaving his family in poverty and affliction. Her mother, suddenly taken from a state of ease and opulence, struggled painfully against the difficulties of a situation so new and so severe; her friends, dispersed or persecuted, could give her neither advice nor assistance.

In despair about the future prospects of her three brothers, and a sister whom she passionately loved, sympathy, devotedness, and grief, absorbed all the faculties of her mind. Becoming more and more a stranger to public events, of which she only heard by report, she used all the power and influence she possessed in consoling and encouraging her family, in suggesting the courageous part, so difficult to practise by those who have long been accustomed to prosperity, but which alone can put an end to the vexations occasioned by a total overthrow of fortune or position.

In 1794, a general law exiled her family from Paris. Retired into profound solitude in the country, she found some repose, and was able to reflect with more freedom upon the strong or painful emotions which so many causes had excited in her. Thus she became accustomed to unite solitary meditation with penetrating emotion, and sometimes to place them in opposition to each other. Cruelly forced to feel, she learned to think. It was in her distant retreat of Passy that she became, as it were, intimately acquainted with herself. She could almost remember the day when, occupied in drawing, the idea first struck her, that she might have some genius. This discovery gave her great joy; she seemed from that time to feel less alone in the world, and to have a certainty of never being destitute: she had just discovered a friend. Genius is perhaps one of the few benefits that can be possessed without mixture; joined to virtue, it leaves no regret after it.

From the time she became conscious of her abilities, her energy redoubled, and her interest in life increased. A great moral force, which was productive of extreme mental and bodily activity, became the predominating feature of her character, and her chief resource against misfortune and vexation. By a happy privilege of nature, the development of her mind, the taste she had acquired for meditation, for the study of herself, and for her inquiries after truth, did not in any degree lessen her devotedness to the positive duties of life; on the contrary, she became more vigorous, more decided, more stirring, if I may so speak, in the interest of those whom she considered as confided to her charge. She acquired an ever increasing influence in the direction of the family affairs, and took upon herself all the labours and difficulties attending them. She learned to struggle against every obstacle, and from that time she conceived the fondness, the admiration which she ever afterwards preserved, for persevering activity, in contending with the difficulties of life. Confiding in her youth and strength, she accustomed herself never to be disheartened,

never to give up as long as a single resource remained; and became firmly fixed in the opinion, that the only endurance which does not proceed from weakness, is that which does not yield till resistance has been exhausted. "It is this stubborn vigour," she herself says, "that has been the prop and support of my youth."

(To be continued.)

THE SIGN-PAINTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. ARNOULD.

ABSORBED in the contemplation of the picture that he was on the point of completing, Ribera, the painter, stood before his easel. Once more he seemed intent on scrutinizing its every line; then, suddenly stepping back a few paces, "Yes," he exclaimed, in the self-complacent pride of the artist—"yes, indeed, it is a masterpiece; it beats Caravaggio himself, and not a touch more will I add to it!" So saying, he dashed aside both pencil and palette with such thoughtless vehemence as to throw down the half-finished portrait of a lady, that stood in the corner of his studio. Ribera, however, was too deeply engaged in the contemplation of his work to notice the unfortunate result of his rashness. With folded arms he continued standing before the picture, recapitulating with a well-satisfied air, and the most off-hand humour, the several beauties that his self-love discovered. Scarcely ever have the creations of Raphael's pencil been so richly rewarded with encomium, and a cicerone, showing some lover of art a masterpiece that had been the admiration of centuries, however voluble he might be of tongue, would scarcely have chanced upon a strain of commendation equal to that which our painter now lavished so profusely on himself. At moments he would stay the course of his criticism, but only for the purpose of favouring himself with eulogiums that told of anything but modesty.

"I knew well enough," said he, with his hand upon his brow, "that there was no lack of genius here. I might now lay me down at once and die, and my name would be rescued for ever from oblivion. But I hope God will still lengthen the span of my days. It surely cannot be his will, that the secret of painting well, which he revealed to me in the cradle, should be prematurely buried with me in the grave; but he will rather let me gladden myself with my fame. Bitter enough has been the struggle for it; for, ere attaining to it, I have had to conquer self-distrust, and misery, and pain. How often have I had no other place of refuge in which to lay my head than the porch of the church, or the cavern in the mountain! How often have I been without the morsel of bread that would have satisfied hunger; or, destitute even of a shred of canvass, have traced my pictures with my finger in the sand upon the shore, for the wind to sweep them away! or, when I have shaped forth my budding fancies on the city walls or the palaces of the great, how often have the servants come, at the behest of their masters, to blur them out, without one of them understanding that they were the work of an artist—of an artist, too, in the need of alms! But I murmur not at these hard trials before Thee, my God. Thou hast granted me, in the fairest period of my life, to reach the goal of my aspirations, Thou hast given me strength for the struggle, and faith to sustain me; for all those who are destined by Thee to soar above the vulgar throng must first, like Thine own Son, our Saviour, wear the crown of thorns."

He was still in the full glow of enthusiasm, when the door of his studio opened, and a little wrinkle-faced old dame shuffled in;—it was the venerable Beatrix. She

brought in a wooden trencher, with a very spare meal upon it, and laid it down on one side; but finding that the painter took no sort of notice of her, she at last endeavoured to make him conscious of her presence.

"When I heard you talking so loud, as I came up stairs," said she, "I thought I should find the real *old gentleman* himself with you, that you are so familiar with. What were you screaming about in that manner? You must either have been dreaming aloud, or been talking to the Wicked One in bodily form. A fine acquaintance that, forsooth! It was he, I trow, that gave you the idea of that horrible picture there, that makes my hair stand on end every time I look at it; a thing you have been labouring at, and nothing else, for three whole months. How can you wonder at our good viceroy, the Count of Monterey, giving you no employment, if you waste your time on such unsightly things as these? How can you expect any one to take up with such a hideous picture? Why, the very women would be before their time at the sight of it."

"It is truly lamentable, good Beatrix, that it does not please thee," said Ribera, patting her gently on the shoulder.

"It is much more lamentable to think that you are minded to die of hunger," replied the old dame; "and, scanty as your dinner is to-day, I only wish you may have the like of it to-morrow; but before that can happen you must give me the means, for mine are all gone,—and yet you will always keep saying you could be rich if you liked. Why have not you finished the Countess of Venutia's portrait—a lady who would fairly have covered the canvass with gold for you, and procured you the patronage of the Viceroy himself? It might have been the making of you! But no; whenever she came, you always behaved as foolishly as you could, or even told me to tell her downright that you were not at home. God knows what it cost me to utter such lies as those! Go and be wiser!"

"Don't talk to me of that woman, Beatrix," said Ribera, "with her shilly-shally face, and passionless eye. Why, I would have made her uglier than she really is! Ah! if I had had the young girl to copy from whom I met about three months ago, and purposely avoided seeing again, lest the remembrance of so lovely an image should disturb me in my retirement—Ah! I would have painted her with rapture!"

Beatrix was a listener no longer. As soon as Ribera began to excuse his own idleness by the ugliness of the Countess, she had pitifully shrugged her shoulders; and, turning her back upon him, she now beheld that ill-fated portrait upon the ground. She immediately hastened to raise it.

"Heavens! what is this?" said she. "How wonderful! Of a truth the devil hath been keeping holiday with you, and put out one of the Countess's eyes by way of pastime."

"Pshaw!" replied the artist, with a laugh, as he remembered by what mischance it had happened. "Sooth, never was my arm directed to better purpose, and I only wish that the same palette which flew by chance into this eye had done as much for that of the original. Then I should be quit of this wearisome Countess, or should at least be able to find many a prettier profile."

"You are a fool," said Beatrix; "happily for you, your friends have not lost their wits, but have been thinking more of your welfare than you yourself have. Dress yourself now, and go and find out Christophoro Panolfo; he is waiting for you."

"Who is this man?"

"One of the richest merchants in Naples."

"I know him not."

"But he knows you. They have been talking to him about you; he has a good opinion of your talents, and wants to order a picture of you. Now, this is as good as ready money; will you reject this, too, as well as the rest?"

"No, certainly not," said Ribera. "If this Panolfo is a judge, and will take the trouble to come to me, he will, beyond all doubt, set a respectable price on this masterpiece before us."

"What! you will not even call upon him?"

At this question Ribera shrugged his shoulders, and began to whistle.

"No! this is past all bearing!" cried Beatrix, in the greatest indignation, while she planted herself before him with an almost threatening air. "I tell you plainly, you must go to Panolfo, if I have to drag you by the collar to his door."

Ribera, who delighted to put her in a passion, merely shook his head.

"What will you bet me," continued she, "that I do not bring you to obedience? Fie! shame on you: this shows a bad heart, Ribera! Are you alone in the world, that you act thus? Our holy Father, the Pope, himself, has given me a dispensation from fasting in consideration of my age, and you condemn me to it. If you are to die of hunger, do you think that I will eat? Forwards, child!" continued the old woman, assuming a milder tone—"forwards at once, for I know you love me, on account of the friendship I bear to you. Though just at first I made you angry by speaking ill of your painting, yet you must pardon me now, and go to Panolfo. Here is your sword, and here your cocked hat, which becomes you vastly when you just perch it a little on one side in this way, over the left ear: you may hide your jerkin beneath your mantle, for it is a little too shabby to be seen in open day-light. Ah! just so; head up, my child; eyes well open, and the moustache brought nicely to point. Heaven help me, if you look not as proud and grand as the Emperor Charles V. in his own mighty person! If you find any gentlewoman at Panolfo's, show them your handsome face, and look tenderly on them;—I, too, once was young, and I know what I am talking about."

Still chattering on, as if she would never cease, Beatrix waited only till the artist had finished attiring himself, and then, thrusting him out of the room, she gave him one more volley of encouragement as he descended the stairs.

"When you get to the other end of the town, ask for the merchant Panolfo. Mind you do not forget his name; he lives in the grand square, nearly opposite the palace of the Viceroy. Fare ye well, fare ye well, and bring me all the good news you can."

Not yet fully resolved whether he should go in search of the merchant or not, Ribera was sauntering on through the streets, when, a few hundred yards from his own door, he met one of his friends, the young Octavio, who, less by his talent than by a supple and intriguing character, had gained the notice of the Viceroy, and was recognised as one of his privileged favourites. Octavio approached him, and expressed no little astonishment at seeing him again.

"What have you been about?" said he; "it is an eternity since I saw you last."

"I have been hard at work in the meantime," answered Ribera; and thereupon he reminded him of his repeated promises of saying a word for him to Count Monterei.

"Ah! good heavens!" cried Octavio, "not a day passes, but what I mention your name to him. But what is it you want? You are nowhere to be found. If the count could but see a picture by you!"

"Do you really think he would be inclined to lend me a helping hand?"

"Not a moment's doubt of it. Such talents as yours, they need only be known to be valued. Besides, you know, I am always at hand to exclaim, at the sight of your performances, Admirable! excellent! sublime!"

"Nothing could be more opportune," returned Ribera, "for I have just finished a picture, than which, without any vanity, I may say, I never did a better. If

you would like to form your own judgment upon it, perhaps you will step back with me now."

"Not just now," said Octavio; "I have an appointment that makes it impossible; but to-morrow, or the day after. You are right—nothing could be more opportune, and I will speak to the count about you. Farewell, my good fellow, fare you well." So saying, he turned on his heel, and was soon out of sight.

"Now I will go to the merchant," said Ribera; "it may well be, that the patronage of a stranger, though he looks down upon me with contempt, will avail me more than the hypocritical grimaces of officious and pretended friendship. Yes, yes, look well to the post you have won so craftily. Keep an eye on the portals of the palace—guard well its entrances; for when once I have set foot across the threshold, I will drive ye out, as our Saviour did the dealers from the Temple. What! ye are jealous of me, ye limners! ye are afraid of me! and so, to lull me to sleep, ye accord me your patronage! But may I be one of the daubers that ye are, my fine fellows, if I do not find the means of rising without you!"

At length Ribera arrived at Panolfo's house. Two of the servants conducted him into a richly furnished apartment, which afforded a magnificent view of the spacious garden adjoining it, and of the azure sea in the distance. A middle-aged man, duly favoured with corpulence, with a dull and vulgar cast of features, and a mouth continually opened to its utmost width, paced, gaping, up and down the room. At the open window sat a young girl, with her head resting on her hand, eagerly inspiring the perfume of the orange grove and the aromatic odours wafted on the breeze from the sea. Ribera made his salutation on entering; but, the moment his eye rested on the young maiden's face, he turned red as fire, and quite lost his self-command, for he at once recognised the beautiful creature of whom he had been talking to Beatrix but an hour before, and it was with difficulty that he now faltered forth his name. Laura, indeed, was of extraordinary beauty. There Ribera stood in utter embarrassment, twirling his hat round between his fingers, and totally incapable of speech. The merchant, who, at his entrance, had checked his peregrinations about his room, attributed Ribera's embarrassment to his ignorance of the world, and awkwardly endeavoured to inspire him with courage. This blunt condescension aroused the painter from his fit of transport, and restored him to the full influence of his native pride. Rising to his full height, he answered thus: "Neither wealth nor power, nor aught that is wont to inspire others with awe, could humble me or fix my gaze on the earth—through beauty alone God manifests to me His majesty; and if you beheld me in embarrassment, it was from no other cause than my admiration of His most beautiful masterpiece." His eye met Laura's, and it could not escape him that Panolfo's daughter participated in his feelings. The spell-work of enchantment, as it were, had taken both of them captive; and, before they had exchanged a single word, the mute language of the eye had told them that they loved. Panolfo it was who unconsciously contributed most to further the quick flame of affection; for the more he played the patron before the artist, the more sympathizing grew Laura's glances, and the more eager she seemed to compensate him for the pain of humiliation.

"They tell me, Sir," began the merchant, "that you are not wanting in talent"—Ribera bowed—"but that you are poor and in need of work. I have always taken pleasure in promoting the arts. We will see whether you deserve one's patronage."

Ribera frowned and bit his lip, lest he should be tempted to repay such insolence in kind. Laura noticed this involuntary play of his features, and, seeking to calm the rising storm, "You are a stranger here, Sir?" said she.

Her voice seemed to vibrate on the painter's heart.

His brow grew smooth again, and he replied, "I was born in Spain, Signora, in Xativa, near Valencia. But I left my home and family as a child, and have never seen them since; and, setting aside the time that I have passed in your native country, I am the more entitled to consider myself a scion of Italy, since the bloom of youth is over with me, and now particular ties attach me to the soil. I have been in Rome, Venice, Florence, and Parma. In every corner of the land I have left traces of me behind me; wherever the art of the painter flourishes, I have gathered, like the bee, the down off the blossom, and prepared my honey. I am now settled at Naples, and never think of leaving it again."

"What induces you, Sir Painter, to give this city the flattering preference?" said the merchant. Ribera felt his blood ready to rise again: he collected himself, however, and "That is a secret, Signor," he replied.

"You are too curious, father," said Laura, throwing in a word of conciliation. "Signor Ribera will, perhaps, give you to understand that he *loves*."

"Yes, Signor," returned Ribera, "he loves, and with an ardour that will last for his life." Now it was Laura's turn to blush, and Ribera became more confused than before, when he saw her, too, incapable of concealing her embarrassment.

"A truce to that!" cried Panolfo: "you reproach me with curiosity, Laura, and you are a hundred times more curious than I. Come, good sir, and let us talk of business. Are you inclined to earn five and twenty ducats? But, first of all, what branch of the art do you pursue?"

"Tell me only," said Ribera, "what you think of ordering."

"A sign for my ware-rooms."

Ribera moved as if to rise, but an imploring look from Laura restrained him: his excitement, however, was so great that he could not find words to say whether he refused or accepted the proposal.

"Are you not inclined for it?" continued Panolfo. "Why, it would be the finest possible opportunity of making yourself known; and, if you have any talent, you could have no better way of exhibiting it to the public. Do something decent for me, and all my fellow-merchants will give you commissions forthwith."

"Will you entrust the choice of the subject to me?" said Ribera. "Only on condition that I am allowed to paint you something of my own free choosing, can I accept your proposal."

"Well," returned the merchant, "I have confidence in you: do what you like for me."

"And what price do you stipulate for?" continued Ribera, with a smile of bitterness.

"As I told you before, five and twenty ducats; and that, according to my notions, is paying the thing well. You need only make a beginning; and if I am satisfied, I will let you paint my portrait, too, and double the amount. You see, I know how to do things."

"My thanks to you," cried Ribera, rising to his full height. "However, had you left it to me to fix the price, I should have demanded five hundred ducats. But I will make a proposition to you, that may lead to an agreement between us. I only ask permission of you to fix the picture that you have ordered of me, for one single day, over the door of your house, and it shall not cost you a farthing. You are right—I must make myself known, and I now seize the opportunity that presents itself. You may give out publicly, Signor, that you have concluded a good bargain with the first painter in Naples. In a short time we shall meet again. Farewell, Signora."

Laura softly opened on him her beautiful eyes, that seemed to say to him, "Be really what thou believest thyself to be, and Laura's hand be the reward of thy talent."

Ribera withdrew. Slowly he descended the stairway;

and when, on his way through the garden, he passed beneath the window of the apartment which he had but just quitted, a purse fell at his feet. It contained five hundred ducats, and a slip of paper, on which was written, "My hand and my fortune for the first painter in Naples."

A fortnight after the incident just related, with the early dawn of day a large crowd of people was seen assembled before Panolfo's house. Every one was pointing towards it, or clapping his hands, and asking the name of the painter, who had erected as a sign the magnificent picture of the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew; which had been fixed to the balcony overnight, and denuded of its covering with the approach of daylight. The enthusiasm of the throng now manifested itself in vehement clamour, and now in still admiration, mingled with a feeling of the deepest horror. The saint was depicted lying on his left side. His feet were tied together, and held by one of his executioners; his right arm, which was drawn up perpendicularly to his head, had already received a gash, and the other torturer, with a Satanic smile in his bloodthirsty visage, thrust his hand with as much callous composure into the wound, between the bleeding flesh and lacerated skin, as a butcher that has seized the animal he is going to slay; while the face of the victim expressed, in a wonderful manner, his resignation and his faith in the eternal reward promised to the martyr, and his silent conquest thereby over pain and torture. Never has such a subject found such an expounder; never did pencil attain in so high a degree to expression and power.

The news had soon spread over the whole town, and the crowd assembled in the grand square grew so large at last, that the viceroy himself became anxious to know the reason of the concourse. Accompanied, therefore, by Octavio and other favourites, he repaired to the spot opposite the merchant's house, and, seized with astonishment and admiration at the sight, "Who painted this masterpiece?" he cried. No one was quick in answering him. "Why does the artist conceal himself?" continued Monterci. "Let him show himself, and depend upon my protection. All the painters of Naples shall go and be schooled by him. Once more, whose master-work is this?"

"Mine," cried Ribera, stepping forth from the crowd.

"Who art thou?"

"My name is Ribera; I am here unknown, and only wait to be that which it may please your highness to make of me."

"What reward dost thou require?"

"The title of First Painter to the Viceroy of Naples."

"Be it so. How much hast thou received for this picture?"

"Sire, the merchant Panolfo offered me twenty-five ducats for it, but I rejected them. However, he can content me another way: I love his daughter Laura."

"To-morrow ye shall be united."

The union of the two lovers took place on the following day. Ribera, better known by the name of Espagnioletta, in a short time became the most celebrated painter in Naples, and soon eclipsed all those who, jealous of the Count of Monterci's favour, or fearful of their rival's superiority, had so long obstructed his path to fortune and to fame. But Panolfo, who had most cordially given his consent to his daughter's union with Ribera, never let a day pass without boasting that he had been the first to recognise the genius of his son-in-law.

The Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew now forms part of the Parisian collection of the paintings of the Spanish school. Mr. Taylor's passionate love of the fine arts deprived the cabinets of Spain of this magnificent gem, in order to confer it upon France. Every one may there convince himself that the praise which we have lavished on the picture, far from being exaggerative, is really less than its real merits demand; and the

Parisian public has already expressed its enthusiastic admiration of the work in similar terms to the acclaim of Naples two hundred years before.

DESCRIPTION OF AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

I MAY, perhaps, have spoken more feelingly on this subject (the defects of modern gardening), from having done myself what I so condemn in others—destroyed an old-fashioned garden. It was not, indeed, in the high style of those I have described, but it had many circumstances of a similar kind and effect. As I have long since perceived the advantage which I could have made of them, and how much I could have added to that effect—how well I could in parts have mixed the modern style, and have altered and concealed many of the stiff and glaring formalities, I have long regretted its destruction. I destroyed it, not from disliking it; on the contrary, it was a sacrifice I made against my own sensations to the prevailing opinion. I doomed it, and all its embellishments, with which I had formed such an early connexion, to sudden and total destruction, probably much upon the same idea as many a man of careless, unreflecting, unfeeling good nature, thought it his duty to vote for demolishing towns, provinces, and their inhabitants in America: like me—but how different the scale and the interest!—they chose to admit it as a principle, that whatever obstructed the prevailing system must be all thrown down, all laid prostrate, no medium, no conciliatory methods were to be tried, but, whatever might follow, destruction must precede.

I remember, that even this garden, so infinitely inferior to those in Italy, had an air of decoration and of gaiety, arising from that decoration: *un air paré*, a distinction from mere unembellished nature, which, whatever the advocates of extreme simplicity may allege, is surely essential to an ornamental garden. All the beauties of undulating ground, of shrubs, of verdure, are to be found in places where no art has ever been employed, and, consequently, cannot bestow a distinction which they do not possess; for, as I have elsewhere remarked, they must themselves, in some respects, be considered as unembellished nature.

Among other circumstances, I have a strong recollection of a raised terrace, seen sideways from that in front of the house, in the middle of which was a flight of steps with iron rails, and an arched recess below it, backed by a wood. These steps conducted you from the terrace into a lower compartment, where there was a mixture of fruit-trees, shrubs, and statues, which, though disposed with some formality, yet formed a dressed foreground to the woods; and, with a little alteration, would have richly and happily blended with the general landscape.

It has been justly observed, that the love of seclusion and safety is not less natural to man than that of liberty, and our ancestors have left strong proofs of the truth of that observation. In many old places there are almost as many walled compartments without, as apartments within doors; and, though there is no defending the beauty of brick walls, yet still, that appearance of seclusion and safety, when it can be so contrived as not to interfere with general beauty, is a point well worth obtaining; and no man is more ready than myself to allow, that the comfortable is a principle which should never be neglected. On that account, all walled gardens and compartments near a house,—all warm, sheltered, sunny walks, under walls planted with fruit-trees,—are greatly to be wished for, and should be preserved if possible, when once established. I therefore regret extremely, not only the compartment I just mentioned, but another garden immediately beyond it; and I can-

not forget the sort of curiosity and surprise that was excited after a short absence, even in me, to whom it was familiar, by the simple and common circumstance of a door that led from the first compartment to the second, and the pleasure I always experienced on entering that inner and more secluded garden. There was nothing, however, in the garden itself to excite any extraordinary sensation: the middle part was merely planted with the lesser fruits, and dwarf trees; but, on the opening of the door, the lofty trees of a fine grove appeared immediately over the opposite wall; the trees are still there, they are more distinctly and openly seen, but the striking impression is gone. On the right was another raised terrace, level with the top of the wall that supported it, and overhung with shrubs, which, from age, had lost their formality. A flight of steps of a plainer kind, with a mere parapet on the sides, led up to this upper terrace underneath the shrubs and exotics.

All this gave me emotions in my youth, which I long imagined were merely those of early habit; but I am now convinced that was not all; they also arose from a quick succession of varied objects, of varied forms, tints, lights, and shadows; they arose from the various degrees of intricacy and suspense that were produced by the no less various degrees and kinds of concealment, all exciting and nourishing curiosity, and all distinct in their character from the surrounding landscapes. I will beg my reader's indulgence for going on to trace a few other circumstances which are now no more. These steps, as I mentioned before, led to an upper terrace, and thence through the little wilderness of exotics, to a summer-house, with a luxuriant Virginia creeper growing over it; this summer-house and the creeper, to my great sorrow at the time, to my regret ever since, to my great surprise at this moment, and, probably to that of my reader—I pulled down, for I was told that it interfered so much with the levelling of the ground, with its flowing line and undulations, in short, with the prevailing system, that it could not stand. Beyond this again, as the last boundary of the garden, was a richly worked iron gate, at the entrance of a solemn grove; and they both, in no small degree, added to each other's effect. This gate, and the summer-house, and most of the objects I have mentioned, combined to enrich the view from the windows, and from the home terrace. What is there now? grass, trees, and shrubs only. Do I feel the same pleasure, the same interest in this ground? Certainly not. Has it now a richer and more painter-like effect as a foreground? I think not by any means; for there were formerly many detached pieces of scenery, which had an air of comfort and seclusion within themselves, and at the same time formed a rich foreground to the near and more distant woods, and to the remote distance.

The remark of a French writer may very justly be applied to some of these old gardens:—"*L'agréable y étoit souvent sacrifié à l'utile, et en général l'agréable y gagna.*" All this, however, was sacrificed to undulation of ground only, for shrubs and verdure were not wanting before. That undulation might have been so mixed in parts with decorations and abruptnesses, that they would have mutually added to each other's charms; but I can now only lament what it is next to impossible to restore, and can only reflect how much more difficult it is to add any of the old decorations to modern improvements, than to soften the old style by blending with it a proper portion of the new. My object (as far as I had any determinate object besides that of being in the fashion) was, I imagine, to restore the ground to what might have been supposed to be its original state; I probably have, in some degree, succeeded, and, after much difficulty, expense, and dirt, I have made it look like many other parts of mine, and of all beautiful grounds, with but little to mark the difference between what is close to the house and what is at a distance from it, between the habitation of man and that of sheep.—*Sir Uvedale Price, on the Picturesque.*

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN ENGLISH LADY,

Who had offered the Writer a small branch of ivy from Spenser's Oak, on condition that she would present her with some stanzas in exchange.

META.

I CRAVE it not! Oh! bear to Britain's isle
This green memorial of her poet son;
Thine was the land which hailed his infant smile;
Thine be this token of the gifted one!

I crave it not! we dare not claim as ours
Him who hath sung in his undying lays
Of lovely ladies in enchanted towers,
Of knights and giants, demoisels and fays.

But yet, perchance, his glowing spirit caught
Some inspiration from our mountain air;
And these bright visions which his fancy wrought,
Softened the twilight of his long despair!

The exile's heart! oh, who can tell its woe?
Fixed, sharp, and changeless through our lengthening years,
The yearning pang—the grief consuming slow,
The full deep sorrow swelling forth in tears!

The exile's heart! O Spenser! such was thine,
Till Fancy came to lighten half thy pain;
Showed thee the wonders hid beneath her shrine,
And named thee foremost in her glittering train.

Her voice the spell which bade thy numbers flow;
Her smile thine earliest and best reward,
As 'neath thine oak, with head reclining low,
Thy languid limbs lay stretched upon the sward.

Thine aged oak! The changeless ivy binds
Those giant arms now crumbling with decay,
And mutely thus the wanderer reminds
How greatness lingers e'er it pass away!

Oh, take the wreath—we never claimed as ours
The poet son thine own proud Albion lent;
Restore the chaplet to those leafy bowers
Where his young days of happiness were spent!

But oh! my friend, when others harshly speak,
Tell them of hearts still noble and still true;
Still let thy sympathies their sorrows seek—
Erin find an advocate in you!

And as the ivy oft adorns the stem
Of some old mouldering, yet honoured thing,
So let thy love our few frail virtues gem,
And o'er our many faults its mantle fling.

THE YELLOW LEAF.

HENRY J. JOHNS.

THE yellow leaf!—the yellow leaf!
Hath shed upon the woods, again,
A radiance beautiful, but brief,—
A seeming glory, though a stain!
And lo! what tints, of roseate blush,
Amid the clustering foliage glow,
As if, on every tree and bush,
Another Spring were lighting now!
Ah! trust not that alluring hue!
The bloom on Autumn's fading wreath
Is but a hectic flush—too true—
The herald of decay and death!
The spoiler thus permits, awhile,
On beauty's cheek the rose to glow,
But plies, beneath the insidious guile,
With treacherous stealth the work of woe!
The yellow leaf! the fading leaf!
In brightness clad, but frail as fair,
Proclaims a tale of seasons brief,
And bids thee, thoughtless MAN, prepare!

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—Montaigne.

BREAD.

A Method of saving one-third of wheaten flour, and about 23 per cent. in price, in the manufacture of Bread.

HOMONY is produced from Indian corn. It is the corn coarsely ground, or kibbled, and is thus distinguished from Indian meal flour, which is finely ground. It is sold by provision merchants, at from 20l. to 22l. per ton, or about 22s. a cwt., if with the addition of carriage (1l. per hundred miles), the cost, as nearly as can be calculated, would be 24d. a lb.

Homony has the quality of imbibing from five to seven times its weight of water, which Indian meal flour does not; and this constitutes the important distinction between the two.

The proportion of homony and seconds wheaten flour for good bread is 1½ lbs. of homony to a stone (14lbs.) of flour.

The homony must be soaked sixteen or eighteen hours in cold water before it is cooked.

To make Homony Bread.

The homony having been properly soaked, drain off the water, and add fresh water seven and a half pints for each pound and a half of homony as weighed before soaking; let this simmer for four hours (if boiled rapidly it will become hard and never swell), the homony will then be fit for stirabout or bread. For bread, mix it gradually with the flour, making the dough in the ordinary way, and adding yeast in rather more than the usual proportion.

This bread will keep moist and good for a longer time than if made entirely of wheaten flour.

Cost.

Of 14lbs. of seconds flour	} 3s. making 16lbs. of bread.
Of 14lbs. of seconds flour (3s.) and 1½ lbs. of homony (4½ d.)	
	} 3s. 4½ d. making 23½ lbs. of bread.

The cost of bread made of seconds flour is, therefore, nine farthings per pound, and of flour with homony, seven farthings per pound, which is a saving of nearly twenty-three per cent. upon the homony bread; and as the homony has swelled to 7½ lbs. and the flour to 16lbs. the bread is formed of as nearly as possible ¾ wheaten flour, and ¼ homony flour.

(1) For the information of those persons who may not know where to obtain Indian corn, we refer them to Mr. H. Taylor, 112 and 113, Tooley Street, London; or to Messrs. Martin and Co., Rainhill, Liverpool.

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German Peasant tending Cattle.

The above sketch represents a mode of tending cattle frequently to be met with in the more remote parts of Germany, where enclosures are not common, and the pasture-lands of the peasantry are not separated from each other and from the corn-fields by regular fences. In the sketch a cow and goat are tied together by a long rope fastened around the horns of each, which a girl holds in the middle, and so prevents either from straying.

A VISIT TO THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

ONE bright autumnal evening in 1834, towards the fashionable dinner-hour, the indwellers of the metropolis were alarmed by the breaking out of a "conflagration" upon the northern bank of the river, at a spot perhaps dearer in association than any other to every reader of England's history. The wind blew briskly from the south-west; the flames shot up with fearful rapidity; and the crowds of people who clustered upon the bridges and banks soon ascertained the scene of the "great fire" to be the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. "The wind blew briskly from the south-west, but became more southerly as the night advanced; the moon was near the full, and shone with radiance; but occasionally vast masses of cumulus floated high and bright across the skies, and, as the fitful glare of the flames increased, were illumined in a remarkably impressive manner, which gave interest to the busy scene that was preparing below."

The circumstances of the discovery of the fire we will relate as briefly as possible. At about 6 o'clock, the wife of one of the door-keepers, seeing a strongly glittering light under one of the doors, immediately ran to the deputy house-keeper, exclaiming, "Oh, good God, the House of Lords is on fire!" The persons employed about the building were quickly drawn together by the alarm; and a chimney was observed to be "very much on fire." The wind increased in strength; the flames shot through the numerous wood-panelled passages, lobbies, staircases, &c., which formed the communication between the two houses and their offices; and, "in a few hours," says one of the accounts, "notwithstanding all the aid which could be furnished by fire-engines and fire-men, by working parties of soldiers and labourers, and by the assistance of the police, as well as from the voluntary services of many other persons, including both noblemen and gentlemen (Members of Parliament), the Houses of Lords and Commons and the Painted Chamber were consumed to the bare walls, whilst the more fragile buildings immediately surrounding them were altogether destroyed."

Throughout the night the scene of the fire presented a spectacle strikingly picturesque and impressive. The flames threw a lurid glare upon the fair bosom of the Thames, as well as upon the thousands of spectators crowded in boats and barges and upon the bridges and banks; at the same time that the atmosphere was lit up for many miles around the metropolis. Landward, the progress of the fire exhibited a *tableau vivant* of not inferior interest. The Old Palace Yard, and, in the adjacent avenues, the soldiery, in their glittering uniforms, the shouts of the firemen and the clangour of the working engines; the rush and roar of the reckless mob, and their yelling, amounting almost to savagery, alike as the flames were checked or fed in their intensity, are even now

"Life, and perfect in our listening ear."

In justice we should observe that the interest attached to the greater portion of the buildings in course of destruction was but understood by comparatively few of the congregated thousands; but every one present must have felt concerned for the fate of the magnificent hall, around which the flames raged fearfully during a considerable part of the night. Happily, the scene of the coronation feasts of our sovereigns for centuries past was preserved unscathed, but not until three o'clock on the following morning was the fire sufficiently subdued to remove apprehensions of further danger.

Next day, the blackened ruins presented a strange reality of a prophetic intimation as to the actual consequence in case of fire, put by Sir John Soane, in the year 1828; who, contemplating the labyrinth of lath

and plaster, which the old buildings presented, observed, "in such an extensive assemblage of combustible materials, should a fire happen, what would become of the Painted Chamber, the House of Commons, and Westminster Hall? Where would the progress of the fire be arrested?"

The cause of the fire was, in a few days, traced to the burning of about two cart loads of wooden tallies, in the furnaces or stoves connected with the flues, which passed beneath the flooring of the House of Lords; the iron pipes and flues by this means became red-hot, and set fire to the floor, as combustible as touch-wood. The tallies, we should explain, were notched wooden sticks, used until October, 1826, in keeping the public accounts of the Treasury; and in destroying the relics of this ancient mode of reckoning, nearly the entire pile of buildings and offices was destroyed; a result which may with propriety be added to the long list of "great events from little causes."

We have alluded incidentally to the historical interest of the great scene of devastation—"the Palace at Westminster," the residence of our monarchs from Edward the Confessor to Elizabeth, who was its last sovereign inhabitant. After her death the court resided at Whitehall and St. James's; and, as the ancient buildings of Westminster Palace fell into decay, they were removed; or, restored, and converted to other uses. Not only, however, had the Palace been in the long lapse of five centuries and a half a royal residence, but it was the seat of administrative justice, and the domestic government of the kingdom, for nearly eight centuries; or, from the Anglo-Saxon period to the date of the great fire, in 1834. Hence, the system of a great plan of the palace buildings included, besides the "proper house and home" of the Sovereign, the house of prayer, wherein many a ruler knelt to the service of the Most High; and around were clustered the courts of justice, in accordance with the spirit of a feudal age. Upon no other spot of the country would the influence of historical association appear to have been so powerfully concentrated as upon the site of the Westminster Palace. There, amid the smoking ruins, on the morning after the fire, stood the massive walls of "the Painted Chamber," believed to have been the bed-room of Edward the Confessor, and the scene of his last hours. There, too, happily saved from the flames, was the Hall, the vast state room of the palace, founded by William Rufus, though he was discontented therewith—"it was so lylite." Among the salvage, likewise, was the old Court of Requests, where, in the feudal times, sat the officers authorized to receive petitions of the subjects for justice, or favour from the king. This building had been long used as the House of Peers; whilst the Commons sat within the walls of a splendid chapel, reputed to have been founded by King Stephen, and unquestionably begun to be rebuilt by Edward I., and completed by Edward III. Hence, it belonged to the best age of our architecture: the legislators sat in a timber-structure built within the chapel walls, and the flames of 1834, by destroying the unsightly wooden fabric, (less than half a century old,) laid bare the elegant tracery of the windows, the gorgeous painting, gilding, and sculpture of the walls, and the noble proportions of the crypt; the richly dight skeleton standing amidst the general wreck, a picturesque ruin, and an impressive memorial of the piety of our ancestors, in an age when men vied in the practice of beautiful art to glorify their Maker.

With all this *prestige* in its favour, it is not surprising

* The Exchequer at Westminster, the most ancient revenue department of the state, with all its complicated machinery of tallies and checks, was not entirely abolished until the year 1834; when a new office for the purpose was opened at the Bank of England. The *tally* was a stick about twenty-two inches in length; in its edge were cut notches to denote the reckoning; and a counter-tally was stripped off, cutting the date line of the transaction; so that identity consisted not only in the wood fitting, but in the halved date and notches corresponding, like a halved bank-note.

to find the rebuilding of the Houses of the Legislature upon the original site, a resolution of almost self-angstion. The objectors were but few: its lowness was urged as a plea for change; but the "divinity" which hedged the Confessor's chamber, the chapel, and the great hall, proved of paramount influence. Temporary accommodation for the sitting of "the Houses," was provided among the ruins of the fire; but many months elapsed before the plan for rebuilding was matured. This being decided on, ninety-seven sets of designs were furnished in four months; and Mr. Barry was, at length, selected as the successful competing architect, in the spring of 1836. The several designs were publicly exhibited; and well do we remember the elaborate beauty and richness of Mr. Barry's drawings: indeed the vast superiority of his design, bating foregone conclusions, was evident to the most unprofessional eye. It was, in some respects, different from the structure as yet completed; but the variations need not here be pointed out, further than by stating that the general character of the design was more castellated than the portion built. With the year 1839 was commenced the excavation for the river wall; and the building of the wall in March. In 1840, the Speaker's House and Parliamentary Offices were begun; but, it was not until the middle of 1841, that any important progress had been made in the superstructure.

The New Houses may be described, in plan, as a vast assemblage of buildings, with the intervening courts, covering an area of nine statute acres, with a frontage to the Thames of nearly one thousand feet. In the centre of the plan is a large octagonal hall, communicating, by a corridor and lobby, northward with the House of Commons, and southward with the House of Lords. In a line with the latter is the Victoria Hall and Gallery, for the royal entrance by the Victoria Tower, at the south-west angle of the plan. Flanking the "Houses" and offices are eleven large open courts; St. Stephen's Hall, and the crypt of old St. Stephen's, to be used as a chapel for Divine worship; and old Westminster Hall will form a grand vestibule of entrance to the entire pile. It will comprise fourteen halls, galleries, vestibules, and other apartments, of great capacity and noble proportion; and eight official residences, each a first-rate mansion, that for the Speaker being as large as the Reform Club House. The space between the principal apartments is occupied by open courts, and corridors and lobbies, besides libraries, waiting-rooms, &c. In the river front is a central conference hall, with committee-rooms and libraries for the Lords and Commons, Speaker and Black Rod Usher's apartments, &c.; the whole plan numbering between five and six hundred distinct rooms. The principal external features will be the Victoria Tower already named, now built to the height of ninety feet, and to be raised to four hundred feet; the Clock Tower, at the Westminster Bridge end; and the tower of the octagon or Central Hall; besides the towers in the river front. The exterior is of hard magnesian limestone, from Bolsover, in Nottinghamshire; and the interior of Caen stone. The main beams and joists are of iron throughout, and the several buildings are fire-proof. The style of the architecture is florid Gothic: we have not, however, space to detail its picturesque enrichments—its canopied niches with statuettes of crowned sovereigns, mitred churchmen, and sainted women; its thirty-five shields of arms of the sovereigns of England; its multitudinous badges, religious and loyal inscriptions; its richly gilt wind vanes, and erect-tiles, noble windows, massive arches, and the numberless embellishments with which the whole pile may be said to bristle. The style employed may be best described in the architect's own words:—"It has been his aim to avoid the speculative, collegiate, castellated, and domestic styles, and to select that which he considers better suited to the peculiar appropriation of the building."

Having thus glanced at the leading features of the plan, we shall proceed to describe, from our own careful inspection, the portion of the design already completed—the artistic nucleus of the superb and stupendous whole.

THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.

Externally, the House presents no enriched architectural features. As seen from the House Court, the exterior shows a low and boldly embattled portion, resting upon an arcade of flattened arches: this, on each side, serving as the corridor of the House. Above this, the six finely proportioned and traceried windows of the House are seen; and, between each, a plain, massive buttress; the whole crowned with lofty battlements.

The public have been admitted by thousands to inspect these finished portions, which consist of the House itself, the lobby to the same, the Victoria Hall, and the corridors on each side of these apartments. These corridors are handsomely panelled and ceiled with oak; the windows are square-headed, divided by mullions, and traceried; the glass is richly diapered; and in labels, running diagonally, the motto "*Dieu et mon droit*," is many times repeated. At night, these corridors are lighted by gas in branches, and globe lights pendent from the ceiling. They have doors opening into the House, with plate-glass panels.

The chief entrance to the House is by

THE PEERS' LOBBY.

This is a large and lofty square apartment, each side being divided into a wide central, and two smaller compartments, by buttresses, panelled and enriched, and crowned with demi-angels, bearing shields, with the Garter and V. R.; and from these angels spring the spandrels which support the roof. In the centre of each side is a deeply recessed doorway, the spandrels of which are enriched with the Tudor rose, portcullis, &c., in quatre-foils. The other portion of each side is divided into arched compartments, within which are emblazoned the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, which are repeated in the windows flanking the east and west doorways. The southern door, being the entrance to the House, is more magnificently light than the others; the arch is deeply moulded, and enriched with roses and leaves in colours, and, immediately over the inner doorway, filled with superb gates, brass gilt, are the royal arms, of colossal proportions, in rich colours. The heraldic elaboration of the brass gates is indescribably beautiful; altogether, they are the finest specimen of working in metal executed for many years in this country. At each angle of the lobby floor, is a lofty brass standard for gas-lights, of admirable design. The flooring is of encaustic tiles of heraldic design, and in the centre is a large Tudor rose and star of brass, and Derbyshire marbles. The ceiling is divided into compartments by deeply ribbed and moulded beams, and pendants, richly carved and gilt; and the spaces between these beams are smaller squares, on which are painted and gilt roses, thistles, and shamrocks, with rich foliated ornaments of red and green; and in the centre of the whole is a large red and white rose, surmounted by a radiating nimbus, on a deep blue ground. The entire ceiling is peculiarly chaste and effective, and rich without garishness. The mottoes, "*Dieu et mon droit*," and "*Domine salvam fac Regiam*," are variously repeated throughout the noble apartment.

The principal entrance to

THE HOUSE

is by the brass gates. It is a right regal chamber, in proportion, arrangement, and decoration; ninety feet in length, forty-five in breadth, and of the same height. In plan the House is divided into three parts, the northern and southern being considerably smaller than the centre, or body, of the House, wherein are the

woolsack, clerks' tables, &c.; and on either side the seats for the peers, in rows. At the southern end is the royal throne; and at the northern the bar. On each side of the chamber are six large and lofty windows, to be filled with stained glass, representing the kings and queens of England. At each end are three archways, corresponding with the windows; on the surface of the wall within these arches frescoes will be painted; the arch over the throne being already filled by Mr. Dyce's fresco of "the Baptism of St. Ethelbert." The archways at the northern end are very deeply recessed, thus affording space for the strangers' gallery; below which is the reporters' gallery. Between the windows and arches are eighteen canopied niches, in which will be placed statues of the eighteen barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John. The demi-angels, pillars, pedestals, canopies, quatre-folls in the spandrels, &c., are all gilded, and the interiors of the niches are elegantly diapered. Around the House is a narrow gallery, with an elegant brass-gilt enclosure. Below the windows the walls are lined with oak panelling, elaborately wrought: its details include V. R., with an oak wreath and cord intertwining; ogee arches, crockets, and finials; portrait-busts of all the kings of England; "God save the Queen," in Tudor characters; and a pierced brattishing of trefolls, beautifully executed. The covered portion, immediately beneath the gallery, is richly emblazoned with the arms of the various Lord Chancellors of England.

The ceiling is flat, and is divided into eighteen large compartments by bold tie-beams, on each of which is sculptured, and twice repeated, "*Dieu et mon droit*;" and these beams being pierced aid the ventilation. The eighteen compartments are again divided by smaller beams into four, having in their centres lozenge-formed compartments. These sub-divisions are filled with devices and symbols, indicating the royal monogram, and the monograms of the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert; the cognizances of the white hart, the lion, the crown in a bush, the falcon, the dragon, and the greyhound, the lion passant of England, the lion rampant of Scotland, and the harp of Ireland, besides sceptres, crowns, scales of justice, mitres and crosiers, blunted swords of mercy, the Prince of Wales's plume, and floriated emblems too numerous for us to particularise; they are elaborately executed in colours and gilding; so minute in detail that an opera-glass is requisite to appreciate all their beauties.

The Bar is of oak, intricately carved, and crowned with bold figures of the lion and unicorn holding shields; and some of the panels have an elaborate treillage of vine, oak, rose, and thistle; and at the angles are badges of the royal houses of England.

The floor is carpeted with bright blue, spotted with roses of gold colour; the woolsack is crimson; and the clerks' table is of oak, exquisitely carved. Around the House are noble brass branches, with coronal tops, for gas-lights; and at each end of the peers' seats is a superb and lofty candelabrum, twelve and a half feet high, for wax-lights—a beautiful specimen of metal work.

(To be continued.)

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAP. V.

WOMAN'S A RIDDLE.

Don't you consider Fairleigh to be looking very thin and pale, Miss Saville?" inquired Coleman, when we joined the ladies after dinner, speaking with an air of such genuine solicitude, that any one not intimately acquainted with him would have imagined him in

earnest. Miss Saville, who was completely taken in, answered innocently,

"Indeed, I have thought Mr. Fairleigh much altered since I had the pleasure of meeting him before;" then, glancing at my face with a look of unfeigned interest, which sent the blood bounding rapidly through my veins, she continued:—"You have not been ill, I hope?" I was hastening to reply in the negative, and to enlighten her as to the real cause of my pale looks, when Coleman interrupted me by exclaiming—

"Ah! poor fellow, it is a melancholy affair. In those pale cheeks, that wasted, though still graceful form, and the weak, languid, and unhappy, but deeply interesting, *tout ensemble*, you perceive the sad results of—am I at liberty to mention it—of an unfortunate attachment."

"Upon my word, Freddy, you are too bad," exclaimed I, half angrily, though I could scarcely refrain from laughing, for the pathetic expression of his countenance was perfectly irresistible. "Miss Saville, I can assure you—let me beg of you to believe, that there is not a word of truth in what he has stated."

"Wait a moment, you're so dreadfully fast, my dear fellow! You won't allow a man time to finish what he is saying," remonstrated my tormentor, "attachment to his studies, I was going to add, only you interrupted me."

"I see I shall have to chastise you before you learn to behave yourself properly," replied I, shaking my fist at him playfully; "remember, you taught me how to use the gloves at Dr. Mildman's, and I have not quite forgotten the science even yet."

"Hit a man your own size, you great big monster you," rejoined Coleman, affecting extreme alarm; "Miss Saville, I look to you to protect me from his tyranny; ladies always take the part of the weak and oppressed."

"But they do not interfere to shield evil-doers from the punishment due to their misdemeanours," replied Miss Saville, archly.

"There now," grumbled Freddy, "that's always the way; every one turns against me; I'm a victim, though I have not formed an unfortunate attachment for—any thing or any body."

"I should like to see you thoroughly in love for once in your life, Freddy," said I; "it would be as good as a comedy."

"Thank ye," was the rejoinder, "you'd be a pleasant sort of fellow to make a confidant of, I dare say:—here's a man now, who calls himself one's friend, and thinks it would be 'as good as a comedy' to witness the display of our noblest affections, and would have all the tenderest emotions of our nature laid bare, for him to poke fun at—the barbarian!"

"I did not understand Mr. Fairleigh's remark to apply to *affaires du cœur* in general, but simply to the effects likely to be produced in your case, by such an attack," observed Miss Saville, with a quiet smile.

"A very proper distinction," returned I; "I see that I cannot do better than leave my defence in your hands."

"It is quite clear that you have both entered into a plot against me," rejoined Freddy; "well, never mind, *mea virtute me involvo*: I wrap myself in a proud consciousness of my own immeasurable superiority, and despise your attacks."

"I have read, that to begin by despising your enemy is one of the surest methods of losing the battle," replied Miss Saville.

"Oh! if you are going to quote history against me, I yield at once—there is nothing alarms me so much as the sight of a blue-socking," answered Freddy.

Miss Saville proceeded to defend herself with much vivacity against this charge, and they continued to converse in the same light strain for some time longer; Coleman, as usual, being exceedingly droll and amusing, and the young lady displaying a decided talent for delicate and playful *badinage*. In order to enter *con amore* into this style of conversation, we must either be

(¹) Continued from p. 148.

in the enjoyment of high health and spirits, when our light-heartedness finds a natural vent in gay railery and sparkling repartee, or we must be suffering sufficient positive unhappiness to make us feel that a strong effort is necessary to screen our sorrows from the careless gaze of those around us. Now, though Coleman had not been far wrong in describing me as "weak, languid, and unhappy," mine was not a positive, but a negative unhappiness, a gentle sadness, which was rather agreeable than otherwise, and towards which I was by no means disposed to use the slightest violence. I was in the mood to have shed tears with the lovesick Ophelia, or to moralize with the melancholy Jacques, but should have considered Mercutio a man of no feeling, and the clown a "very poor fool" indeed. In this frame of mind, the conversation appeared to me to have assumed such an essentially frivolous turn, that I soon ceased to take any share in it, and, turning over the leaves of a book of prints as an excuse for my silence, endeavoured to abstract my thoughts altogether from the scene around me, and employ them on some subject less dissonant to my present tone of feeling. As is usually the result in such cases, the attempt proved a dead failure, and I soon found myself speculating on the lightness and frivolity of women in general, and of Clara Saville in particular.

"How thoroughly absurd and misplaced," thought I, as her silvery laugh rang harshly on my distempered ear, "were all my conjectures that she was unhappy, and that, in the trustful and earnest expression of those deep blue eyes, I could read the evidence of a secret grief, and a tacit appeal for sympathy to those whom her instinct taught her were worthy of her trust and confidence! Ah! well, I was young and foolish then (it was not quite a year and a half ago), and imagination found an easy dupe in me; one learns to see things in their true light as one grows older, but it is sad how the doing so robs life of all its brightest illusions."

It did not occur to me at that moment, that there was a slight injustice in accusing Truth of petty larceny in regard to a *brilliant* illusion in the present instance, as the fact (if fact it were) of proving that Miss Saville was not unhappy, could scarcely be reckoned among that class of offences.

"Come, Freddy," exclaimed Mrs. Coleman, suddenly waking up to a sense of duty, out of a dangerous little nap in which she had been indulging, and which occasioned me great uneasiness, by reason of the opportunity it afforded her for the display of an alarming suicidal propensity which threatened to leave Mr. Coleman a disconsolate widower, and Freddy motherless.

As a warning to all somnolent old ladies, it may not be amiss to enter a little more fully into detail. The exhibition commenced by her seating herself bolt upright in her chair, with her eyes so very particularly open, that it seemed as if, in her case, Macbeth or some other wonder-worker had effectually "murdered sleep." By slow degrees, however, their lids began to close; she grew less and less "wide awake," and, ere long, was fast as a church; her next move was to nod complacently to the company in general, as if to demand their attention. She then oscillated gently to and fro for a few seconds to get up the steam, and concluded the performance by suddenly flinging her head back, with an insane jerk, over the rail of the chair, at the imminent risk of breaking her neck, uttering a loud snort of triumph as she did so.

Trusting the reader will pardon, and the humane society award me a medal for this long digression, I resume the thread of my narrative.

"Freddy, my dear, can't you sing that droll Italian song your cousin Lucy taught you? I'm sure poor Miss Saville must feel quite dull and melancholy."

"Would she did!" murmured I to myself.

"Who is to play it for me?" asked Coleman.

"Well, my love, I'll do my best," replied his mother;

"and, if I should make a few mistakes, it will only sound all the funnier, you know."

This being quite unanswerable, the piano was opened, and, after Mrs. Coleman's spectacles had been hunted for in all probable places, and discovered at last in the coal-scuttle, a phenomenon which that good lady accounted for on the score of "John's having hurried her so when he brought in tea;" and when, moreover, she had been with difficulty prevailed on to allow the music-book to remain the right way upwards, the song was commenced.

As Freddy had a good tenor voice, and sang the Italian buffa song with much humour, the performance proved highly successful, although Mrs. Coleman was as good as her word in introducing some original and decidedly "funny" chords into the accompaniment, which would have greatly discomposed the composer, if he had by any chance overheard them.

"I did not know that you were such an accomplished performer, Freddy," observed I; "you are quite an universal genius."

"Oh, the song was excellent!" said Miss Saville, "and Mr. Coleman sang it with so much spirit."

"Really," returned Freddy, with a low bow, "you do me proud, as brother Jonathan says; I am actually--that is, positively--"

"My dear Freddy," interrupted Mrs. Coleman, "I wish you would go and fetch Lucy's music; I'm sure Miss Saville can sing some of her songs; it's--let me see--yes, it's either down stairs in the study,--or in the boudoir,--or in the little room at the top of the house,--or, if it isn't, you had better ask Richards about it."

"Perhaps the shortest way will be to consult Richards at once," replied Coleman, as he turned to leave the room.

"I presume you prefer buffa songs to music of a more pathetic character!" inquired I, addressing Miss Saville.

"You judge from my having praised the one we have just heard, I suppose."

"Yes, and from the lively style of your conversation; I have been envying your high spirits all the evening."

"Indeed!" was the reply; "and why should you envy them?"

"Are they not an indication of happiness, and is not that an enviable possession?" returned I.

"Yes, indeed!" she replied, in a low voice, but with such passionate earnestness as quite to startle me. "Is laughing, then, such an infallible indication of happiness?" she continued.

"One usually supposes so," replied I.

To this she made no answer, unless a sigh can be called one, and, turning away, began looking over the pages of a music-book.

"Is there nothing you can recollect to sing, my dear?" asked Mrs. Coleman.

She paused for a moment as if in thought, ere she replied,

"There is an old air, which I think I could remember; but I do not know whether you will like it. The words," she added, glancing towards me, "refer to the subject on which we have just been speaking."

She then seated herself at the instrument, and after striking a few simple chords, sang, in a sweet, rich voice, the following stanzas:—

I.
Behold how brightly seeming
All nature shows!
In golden sun-light gleaming,
Blushes the rose.
How very happy things must be
That are so bright and fair to see!
Ah, no! in that sweet flower,
A worm there lies;
And lo! within the hour,
It fades—it dies.

II.

Behold, young beauty's glances
 Around she flings;
 While as she lightly dances,
 Her soft laugh rings:
 How very happy they must be,
 Who are as young and gay as she!
 'Tis not when smiles are brightest,
 So old tales say,
 The bosom's lord sits lightest—
 Ah! well-a-day!

III.

Towards the greenwood's cover
 The maiden steals,
 And, as she meets her lover,
 Her blush reveals
 How very happy all must be
 Who love with trustful constancy.
 By cruel fortune parted,
 She learns too late,
 How some die broken-hearted—
 Ah! hapless fate!

The air to which these words were set was a simple plaintive old melody, well suited to their expression, and Miss Saville sang with much taste and feeling. When she reached the last four lines of the second verse, her eyes met mine for an instant, with a sad reproachful glance, as if upbraiding me for having misunderstood her, and there was a touching sweetness in her voice, as she almost whispered the refrain, "Ah! well a day!" which seemed to breathe the very soul of melancholy.

"Strange, incomprehensible girl!" thought I, as I gazed with a feeling of interest I could not restrain, upon her beautiful features, which were now marked by an expression of the most touching sadness, "who could believe that she was the same person who, but five minutes since, seemed possessed by the spirit of frolic and merriment, and appeared to have eyes and ears for nothing beyond the jokes and drolleries of Freddy Coleman?"

"That's a very pretty song, my dear," said Mrs. Coleman; "and I'm very much obliged to you for singing it, only it has made me cry so, it has given me quite a cold in my head, I declare," and, suiting the action to the word, the tender-hearted old lady began to wipe her eyes, and execute sundry other manœuvres incidental to the malady she had named. At this moment Freddy returned, laden with music-books. Miss Saville immediately fixed upon a lively duet which would suit their voices, and song followed song, till Mrs. Coleman, waking suddenly in a fright, after a tremendous attempt to break her neck, which was very near proving successful, found out that it was past eleven o'clock, and consequently bed-time.

It can scarcely be doubted, that my thoughts, as I fell asleep, (for, unromantic as it may appear, truth compels me to state, that I never slept better in my life,) turned upon my unexpected meeting with Clara Saville. The year and a half which had elapsed since the night of the ball had altered her from a beautiful girl into a lovely woman. Without in the slightest degree diminishing its grace and elegance, the outline of her figure had become more rounded, while her features had acquired a depth of expression which was not before observable, and which was the only thing wanting to render them (I had almost said) perfect. In her manner there was also a great alteration; the quiet reserve she had maintained when in the presence of Mr. Vernon, and the calm frankness displayed during our accidental meeting in Barstone Park, had alike given way to a strange excitability, which at times showed itself in the bursts of wild gaiety which had annoyed my fastidious sensitiveness in the earlier part of the evening, at others in the deep impassioned feeling she threw into her singing, though I observed that it was only in such songs as partook of a melancholy and even despairing character that she did so. The result of my meditations was, that the young lady was an interesting enigma, and that

I could not employ the next two or three days to better advantage than in "doing a little bit of *Oedipus*," as Coleman would have termed it, or, in plain English, "finding her out;"—and hereabouts I fell asleep.

RAMBLES IN BELGIUM.

No. VIII.—ANTWERP.

THE road from Malines to Antwerp is flat and dull enough, and has few features of interest. The old châteaux, with their odd-looking turrets, and the straight formal rows of poplars, are occasionally passed; the fields always presenting an abundant population most industriously employed. The nearer Antwerp is approached, the land becomes somewhat uneven, and the majestic tower of the cathedral soars over every thing near and around. The steeple is very lofty, and can be seen for a considerable distance. Flax is cultivated to a great extent; and wheat grows most luxuriantly,—some ears that I had given me were plump and of the finest quality. The women in the fields sag away, regardless of the sun, and seem much more inured to their work than the men. It does not need any guide or *valet de place* to inform a traveller to Antwerp that it is a fortified city. Entering by the Porte de Bergerhout, the drawbridges, *fossés*, mounds, etc., are passed in succession, and seem to spread their ramifications in all directions. It is soon evident what a stronghold the place must be. The streets are very narrow and gloomy, and in some parts have a most sombre look.

The Place Vert is in the heart of the city, and, being full of trees, and containing several cafés and hotels, affords a great relief to the eye that has seen so little cheerfulness in the neighbouring streets.

Near the Place de Mer is the house, and garden, formerly the abode of the great genius of Antwerp, Rubens, who gave his most superb picture, "The Descent from the Cross," to the company of the Arquebusers, for this dwelling place.

The Place de Mer is a very grand street, and compensates for the smallness, narrowness, and gloom, of some of the smaller ones. There are several very handsome houses in it; one has the royal arms over it, and is used by the present King of the Belgians when he visits the city. The quays are of great extent, and are matchless. Very near one of them, which is the place of embarkation from the steam-boats, there has been recently erected a statue of Rubens, of large proportions. I cannot say it gave me so pleasing an idea of the artist as the portrait painted by himself, so well known, and so often copied and engraved. Antwerp was the scene of a high festival on the day of the inauguration of this monument to the memory of one whom Antwerp may be justly proud to call her own.

There is no city in the world, Venice alone excepted, which attained to so great a prosperity as this. In commercial greatness, it was without a rival. All nations held a mart within its walls. Like Venice, alas! the days of its splendour and glory are past. Merchants were its princes, and their habitations were its palaces. Like Venice, too, it was the home and haunt of men who have left an undying reputation; men, too, who excelled in the same art: Rubens, Vandyke, Quentin Matsys, Teniers;—all of whom contributed in themselves to form a school, and who have here left behind them testimonials of their departed worth. The cathedral, which is dedicated to "Our Lady," is very beautiful and very large. It is of Gothic architecture, and has suffered considerably by the devastations of time. The stone-work has been frequently under repair, and, whilst I was in the town, scaffolding was being erected for a similar purpose.

The general aspect of the interior is very striking, very imposing,—the painted windows, the massy columns, the sculptured tombs—all unite in producing a solemn and devotional feeling, as one traverses the aisles. The pulpit is, as usual, one of those specimens of carving by Verbruggen, which are so prevalent in this country, and of which, from their constant recurrence, I began to feel weary: this one is full of quaint emblems and odd devices. There are several monuments in marble that deserve a longer inspection than one feels disposed to give them when it is known that a great work of art is so near. This picture, known all over Europe, is hid from the world without by two wings, which are painted on both within and without, and refer to the name of Christopher. One represents St. Christopher bearing the Infant Christ. The other is designed to be another saint, who seems waiting to receive his comrade: at least, such was the impression I received of the intended effect. On another side the Virgin is receiving the Salutation of Mary and Elizabeth, and upon another the priest Simon is holding Christ. But, admirably as these are designed, they are forgotten and lost sight of when the volets are drawn aside and the wondrous picture of pictures is displayed. Before that, all things surrounding are as though they were not. The excessive holiness, so to speak, of this composition—the masterly grouping of the actors in the mournful ceremony, are such as no pen can describe. The principal figure is faultless; the bend of the body in its descent, the placid calm expression, and the corpse-like flesh, are beyond all praise, and far above all criticism. The whiteness of the sheet is most inimitable, and contrasts wonderfully with the deadness of the flesh. I never saw any pictorial representation so suggestive of divinity. It is impossible to stand before it, and remain unmoved.

An old lady, evidently English, was quite overcome with her emotions, and remained gazing, after I left it to see his other productions, none of which were so impressionable as this.

The Elevation of the Cross, the Assumption of the Virgin, and the Resurrection, are all paintings of the highest merit. I was pleased to hear the lower class of people and shopkeepers express their reverence for the works of their own Rubens, and yet, how strange is it, and seemingly inconsistent, that these same individuals, whose appreciation and homage is so true and so genuine, not only tolerate, but approve of, images of the Virgin and Infant Saviour,—which are placed against the walls of many of the corners of the streets, and are tawdry, tasteless, wretched productions: at night they are illuminated by tallow candles and bits of tapers, which serve to show off and enhance their native ugliness. This custom prevails in most of the towns in Flanders, and occurs oftentimes by the wayside. If they require such stimulants to prayer and a remembrance of duty, how much better is the simple cross! what volumes of real religion are contained in a cross, so emblematic, and common to all Christian people! The church of St. Andrew has a noble pulpit, the story being the departure of St. Andrew to follow our blessed Lord. Some of the smaller objects are exquisitely delicate, and are finished as minutely as the most elaborate lace-work. There is a monument to the memory of Mary Queen of Scots, erected by her maids of honour. The inscription shows their zeal, if not their discretion: "Perfidia senat: et heret: post 19 captivit. annos relig: ergo caput obtruncata."

In the church of St. Paul are some works of Vandyke, and two of Teniers. At the entrance is a barbarous conception of Calvary. Anything more revolting or coarse it is impossible to imagine. It distances in its disgusting details the daubs and dolls before spoken of, and can serve no other purpose than to shock and offend.

There is no religion in such things; their tendency must be adverse to anything like real devotional hum-

bleness of mind and heart, or the prayerful lifting up of the inner man. The church of St. Jacques is ornamented by an altar-piece of Rubens. It is a Holy Family, and embodies portraits of himself, his two wives, father, grandfather, and child. The tomb of the illustrious painter is here. It had gone to decay, and suffered severely; but was restored by a canon of the cathedral in 1775. A slab of white marble, on which is an inscription to record the genius and reputation of the artist, covers the illustrious remains.

The church of the Augustines contains an altar-piece that is of the finest quality of art. In it, Rubens again went far before my previously high-wrought expectations. The subject—the Marriage of St. Catharine, has but small field for the imagination to work upon; yet, on this canvas, all is excellent. The heads of some saints are perfect, and the colouring of the men's dresses as rich as it is possible to conceive. I was so tired, whilst in this city, with repeated visitations to enjoy the beauties of Rubens, that I should entail something of my weariness upon the reader, were I to detail the half only of the contents of the Museum. In one of the rooms is preserved a memento of Rubens,—the chair on which he sat as president of the academy. The inhabitants place a great value on this relic.

The celebrated painting of the Crucifixion of Christ:—On either side are the two thieves; the expression on the faces of every person introduced is wonderful; the longer I gazed on the marvellous scene, the more I was astonished with the completeness and beauty of the whole. Every face is a picture in itself. It is, indeed, a magic power, which can create such a vivid composition as this. Rubens has done wisely;—in Antwerp he has left his choicest memorials. Antwerp is his shrine. The Adoration of the Magi is another large picture, with a great many figures in it, and is in his finest style of colouring.

To enumerate the others would really be to write a catalogue; they will not be overlooked when once the gallery is entered. I was disappointed with the Hotel de Ville; there is nothing remarkable in it,—in every way it is inferior to the magnificent edifices I have described as adorning Louvain, Brussels, and other towns. It is situated in an old square, and is surrounded by some veritable remains of the Spanish sway in Flanders; one house, in particular, was pointed out for my observation, as having been the residence of Charles the Fifth, on his occasional visits to this city. There is an immense pile of building, called the Hanseatic House, which serves as a depot for merchandize.

The Exchange was erected during the latter part of the fourteenth century: there are truncated pillars or columns, somewhat resembling those at Liege, in the court; and the entire character of the edifice resembles the old Venetian. It is said that Sir Thomas Gresham, when on a journey in this place, was so delighted with this bourse, that he took it as a model for the old Royal Exchange in England.

On quitting the gallery of paintings at the Museum, I made an appointment to accompany a gentleman over the Citadel, the works of which have been renovated since the memorable siege of 1832, under the General Chassé. There are some evidences remaining of the terrific bombardment which shattered several buildings into dust. The outer fortifications appear to be renewed in all their pristine strength.

The time of my departure from Flanders being at hand, I had occasion to pay a visit to the Dominions, whose great incivility, and unnecessary and most unmeaning procrastinating habits, I can and must speak of. On the night I quitted Antwerp, and took my berth on board the steamer, I produced my luggage for their inspection. Whilst the process, sufficiently tiresome and annoying in itself, was going on—of emptying on the floor all one's linen and travelling equipments, my great coat was seized and thrown across a bar of iron in the room. Presently a fellow-voyager smelt fire, and

exclaimed loudly to that effect; little notice was taken of this, but the smell becoming too powerful for the olfactory organs of the officials, a search through the apartment was instituted, and my hapless garment proved the cause. It had been cast on an iron which had some connexion with the stove, and the latter having been overheated, a large hole had been burnt in my coat. For this damage I could obtain no other recompense than a variety of shrugs and exclamations, and, as the steamer, being governed by the tide, could not wait for any man, I was obliged to put up with it. The commonest attention would have prevented it. I was sorry when the last glimpse of Antwerp faded slowly from my sight, as I stood on deck. Belgium, with many faults, is, after all, a pleasant land to sojourn in. Provisions, and living of all kinds, are cheap and easily accessible. The people, generally speaking, are civil, courteous, and obliging. The climate is pleasant, and the aspect of the country, though flat, is not destitute of interest.

To live in it for ever and ever, is what I cannot think any Englishman would voluntarily choose to do. Much is there in its old cities to charm the antiquarian and the lover of history and old associations; but there is nothing, at least that I saw, to compensate for the sweet comforts of an English home; nothing to supply the place of the parks and groves, and, above all, the lanes and trim neatness of rural England.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MADAME GUIZOT.¹

FROM 1795, to the end of the last century, if liberty was not complete and secure, still there was liberty; and spectators were able to participate in the movement of public affairs, otherwise than by pity or detestation. Every one could form and advance an opinion, apply himself to some cause, be concerned in a plan: in short, pursue an honorable course with some prospect of success. The revolution had encroached so much upon civil liberty, that it reacted against the revolution itself; there was a struggle, a struggle perhaps unforeseen but not hopeless. For the first time Mademoiselle de Meulan took an interest in political events; she ardently wished success to those who fought against the revolution, for it had been oppressive, and her sympathy naturally turned to the side of the opposition. What she hated in the revolution was its violence; what she admired in some of its adversaries, was independence in misfortune. At the same time, she was endeavouring to enlarge her mind by new studies. Her taste drew her towards moral theories, and metaphysical inquiries. She began some books, and tried to initiate herself into the theories of the philosophy of the 18th century; she did not finish them. Her mind was so free, so spontaneous, so active in itself, that it could not yield without reluctance to the subjugation, which an examination of the ideas of others imposes; it preferred directly attacking realities, than searching without an interpreter the mysterious meaning of the enigmas with which our reason is surrounded.

The best and most serious books were to her but subjects for meditation, either to make the ideas she met with her own by a deeper research, or to arrive by her own single strength at ideas, which she held not in common with any one. Thus, she studied more than she read, and gave herself the habit of writing a great deal, but only in order to regulate her thoughts, or give account of her meditations. What is written, in fact, fixes and elucidates all, and makes us, in some way, be present at the display of our own mind.

It was at this time, that two friends of her father's, Monsieur Suard, and Monsieur Devaines, suggested to

Mademoiselle de Meulan, that she might take advantage of her talents, not only to extend the circle of her activity, but also to lighten the burden which weighed upon her family. Thus what had been her solace in retirement, became her resource in misfortune; and from this time, labour, either from necessity or choice, became the constant occupation of her life. Her first novel, *Les Contradictions*, which displays keen wit, and a great facility of style, appeared in 1800, and obtained such success, as made her name known to the world, and excited a great interest in her situation. Society was beginning to amend; it eagerly encouraged a young person, whose misfortunes had been their own, and who opposed her talents to her destiny.

La Chapelle d'Ayton was published soon after, and modestly presented as a translation from the English; it is not even an imitation, the general idea is all that Mademoiselle de Meulan had borrowed. Most of the events, the unfolding of the characters, the form of the recital, in short, the sentiments and the expressions, are her own. Few novels are more engaging, though it contains neither exaggerated sentiments, nor unnatural scenes; it is, however, a narrative which pierces the heart, and carries our compassion even to pain. The source of its interest is derived from one of those cruel mistakes, which have given so many affecting works to our stage, and of which the tragedy of *Tancrède* is perhaps the finest and the most pathetic example.

In *La Chapelle d'Ayton*, the sensibility of the author is entirely displayed, and even with that excess which belongs only to youth,—to that age, when the emotions, whatever they may be, go not beyond their strength; when imagination softens their bitterness, and often even lends them an inexpressible charm: at a later period, they are too painful. Madame Guizot, I have no doubt, would not have had the courage to compose *La Chapelle d'Ayton*, and to combine so much innocence and misfortune, when she wrote: "The effect of the works of art ought to be such, that no idea of reality adheres to it; for as soon as that enters it, the effect becomes distressing, and even sometimes insupportable: therefore, I cannot bear, at the theatre, or in novels, or poems, under the names of Tancrède, or Zara, or Othello, or of Delphine, the sight of those great afflictions of the mind, or severe dispensations of fortune. In point of happiness and grief, my life has been so full, so alive to them, that I cannot touch upon one of those depths without a trembling hand. The reality reveals itself to me, through all the coverings with which art can envelope it; my imagination, once disturbed, reaches it in one bound. It is but a short time since the music in *L'Agnese* produced the same effect on me as I usually experienced from the works of art. I could not bear the *finale* of *Romeo and Juliet*; that of *L'Agnese* alone, made me weep without rending my heart." (1821.)

Whatever may be the affecting interest which pervades *La Chapelle d'Ayton*, it is remarkable, that the work offers but few traces of that indulgence for passion, that sentimental theory, which sacrifices judgment to feeling, and flatters the bewitching fantasies of an exalted imagination, at the expense of conscience and of truth. Few novels are more free from what can be called romantic morality. I insist upon this observation, because it is characteristic.

At the time Mademoiselle de Meulan wrote, there was a happy singularity in preserving oneself from the opinions which prevailed in literature, and in society, with regard to duty and affection. It was the time when sympathy explained every thing, when devotedness excused every thing; when the heart knew no rule but affection, no virtue but fidelity. Mademoiselle de Meulan was far from having reflected on all things, with such serious impartiality as she has since done; she did not then know, as she did at a later period, that there is something higher than sensibility itself, which consecrates by regulating it. But, in default of principles, her native good sense taught her, that what weakens the

(1) Continued from page 156.

character, what wastes time, and blunts the feelings, could not be the real vocation of human nature; and that every thing, even the ability to love, has been bestowed upon us for a higher end than our gratification.

In 1801, Monsieur Suard established a newspaper, under the name of *Le Publiciste*. A moderate independence, the love of order without oppression, and of truth without boldness; in fact, the philosophy of the eighteenth century, enlightened and intimidated by the revolution, formed the spirit of this publication. It agreed, although imperfectly, with the opinions of Mademoiselle de Meulan, and she did not scruple to take a share in its compilation. She wrote innumerable articles upon literature, society, and the stage; the merit and success of which decisively established her rank amongst the first writers of the age. The composition of newspapers is a work, which, though sometimes amusing, is necessarily hurried, and is one which both stimulates and wears the mind. Nothing less than varied powers, such as those of Mademoiselle de Meulan, would have sufficed for such an undertaking. Notwithstanding the constant demand upon them, she was never at a loss, and knew, in a species of work in which it is very difficult not to fall sooner or later into routine and profession, how to pursue and even to increase that sprightly originality, which distinguished and marked her articles, even better than the first letter of her name Pauline. The remembrance of them is not effaced amongst the persons of that time; expected with anxiety, read with eagerness, they often formed the whole topic of conversation in society, which at that time took up those little things with more interest than it would be reasonable to do at present.

This was a time of re-action. After violent commotions, society sought only for repose; every opinion which could have contributed to disturb it, became suspected; every thing that seemed to lead to, or to evince the return of order, was received with favour. Thus, those peaceful occupations, those harmless pleasures, which appear to some minds the whole of civilization; the enjoyment of society, literature, arts, &c. were taken up again, as benefits long forgotten, as proofs and securities of public tranquillity. At the same time, all consideration was withdrawn from the things most important to the community; the great subjects of politics and philosophy gained scarcely any attention: people were unwilling to consider them, lest they might bring every thing into question. It has been said, that the true wisdom of society was not to meddle with its concerns; and France only desired two things, to be governed, and to be left in peace. This weak disposition made the fortune of despotism; but, for a lesson to human nature, France, abdicating without finding rest, learned by experience, that there is no compensation for the sacrifice of liberty.

Mademoiselle de Meulan did not at that time give a reason for this general disposition, which drove all minds under the yoke. She, herself, partook of it to a certain degree, from the recollections of indignation and grief, which the ill time of the revolution had impressed upon her. She was, however, far from calling in slavery as an expiation for anarchy; and struggled undesignedly, and from the sole effort of her own independence of mind, against that timidity of troubled reason, which tends to bring back in books and manners, as well as in the laws and institutions, that puerile frivolity, the companion and the instrument of superficial literature and servile politics. She accordingly aroused herself to what was still called philosophy, but did not adopt all its principles; she soon combatted them on matters of morals, those to which she had devoted most attention; for, from that time, all her compositions prove a visible desire to bring every thing back to a moral point of view. Even literary criticism was to her but an opportunity of studying human nature, and she drew up her judgments upon literary productions in the form of essays, which

were designed either to portray, or to elucidate them. This method had at that time the great merit of novelty.

In the general zeal for returning to good principles, literature had not been forgotten, and nothing was more spoken of than the necessity of following the great models in every thing, a sort of criticism which consists in drawing up in books the rule for books, and in giving to art for a model, the examples which it has itself produced. Women are not easily satisfied with this criticism of rhetoricians; we hear them almost always judge of the compositions of art by the reality, or after their own mind, which is also reality. It is perhaps because they are less learned, that they become more true. When they apply themselves seriously to literature, and have received the advantage of strength of mind, the ardour of talent, if they keep their natural manner of judging, they can carry into criticism a genuine superiority, and give to their literary views something of the interest and value which is attached to original works.

This is what may be remarked in the greater number of articles by Mademoiselle de Meulan. The value of them is often independent of the work which suggested them: even when they cannot be connected with the general ideas of human nature, they at least join in portraying the manners and the age. A choice of these articles would form an agreeable collection, and some of them might serve for a history of society in France after the revolution.

The reputation of Mademoiselle de Meulan made her daily more sought after by the world. She appeared in it as much as her labours would permit; it amused her mind; she excelled in conversation and enjoyed it, as affording opportunities for observation, and exercising the mind by compelling it to reflect quickly, and disclose itself clearly. She felt, nevertheless, that much was still wanting to the happiness of her life. She had no one to sympathize with her. Ever independent and natural, she felt the consciousness of a power superior to all that she did, and life appeared inadequate to it. Her influence around her was effectual and salutary: the affairs of the family were managed by her care, and made easy by her labour. In 1803 she married her sister to Monsieur Dillon, and gave up, on that occasion, her own share of an inheritance that belonged equally to both. Persuaded that she would always live a single life, sure of the resources of her own talents, and looking forward to the future with a confidence that never forsook her, those acts, which are generally called sacrifices, were to her so easy that it had been almost an injustice to praise her for them. Devotedness was, with her, the very consequence of her independence; it formed a part of her existence; she almost thought she had a mission to regulate every thing, to improve every thing around her, and to consider herself as nothing; for nothing common would have satisfied her. It was fit that she should do much for the happiness of others, as they could do so little for hers! She felt that it was placed beyond the common lot, and that it did not depend on any one about her, or even on herself, to give it to her. She regretted this happiness that she was born to feel, but she no longer expected it.

She was mistaken: it was not an ever solitary and hard lot that awaited her; by a rare dispensation in this life, it was happiness of such a kind as was suited to her nature. She was about to fill the situation for which she was formed, and was one of the very few whom life has not deceived. In the month of March, 1807, she was in much affliction; her sister had just lost her husband, the family affairs were in great disorder, her mind was harassed with a thousand painful cares, and her impaired health obliged her to give up her literary labours. While in this distressing situation she was surprised by receiving a letter without any signature, and in an unknown hand. The writer did not wish to give his name, but said he had heard of her illness, and begged to be allowed to supply the articles she had been engaged to write for *Le Publiciste*, as long as she felt

herself unequal to the task. She at first refused, though both affected and surprised at the proposal: it was renewed with more earnestness, when, charmed with the tone of candour and simplicity in which the offer was made, she accepted it, and was supplied from time to time, by a secret conveyance, with such articles as she had no reason to regret publishing in place of her own. In the mean time the mystery continued; in vain, assisted by Monsieur Suard, did she endeavour to penetrate it. At length she addressed her wary correspondent, conjuring him to give his name, and refusing on any other terms to continue under such an obligation. He at length yielded, announced his name, and it was thus she became acquainted with Monsieur Guizot. He was at this time a young man, and had been about two years in Paris, where he lived buried in study, and preparing to make a name for himself some day in the literary world. He had heard Mademoiselle de Meulan spoken of by chance at Monsieur Suard's, and feeling the deepest interest in her situation, he contrived the plan above mentioned to assist her, which was at once an impulse of generosity and a whim of fancy; but one, however, to decide her future life.

From the time they became acquainted, they were not long before they had formed a sincere and intimate friendship, which at first consisted more of confidence than sympathy. They differed in many matters, and their opinions were far from being similar; the one being, as we have seen, attached to those of the last century, without entirely adopting them, and preserving the restless curiosity of a mind that wished to seek the truth elsewhere. The other contained within him the germ of all the ideas which have since been developed, and which are those of the present age; but absolute as inexperience, visionary as imagination, the tenets which he professed with enthusiasm at twenty, could not at first sight captivate a clear-sighted, particular mind, like that of Mademoiselle de Meulan. For a long time Monsieur Guizot knew only how to please, without persuading her; for a long time she loved without understanding him; yet she carried into this affection an admirable simplicity and devotedness, and guarded herself from imagining that this sentiment should ever become the charm and the happiness of her whole life. Labours in common, mutual services, endless conversations in which these two minds learned to understand each other, and to modify themselves by the impression, appeared for a long time to be the only affinity which ever would unite them. A day, however, was to come, when a complete sympathy would result from a long and mutual friendship, and from that day their common fate is to be fixed. The day at length came, when, ceasing to misunderstand the affection which united them, they gave it its true name. Their marriage took place on the ninth of April, 1812.

There is a kind of happiness of which one knows not how to write: expressions fail: it proclaims itself not. I find in a letter of Madame Guizot's (dated 1821), these words: "I am happy, the happiest creature upon earth." She said the truth; at least she felt it, and happiness can only be measured by feeling; it exists only in the impression which it produces; all its reality is in the heart. A situation at once happy and animated was what Madame Guizot had always wanted; had she been compelled to choose, I think she would have preferred activity to happiness; her sense, and that energy which nature had implanted in her, made activity a law to her; nevertheless, none felt more keenly or more deeply the real joys of life. "My resolution is taken," she somewhere says, "as soon as a barrier is raised between me and happiness; I now know very well, and will never more forget, that one can live without happiness; only when it is there I can ill brook any thing that disturbs it. You know, for I have told you so a hundred times, that it enfeebles me, or rather it is so suitable to my nature, I was so made for feeling it, that I give myself up to it with all my weakness." Such citations attest

better than I can do, that deep and overwhelming sensibility which was united in Madame Guizot to the austerity of her judgment. They also explain what influence the unmixed happiness of the last fifteen years of her life must have had upon her.

It is seldom that women are active without being excited, and strength of mind is with them scarcely ever free from rigidity. Truth, and truth alone, suffices, I believe at least, for the judgment of men; it can so completely seize upon it as to be no longer distinguishable, without borrowing some other power, some other charm than its own. It is not so with women; truth must take a form which will touch them, which will reach their understanding through their heart, borrow a voice which is dear to them, or present itself beneath a name they love. With whatever spring, with whatever energy the mind of Madame Guizot was endowed, I doubt that, had she lived solitary, it would ever have reached the height that it attained; there would have been always a sort of disturbance in her nature as there was in her lot, and some inequality between her reason and her opinions. The firm and calm judgment of her husband furnished her with the support she required, and brought harmony into her mind, by the united influence of happiness and truth. She had never any other master than him, and no example has better proved that a woman is never by herself all that she can be; it is necessary to her perfection that she should be loved, and that she should be happy.

(To be continued.)

THE GLASS MANUFACTURE.¹

SAND is not used at all in some of the richest and finest glass, such as that required for telescopes, the composition of which, according to Faraday, should be nitrate of lead, silicate of lead, and boracic acid, in the proportion of one hundred and fifty-four parts of the first, twenty-four of the second, and forty-two of the last. The reader may perhaps exclaim, "What is the use of telling me that? I am none the wiser for listening to terms which I do not understand: pray what is nitrate and silicate of lead?" Fearing that some readers, and these not the least intelligent, may really feel thus, we must pause a moment to explain these terms, and so make our path clear as we advance. Nitrate of lead is simply lead united to nitric acid,² or, as it was formerly termed, spirit of nitre, a substance abounding in nature, but procurable by heating nitre and sulphuric acid³ together. Thus nitrate of lead is this metal brought into a peculiar union with an acid substance. The other element of telescopic glass is silicate of lead, which arises from the union of oxide of lead with a most singular acid termed silicic. From this it will be seen that lead, nitre, and a peculiar flinty substance, enter into the composition of the glass recommended by Faraday. The remaining element is the boracic acid, formed from borax, (an element discovered by Sir Humphry Davy,) and oxygen. If the non-chemical reader is not wearied by this detail, which perhaps it is but insulting him to suspect, he must be struck by the vast circle of knowledge brought to bear on the manufacture of a piece of fine flint glass. The attempt to explain the three substances composing Faraday's glass, has necessitated the mention of six other bodies, to understand the nature of which would require an acquaintance with more than twenty different elements, and a familiarity with numerous processes of the most delicate nature.

All have probably noticed the weight of vessels formed from flint glass; and this will not appear sin-

(1) Continued from page 150.

(2) When this is weakened by water the mixture is called *Aqua-fortis*.

(3) This weakened with water is called oil of vitriol.

gular when we remember how largely lead enters into its composition. Various other effects follow the use of this metal, one being the superior density of the glass, in consequence of which it refracts the rays of light with great power, and this quality is clearly of the highest value for all glass used in telescopes. The lead also acts as a flux, and thus aids in fusing the various materials, while it imparts transparency and richness to the product. Care must, however, be taken not to use an excess of the litharge (oxide of lead) or the glass will be too soft for many purposes. These various substances, being mixed in the proportion desired, are put in the crucibles, and as the melting proceeds fresh ingredients are added, until the melted matter fills the crucibles. An intense and long-continued heat is required in the glass furnaces on two accounts; in the first place nothing short of such heat will bring into perfect fusion all the substances used; and it is also necessary for the expulsion of many impurities, the presence of which would inevitably spoil the glass. For in the alkaline matter employed are certain salts which will not unite with the silicious matter, but rising to the top of the crucible, form there a whitish froth over the liquid mass. Sometimes a little carbonaceous matter is found in the melted fluid, and this is destroyed by a due admixture of nitre with the other ingredients. Certain foreign substances will often become mingled with the sand, causing a discoloration of the glass, which must wholly destroy its value if not neutralized. This is effected by throwing in a small quantity of a dark powder, called the black oxide of manganese, which is in fact a metal combined with oxygen. The manganese may therefore be called a glass purifier, and was once termed "glass soap" from its cleansing qualities. But this soap will itself tarnish the glass unless care be taken not to introduce too much into the crucible, otherwise the whole mass will assume a purplish or even black hue. When the former of these results happens, that is when the purple tinge is produced, the evil is remedied in a singular and most simple manner. No elaborate processes are called in to neutralize the stain, a piece of wood dipped into the boiling glass restores it to the transparency required. How is this effect produced? The purple discoloration is caused by the manganese absorbing much oxygen, for which this metal has so strong an affinity that it is never found without it. The object of the workman is to remove this oxygen from the manganese, when the colour will instantly disappear. Now carbon or charcoal has a strong attraction for oxygen, and when the wood is thrust into the heated glass it becomes carbonized (made into charcoal), upon which the oxygen departs from the manganese to the wood, and is in this manner drawn away from the contents of the crucible.

Thus, by a knowledge of natural affinities, means are suggested which accomplish the purification of the glass with the utmost ease and certainty. It is this wide acquaintance with nature which enables the modern natural philosopher to advance with such speed along the path of physical discovery; for, without this comprehensive knowledge, the most important operations and experiments would be brought to a close every day. Thus, suppose our glass manufacturers were ignorant of the affinities between manganese and carbon, whole tons of glass would frequently be spoiled, and instead of the transparent vessels now in use, we should be compelled to drink from stained and impure glasses. Such results would lead to the abandonment of manganese as a purifier, and thus one means of controlling the action of his crucibles would be removed from the manufacturer. But all is made easy by knowing the nature of the two substances, manganese and carbon; though the majority, whose pleasures are increased by the abundance of pure and cheap glass, may never think much of the nice adaptations necessary to the creation of such enjoyments.

When all the impurities have been expelled, and

the melted glass brought to the required condition, it is allowed to cool until the whole acquires the consistency of paste, in which state it will bear the requisite handling without cracking or losing the shape impressed. The furnace is not, however, allowed to cool until the contents of the crucible have become transparent, which generally happens in about two days and nights from the commencement of the process. In this short period the sandy and alkaline substances have been so transformed in their natures, as to exhibit the appearance of a pearly paste, which may be blown, drawn into every variety of shape, pulled out into wire, or formed into elegant vases. Thus the sand, which was last year washed by the waves of each returning tide, is now wrought into graceful forms and beautiful designs, on which the cultivated taste may speculate with delight. To rule the waters with power and skill, to read the past histories of the starry host, and to see with clear vision the wonderful workings of Divine laws in the far extended universe, are great advantages. But the facility with which grains of sand and the ashes of vegetables are moulded into servants for human benefit, is not the least amongst the prized endowments of our race, and such a reflection is naturally suggested by the creation of yon sparkling vase from a heap of dust.

2. *Plate glass.*—The production of this costly material demands and receives the highest care, both in the selection of the materials from which it is formed, and in the careful fusion of the mass, and rolling of the bright plates. To make 1,200 lbs. of plate glass, 1,700 lbs. of five different substances must be mixed in the following proportions:—

Dried Lynn sand	720 lbs.
Fine soda	450 "
Slaked quicklime	80 "
Nitre	25 "
Old plate glass broken up	425 "

1,700 lbs.

The reader will perceive that exactly one fourth of the whole material employed is old glass, without which the crucible will not yield the quality required. Soda is also preferred to pearlash, as the fusion is thereby promoted. When all these materials are reduced to a liquid mass, the whole is ladled from the crucible into a vessel called a *curette*, from which, after some further heating, it is poured on the surface of a long table, and spread by a roller. This spreading of the plate is an extremely beautiful sight, for as the rollers press and smooth the transparent and gelatine-like glass, we see the most vivid colours wave to and fro along the polished plate, as if some distant Aurora were being reflected in a mirror. As soon as each plate sets in its mould, it is passed into an annealing oven, in which all the plates remain for about fourteen days, being allowed to cool but very slowly. This annealing process is necessary for all glass, which would otherwise possess such brittleness that the gentlest variations in temperature would cause the largest pieces to fly into fragments. Suppose a piece of plate glass, which had not undergone this operation, fixed in a window on some warm day; the first change in the thermometer would most probably cause its destruction, and, whilst gazing at surrounding objects through the crystalline substance, we should be startled by hearing the whole plate crack and shiver into a hundred pieces. This result is prevented by stopping the rapid cooling of the glass, which, being placed in an oven, and passed through successively diminishing degrees of heat, is prepared to resist the usual changes of the atmosphere. To what the brittleness of unannealed glass must be ascribed is a disputed point, but it is generally referred to some peculiar arrangement of the atoms, which the prolonged and gradually diminishing heat of the annealing oven alters. Thus after all the manufacturer's labour and skill have been employed, he is compelled to acknow-

ledge that the usefulness of his glass depends upon some invisible and mysterious changes which, though his arts can produce them, his understanding is unable to comprehend. But the large plates of glass are by no means fitted for use when withdrawn from the annealing oven; three processes are yet necessary before they reflect the clear image from the silvered mirrors, or adorn the windows of our mansions. They are first cut by the diamond to the shapes required, an operation requiring no description here. The plates are now ground, to remove the roughness found on the surfaces. This work requires great care, it being necessary to plane off the roughness without scratching the face of the glass. Some powdered flint is therefore spread over the plate, and rubbed along the surface by machinery, which, in the larger glass houses, is moved by steam. After the flint has removed the larger protuberances, emery powder is applied, first coarse, then finer, until by successive frictions the plate begins to exhibit a beautiful level. But all is not yet done; the *polishing* now follows. In this operation, pieces of wood covered with numerous folds of cloth, with wool between the folds, are used to bring the finished plate to its last degree of beauty. The friction of these cloth rollers would not, however, be effective without the use of a peculiar substance, called *colcloth* (the red oxide of iron), used for polishing other hard surfaces beside those of plate glass. Thus, from the fusion of the Lynn sand, the soda and lime, arises the product, which, having passed through the annealing oven, the grinding, and the polishing, is now to take its place amongst the highly elaborated productions of art.

3. *Crown Glass*.—This, though not so rich as the preceding, must not be passed over in silence, being the best species of window glass, and therefore contributing to the comforts of all those numerous families who inhabit the better class of houses. It is also composed of different materials from flint or plate glass, for, whilst much metal enters into these, little is allowed to mix with the ingredients from which crown glass arises. It is, therefore, much lighter and harder than those kinds into which so softening and heavy a substance as litharge (oxide of lead) enters. The substances used by different manufacturers vary exceedingly in their proportions, each having his own pet system of working. The best French crown glass is formed from one hundred parts of fine white sand, added to the same quantity of broken crown glass, and with these elements twelve parts of carbonate of lime, and four times that amount of carbonate of soda, are mingled. But in this country the following proportions are frequently used:—

Sand	200 lbs.
Kelp	330 "
Lime	15 "
Broken crown glass	200 "

When superior glass is required, other proportions are employed, whilst pearlash and saltpetre are substituted for the *kelp*. What is this *kelp*, which we have not hitherto had occasion to mention? It is the ashes of sea-weeds, which were formerly gathered in large quantities along the shores of Ireland and Scotland, and in some places cultivated by the landowners with the greatest care. But the alkaline matter, resulting from the burning of kelp, was too coarse and impure for use when a superior glass was required, and it is now rarely employed except in cases when fine material is not the object. The introduction of *Barilla*¹ at a moderate duty from abroad, and the reduction of the duty on salt from which alkali for the glass-works is now made, have freed our manufacturers from the necessity of using kelp in their operations. The most singular process in the making of crown glass is the *blowing*, and *whirling* of

the soft glass until it assumes the shape of a circular plate.

When the melted glass is reduced to a soft paste, the blower dips one end of a hollow iron pipe into the half fluid matter, which clings to the point, and, air being blown by the workman through the tube, swells into a small bubble. A solid iron rod, called a *punt*, is now fixed to one side of the hot sphere, from which the tube is disengaged, leaving a hole in the part where it had been inserted. The glass-worker now whirls the rod rapidly round, as a mop is trundled by an active housemaid; this motion causes the soft glass globe to expand into a kind of oblate spheroid. The aperture left by the tube becomes larger at every whirl of the punt, and the sphere swells out proportionately.

Thus the dilation increases till the spectator expects to see the semi-liquid globe break from the point of the rod. But whilst the stranger is gazing, the globe suddenly opens at the hole, and expands into a wide circular plate of glass. The centre to which the iron rod was attached, resembles a knot of glass in the midst of the piece, which rough part is only employed for the most ordinary purposes. The scientific thinker, who beholds the gradual expansion of the glass sphere as the whirling motion proceeds, cannot fail to be struck with the wide operations of a universal law, as he observes the form taken by the glass, and reflects on the shape communicated to the earth on which he lives by a similar motion. What is the reason of this expansion of the glass? It is clearly a result of the *centrifugal* force acquired by the rotatory motion, which drives off the circumference of the glass globe further and further from the centre. The shape of our globe, which swells out towards the Equator, arises also from its daily motion on the axis; and thus we see, in the operations of the glass-house and the structure of the globe, the working of a common law. If, as some geologists and astronomers think, the globe was formerly a *liquid* mass, it would naturally expand by its circular motion, just as the half fluid glass increases its bulk with the rotation of the rod. If window glass be carefully examined, it will often be found to possess a very slight tinge of green, produced by a substance called *zaffre*, which is thrown in to correct a yellow hue formed in the glass during the fusion. This *zaffre* forms by itself a beautiful blue, but when combined with the yellow tint, a soft green is the result, not often to be distinguished in the best glass without the minutest inspection. So powerful is the influence of the *zaffre*, that one ounce will purify a thousand pounds weight of the fluid glass.

(To be continued.)

A CHRONICLE OF ST. ALBANS.

WHILE public attention is directed to St. Albans, as about to become probably a Bishop's See, we have thought that a slight sketch of its past history might not prove unacceptable to our readers. Recourse has been had to its most accredited chronicles, and the following may be depended on, as a brief, but faithful summary of their testimony.

Cassibelaunus! Verulam! St. Albans!—It is perhaps impossible for the explorer into the bygone times of British history to find a spot of more varied and hallowed interest than that which has borne successively the names of Cassibelaunus, Verulam, and St. Albans!—In the year of the world 3950, or fifty-four years before the birth of our Saviour, when the greater part of Britain was but a tangled forest, or an uncultivated waste, it was described by Cæsar as a place of some strength and importance, "excellently defended by nature and by art."¹ Thus, on the very first page, as it

(1) A carbonate of soda procured in Spain, Sicily, Italy, and the Canaries, from two plants, one of which is called *Barilla*. 214,000 cwt. are imported yearly.

(1) "Egregiè naturâ atque opere munitum."

were, of the history of our country, we find inscribed the name of the city whose annals I have undertaken to make known.—Indeed, it is worthy of remark, that we have no *British* records to which to refer, and that the *earliest* notice of the first occupiers of the soil is to be found in the history of their conquest. Still, though the mists of ages envelope those far distant times, and though history lends not her wonted light to enable us to see them as they were—still fancy can penetrate the gloom, and recall, how *here* in rude magnificence the Prince of the Cassii held his court; how *here* the smoke from many an altar laden with human sacrifice, rose foul incense to the skies;—and how through the now silent hills, resounded from many a “sacred oak,” the death cries of the prisoners taken in savage warfare by the British Cassibelaun!—But death was at hand for the destroyers; Caesar, who never came but conquering and to conquer, led his proud legions to the Druid’s haunts, and the strong-hold of the British prince. —Caesar gave the word, and Cassibelaunus was no more! its very name perished, and scarce one stone remained upon another to tell what it *had* been. From its ruins, Verulam arose; which speedily became a place of note and of importance, being one of the chief cities situated on the great Roman highway—the still existing Watling-street. Of its flourishing state under its founders and first governors there can be no doubt, as Tacitus calls it a “municipium,” or town privileged to have a corporation or local government, which was granted only to places of magnitude and importance. Coins are also still extant with the name of Verulam inscribed upon them, which were struck there by the Romans, in commemoration of their victories.

Encompassed with walls and a moat, adorned by temples, palaces, and forums; abundantly supplied with money, and every comfort and luxury then known, and the seat of a powerful and enlightened local government, Verulam had probably reached the zenith of its glory and prosperity, when, in the time of the Emperor Dioclesian, that fearful persecution of the Christians began, which “ragged,” we are told, “with merciless fury throughout Britain for ten years, and in which many illustrious persons fell in testimony of their faith.”

It was in the beginning of the year of our Lord 293, that a British monk, travel-worn and foot-sore, flying from the destroyers of his home, (the stately monastery of Caerleon in Wales,) craved a refuge and protection, at the hands of a Roman and a Pagan.

That monk was Amphibalus,—and the Roman—he was Alban,—“a citizen of no mean city,” but one nobly born in Verulam. The old man prays for pity, with all the earnestness of one who sues for life,—still Alban hesitates. To harbour a Christian, if discovered, was certain death to him who dared to do so; should he then risk his life, to save that of a stranger to himself—an enemy to his nation, and an alien to the faith of his fathers? But hark! he hears the savage yells of the infuriated populace, who, having heard that a Christian has been traced to their city, and is even now “within their gates,” are thirsting for his blood!—nearer and nearer the sounds approach, and Alban no longer hesitates. He extends the right hand of protection and support to the outcast, and proves that, though a Pagan, he has a Christian’s heart.

Of a hidden chamber in the Roman’s house, Amphibalus became an inmate, and there, day by day, he was visited by his host. Meanwhile, the calm aspect, the dignified yet humble demeanour, of the monk, his unaffected piety, and the mildness with which he spoke of the persecutors who had turned him homeless and friendless upon the world, and who would willingly have drained the last drop of life-blood from his heart, all won upon the noble-minded Alban, and he conversed freely with his guest, for whom he soon entertained an esteem amounting to veneration. From reverencing the lowly monk, Alban came at length to venerate the

master whom he loved, and in whose service he had become a “man of many griefs.”

The Christian’s faith and hope were no longer forbidden subjects of conversation, but loved and cherished themes, and, ere many weeks had flown, at the name of *Jesus* Alban had bowed the knee. Rumour, however, had meanwhile been busy in the city, “given up unto idols,”—it had reached the ears of the Pagan Governor of Verulam that Alban was harbouring a Christian, and he ordered that strict search should instantly be made, and summary judgment be executed. Alban, hearing of the threatened storm, hastened to Amphibalus, made him change garments with himself, and bidding him, “God speed,” sent him forth from the city. The monk’s after fate no pen has recorded, but, it is more than probable, that, like his “son in the faith,” in his own blood, shed “by wicked hands,” his name is inscribed on the muster roll of “the noble army of Martyrs.”

Meanwhile, the Centurion, and his band of soldiers, sent to search for the “accursed thing” in Alban’s house, hasten to fulfil their merciless errand with blood-thirsty avidity, and, finding the supposed monk in the little chamber lately inhabited by Amphibalus, they fell on him with yells of savage triumph, and led him with mock honours to the Governor. He was at the time sacrificing to his gods, (or devils, as they are called by ancient chroniclers,) and, turning from the altar, he gazed on the victim of his bigotry. His altered dress could not hide from the discerning eye of the Roman, the noble form and countenance of Alban, and with an oath of awful import he exclaimed, “Whom have we here? this is no monk!” and looking on the prisoner, he asked in a voice of thunder, “Art thou not Alban? the enemy of Caesar and the friend of the accursed Christian?” “I am a Christian,” was the mild yet firm reply, and to all the questions put to him this was the only answer he ever gave. When straitly charged to tell what had become of the monk, he opened not his mouth, and, boiling with indignation and inflamed by religious bigotry, the Governor condemned him to die the death the other should have suffered, and gave orders for his immediate execution.

Alban, bedecked as a victim for the sacrifice, robed in purple, and adorned with flowers, was led with the sound of music, and the shouts of brutal triumph, beyond the walls of Verulam, and, on the opposite hill to the one on which the city stood, on the 17th day of June, in the year of man’s redemption 293, Alban exchanged this life for a better, and won a martyr’s crown.

Of the wonders attending the suffering of England’s proto-martyr, there are many monkish legends, of which, those that have been handed down to us by local tradition, are the following:—

To reach the place appointed for the execution, Alban and the people who followed in his train, had to cross the river Vir, and, as there was only a narrow bridge of planks thrown across it, much time must necessarily have been lost, whilst the multitude were passing over. Alban, longing for the glorious moment when he should seal his noble profession with his blood, and impatient of any delay, prayed that the waters might divide, and (so says tradition) Heaven heard his cry. As with Jordan of old, the waters stood upon an heap, on either side, and the people walked forth in the midst dry-shod. Awe-struck at this wonderful manifestation of Divine favour towards the saint, the executioner appointed to do the bloody deed refused to fulfil his office, and another was substituted in his place. But the height of Holmehurst was not yet gained, and as Alban toiled up the weary hill leading to it, he thirsted; praying for water, a spring gushed out at his feet, which still bears the name of the Holy Well.

Of the miracles performed by the blood of the martyr, nor how, as his head was severed from his body, the eyes of his executioner fell from their sockets and rolled upon the ground, it matters not to tell;

from these traditionary tales, I must return to matters of fact, and hasten to relate, how, ere half a century had flown, his remains were enshrined with all the honours due unto his memory.

In the year of our Lord 306, Constantine the Great assumed the Imperial Purple, and days of peace and of prosperity dawned upon the hitherto proscribed and persecuted Christians. The religion of the Cross became the religion of Rome and its dependencies, and Pagan supremacy was no more. How true it is that times of *prosperity* are the times of greatest danger to the Church, and that, when no enemies menace it from without, then do foes to its peace usually arise within its bosom.

Hardly was it established in Britain, ere its peace was disturbed by the Pelagian Heresy, which divided its councils and embroiled its members. Two learned bishops, (the one, Germanus of Auxerre, the other, Lupas of Troyes,) were sent from France to compose these differences, which they effected, we are told, at a Synod held in *Verulam*.

This painful duty performed, they turned their thoughts to one of a more pleasing nature, namely, that of doing honour to England's proto-martyr. His remains were collected by the pious Germanus, and *that* was a day of public rejoicing in *Verulam*, on which they, with the relics of other saints departed in the faith, were placed by him with due solemnities in a fitting shrine. For rather more than eighty years after this event, the city was blessed with prosperity and peace; but at the end of that time the clouds, which began to shroud the setting sun of Rome, cast over its satellites dark shadows, ominous of coming gloom. The frozen north poured forth, like a mountain torrent, hordes of her hardy children over the fertile plains of Italy; and the degenerate successor of the Cæsars, fearing lest the imperial city should be inundated and swept away, and that the whole empire would share with it a common ruin, recalled all the troops from the distant colonies, and Rome was no longer mistress of the world! The last Roman legion quitted this island A.D. 440, and Britain became once more the land of the *Britons*! But *they*, alas! were then no longer, what Julius Cæsar found them, brave, hardy, and impatient of the yoke! Accustomed to be protected, they knew no longer how to protect themselves; and, having been well content, while clothed in purple and fine linen, to fare sumptuously with the yoke upon their necks, they mourned over the day when they were loosed from the burden, and became once more free men! Hardly had the high-prowed vessels, which bore the Romans from the land of their adoption, been lost to the sight of the hundreds who watched their departure with fond regret, mingled with anxious forebodings, and bitterly expressed fears for the future, than those fears were realized, and the northmen were upon them! Their track was marked by fire, and each footstep was traced in blood! The resistance met by the Picts and Scots was feeble in the extreme, until they neared the proud city of *Verulam*. There the faithful few who still bore British hearts within their breasts had flocked to the standard of the last scion of their native princes, and under Peter Pen-drain they fought with intrepidity worthy their warlike ancestors. It was a well-contested field, a bloody fight; but the invaders had the force of superior numbers in their favour, and ere the sun had set the Picts were lords of *Verulam*. The groans which arose *that* day from the field of the dying and the dead, sounded as it were the death-knell of the glory of *Verulam*—it had departed, and for ever! From the Saxons, in the times of the Heptarchy, it suffered even more than from the Scots; by them it was levelled to the ground, and the insignificant little town, which afterwards occupied its site, bore not the time-honoured name of the city of the Roman, but that of *Wallingester*,—one unknown to fame, and hardly to be found upon the page of written history!

Thus have we seen arise, flourish, and perish, the British Cassibelannus, and the Roman *Verulam*: let us now hasten to the arising of the city of the martyr, the Christian St. Albans! It was in the year A.D. 796, (about 296 years after the battle fought at *Verulam*, between the British and the Scots, and soon after the sacking and demolition of that city during the wars of the Heptarchy,) that Offa, the founder of the monastery and town of St. Albans, ascended the throne of Mercia. He was an able and warlike prince, and finding the people he had to govern both brave and enterprising, he waged war in turn with the kings of all the surrounding states, some of whom he forced to pay tribute and acknowledge him their lord. Each acquisition of authority or territory, instead of satisfying his ambition, only inflamed it the more, and he determined to possess himself of the neighbouring and flourishing kingdom of East Anglia. The means for effecting this were suggested and acted upon by his queen, a bold bad woman, whose character history has loaded with crimes of the darkest hue. For some heinous crime, she was condemned by the King of France to be sent afloat in the open sea, in a small boat, and with a few provisions. Quite at the mercy of the winds and waves, she was drifted to the shores of Britain, and, having landed in Offa's dominions, she was brought into his presence, when her beauty and romantic adventures so won upon his compassion, and captivated his heart, that, forgiving or forgetting her crimes, he made her his wife. From the hand of the executioner, and a watery grave, she had been saved to fill up the measure of her guilt, and to suffer a still more dreadful punishment! "Swift to do evil," she no sooner heard that the king had set his heart on his neighbour's inheritance, than, like Jezebel of old, she determined to gratify him, at the expense of breaking all laws, both human and divine. Had the "powers of darkness," in infernal conclave, formed a plan for compassing the ruin of one hateful to their prince, it could not have been more inhuman in design, nor terrific in execution, than was that purposed against the youthful Ethelbert by the Lady Macbeth of British history, the blood-stained Drida! The young king of East Anglia was "making court," to the beautiful Elfrida, her youngest child, who, we are told, far from "like a misbehaved and sullen wench" pouting on her fortune and her lover, returned his affection, "with that excellence that angels love good men with." Indeed history describes them to have been equally virtuous, amiable, and devoted. And this very circumstance, which should have called forth every tender feeling in the mother's heart, she determined to "wrest to the destruction of the young prince, the ruin of her daughter's happiness, and to her own eternal shame." She made ready a marriage feast, and invited Ethelbert to her own chamber, there to wed the lovely and beloved Elfrida. He came! *then did her project gather to a head!* Pretending to send her attendants to call the bride, the perfidious Drida bade him, whilst awaiting her coming, to sit on a "right royal" seat, which she had prepared for him beneath a sumptuous canopy. Those words of sweetness from the lips of the deceiver, were as

"A knell,
That summoned him to heaven or to hell."

Guileless and unsuspecting, the prince reclined on the fatal seat—in an instant the floor gave way beneath him, and in a low dark chamber far below, he fell into the hands of hired assassins, who quickly dispatched him, by smothering him with pillows. Picture the dismay—the anguish—of the bride elect, on hearing of the murder of her "own true love," and being told that her mother was the cause and instrument thereof! With "a heart full of sorrow as the sea of sand," Elfrida sought the cloister, and, as a veiled nun—

"A most unspotted lily did she pass,
And all the world did mourn her."

Meanwhile tidings of this truly dreadful tragedy were brought to Offa, who in an ecstasy of grief "shut to" the door of his chamber, and forbade all access to his presence. There he remained in strict seclusion for many days, and, when he again came forth, his first act was giving command that the guilty Drida should be thrown headlong into a well! An awful death! just retribution for her many crimes! But, whether Offa were actuated by right feeling—whether he sacrificed his consort to a stern sense of kingly duty, knowing that "mercy but murders, sparing those that kill," is very doubtful.

"To show an unfelt sorrow is an office,
Which the false man does easy."

And the king's after conduct seems to prove that his ignorance of the wicked designs of his wife was only feigned; and his subsequent grief and indignation affected, on finding how hateful in the eyes of his subjects was the crime committed. For, hardly was the latter sentence against his hapless partner executed, than he seized the inheritance of her victim, and joined the kingdom of East Anglia to that of Mercia. Fearful testimony against himself,—going well nigh to prove, that, for the much coveted "parcel of ground," he had been willing the once loved Drida should steep her hands in blood, in order that he might reap the advantage, while she was made to pay the penalty! O closely woven tissue of dark sins! Soon did they rise like mocking demon forms to haunt his noontide path and midnight couch. "Uneasy lies the head that wears an" ill-got "crown," and sleep forsook the monarch's eyes, and peaceful slumber his eyelids. Each night in his soul's bitter anguish did he cry—

"Better be with the dead,
Than in the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy!"

To "cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart,"—a sense of untold guilt, Offa sought the confessional, and with the priestly absolution received command to build a stately monastery, and endow it with rich lands in expiation of his crime. To this he willingly acceded, giving, moreover, a tithe of all his "worldly goods" to "Holy Church," and undertaking for his "soul's health" a pilgrimage to Rome. This he accomplished in 791, when he renewed his promise of erecting a building, worthy to be dedicated to God and his Saints.

On returning to his native land, he turned all his thoughts towards the means he should adopt for performing his solemn engagement, and prayed earnestly to God, that, "as he had often delivered him from the danger and assaults of his enemies, and from the traps and snares of his wife, so he would vouchsafe to grant him further light and information to enable him to complete his vow of founding a monastery!"

This prayer, we are assured, (though, it must be confessed, on somewhat doubtful authority,) was answered by the voice of an angel, who, when the king was sojourning at Bath, not long after appeared by his bedside in the stillness of night, and bade him raise from the ground the remains of the blessed martyr Alban, place them in a noble shrine, and raise above it the stately edifice he proposed erecting. Thus was obviated the great difficulty he had hitherto met with in the choice of a fitting site for the monastery, and the selection of a Saint, on whom to bestow the honour of its dedication. No sooner had morning dawned than he despatched messengers to the nobles and prelates of his kingdom, commanding them to meet him at Watlingcester, on a day appointed. A goodly company of all ranks, sexes, and ages, accompanied the king on his journey, and, as they neared the place of their destination, they saw, to their great astonishment and delight, a bright and beaming light shining over it. This they regarded as a favourable omen; but another difficulty still awaited them, for, during the devastating wars carried on by the

Saxons, first against the Britons, and then against themselves, all trace of the martyr and the place of his sepulchre had been lost.

How to overcome this, Offa was at a loss to divine, when heaven, we are told, again interposed in behalf of the repentant king, and suddenly there "stood over" the summit of the hill of Holmechurst, a "ray of fire," like the wondrous star, which, as a beacon light, led the wise men of the east to the lowly manger of Bethlehem. With exceeding gladness, the bishops who accompanied Offa, (after having fasted, prayed, and distributed abundant alms,) proceeded to open the ground, whereon the miraculous light shed its encouraging beam; and there, to their inexpressible joy, they beheld the bones they had so earnestly sought, still resting unmolested in the same coffin in which Germanus had placed them 344 years before. At this "most joyful sight," all present, with one accord, "lift up their voice and wept." And a strange and most moving sight must that have been, of a warlike prince surrounded by a vast multitude of the great, the noble, and the fair, all mingling with his, their tears of gratitude and joy! All distinctions were for the time unheeded, or forgotten; and the haughty Thane, with the despised Briton,—the cloistered monk, with the worldly courtier,—the blue-eyed beauty of high descent, with the low born daughter of the serf,—each and all joined with the monarch and the slave in paying honour to the Saint! His remains were raised from the ground and carried in solemn procession to a little chapel without the walls of Verulam; which, from its insignificance and secluded position, had escaped the ruthless hands of the destroying Saxons. This cell the king decorated in every possible way, and there, on the first of August, 791, five hundred and seven years after his death, with a circlet of gold bound around his fleshless skull, bearing his name and title, the martyr was assigned to a temporary, but honourable resting-place. . . . Having chosen from the Monastery of Bec, in Normandy, a monk named Willegod, of piety and wisdom, to be appointed to superintend the building of the monastery he had vowed to erect, and to take the government of it when completed, Offa with great pomp laid the foundation stone thereof, on the very spot where Alban had laid down his life for the truth, and where his remains had been discovered by the light vouchsafed from heaven. Kneeling on the bare ground, with hundreds prostrate around him, the king pronounced the prayer of dedication, which he concluded by commending the house about to be built to the protection of "Thee, O Jesus! and to thee, O martyr Alban! and to thee, O Willegod! with maledictions on all who shall disturb it, and blessings on all who shall be its benefactors!"

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals, under the title; in Selections it is printed in Italics at the end.]

SONNET.

META.

LIGHT dwells with shadows! mountains frown o'er vales!
Rocks have their bases hidden from our gaze;
The lightest airs precede the heaviest gales;
The hottest suns provoke the earliest dew!
Ships which shake out their white-winged spreading sails
Feel most the blasts that in their wake pursue;
Love's sweetest strain some long-lost joy bewails;
The toil of many is the gain of few.
Our fairest hopes, to full fruition grown,
In forms substantial lose ideal grace,
And, as we seek to clasp in our embrace
The full robed image, it hath turned to stone!
Thus fade our joys! and, as long years roll on,
Their shadows measure our declining sun!

THE VISION OF ST. JOHN'S EVE.

BY ANNABEL C—.

MAIDEN, o'er thy young blue eye
Droops thine eyelid heavily;
Deep thy guileless sleep;
Better were it far could thou
Ever slumber on as now;—
Thou wilt wake to weep.

Softly on thy forehead white
Falls the moonbeam's hallowing light,
Ev'n as the soul within;
As that light is pure and fair,
Like the souls of angels are,
Thou art free from sin.

'Tis the eve of good St. John;
Spirits gaze thy sleep upon,
Though thou know'st it not;
And they bear thy soul away
Far, without or stop or stay,
To a distant spot.

Bright the sun, and bright the sky,
Passing fair unto thine eye
Everything is there;
Field, and flower, and blossoming tree,
And the widely spreading sea,—
All are strangely fair.

Fairer seemed they to her then
In her sleep than haunts of men,
Shining wondrously;
And she felt—she knew not why—
Gazing on them from on high,
That her soul was free.

Then there came the morning pale,
Stealing through the curtain's veil
To her paler face:
And she woke, while on her brow
That strange dream hath even now
Left its cloudy trace.

Then she knew her doom was sealed,
And her gentle spirit steeled
Quietly to bear;
For she knew, if in that night
The soul bore anywhere its flight,
It died within the year.

When her mother saw her face,
Where there lay the cloudy trace
Of her boding dream,
Much she marvelled that her child
Thus had lost her spirits wild,
And so sad should seem.

Much she marvelled, day by day,
As she saw her fade away,
And she grieved sore;
For her laugh's clear ringing sound,
That even the deep spirit found,
She heard never more.

Day by day, and week by week,
Paler grew the maiden's cheek,—
Paler, paler still;
Patiently she bore her lot,
Patiently,—she murmured not
Against a higher will.

Thus she passed on towards the tomb,
In her youth's rich early bloom,
And no moan she made:
Never mourned she that the light
Of her day must die ere night,—
Must so early fade.

They bear her to a southern shore,
Trusting there may bloom once more
Roses on her cheek;
Fairest roses those would be,
They on earth could ever see,
The roses on *her* cheek.

Now the fluttering sails at rest,
The vessel on the water's breast,
Rocketh to and fro;
Then they bear her to the shore,
Which she never may leave more,
While their hearts are woe.

Then she knoweth well the shore,
And she knows that never more
Will her steps return
From beneath its shining sky,
To the home for which her eye,
Evermore doth yearn.

Bright the sun, and bright the sky,
Passing fair unto her eye
Everything is there;
Field, and flower, and blossoming tree,
And the widely spreading sea,—
All are strangely fair.

For it is the land that shone
When the eve of good St. John
Told what should betide;
Then, as changed the night for day,
Gently passed her soul away;—
So the maiden died.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

PAINFUL DUTIES OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.

THERE is neither fortune nor fame to be acquired in fulfilling the laborious duties of a village schoolmaster. Doomed to a life of monotonous labour, sometimes requited with ingratitude and injustice by ignorance, he will often be oppressed with melancholy, and perhaps sink under the weight of his thankless toil, if he do not seek strength and courage elsewhere than in the views of immediate and personal interest. He must be sustained and animated by a profound sense of the moral importance of his labours. He must learn to regard the austere pleasure of having served mankind, and secretly contributed to the public weal, as a price worthy of his exertion, which his conscience pays him. It is his glory to aspire to nothing above his obscure and laborious condition, to make unnumbered sacrifices for those who profit by him, to labour, in a word, for man, and wait for his reward from God.—*Guizot*.

To be humble to superiors, is duty; to equals, is courtesy; to inferiors, is nobleness; and to all, safety: it being a virtue, that, for all her lowliness, commandeth those souls it stoops to.—*Sir Thomas More*.

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MYSTERIES OF VEGETABLE LIFE.

WHEN the child plucks a cowslip from its sunny bank, he pauses not to inquire respecting the secret wonders of its growth, but goes merrily from brake to dell, increasing the number of his flowery captives, and then hastening home, presents the rich bunch of wild beauties to his little sister for a fanciful wreath. With similar emotions may the man nurtured in the school of Art behold the flowery kingdoms, as tribe after tribe emerges from the secure retreats where the echoes of the north wind have been unheard, and the keen frosts of winter unfelt. He is content, with gazing on the beautiful vision, and delights to enrich his imagination with the bright images suggested by a thousand delicate flower bells trembling in the evening breeze, and "seeming, in the car of fancy, to utter a fairy peal of melody. But there are also times when reason proposes her questions respecting these creations of the spring, and urges the mind to look beyond that veil of material beauty which so often hides the wonderful workings of God from the eyes of men. It is undoubtedly much easier to ponder with a soft and dreamy delight on the fascinations of the *visible*, than to go on a voyage of careful examination into those realms of natural science, which free not their mysteries on our view, but quietly wait for the investigations of men. We must ever remember, that, if "the works of the Lord are great," so is it declared, they are "sought out by all them who have pleasure therein." Let us, therefore, at certain times turn from the luxury of seeing the beautiful, to the work of studying the hidden wonders on which all the visible charm of nature depends. The various forms of vegetable life must, at this season, attract the attention of all, from the peasant, passing in the grey dawn of the morning, through lanes adorned with wild flowers, to the Queen, who beholds the opening beauties of Windsor park and forest.

Amongst the mysteries of vegetable life must be mentioned the system of air-cells, which the researches of botanists have detected. These are hollows found in different parts of plants, and, being filled with air, doubtless contribute to preserve the vitality of the vegetable, or increase its reproductive powers. Great numbers of such cells are found under what may be called the *stems* of plants, and are exceedingly numerous in the various aquatic species. Thus the graceful stem of a Calla (or Arum), which appears but a mass of soft, green, starchy substance, presents an elegant arrangement of air-cells into which the atmospheric gases pour their energies. Plants and animals have a resemblance in this respect; the lungs of the latter being but a complicated machine to act upon the air, whilst the air-cells of the former imitate a somewhat similar mechanism: its use is to cause off our most delicate flowering vegetables. Some may have concluded against the use of such an engineering term as "mechanism" in connexion with the beauties of the floral kingdom. But let us assure the lady or gentleman, as the case may be, that the most refined engineering, and the highest mechanism, are displayed by quiet violets in their leafy smokes, and by the numerous flowers which give a grace to our morning glories, and our conservatories. The mechanism of nature is not a more appropriate expression, than the mechanism of a flower; for numerous are the contrivances by which life is imparted and preserved in summer days.

That these air-cells are connected in the same important way with the life of a plant, is evident from the regu-

larity with which they are placed around the stem and branches. Hundreds of little artistically constructed reservoirs meet the eye of him who examines the architecture of many water-plants, or beholds with delight the fine air-tubes in stems appearing to the eye but a solid mass of vegetable. As much regularity and symmetry can sometimes be detected in these cell systems, as in the arrangement of a city, planned and erected by the genius of some great architect.

But these are not the only hollows which excite the admiration of the botanist: others exist throughout the most solid portions of plants, and in the heart of oak exhibit their minute caves. Let the reader take up a piece of deal, mahogany, or other wood, and ask, What is this substance?—What is its *basis*, that from which it chiefly rises? Perhaps he has not hitherto suspected that wood is but a mass of globes, that the trunk of a tree is composed of myriads of spheres, so small that the dimensions of many are not equal to the 500th part of an inch. Thus, in a fragment of wood about the size of a marble, ten millions of such minute circles may exist. These cavities may be seen by the unaided eye, in every piece of wood; in the hard mahogany of the table or writing-desk, or in the trunk of a tree just felled: it is, however, through the microscope that we discern the full development of this vegetable cell-system, and ascertain that some of the walls of seed-caves are formed from fine plates of vegetable matter, not more than the 2000th part of an inch in thickness.

The first element of vegetable life appears to exist in such exceedingly minute cells,—for the whole growth of the largest oak may be traced to a dark speck, not exceeding one 60,000th of an inch in diameter, placed in the middle of a hollow filled with transparent fluid. Vegetables not only arise from these atomic spheres, but their whole substance is composed of such circular bodies. Thus, the globular form appears diffused through the universe, being found in the stars and planets, in the atoms of fluids, (such as water, and blood,) and in the organization of plants. A vegetable may, therefore, be said to contain within itself a whole system,—a universe, of globes, each being hollow, and filled by some fluid, the workings of which are as necessary to the well-being of that particular plant, as the movements of the heavenly bodies to the stability of the solar system. The laws, too, which regulate the operations of these countless hosts of botanical spheres, are the same with those which determine the sweep of a comet's path, or the movement of the sun and all the planets round their common centre of gravity. What are the causes which bind these vegetable globules together? which fill them with fluids of different kinds, and form, from such almost invisible pulps, the mast of the hundred-gun ship, the rich colours of the tulip, or the tints of the rose? These are questions involved in mystery: we may elaborate our guesses, and utter, with the solemn look of mystified gapers, the words—"Electricity!" "Attraction!" and such like phrases; but still the darkness lowers over our philosophy, nor does light appear in reply to our cabalistic mutterings. Thus the mind, whilst grasping at infinity, and looking upon the circle of things created as a field for the victories of the understanding, finds her genius baffled by a weed turned up by the plough. The cells of a plant, and the delicate structures of the vegetable membranes, puzzle the keenness which can detect the past history of the earth, and read the chronicles of a bygone world in the cleft recesses of the Andes or Himalayas. It must, however, be evident, that the simplest vegetable is a most complex structure, and possessed of a machinery by which all the singular productions of flowers, the diversity of colours, and the whole charmed circle of vegetable beauty, spring into a luxuriant and rejoicing life.

So extensive is the influence of the delicate tissue organization in plants, that botanists have been compelled to classify the various kinds of such structure

observed in the thin membranes of vegetables. When the interior of a branch or stem exhibits multitudes of fine lines, the tissue is called *fibrous*, and may be likened to a cord spun from a number of threads. These fibres are often not more than 1-10,000th of an inch in thickness, and some are supposed to be hollow, and filled with a transparent fluid, which may bear the same relation to the life of a plant as the blood of animals to their existence. The *solidity* of the fibrous threads is asserted by some, and upon this delicate question philosophers may debate with as much earnestness as upon some more stirring problem in human history; but the reader will probably feel little desire to enter on so abstruse a discussion. It is not, however, useless for him to know, that there is something in the leaf of a cactus or a campanula which excites the curiosity, while it baffles the skill, of first-rate physiologists. It is well to feel how closely around us the mysterious presses, lest we forget the wonders of the Divine works, amid the common things and pursuits of our daily life.

The next class of tissue structure is called the *cellular*, in which the whole substance of the plant is composed of a countless host of minute cells, formed of matter so delicate and transparent, that the finest productions of human art would resemble coarse canvass, if brought into comparison with these elegant membranes. Each cell is placed close to the next; and as all generally possess a globular form, the shrub or tree may be considered as consisting of an accumulation of spheres. This is most abundant in the more delicate plants, and fruits; and he who crushes a strawberry may feel assured, that thousands of crystal vases have been shivered by the act, and their rich fluid poured out as wine from shattered bottles. These cells frequently assume other forms than the spherical; sometimes exhibiting layers of little cubical bodies, resembling fairy-like goma, cut into tiny plates, from which a poet might form a palace for Oberon or Titania. Often these cavities take a starry shape, and exhibit to the scrutinizing naturalist an endless diversity of elegant outlines, whilst, at other times, he observes the tissue arranged in the form of columns, as if supporting the roof of some minute floral temple. These various cells may be regarded as the laboratories of the plant, in which the fluids are prepared by a wonderful system of silent and invisible chemistry. They are at first filled with a clear liquid; this changes into starch, and thus exhibits a decisive proof, that powerful agencies have been operating on the fluid. We soon find a resinous substance in the cells, which is supposed to furnish the *colouring* matter to the sap, and from it proceed the various oils and gummy matter supplied by many plants. Thus, in millions of cells invisible to the human eye, a secret chemistry works through every spring, and summer, with unerring results, in all the regions of the globe. We gaze with surprise at some development of human art when the metallurgist produces his bright metal from the rude ore, or when the glass-worker brings his transparent production from a heap of ashes and sand; but around us, and beneath our very feet, in our lanes and gardens, more wonderful phenomena exist, bearing powerful witness to the all-glorious workings of God in the world of matter. What a witness to His ever present agency are the delicate cells of plants, in which He works as gloriously as in the more visible operations of the celestial movements.

We may now notice a peculiarity in vegetation which has excited the most searching inquiries of studious botanists; we allude to the singular *winding* structure exhibited in many plants; so that the tissue tends to grow in *spirals*, and produces a series of convolutions on the stems and branches. The most careless man must have observed this in climbing shrubs, the tendrils of which generally wind in a fixed direction, some species turning from left to right, others from right to left, and a few present us with alternations of such convolutions, twisting in one direction for a space, and

higher up in the opposite. From what principle do these plant-fingers arise; what causes directs them when to turn to the right, and when to the left? The question is one which a prattling child may put to its nurse, but to furnish a sufficient reply has hitherto perplexed the acutest thinkers.

Some reader, unconscious of the grand mysteries to which *little* things may supply the key, will probably exclaim, "And why should man employ his lofty intellect, and waste his imagination, in meditating over the twistings of a weed? What matters it whether the peatendrill turn east or west, north or south?" Let such a one learn that a high importance may in some way attach to a fact, which man, with all his powers of research, and the methods of the Baconian philosophy at his disposal, cannot understand. Surely it is not a trifle which thus lifts up its head before man in his own world, and eludes his deepest scrutines. Such studies would not be useless did they only tend to restrain our exaggerated notions of the powers of the human intellect, of which we sometimes speak as if it were the lord of nature, and the diviner of surrounding mysteries. To be baffled by a fact in the history of a weed, must surely recall our vaunting spirits to a juster apprehension of their weakness than we are wont to cherish. But such studies are not so unworthy men of the highest knowledge and the most comprehensive understanding as some may suppose. Goethe, the great German poet, whose genius dwelt amid the strange life of the "Faust," and depicted the depths of tempted hearts, found in this subject—the spiral tendency of vegetation—a theme full of interest for his mind. One remarkable fact connected with this spiral structure is the peculiar arrangement of the leaves round the stems of many plants. If the reader will examine the branch of an apple or pear-tree, and observe the position of the leaves, he will see that a thread passed round the twig close by each leaf, will form what is called a spiral. And the convolutions of these leaves follow a peculiar mathematical law, so that a certain number of turns make one spiral, upon which a fixed number of leaves is found. To express this fact, botanists have called in the aid of arithmetical fractions; thus in one species of digitalis, we find that eight turns are made before the spiral is completed, and that twenty-one leaves exist along the whole line of the convolution; to express this we write $\frac{8}{21}$; the upper line,

or numerator, denotes the number of *windings* round the stem in a spiral, and the bottom line, or denominator, the number of leaves. Such a fraction, therefore, represents one system of spirals, many of which may exist upon a branch. The reader may perhaps ask, "What is the difference between a *turn* and a *spiral*?" Suppose the first leaf of a spiral be observed, and the reader follows the leaves *once* round the branch till he comes *exactly over* the first leaf; if another leaf or bud be in that spot, then the spiral will be completed in one turn; but if not, let him continue to follow the leaf line till he again comes over the first bud; if a leaf be in that part of the stem, the spiral is finished in two turns. Thus the botanist forms his systems of spirals, which the mighty causes working in the silent depths of nature had previously produced. As we know not the causes of these appearances in vegetation, neither can we at present say what peculiar results may hereafter flow from the recognition of such laws. But the first great object is to notice the facts in nature, then to extract a meaning which may lead to further discoveries. The spirals and twistings of plants may be the key to unlock the recesses of some hidden power now working beneath a thick veil, through which neither physiological nor chemical skill can pierce. Whenever, therefore, the reader observes the tendrils of a honeysuckle, or the spirals along a pear-branch, he may feel that in such a simple fact he beholds the boundary line of human knowledge in that direction; all beyond may be most marvellous, most overpowering in its displays of the

Divine glory, and angels or the enlightened spirits of the just may decipher the full meanings; but to us it is a mystery.

But, if the arrangements of vegetable tissues are surprising, their composition is no less wonderful. Consider for a moment the variety of materials which form a plant. That the substances which enter into the bulk of a mountain, and form huge chains of Alpine steepes, should also contribute to the existence of a rose, and form part of a tulip, does not appear at first a probability. *Crystalline* bodies of exceeding minuteness are found to exist in the cells of vegetables, and these are formed of what is called oxalate and phosphate of lime. The former consists of lime mixed with oxalic acid, and the latter is a compound of phosphoric acid and lime, which form the substance called bone, in animals. Here, then, we have another of those *points of union* which so often startle us when beholding the workings of the material universe; animals and vegetables, with all their diversities, possess—one in the bones, the other in the crystalline cells—a common substance. We also find starch, alum, sugar, the elements of flint and potash, in various parts of flowers and shrubs. Thus the simplest plant may be regarded as an epitome of the world itself, as it contains within its leaves and branches the elements which compose, in their accumulated masses, the crust of the earth.

Another singular circumstance in botanical history is the astonishing difference in vegetable nature, which a slight variety in some element of the plant frequently produces. Thus if we take 1000 parts of purest crystallized sugar, we find it to consist of 560 of water and 440 of carbon. Now it will be admitted that starch and sugar are two very distinct substances, yet how clear is the resemblance in their constituent elements. Twelve parts of water added, and twelve of carbon subtracted, will suffice to produce sugar instead of starch, whilst twelve parts of carbon added, and twelve of water subtracted, produce starch instead of sugar. What is the cause which gives to a few atoms of water and carbon such power? Here again we find the mysteries of the universe rising up, and refusing to answer our queries. No science with which we are at present acquainted enables us to detect the hidden might which regulates the progression of vegetable life, and draws an undistinguishable line between the most diverse substances. Turn from this subject and consider for a moment one peculiarity in the roots of plants, the tendency to *descend*. What so constantly draws the root in a direction opposite to the stem? Silent must all the schools of philosophy remain while such an inquiry is echoed. If we are willing to amuse ourselves with words, it is doubtless easy to say that "the root descends in search of food into the earth." But what causes such a descent? is again the perplexing question, which must compel the observer of phenomena to confess that something strangely mysterious is at work somewhere, and we see it not. Again, what a subject for long trains of speculation does the *vitality* of seeds suggest. The principle of life exists in one of these little cells for three thousand years, and then comes forward with its merry green, to look upon the world, and mark the changes which have passed over its fields since the days of the Pharaohs. It is not the mere seed which has been preserved, as in a kind of vegetable mummy, but the life has remained through so many ages, waiting for the moment when a revelation of its energies should be possible. There is nothing like this in animal existence, and it is as if one of the mummies in the British Museum should be revived by the warmth of summer and the noises of the surrounding world, and utter its old language, learned in Thebes or Memphis, in the ears of the modern Londoner. Something like this has been witnessed in vegetable history, when seeds taken from embalmed subjects have been sown, and spring up as bravely as their kindred had done on the banks of the Nile in the days of Joseph. Here again is a mystery over which

we may pore for long ages in vain without seizing the truth behind.

Such are a few of the hidden wonders in plants which compel us to feel that in leaves, branches, roots, tissue spirals and seeds, the All Wise is ever working with a power, the full displays of which no eye of man has seen, though enough is evident to nourish the spirit of adoration, and prompt a ceaseless *Te Deum* of the heart.

W. D.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAP. VI.

THE RIDDLE Baffles ME!

THE post next morning brought a letter from Mr. Vernon, to say, that, as he found the business on which he was engaged must necessitate his crossing to Boulogne, he feared there was no chance of his being able to return under a week, but that, if it should be inconvenient for Mrs. Coleman to keep Miss Saville so long at Elm Lodge, he should wish her to go back to Barstone, where, if she was in any difficulty, she could easily apply to her late hostess for advice and assistance. On being brought clearly (though I fear the word is scarcely applicable to the good lady's state of mind at any time) to understand the position of affairs, Mrs. Coleman would by no means hear of Miss Saville's departure; but, on the contrary, made her promise to prolong her stay till her guardian should return, however long it might be before that happy event should take place, which, as Freddy observed, involved the remarkable fact, that if Mr. Vernon should be drowned in crossing the British channel, she (his mother) *would have put her foot in it*. The same post brought Freddy a summons from his father, desiring him, the moment he returned from Bury with the papers, to proceed to town immediately. There was nothing left for him, therefore, but to deposit himself upon the roof of the next coach, blue bag in hand, which he accordingly did, after having spent the intervening time in reviling all lawyers, clients, deeds, settlements, in fact, every individual thing connected with the profession, excepting fees.

"Clara and I are going for a long walk, Mr. Fairleigh, and we shall be glad of your escort, if you have no objection to accompany us, and it is not too far for you," said Mrs. Coleman, (who evidently considered me in the last stage of a decline,) trotting into the breakfast room, where I was lounging, book in hand, over the fire, wondering what possible pretext I could invent for joining the ladies.

"I shall be only too happy," answered I. "and I think I can contrive to walk as far as you can, Mrs. Coleman."

"Oh! I don't know that," was the reply, "I am a capital walker, I assure you. I remember a young man, quite as young as you, and a good deal stouter, who could not walk nearly as far as I can; to be sure," she added as she left the room, "he had a wooden leg, poor fellow!"

I soon received a summons to start with the ladies, whom I found awaiting my arrival on the terrace walk at the back of the house, comfortably wrapped up in shawls and furs, for, although a bright sun was shining, the day was cold and frosty.

"You must allow me to carry that for you," said I, laying violent hands on a large basket, between which and a muff Mrs. Coleman was in vain attempting to effect an amicable arrangement.

"Oh, dear! I'm sure you'll never be able to carry it—it's so dreadfully heavy," was the reply.

"Nous verrons," answered I, swinging it on my forefinger, in order to demonstrate its lightness.

"Take care,—you musn't do so!" exclaimed Mrs. Coleman, in a tone of extreme alarm; "you'll upset all my beautiful senna tea, and it will get amongst the slices of Christmas plum-pudding, and the flannel that I'm going to take for poor Mrs. Muddles's children; do you know poor Mrs. Muddles, Clara, my dear?"

Miss Saville replied in the negative, and Mrs. Coleman continued.

"Ah! poor thing! she's a very hard-working, respectable, excellent young woman; she has been married four years, and has got six children,—no! let me see,—it's six years, and four children,—that's it,—though I never can remember whether it's most pigs or children she has,—four pigs did I say?—but it doesn't much signify, for the youngest is a boy, and they're all very dirty, and have never been taught to read, because she takes in washing, and has put a great deal too much starch into my night-cap this week—only her husband drinks—so I musn't say much about it, poor thing, for we all have our failings, you know."

With such like rambling discourse did worthy Mrs. Coleman beguile the way, until at length, after a walk of some two miles and a half, we arrived at the cottage of that much-enduring laundress, the highly respectable Mrs. Muddles, where in due form we were introduced to the mixed race of children and pigs, between which clearer heads than that of Mrs. Coleman might have been at a loss to distinguish; for, if the pigs did not exactly resemble children, the children most assuredly looked like pigs. Here we seemed likely to remain for some time, as there was much business to be got through by the two matrons. First, Mrs. Coleman's basket was unpacked, during which process that lady delivered a long harangue, setting forth the rival merits of plum-pudding and black draught, and ingeniously establishing a connexion between them, which has rendered the former nearly as distasteful to me as the latter ever since. Thence glancing slightly at the over-starched night-cap, and delicately referring to the anti-tea-total propensities of the laundress's spouse, she contrived so thoroughly to confuse and interlace the various topics of her discourse, as to render it an open question, whether the male Muddles had not got tipsy on black draught, in consequence of the plum-pudding having over-starched the night-cap; moreover, she distinctly called the latter article "poor fellow!" twice. In reply to this, Mrs. Muddles, the skin of whose hands was crimped up into patterns like sea-weed, from the amphibious nature of her employment, and whose general appearance was, from the same cause, moist and spongy, expressed much gratitude for the contents of the basket, made a pathetic apology to the night-cap, tried to ignore the imbibing propensity of her better half; but, when pressed home upon the point, declared, that when he was not performing the Circe-like operation of "making a beast of his-self," he was one of the most virtuous of men; and finally wound up by a minute medical detail of Johnny's chilblain, accompanied by a slight retrospective sketch of Mary Anne's last whitlow. How much longer the conversation might have continued, it is impossible to say, for it was evident that neither of the speakers had by any means exhausted her budget, had not Johnny, the unfortunate proprietor of the chilblain above mentioned, seen fit to precipitate himself, head-foremost, into a washing-tub of nearly scalding water, whence his mamma, with great presence of mind and much professional dexterity, extricated him, wrung him out, and set him on the mangle to dry, where he remained sobbing, from a vague sense of humid misery, till a more convenient season.

This little incident reminded Mrs. Coleman that the boiled beef, preparing for our luncheon and the servant's dinner, would inevitably be overdone, and induced her to take a hurried farewell of Mrs. Muddles,

though she paused at the threshold to offer a parting suggestion as to the advisability, moral and physical, of dividing the wretched Johnny's share of plum-pudding between his brothers and sisters, and administering a double portion of black draught by way of compensation, an arrangement which elicited from that victimized child a howl of mingled horror and defiance.

We had proceeded about a mile on our return, when Mrs. Coleman, who was a step or two in advance, trod on a slide some boys had made, and would have fallen had I not thrown my arm round her just in time to prevent it.

"My dear madam," exclaimed I, "you were as nearly as possible down; I hope you have not hurt yourself."

"No, my dear—I mean—Mr. Fairleigh; no! I hope I have not, except my ankle; I gave that a twist somehow, and it hurts me dreadfully; but I daresay I shall be able to go on in a minute."

The good lady's hopes, however, were not destined in this instance to be fulfilled, for, on attempting to proceed, the pain increased to such an extent, that she was forced, after limping a few steps, to seat herself on a stone by the way-side, and it became evident that she must have sprained her ankle severely, and would be utterly unable to walk home. In this dilemma, it was not easy to discover what was the best thing to be done—no vehicle could be procured nearer than Hillingford, from which place we were at least two miles distant, and I by no means approved of leaving my companions in their present helpless state, during the space of time which must necessarily elapse ere I could go and return. Mrs. Coleman, who, although suffering from considerable pain, bore it with the greatest equanimity and good nature, seeming to think much more of the inconvenience she was likely to occasion us than of her own discomforts, had just hit upon some brilliant, but totally impracticable project, when our ears were gladdened by the sound of wheels, and in another moment, a little pony-chaise, drawn by a fat, comfortable-looking pony, came in sight, proceeding in the direction of Hillingford. As soon as the driver, a stout, rosy-faced gentleman, who proved to be the family apothecary, perceived our party, he pulled up, and, when he became aware of what had occurred, put an end to our difficulties by offering Mrs. Coleman the unoccupied seat in his chaise.

"Sorry I can't accommodate you, also, Miss Saville," he continued, raising his hat; "but you see it's rather close packing as it is; if I were but a little more like the medical practitioner who administered a sleeping draught to Master Romeo, now, we might contrive to carry three."

"I really prefer walking such a cold day as this, thank you, Mr. Pillaway," answered Miss Saville.

"Mind you take proper care of poor Clara, Mr. Fairleigh," said Mrs. Coleman, "and don't let her sprain her ankle, or do any thing foolish, and don't you stay out too long yourself and catch cold, or I don't know what Mrs. Fairleigh will say, and your pretty sister, too,—what a fat pony, Mr. Pillaway; you don't give him much physic, I should think,—good bye, my dears, good bye,—remember the boiled beef."

As she spoke, the fat pony, admonished by the whip, described a circle with its tail, frisked with the agility of a playful elephant, and then set off at a better pace than from his adipose appearance I had deemed him capable of.

"With all her oddity, what an unselfish, kind hearted, excellent little person Mrs. Coleman is!" observed I, as the pony-chaise disappeared at an angle of the road.

"Oh! I think her charming," replied my companions warmly, "she is so very good-natured."

"She is something beyond that," returned I; "mere good nature is a quality I rate very low; a person may be good-natured, yet thoroughly selfish, for nine times out of ten it is easier and more agreeable to say 'yes'

than 'no'; but there is such an entire forgetfulness of self apparent in all Mrs. Coleman's attempts to make those around her happy and comfortable, that despite her eccentricities, I am beginning to conceive quite a respect for the little woman."

"You are a close observer of character, it seems, Mr. Fairloagh," remarked my companion.

"I scarcely see how any thinking person can avoid being so," returned I; "there is no study that appears to me to possess a more deep and varied interest."

"You make mistakes, though, sometimes," replied Miss Saville, glancing quickly at me with her beautiful eyes.

"You refer to my hasty judgment of last night," said I, colouring slightly.

"The mournful words of your song led me to conclude that in one instance, high spirits might not be a sure indication of a light heart; and yet I would fain hope," added I, in a half-questioning tone, "that you merely sought to inculcate a general principle?"

"Is not that a very unusual species of heath to find growing in this country?" was the rejoinder.

"Really, I am no botanist," returned I, rather crossly, for I felt that I had received a rebuff, and was not at all sure that I might not have deserved it.

"Nay, but I will have you attend; you did not even look towards the place where it is growing," replied Miss Saville, with a half-imperious, half-imploing glance, which it was impossible to resist.

"Is that the plant you mean?" asked I, pointing to a tuft of heath on the top of a steep bank by the roadside.

On receiving a reply in the affirmative, I continued; "then I will render you all the assistance in my power, by enabling you to judge for yourself." So saying, I scrambled up the bank, at the imminent risk of my neck; and after bursting the button-holes of my straps, and tearing my coat in two places with a bramble, I succeeded in gathering the heath.

Elated by my success, and feeling every nerve braced and invigorated by the frosty air, I bounded down the slope with such velocity, that, on reaching the bottom, I was unable to check my speed, and only avoided running against Miss Saville, by nearly throwing myself down backwards.

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed I; "I hope I have not alarmed you by my abominable awkwardness; but really the bank was so steep, that it was impossible to stop sooner."

"Nay, it is I who ought to apologize for having led you to undertake such a dangerous expedition," replied she, taking the heath which I had gathered, with a smile which quite repaid me for my exertions.

"I do not know what could have possessed me to run down the bank in that insane manner," returned I; "I suppose it is this fine frosty morning which makes me feel so light and happy."

"Happy?" repeated my companion incredulously, and in a half absent manner, as though she were rather thinking aloud than addressing me.

"Yes," replied I, surprised; "and why should I not?"

"Is any one happy?" was the rejoinder.

"Very many people, I hope," said I; "you do not doubt it, surely."

"I well might," she answered with a sigh.

"On such a lovely day as this, with the bright clear sky above us, and the hoar-frost sparkling like diamonds in the glorious sunshine, how can one avoid feeling happy?" asked I.

"It is very beautiful," she replied, after gazing around for a moment; "and yet can you not imagine a state of mind in which this fair scene, with all its varied charms, may impress one with a feeling of bitterness rather than of pleasure, by the contrast it affords to the darkness and weariness of soul within? Place some famine-stricken wretch beneath the roof of a gilded palace, think you the sight of its magnificence would give him any sensation of pleasure? Would it not

rather, by increasing the sense of his own misery, add to his agony of spirit?"

"I can conceive such a case possible," replied I; "but you would make us out all famine-stricken wretches at this rate: you cannot surely imagine every one to be unhappy?"

"There are, no doubt, different degrees of unhappiness," returned Miss Saville; "yet I can hardly conceive any position in life so free from cares, as to be pronounced positively happy; but I know my ideas on this subject are peculiar, and I am not very desirous of making a convert of you, Mr. Fairloagh; the world will do that soon enough, I fear," she added with a sigh.

"I cannot believe it," replied I, warmly; "true, at times we must all feel sorrow; it is one of the conditions of our mortal lot, and we must bear it with what resignation we may, knowing, that if we but make a fitting use of it, it is certain to work for our highest good; but, if you would have me look upon this world as a vale of tears, forgetting all its glorious opportunities for raising our fallen nature to something so bright and noble, as to be even here but little lower than the angels, you must pardon me if I never can agree with you."

There was a moment's pause, when my companion resumed.

"You talk of opportunities of doing good, as being likely to increase our stock of happiness; and, no doubt, you are right; but imagine a situation, in which you are unable to take advantage of these opportunities when they arise, in which you are not a free agent, your will fettered and controlled on every point, so that you are alike powerless to perform the good that you desire, and to avoid the evil you both hate and fear, could you be happy in such a situation, think you?"

"You describe a case which is, or ought to be, impossible," replied I; "when I say ought to be, I mean that in these days, I hope and believe, it is impossible for any one to be forced to do wrong, unless, from a natural weakness and facility of disposition, and from a want of moral courage, their resistance is so feeble, that those who seek to compel them to evil, are induced to redouble their efforts, when a little firmness and decision clearly shown, and steadily adhered to, would have produced a very different result."

"Oh! that I could think so!" exclaimed Miss Saville ardently: she paused for a minute, as if in thought, and then resumed in a low mournful voice, "but you do not know—you cannot tell; besides, it is useless to struggle against destiny: there are people fated from childhood to grief and misfortune—alone in this cold world—you have a sister?" she inquired, abruptly.

"Yes," replied I; "I have as good a little sister as ever man was fortunate enough to possess—how glad I should be to introduce her to you."

"And you love each other?"

"Indeed we do, truly and sincerely."

"And you are a man, one of the lords of the creation," she continued, with a slight degree of sarcasm in her tone. "Well, Mr. Fairloagh, I can believe that you may be happy sometimes."

"And what am I to conjecture about you?" inquired I, fixing my eyes upon her expressive features.

"What you please," returned she, turning away with a very becoming blush—"or rather," she added, "do not waste your time in forming any conjectures whatever on such an uninteresting subject."

"I am more easily interested than you imagine," replied I, with a smile; "besides, you know, I am fond of studying character."

"The riddle is not worth reading," answered Miss Saville.

"Nevertheless, I shall not be contented till I have found it out; I shall guess it before long, depend upon it," returned I.

An incredulous shake of the head was her only reply, and we continued conversing on different subjects, till we reached Elm Lodge.

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF CHIVALRY IN ENGLAND.

PART II.

"The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust :—
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

When shorn of all pomp and external decoration, when performed hastily, and in the battle field, the investment of a knight had ever some accompanying circumstances calculated to work upon the best feelings of the mind; and one of these circumstances inseparable from the ceremony was, that the honour was thought worthless, unless conferred by one of approved valour and conduct. After the battle of Marignan, Francis I. of France chose to receive knighthood from the hands of the Chevalier Bayard alone. "Le roy voulut grandement honorer, car il preint l'ordre de chevalerie de sa main. Il avoit bien raison, car de meilleur ne l'eust seu prendre."

Stern must have been the mould of him whose every feeling of chivalry was not aroused within him on receiving this honourable investment thus amidst the dying and the dead. There are instances on record, where a dying man has exerted every energy of his frame to muster strength to confer knighthood on his faithful esquire or page, as the dearest boon he could bequeath to him; and, on the contrary, it is well known that, after the termination of the strife at Agincourt, Henry V. knighted some brave Welsh soldiers even as they lay expiring. This may appear an outrageous outburst of the chivalrous spirit, and we are far from contending that its manifestations were at all times rigidly governed by reason. We read in the romances of the time, that, after the death of the renowned knight and warrior Lancelot du Lac, the right arm of the corpse was used in conferring the knightly accolade on a youth of high lineage and promise, Ysaic. We do not of course refer to the tradition as worthy of the slightest credence *in itself*; but, as these romances were undoubtedly pictures, though exaggerated ones, of the manners of the times, we have adduced the anecdote as correlative proof of our remark, that the honour of the accolade itself was enhanced by the high knightly character of the arm by which it was conferred. There can be nobody who has not heard of the renown of Sir Lancelot of the Lake.

The ceremonies of the degradation of a knight who had forfeited his claims to that estate were even more solemn than those of his inauguration. The formal degradation was, however, seldom resorted to except in the extremest cases, as there were many modes in which an unworthy cavalier might, as the modern phrase goes, be voted to Coventry, and be sufficiently punished without resorting to the extreme of public degradation. Some of the circumstances of this complete degradation were—the depriving him of his armour, which was taken from him piece by piece on a public scaffold, and broken and trampled under foot;—the proclaiming him a rebel, a traitor, and a faith breaker;—the pouring hot water over him, as if to wash away all trace of the sacred character of knight, with which he had been invested;—the reading a penitential psalm over him;—and in some places the ceremony was so extreme as to place him in a coffin, and read the service for the dead over him.

It is recorded of the wild Normans, that they spent the night before the battle of Hastings in fasting and prayer; and one feels it difficult to reconcile this circumstance with the accounts of their indifference to other religious ceremonies as compared with the Saxons. But, as chivalry progressed to its lustre, frequent prayer was always a habit of the knight, and especially before combat. On one occasion, when the French and English armies were going to engage, "quand vint le Vendredi au matin, les deux oste s'appareillèrent et

ouyrent la messe, chacun assigneur entre ses gens et en son logis, et se communierent et confesserent plusieurs."

Again: "En ce jour se levèrent les Anglois monté matin; et s'appareillèrent pour aller devant Caen. Puis ouit le Roy messe devant soleil levant; et après monta à cheval," &c.

Froissart's Chronicle abounds in similar instances.

But perhaps the most engaging characteristic of chivalry, as it was also its most pervading feature, was its *generosity*; or what we might perhaps, in modern phrase, describe as the perfect tone of gentlemanly feeling which it almost invariably displayed. To this did Lord Digby trust, judging others by his own standard, when he was taken prisoner in disguise at Hull, and confided his real name and dignity to the rebel governor, Sir John Hotham, who, not insensible to the chivalrous trust reposed in him by his lofty visitor, connived at his escape. By this feeling was King Louis VII. of France actuated when he refused to give up Becket to the messengers of Henry II. "Tell your king," said he, "it is the hereditary privilege of my crown to protect the unfortunate."

These beautiful results characterized the whole age of chivalry; but they had their origin in an infinitely more ennobling cause than any conventional mode of manners—even in that Christian charity which believeth, hopeth, and endureth all things. The religion of those days was doubtless imbued with superstition and bigotry, but it was heartfelt, sincere, and *influencing*, nevertheless. How influencing let one example suffice here. When Louis IX. was kept in hard durance by the sultan, and threatened by the most horrible tortures, the infidel monarch was suddenly assassinated by one of his own followers, who hanged to the French king, informing him of the deed. Louis was transfixed with horror, and, on the demand of the Mussulman to be knighted by him, peremptorily refused, though the sword of the ruffian was at his breast to compel his acquiescence. "When you become a Christian," said the undaunted monarch, "I will knight you." We are told that, subdued by the calm unmoved dignity of the king's manner, the murderer rushed from the chamber.

To illustrate further our meaning as to the generosity which the code of chivalry was intended to inculcate, and which was in fact a practical illustration of the divine precept, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," take the following examples from many which lie before us.

In the time of Peter, king of Arragon, when the Spanish admiral, Roger de Luria, a Templar, arrived at the port of Malta, where was the fleet of Marsailles, having taken the provincials by surprise, some of his men cried out, "Now fall on." "God forbid," said he, "that I should attack them while they sleep; let the trumpet sound, and I shall wait till they are ready. Men shall not be able to say that I attacked sleeping men."

When the Duke de Montmorenci was wounded at the bridge of the Fresquel in 1632, he was within a few yards of his own party, who would have enabled him to escape, when suddenly his horse fell to the ground. The officers of the army opposed to him pretended not to see him, that his friends might have time to rescue him.

After the battle of Poitiers, the English and Gascon knights questioned their prisoners, upon their honour, as to what ransom they could pay without inconvenience, and they trusted implicitly to the statement made.

Take a domestic instance. In 1689 the Duc de Bourbon, on his return from an eight years' imprisonment in London, gave an entertainment to his relations and vassals, on which occasion his agent presented him an immense book, containing a list of the dissolutions of all his vassals during his absence. The noble-hearted man did not even open it, but, throwing it into the flames of the fire which burnt in the middle of the hall,

he turned with a severe look to the over-zealous agent, and asked if he had not a corresponding book of the services of his faithful tenants.

Instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but the foregoing are sufficient to illustrate our meaning as to the prevailing tone of chivalry; opposing examples can certainly be cited, but they are the exceptions to the rule. The perfection of the chivalric character was in fact exactly what we should now picture that of a highly born, highly bred, Christian gentleman. The circumstances of tilt and tournament, of horse and armour, were mere excrescences—the foam of the billow, the bloom of the peach, the decorative misletoe of the life-giving oak; the ornament, not the substance; the shell, not the kernel; the mere gorgeous and attractive rind of the wholesome and nourishing fruit.

The high and palmy days of chivalry in England were undoubtedly those of Edward III. It had then reached its highest point of refinement, and since that time it has gradually declined; or, when a chivalrous "demonstration" has been made, it had more of the outward semblance than the inward strength. But, at the time of which we speak, the whole nation was imbued with the chivalric sentiment; so much so, that even the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs—listen, ye degenerate turtle-lovers!—gave tournaments under their own auspices. Some of the court names of that day, Manny, Chandos, Audley, the Black Prince's comrades, will live for ever; and so high was the universal estimation of this chivalric king, that his court was regarded as the "very judgment-seat of honour." He even projected the establishment of a Round Table on the model of Arthur's, and invited and courted in the most flattering manner chivalrous knights from France, Germany, and Spain; and numbers came, to whom Queen Philippa, with three hundred noble English ladies in her train, all habited in a rich and similar costume, did the hospitalities of the bower and the hall. But Philip of Valois, foreseeing the ill effects to himself of this institution, set up a similar one, and thus destroyed the (probably intended) effect of Edward's. It was on the failure of this scheme that the English king projected and effected another, which, thus originating in romantic feeling, exists at this day as the highest honour to which an English nobleman can aspire. We allude to the "Order of the Garter," which Edward now instituted, associating twenty-five of the most noble and valiant of his peers in a Brotherhood in honour of God, of the Virgin Mary, of St. George the Martyr, and of St. Edward the Confessor.

The idea of a blue garter as a badge of honour and brotherhood was not new. Richard I. associated himself in a sort of brotherhood with twenty-four knights, who pledged themselves to scale the walls of Acre; and that they might quickly be known to each other in the heat of the *mêlée*, each bound a strip of blue leather round his left leg.

St. George, a brave and nobly born soldier, who undauntedly remonstrated with Dioclesian on his persecution of the Christians, and suffered martyrdom in consequence, had ever been considered as especially the patron of military men, partly perhaps in consequence of his profession, and partly, very probably, because the Christian warrior, Constantine, instituted an Order in his honour. His fame was always great in the East, and it is said that he appeared to the Christian army in the Holy War before the battle of Antioch. How he came first to be considered as the patron saint of England seems uncertain. It might be that the English brought a strong impression of his fame from the East; or it may be, that his especial appearance to Richard I.—a recorded fact—before his own expedition against the Saracens, may have caused the royal hero to pay high honour to the martyr.

The saint is generally represented on horseback, tilting at a dragon, emblematical, learned clerks tell us, of his conquering the devil by faith and Christian forti-

tude—that potentate being always represented in the Apocalypse under the similitude of a dragon. The account of his killing the dragon, and delivering the princess, is not found in any of the early manuscripts of his life, but first occurs in a manuscript in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, written later than the age of the Crusades. The story had been brought from Palestine. Apocryphal as, we fear, we must allow it to be, perhaps there are yet some of our readers who will be pleased to renew their acquaintance with this treasured legend of their childhood. Our account is abbreviated from "an aunciente & ryghte noble Historye."

Immediately on his entrance into public life, St. George travelled from the city of Coventry into the territories of Egypt, "which countrey as then was greatly annoyed with a dangerous dragon; but, before he had journeyed fully within the distance of a mile, the silent night approached, and solitary stillness took possession of all living things. At last he espied an old poore hermitage, wherein he purposed to rest his horse, and to take some repast after his weary journey, till the sunne had renewed his morning's light, that hee might fall to his travell againe: but, entering the cottage, he found an aged hermit overworn with yceres, and almost consumed with griefe, with whom in this manner he began to confer:—

"'Father,' said he, 'for so you seem by your gravity, may a traveller for this night crave entertainment within your cottage, not only for himselfe but his horse: or is there some city neare at hand, whereto I may take my journey without danger?'"

The old man, starting at the sudden approach of St. George, in reply to him recounted a sorrowful history. He told him that the country had for twenty-four years been desolated by a terrible dragon, to whom every day was offered the body of a true virgin, whom he devoured. There was now but one left in all Egypt, the king's only daughter, who was the following day to be given up to the monster, unless redeemed by some brave knight, who should have her hand and the crown of Egypt as the guerdon of his valour.

"After this the noble knight, like a bold adventurous champion, entered the valley where the dragon had his residence, who no sooner had a sight of him, but hee gave such a terrible yell, as though it had thundered. The bignesse of the dragon was fearful to behold, for betwixt his shoulders and his taile were fifty foot in distance, his scales glistered as bright as silver, but were far harder than brass; his belly of the colour of gold, but bigger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his hideous den, and so fiercely assailed the sturdy champion with his venomous wings, that at the first encounter he had almost felled him to the ground; but the knight, nimbly recovering himself, gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it shivered into a thousand pieces. Whereat the furious dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous tail, that down fell man and horse, in which fall two of St. George's ribs were sore bruised: but, yet stepping backward, it was his chance to leap under an orange tree, which tree has such precious virtue, that no venomous worme durst come within the compass of the branches, nor within seven foot thereof; where this valiant knight rested himself until he had recovered his former strength: the fruit of the tree being of such an excellent virtue, that whosoever tasted thereof should presently be cured of all manner of diseases and infirmities whatsoever. So it was the noble champion's good and happy fortune a little to recover through the virtue of the tree, and to espy an orange which a little before had dropped down, wherewith he so refreshed himself, that he was in a short time as sound as when he began the encounter. Then kneeled hee downe, and made his divine supplication to heaven, that God would send him (for his deare Sonne's sake) such strength and agility of body, as to slay the furious and terrible monster: which being done, with a bold and courageous heart he smote the dragon under the

wing, where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword ASCALON, with an easy passage, went to the very hilts through both the dragon's heart, liver, bone, and blood.

"During this long and dangerous combat, his trusty steed lay altogether in a swoon, without any moving, which caused the English champion with all speed to crush the juice of an orange into his cold mouth: the virtue whereof presently expelled the venomous poison, and he recovered his former strength."

Oh! for some of those same marvellous oranges in this our day and generation.

The death of the Black Prince gave a blow to chivalry which it never recovered, more especially as his son Richard II., though revelling in profusion and splendour,—feasting 10,000 followers every day, and employing three hundred servants in his kitchen alone—loving tilts and tournaments, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of chivalry—had none of the martial feeling which characterized his father and grandfather. Hotspur would have been by no means so prominent and conspicuous, had he fought in Edward the Third's day, as he was subsequently. The general spirit was too much subdued for even the chivalrous King Henry V. to revive, and the wars of the roses seemed to quench it altogether. Edward IV. a man of indomitable personal valour, indulged likewise in effeminate refinements and luxuries, diametrically opposed to the stern simplicity of the primitive chivalric character. Moreover he encouraged, more than any of his predecessors had done, the trade and commerce of the city, and protected and elevated the citizens. Here was, in fact, in the increase of trade, the germ whence emanated the downfall of the ancient chivalry of England.

Henry VII. was a great political economist, and, undoubtedly, a wise and far-seeing monarch. All his acts and legislations tended to repress that ardour for military renown which had theretofore been to Englishmen as their very life's blood. He encouraged commerce and manufactures in every possible way, and was a friend to learning and learned men. The great incitement to domestic conflict, the partizanship of the roses, was rendered a nullity by his marriage with the heiress of York; and the myriad lower retainers of noble houses, deprived of their military service and pay, naturally began to turn their minds to more domestic occupations to supply means for themselves and their families; and the lower orders as a body were gradually progressing to a station and accredited rank in the community heretofore unthought of.

In Henry the Eighth's reign tilts and tournaments were revived with a splendour and magnificence almost unheard of. But it was the flash appearance merely; the heart of the thing was wanting; they were merely ornamental amusements: and, though he himself was personally brave, we fully and unequivocally agree with the grave historian, who writes that "his conduct to his wives was any thing but chivalric."

In the days of Elizabeth even these shows and superfluities of tournaments declined; instead of tilt yards there were shows and spectacles. On her first entry, as queen, London was one theatre of stages and pageants; there was much speechifying, but no tilting.

On her subsequent progress, the pageants were gaudy and glittering, a barbarous mixture of pedantry and ignorance—'Mercury flying to meet her—not on his own pinions—but in a gilt coach.' These pageants were frequently temporary buildings, representing castles, palaces, gardens, rocks, or forests, as the occasion required, where nymphs, fawns, satyrs, gods, goddesses, angels, and devils, appeared in company with giants, savages, dragons, saints, knights, buffoons, and dwarfs, surrounded by minstrels and choristers; the heathen mythology, the legends of chivalry, and Christian divinity, were ridiculously jumbled together without meaning; and the exhibition usually concluded with dull pedantic

harangues, exceedingly tedious, and replete with the grossest adulation.¹ In these Elizabeth delighted, notwithstanding her masculine energies and highly cultivated mind; and so indeed did her father, King Henry VIII. who not unfrequently took a part in their enactment.

It is true that in this reign that glorious mirror of knighthood, Sir Phillip Sidney, lived and died; but there needs no farther proof of the general decline of the chivalric code, than the éclat which attaches to his name: three or four generations earlier he might still have been admired, revered, but it would have been amongst others. He would not have been cited solely.

But it was not enough that the warlike demonstrations of her ancestors were in this reign merely claimed; they were revived, but revived in caricature. In an entertainment at the tilt-yard in Westminster, the gallery wherein the queen sat was called the Castle, or Fortress of Perfect Beauty, and four noblemen, calling themselves the Foster-children of Desire, summoned the fortress to surrender, which of course it did not: then ensued the terrors of war,—cannon were shot off, one charged with sweet powder, the other with sweet water: and then there were stores of pretty scaling ladders, and the walls were assaulted with flowers and other such devices as might seem "fit shot for desire."

It is a wonder that the shades of our warlike Edwards and Henrys could rest in peace during such a demonstration.

Yet this queen was, like most of her ancestors, fearless of danger, and of undaunted mind. It was not to any individual influence, however high, that chivalry owed its decline. It was the progress of society, the uprise of the lower classes, the more enlightened education, and more extended information, of the higher ones, the great and general increase of trade, commerce, and manufactures, the use of fire-arms, and consequent disuse of lance and spear, all these reasons combined—in short, the institutions and enactments of chivalry had arisen in a rude age, engendered by, and calculated for, the necessities of that age; and when, by the gradual advancement of civilisation, and progression of society, this code became *passé* and inexpedient, it gradually sank and died away: revived at times by the influence of the leading spirits of the day, but only transiently—as the flame of a dying lamp will relume vividly from a sudden breath of air, though not the less surely and certainly expiring.

Such a transient illumination might, perhaps, the influence of the ill-fated prince of Wales, son to James I. have given to the cause of chivalry, had he lived. Finally, Charles I. conceded to his turbulent people the prerogative held by his predecessors, of compelling his vassals to assume knighthood, or pay a fine of redemption: and he closed, happily for him, an unhappy existence in a way, which had there existed one lingering spark of chivalry in the Commons of England, it could never have entered their hearts to imagine.

We conclude in the words of Burke, though we trust he is mistaken in his vaticination:—

"The age of chivalry is gone! That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever."

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MADAME GUIZOT.²

We have seen that Madame Guizot was attached to the philosophy of the last century, less from choice than from opposition to reviving prejudices. She had of herself, and by the instinctive uprightness, purity, and disinterestedness which governed her, been able to

(1) See her receiving at Norwich, 1578.

(2) Concluded from p. 170.

reform her moral opinions; but in religion, in politics, even on literary questions, she still wavered, seeking for convictions, and feeling a want of truth and liberty, that she did not know how to satisfy between scepticism and prejudice. What her mind in fact wanted was not ideas but principles. Her new position was a school where she learned to remodel all her opinions. She penetrated into that order of ideas towards which all minds now tend, where all the real wants of a rational intelligence are appeased, in which an end is put to all question of the alliance of liberty and rule, of examination and faith, of reason and of truth. She rose by degrees to that tutelary faith which enlightens and strengthens, and makes the mind taste the noble pleasure of feeling itself altogether settled, yet at liberty, proud of its obedience, and yet free in its fetters.

The first advancement of Madame Guizot's mind in this new course is observable in the *Annals of Education*, a periodical compilation which her husband had undertaken, and which she has enriched by a number of articles which contain the germ of her greatest work. Her first collection of stories, entitled *Les Enfants*, which appeared about the same time, is composed in the same spirit. This kind of work is more difficult than it is brilliant: it must be simple without puerility, refined without affectation; it must be an interesting and yet a simple narrative, an elevated and yet familiar moral. Madame Guizot knew how to unite all these, and her tales have become the model of the style.

The Restoration opened the career of public affairs to her husband. Madame Guizot might now hope for a more quiet life, such as she had always wished for. Activity was necessary to her, but labour was painful; she longed for relaxation as for a thing unknown; never had she tasted it, never had she been able to breathe freely, or be mistress of her mind and of her time.

To reflect in order to improve her own mind, to seek the truth for herself, to enjoy family affection without thinking of the world or its fame, such was the fate that smiled upon her, and which perhaps did not satisfy her, for, if she had sometimes found her life too laborious, she had never found it too much occupied.

But the aspect of affairs seen close at hand, too much occupies even those who play no part in them, to leave them any feeling of idleness. Placed in a perfectly new position, Madame Guizot did not escape so powerful an influence. Released from a thousand vexations, from a thousand real cares which harassed her mind, and absorbed her time, she was able to observe and to think more freely; and greater objects offered themselves to her notice. It too often happens that public life lessens the soaring of the mind, impairs the purity of opinion; but we may doubt, nevertheless, whether he who has always lived remote from it could well understand, even in an abstract and general sense, the true nature of man and of society, and penetrate the whole mystery of their destiny on earth. True policy modifies the freedom of speculation in the concern of truth, without shaking the solidity of its principles for an exalted mind. Well advised, it at once attests and limits the empire of reason over the things of this world; it teaches on what conditions that slow and sure victory of good over evil is to be fulfilled, which the moderns call perfectibility.

During about six years that this first essay in the history of affairs lasted, politics were to Madame Guizot the object of an engrossment justified by her devotedness to the interests of her husband, and to those of every just cause. Free for the first time to work at her pleasure, and to choose her own subject, she wrote an essay upon "*The Ideas of Right and Duty considered as the Basis of Society*," which will undoubtedly be found to throw great light upon a difficult question, which passion and prejudice have designedly obscured.

It is much in the same style as an essay upon *Anarchy and Power*, which, although written at a much later date, connects itself naturally with the former, which it completes and elucidates. One cannot fail of being

struck with these two compositions, and with the vigour of mind of which they give proof. The first, full of original and fertile views, is perhaps sometimes a little more ingenious than it need be; but the second is distinguished by a perspicuity, a justness of expression and of thought, which enforces conviction. Both belong in the main point to ideas sufficiently modern, at least in their application to politics. They show that Madame Guizot experienced the necessity hitherto more felt than satisfied of supporting them upon the same principles as morals. But she did not always guard herself from a kind of puritanism, otherwise sufficiently justified by the looseness of principle which the civilians, monarchical or democratical, have by turns brought into these subjects. What she especially prohibits herself is complacency for her own opinions; we feel that she is distrustful of what flatters her, and that she chooses not her opinions for a purpose, but for themselves. Besides, good is never in opposition to good, and liberty has nothing to lose by truth.

Politics form one of the best schools for the mind. They force it to search for the reason of everything, and at the same time do not permit it to search except in facts. It is not necessarily the most difficult study, but it is that which, well conducted, gives the greatest firmness and prudence to the mind; and even he who only occupies himself seriously in politics, when he turns his attention to other subjects, cannot fail of showing both originality and superiority. Madame Guizot is herself an instance of the truth of this.

About the middle of 1820, her husband retired from affairs in which his opinions no longer found place. This change of position affected them but little: it was lost in the more important consideration of the blow which struck at the cause to which they had devoted all the energies of their minds. It made them again enter into that laborious state, from which Madame Guizot had appeared so happy to be released; but she made this sacrifice with such ease and simplicity, that her most intimate friends were unable to perceive that it cost her any effort.

Literary labour now again became to her an honourable necessity, and what had formerly enabled her to assist her mother, now afforded her the means of educating her son. In 1821, she published *The Student*, a novel on education, in every page of which, proof is given of the elevation of her mind, and the strictness of her judgment, amidst the fictions of a lively, natural, and diversified tale. This style presents many difficulties. It is now pretty well agreed that the beauty of a work of imagination is independent of its moral design; and literary criticism insists not upon such in its composition: but, when a moral design is the very motive of the book, the mind is left free, and the imagination has less scope. Nothing then is more difficult than the composition of a story which unites interest, variety, and truth, with the purity and clearness of the moral idea, which should be always present and always apparent; nothing must be separated from it, everything must lead back to it, without, at the same time, the narrative ceasing to delight our imagination, and to excite our curiosity and our sympathy.

Madame Guizot, who has constantly succeeded in resolving this difficulty in the composition of her stories, is far from having failed in *The Student*. It is however the moral sentiment, rather than the romantic part, which appears to us the great merit of this excellent book. Two general ideas have inspired it, and we may observe that the recital is double. The history of Ralph is intended to establish the inviolable duties which result from our natural positions, and the legitimacy of the dependence in which children are placed with respect to their parents, or to those who represent them. The history of Victor is the development of an idea which will be found set forth in the *Essays upon Education*. It tends to show how an ingenious mind can redeem itself from a first fault, and,

by well sustained efforts, arrive at discovering in the sense of his fall, a principle of regeneration; a true and great lesson, and which accords with the opinion which Madame Guizot made the rule of her conduct, and the foundation of her works on education; that there is no moral evil past recovery, and that human nature, even under the weight of a serious error, ought to recover itself, and is always enabled to do so by divine assistance.

An episode of this same novel, the history of *Marie*, seems to take up the same principle, as does also *Nadir*, a delightful story, which forms a part of the collection which she published two years afterwards, and in which, perhaps, better than in any other work, she has lent to her lessons of morality the aid and the attraction of a simple and agreeable fiction.

These various publications, however, were only, as it were, fragments. The same spirit pervades them all, and in each of them the ideas of the author seemed to be bound up, and people looked forward in expectation of a work from Madame Guizot, which should combine and corroborate them as a whole. Such a book soon appeared, which gave the theory of education that for a long time each of her writings seemed to promise, and placed her in the first rank of moralists. *The Family Letters on Domestic Education* are the best monument of Madame Guizot's mind. In this work, under an easy form, which in appearance has nothing systematical, which freely admits of examples, details, and digressions, she treats the greatest questions of moral philosophy, and shows by applications how general truths ought to regulate real life, and penetrate into the young reason of children. The excellence of the book consists in the union of great strictness of principle with perfect liberty of mind; it is by this that it presents a faithful image of her who composed it. Nothing is there conceded to expediency, nothing to arbitrary conventions; nor is there anything in it that has the stamp of that sentimental indulgence, which in our days too often passes from novels into morals. It is a book consisting entirely of truth. But, if the principles are those of a philosopher, who but a woman would have been able to discover those particular views, so fine and so varied; those nice observations, dictated by so true a knowledge of children, and of the world; those strokes of feeling which betray and excite emotion? Who but a woman, who but a mother, would have been able to express reason with so much tenderness, and have softened it without impairing its force? I have said that the principles were those of a philosopher. The moral of the book is indeed pure, elevated, and strict; it is supported neither by the interest it excites, nor by dogmatism; it relies only on itself, and claims not to hold its power, but by its justice; this is to say, it is philosophical. Let us repeat this word in order that it may be understood. Morality is philosophical when it is rational, when it does not lay claim to any authority foreign to its nature: this supposes it to be neither a convention nor an emotion, and that it is another thing than religion.

But in order to be philosophical it does not follow that it may not be religious. Even as it touches the heart that it binds itself to order without raising either feeling or interest, it can form an alliance with religion without being dependent on it: to say the truth, it is rather distinguished than separated from it, and both can by common consent reign in the mind, and govern the conduct. Of this, Madame Guizot's book affords more than one proof; but she is herself a still more remarkable example of it.

At this period Madame Guizot was disturbed by subtle uneasinesses, which yet attest a mind endowed with faculties superior to her opinions. But these gradually declined, and a profound peace was established in that mind which had been more easily disturbed than she was willing to believe. Such is the empire of reason and of happiness.

Madame Guizot in a fixed position, governed by an affection which united the ardour of love to the calmness of duty, was led back by study and reflection, by serious and tender advice, to those pure and firm principles which alone can appease the torments of the mind, and which formed in her the indissoluble alliance of feelings and opinions, of the wants of the heart and the requirements of reason; and without ever returning to the practical belief of the French established church, she raised for herself a faith no less lively and no less strict, which did not less touch her heart or govern her conscience, than the most powerful doctrines of sacred tradition.

Such was the piety of Madame Guizot, and such was the state of mind in which sickness and death overtook her. Her last work had been rapidly composed amid the sufferings of a visibly declining state of health. On finishing it, she appeared to have reached the limits of her strength. It is seldom that superior endowments are met with in a woman, without her being oppressed by the load: the most distinguished woman still remains a feeble being; and Madame Guizot was strong only in character and mind. However peaceable was her life, she enlivened it with the fire of her genius, and expended it in the midst of happiness and repose. Afflicted with a deep and slow disease, she daily became weaker, but not desponding. For nearly a year she struggled against the malady, which she strove to banish or to overcome; then, as ever, she placed her duty and her hopes in opposition, but at length she acknowledged the vanity of her efforts, and perceived that her decree had gone forth; she submitted to it without a murmur, and from that moment her resignation was complete. Surrounded by the most tender and devoted cares, affected and gratified by the love of which she was most assured, equally supported by reason and by faith, she gave herself up to the contemplation of her death. In the intervals of her pains she continued to converse upon the truths which had enlightened and guided her life.

On the 30th July, 1827, she bid a tender and tranquil farewell to her husband, her son, and her family; she told them that she felt her end was approaching. On the 10th August, at ten in the morning, she requested her husband to read to her. He read a letter of Fénelon's, for a sick person; he then commenced a sermon of Bossuet's, on the immortality of the soul; and in the midst of the sermon she expired. Thus was verified a prediction, or a hope, of which she had delighted to converse. Almost always harassed with cares and labours, she neglected none, and gave herself up to them with ever increasing devotedness, as if an inexhaustible reserve of happiness and peace had been insured to her. "It is," she says, "on the necessity of an immutable futurity that I travel on incessantly, and that I shall end by passing from one world to the other. But I expect a light and a clearness in my latter days, that will render this passage easy and certain." (Letter written in 1822.)

There remains little more to add; I do not think I have forgotten any of the traces of that image, which time can never efface from the remembrance of Madame Guizot's friends; but in writing, it is necessary to consider everything separately, and to make a person known, to analyze the whole that constitutes individuality in its full grace and freedom. In successively retracing the qualities and opinions of Madame Guizot, by incessantly comparing her destiny with her nature, we seem to be exhibiting a system; but we cannot reproduce the action and the harmony of the whole person, we cannot restore that unity of nature, which, in her, reconciled so many varieties, and almost contrasts. Thus, nothing was lost, nothing was indifferent, in that noble life; in it everything had an aim, a value, a rule; at the same time, good principles had taken such possession of her mind, that she obeyed them without effort, and in the fulfilment of her duties she

appeared to be following her own inclinations. Reason had not given her either coldness or constraint. Strong in suffering, she was tender and almost weak in happiness; she relished the real enjoyments of life, the most simple pleasures afforded her a childish delight. Almost always deprived of ease and leisure, chained to study, confined in towns, she could not breathe the country air without a kind of intoxication. The enjoyment of the arts, and those of nature, excited in her a real emotion. No one has better proved the truth of those words, I believe, of Rousseau's: "Strict morals preserve the tender affections."

The idea of duty was ever present to her mind; she applied it with rigour to the solution of moral inquiries; injustice inspired her with indignation, immorality with a disgust which she knew not how to restrain; to cause grief to any one was to her almost an impossibility; to witness even merited pain only excited her pity; and her kindness disarmed her justice. But it was especially the sufferings of strong minds that excited her deepest compassion; in their sorrows she recognised her own, and suffered with them.

There is so much mind in the works of Madame Guizot, that it seems superfluous to speak of what she showed in conversation. Her's was strikingly original; and she sometimes astonished to such a degree, that it was necessary to be accustomed to it to find it pleasing. But with a little experience, it was soon discovered that although her language was different from that of most people, she was quick in comprehending every one, and arrived by sure, though, perhaps, circuitous means, at the knowledge of all that was true, at sympathy for all that was good. With her everything proceeded from herself; she repeated nothing, she borrowed nothing, even from reading; no book pleased her that did not make her think; she required a new effort to make her own of even common ideas; she never yielded to an opinion until after she had herself discovered its motives, or adopted it, unless stamped with her seal. The reasons which determined her mind were not always the most natural, but they were *her own*, like those of Montaigne. She did not always take the most simple method of arriving at the truth, but she would at length attain it, and her mind knew no rest until she did. Then all opposition was at an end; there was no struggle in her, no discord, she yielded to it implicitly; her judgment governed her will, truth reigned in her by right divine.

This excellence is rare; it is, perhaps, the highest ambition of the philosopher. This immutable harmony of the mind and the heart must in every case be loved and admired, but can it ever be more worthy of admiration and of love, than when it unites the wisdom of a sage to the heart of a woman?

THE GLASS MANUFACTURE.¹

THE manufacture of the inferior window glass, called *broad glass*, needs no description, for it differs little from the process just described; the materials used are of course more rough than those employed in the making of crown glass; one of the ingredients is the waste alkaline substance left by the soap manufacturer; the others being kelp and sand. When these are all melted and reduced to a paste, the metal is *blown*, and then expanded by a whirling motion like that just described. The coarse material called *green bottle glass* will not require more than a few words, the processes pursued in its manufacture being nearly the same with those already particularised. The reader will suppose that the coarsest and cheapest elements suffice for the production of a substance which appears no more connected with plate or flint glass, than the diamond with a common pebble. Sea-sand and lime are frequently

the only ingredients used; the lime acting as a *flux*, and the salt supplying alkali. From these simple and cheap elements a large amount of glass is yearly made in England, especially in Newcastle and its neighbourhood. We must here remark, that the operations above described are only the more general and essential processes connected with this manufacture; it being impossible to enter, in such an article, into the numerous details of the art. No branch of British manufacture abounds with more varieties of working than this; every glasshouse having some peculiarity arising from the greater or less degree of skill or experience possessed by the head, the kind of mart it supplies, and the quality of the sand or alkali used.

All these points affect the nature of the processes employed, and render it difficult, if not impossible, as it would certainly be uninteresting, to detail such minute technicalities. The applications of glass to the useful purposes of life must not be forgotten when we have traced the steps by which a wild sea beach, and burnt plants, are reduced into this material. If all these labours, and skilful adaptations of chemical science, only result in the creation of an ornament, or but swell the sum of our luxuries, we might regret to see so vast an outlay for such returns. Some might, even in such circumstances, think that whatever sheds an additional grace over the rudeness of life, or imparts more delicate preceptions of the beautiful to quicken the dulness of men, has not been made in vain; but the multitude, all who have taken but the common degree in the school of life, will give little heed to such artistic abstractions. Use must be evident in a manufacture to win the admiration of these men, and mere beauty will long plead in vain for admission to their museum. The glass manufacture is therefore fortunate in providing matter for the delight of the luxurious few, and the advantage of the busy crowds of populous cities.

Scarcely a cottage in Britain is without some testimony to the varied comforts and even blessings procured by glass. How different is the appearance presented by a house with unglazed apertures in the walls, when contrasted with another possessing the neat window-frame. In the former the tenant is unable to admit the light without receiving the chill blasts which sweep down the glen when 'the wintry storm is rising; but the inhabitant of the other is furnished with a transparent shield which repels the arrowy sleet, whilst it admits the faintest light of early dawn. How much of comfort in a thousand little details, do the glass windows of the poor man's cottage furnish to one family! What then must be the total amount of physical good, produced all over England by such house appendages! Few manufactures, therefore, appeal more directly, in northern climates, to our perceptions of the useful than those relating to glass. The gain to human health, and therefore to human happiness, arising from the use of this substance, is far beyond the calculation of any actuary, and probably entered little into the thoughts of the man or men who first discovered glass.

For many ages its production was too limited to allow of such *extravagancies* as the filling in of several square yards of a poor man's house with such crystalline plates, and even the lord of half a county might feel himself peculiarly privileged in possessing windows to his mansion. A walk through some of the English towns in the days of Alfred, would have introduced us to a very different spectacle from that which now meets our view, as we drive down the main street of a flourishing city. Some of those shop windows exhibit *walls* of plate glass which an estate would not have purchased in former times, and upon which our Edwards and Henrys, in the height of their magnificence, never gazed. Glass windows were not used in English private houses till the time of William I., nor generally adopted till ages after: this addition to the dwellings of men must therefore be ranked with the improvements made in the later years of the world's old age. The beauties of the heroic

(1) Concluded from page 172.

drama, and the spiritual grandeur of Grecian sculpture, shed a halo of magnificence round the remote ages when Socrates uttered the music of a sublime morality, and Sophocles drew tears from the old men of Athens; but the simple pleasures of a modern house were unknown to the children of the men who conquered at Marathon. Pericles, in the height of his deserved glory, could not enjoy the light in a stormy day, without exposing himself to the blast: a condition which the lowest of our fellow-creatures would now deem the mark of utter desolation. The poor peasant of our times thus possesses a source of pleasure unknown to the heroes of olden days, and may console himself with the reflection that the treasures of art are made available for him, and present in varied forms their offerings at his cottage door.

The secret experiments of our greatest chemists combine to create, for the humblest, a purer medium through which the light of day shall reach their apartments. Some may deem these advantages of too purely physical a nature to merit high praise, and regard them at best but the ministers of the senses. But let such remember, that civilisation in *all* its forms influences the mind, and thus reaches objects of the loftiest nature, opening the understanding, and increasing the mental susceptibilities, whilst adding to material good. A small class of speculative idealists may be found, who, seeing the evils of luxury, and dreading the predominance of the sensuous, ridicule the word *comfort*, and deplore the great prevalence of physical science. Is not the universe formed from the material and the spiritual? and are not the souls of men strangely and powerfully acted upon by material things? To govern matter is, therefore, one step towards the government of mind, and to attain this end is the great object of the sciences. To become a victor in the world of matter, it is not necessary to be the slave of the senses; but such a paradox is implied by all the declarations against the progress of man in the modern sciences. Let us rest assured that perfect freedom of intellect, and all true development of the religious emotions, will be only achieved by the advance of the mind in *all* departments of knowledge. Nothing can be justly deemed of little avail, which tends to diminish one pang, or produce one pleasurable feeling; for such results leave the mind free from the irritations and entanglements of temporal ills, to dedicate its powers to high employments. Thus the various arts pursued by men,—the workings in iron, cotton, glass, and other useful branches of industry,—must be classed with the labours of the divine, the moralist, and the statesman, when we enumerate the causes and accompaniments of civilisation. The solemn cry of Goëtic, "light, more light!" has been in all ages the prayer of earth's noblest sons, and some addition to this desired knowledge is made by the most humble advance in useful arts. Thus increased happiness, and the progress of man in power, are promoted to a considerable extent by the glass manufacture; and a truly thoughtful man will, therefore, estimate its value by no mean standard.

But there are results connected with the adaptations of glass to scientific purposes, which must suggest a still higher notion of its importance. In the commencement of this paper, we gave the materials recommended by Faraday, for the manufacture of glass for optical purposes; and who is not impressed by the grandeur of the discoveries resulting from the telescope, when directed to the hidden spaces above; and from the microscope, when applied to the investigation of the minute world! But such instruments are dependent, in a great measure, on the production of a pure glass; and this fact must give an additional interest to the manufacture. This conclusion will not be weakened by remembering that other substances are also used for those instruments, as the diamond and sapphire for the microscope, and metallic plates in re-

flecting telescopes. Those who know the long series of experiments instituted by Dollond on the refrangibility of the different rays of light, and his discovery of the achromatic¹ telescope, will admit the importance of this manufacture. Even to the present day we are unable to produce flint glass capable of transmitting uncoloured rays to the eye, though large rewards have been offered for the discovery of such a material. If we now turn from science to art, we may observe magnificent effects resulting from the use of glass in Gothic architecture, in which gorgeous windows diffuse across the solemn naves of cathedrals, and the tombs of kings, the soft coloured light. Whoever walks up the naves of King's College chapel, Cambridge, must feel how much of its grandeur that noble monument of the fifteenth century owes to the twenty-five² windows of richly stained glass, each of which speaks by its wonderful illuminated portraiture, to the imagination of all beholders. The mysteries of paradise, and the marvels of sacred history, seem revealed to our astonished vision; whilst, rapt in admiration, we survey the forms of patriarchs, prophets, and angels, traced in vivid colours on the numerous compartments. Over Europe, and throughout England, we find many similar instances of the aid rendered to religious teaching by glass, when united to painting; and this substance is, therefore, not only applicable to the purposes of common life, and the investigations of the scientific, but to the ends of Christian art. Painting on glass was early cultivated in the wealthy Hanseatic city of Cologne, where, about the year 1260, many artists devoted themselves to the fascinating work. The adaptation of such painted glass to religious objects, and its harmony with the spirit of the pointed style in architecture, were soon perceived; the abbots and monasteries of Europe were speedily enriched by these wonderful productions, and for two hundred years, the church drew on the resources of the artist, for imparting additional richness and sublimity to her sacred buildings; probably, much of the stained glass of Cologne was brought to England, as the closest intercourse existed for ages between the merchants of this country, and those of that Rhenish city. The painted windows of its unfinished cathedral still bear silent witness to the ancient glory of Cologne, and to the patient labours of its former artists.

We may here remark that painted glass is peculiarly fitted to produce rich effects, in consequence of the light *passing through*, instead of resting on, the figures, which thus possess the soft beauty of transparency. The "dim religious light" produced by the rays passing through a coloured medium, harmonizes with the multiplied tracery, and rich foliated forms of the stone roofs and columns, softening down all harsh contrasts, and thus filling the building with that calm, so much in unison with solemn services.

We have now surveyed the glass manufacture from its remote beginnings in the cities of ancient times, and have noted the progress of the material from its native sand and ashes, until it assumes the forms required by the elegance and science of modern life, whilst its adaptations to the high purposes of religion have given us an additional interest in its production. In closing this article, we may express our satisfaction, that the numerous advances in chemistry, that vast science of nature, have enabled the manufacturer to produce a purer glass at less than one-half the cost required a few years ago. This result is especially gratifying, when we observe that a vast increase has taken place in the sale of the best glass; so that in some districts the consumption has increased eight-fold. This, however, is not wholly caused by improved process, but partly by a judicious

(1) This word signifies *without colour*, and is applied to telescopes in which the images are free from the coloured edges so often observed in inferior instruments.

(2) There are twenty-six in all; but from some negligence the great western window was left plain.

reduction of duty on the materials from which glass is formed, thereby increasing the facilities of the maker, and diminishing the temptations to smuggling, or the use of illicit glass-furnaces. These, the reader may be surprised to hear, were often in active operation, in cellars and other secret places; for though the production of a first-rate glass requires the nicest care, little knowledge is necessary for making the common material.

Here we must end our remarks on this subject, trusting the reader has derived that kind and degree of information from the perusal, which may add increased interest to surrounding objects, and enable him to estimate aright the labours of his fellow-men.

W. D.

A CHRONICLE OF ST. ALBANS.

THE works, under the personal inspection of Offa, progressed with astonishing rapidity, and, ere he was called to his rest, which happened about five years afterwards, he had the felicity of seeing all the buildings necessary to the monastery completed, and Willegod, with one hundred monks, in peaceful occupation of their new and stately home. The king closed his eyes on this mortal scene, in his royal palace of Offley, whence his remains were conveyed to Bedford, and there deposited in a small chapel on the banks of the Ouse. Chapel and tomb were in after years swept from off the face of the earth by the inundations of the river, but, while one lofty arch of the noble Abbey of St. Alban's still remains, Offa, "of immortal memory," will need no other monument! The good Willegod did not long survive his friend and patron, for, stung to the quick by the ingratitude of the young king, who refused the monastery the usual honour of the founder's bones reposing within its walls, he pined and languished, and, ere two months had passed away, he had rejoined him in the land of spirits. The first Abbot of St. Albans died of a broken heart! He lived, however, long enough to have "set his house in order," to have brought his goodly household to conform with regularity and decorum to the stern rule of St. Benedict, and to have seen peace and prosperity upon his Israel. The vows imposed upon Benedictine Monks were those of poverty, chastity, and unquestioning obedience to their spiritual ruler, and in the very early ages of the Church they appear to have been, with but few exceptions, religiously observed. But at St. Alban's Abbey—sad to tell—they were speedily broken, and that by the guardian of the flock. The Abbot, third in succession from Willegod, died in a drunken fit, after having (as Matthew Paris indignantly expresses it) "satiated himself with the fat of the public wealth, and excited not only the vengeance of God, but the hatred and curse of the whole convent."

His successor, Vulnoth, appears to have been a "mighty hunter before the Lord,"—a character hardly less suited to the cowed Benedictine than that of the "gluttonous man and the wine-bibber:" so true is it that "all hoods make not monks." Being seized, however, with a palsy, he believed that the avenging hand of God was laid upon him in wrathful indignation; and, causing his dog-kennels to be demolished, his numerous hawks set free, and his hunter's dress to be consigned to the flames, he became henceforth a man of "admired sanctity." In his time, England was disquieted by the inroads of the Danes, who, hearing of the glories of "St. Alban's cell," in 980 paid it a most unwelcome visit, and, meeting with but little resistance from Vulnoth, and his "soldiers of the cross," broke open the martyr's tomb and carried his bones away in triumph to their own far distant land. When, or by whom, the much-prized relics were restored to their rightful possessors is not certainly known, but it is probable their restoration formed an article in one of the many treaties entered into by the degenerate descendants of the warlike Saxons with their fierce invaders. Doubtless it

needed small persuasion to induce the godless northmen to barter the relics of the Saint for the broad pieces of the wealthy churchmen.

The penitent Vulnoth flourished in the reign of Athelstan; in that of Edmund the Good, St. Alban's Abbey was ruled by Xedred, its fifth Abbot, of whom the chronicler has little to relate, save that "he was respectable for the elegance and deportment of his person!" Ulsinus, his successor, was a very different character,—pious as a private Christian; beloved and respected as a spiritual ruler; honoured and obeyed as a temporal one, he did good service both to church and crown, and may, moreover, almost be regarded as the founder of the town of St. Albans.

Offa, when he had completed the monastery, placed this inscription over the martyr's shrine,—“Here lieth interred the body of St. Alban, a citizen of old Verulam, of whom *this town* took denomination, and from the ruins of which city this town did arise. He was the first martyr of England, and suffered his martyrdom the 17th day of June, in the year of man's redemption 293.” Now from this we should naturally suppose that the town was contemporary with the foundation of the monastery, but the worthy king's "wish was father to the thought," for, with the exception of a few straggling cottages, no buildings surrounded the Abbey until the reign of Edred, 948, when Ulsinus, its energetic Abbot, built houses and encouraged others to do so; upon which, in a short time, a "town did arise," with mushroom growth, under his able and vigilant direction. His dust has probably long since been cast to the winds of heaven, and at the hands of the Puritans his bones received all conceivable insult and indignity.

But what matters? His works (or at least their foundations) still remain; and the sister churches of St. Peter's, St. Michael's, and St. Stephen's, the Lady Chapel, and the market-place, bear testimony to his regard for the weal, both spiritual and temporal, of those committed to his care; they prove, too, the injustice of the charge laid against ALL monks, in ALL times, of having lived but to, and for, themselves alone. That many did so is not to be denied, but that *all* did so, is as untrue as every broad and sweeping assertion is, upon examination, almost without exception found to be. Neither were they all ignorant, as many would fain have us believe; and for the instance of a learned monk, we have but to turn to the annals of St. Alban's, and read there the name of the successor of Ulsinus. Alfrie was, in very truth, a man of letters and of learning; and works are still extant, in Exeter cathedral, and elsewhere, penned by his hand. Nor are their contents unworthy of attention.

From the death of Elfrie, the 7th abbot, which took place, A.D. 950, for the space of half a century or more England enjoyed the blessing of peace, and the abbey, sharing in the general prosperity consequent thereon, flourished, and increased in riches. The two abbots, who successively bore rule during that time, being pious and peace-loving men, employed themselves in searching the ruins of Verulam for precious relics of antiquity, and in superintending the preparation of materials of which they intended to build a more beautiful church than the one then attached to their monastery. But heaven's will was not as their will, and, ere the preparations were completed, Ealdred and Eaduser both slept with their fathers. In the reign of Ethelred, our country was visited by one of the heaviest judgments of the Lord, and "famine was sore in the land." Happily for St. Alban's there was a refuge for the famishing more hospitable than the workhouse, and those at its portals were ready to distribute with more liberal hand, than are now the guardians of the poor! The gates of the monastery were thrown open, and Abbot Leofric and his monks were ever ready to welcome the hundreds who flocked to receive their blessing and their alms. Fancy can scarce picture a

scene more heart-stirring than that which each day was enacted at the noble entrance to St. Alban's Abbey. The lordly abbot, in his priestly robes, his train of cowed and shaven brethren, the multitude before them, now pressing forward to receive their share of the "staff of life," so freely given, "without money and without price," now bursting forth into cries of thankfulness, and now falling on their knees to receive the father's blessing, or to crave his prayers, with the dark background of the noble western porch, form together a picture at once deeply interesting and moving! Day after day, and week after week, the gates of the monastery were still thronged by countless numbers of the "poor destitute," and still the faithful Leofric was at his station each time the great bell sounded; but the dole was not so plentiful, and on his brow were marks of care. Truly the good man "suffered with those he did see suffer;" and his heart bled, as he viewed the famishing multitude, and remembered that his coffers were well-nigh empty. "Meagre were their looks, sharp misery had worn them to the bone;" and he had not wherewith to satisfy their piteous cries for bread. In this extremity he "bethought him what he would do," he sold all the precious stores amassed by his predecessors for the erection and embellishment of a new and costly church, and gave the proceeds to the poor. When charged with sacrilegious waste of "many goods laid up" for the Lord's service, he gave an answer worthy the most enlightened Christian of our own day. The "faithful in Christ," he said, "especially if they were poor, constituted the church and temple of God; and were, indeed, that real and true church which it was his duty to build up and preserve, and that it was the best instance of pure and undefiled religion, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction." But bitter to himself were the fruits of his noble conduct, for all the brethren could not, like him, forget the *monk* in the *Christian*, nor the duties of the one in the more important ones of the other; and the dissensions in the monastery rose to a fearful height, almost amounting to absolute insurrection. However, "the night is long that finds no morrow;" and his troubles found their end.

The famine was stayed, and the fruits of the earth in their season were restored for the use of man, whilst the noble-minded Leofric, being promoted to the dignity of the Archbishopric of See of Canterbury, found, that, though often "lang o' comin'," "duty never yet did want his meed."

Hard by the monastery, in "olden time," stood the Palace of Kingsbury, and there the Saxon monarchs often held their courts. But the near proximity of Royalty, with all its train of overbearing courtiers and idle servitors, was found to be prejudicial to the morals and well-being of the monks, and in the year of our Lord, 1006, Alfrie, the then Abbot, bought it of the crown, and, demolishing the buildings, made the grounds Church property.

King Canute, however, unwilling that every trace of the habitation of his fathers should be swept away, commanded that one tower should be left standing; and standing it is to this our day. When wars were raging, and rumours of wars were rife in England, it served as a conspicuous height on which to raise a telegraph, and, now that peace reigns throughout its length and breadth, it is converted into a clock-house, and from its venerable appearance, and interesting associations, well merits regard as a time-honoured relic of the past! From the reign of Canute to that of Harold, no events of any historical interest took place in which St. Albans bore a part. Its riches and prosperity were daily increasing, and the abbots who in turn bore the pastoral staff, being peace-makers rather than destroyers, under their mild sway both "town and gown" pursued the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by the petty feuds which constantly embroiled their neighbours. But troublous times were at

hand, and, in the year 1066, war's shrill trumpet sounded far and wide through the favoured land of the Angles, called all good men and true to leave the kindly shelter of their "ain fire-side," and to fly to arms in defence of their altars and their homes.

Deeply tolled the alarm bell from the massive tower of St. Alban's Abbey, and troops of the hardy peasantry were seen hastening to those gates, at which the hoary-headed grandsire among them could still remember having been led a youngster by his mother's hand to receive the bread which was to save him from starvation. The bell has ceased its solemn call—and blessings, "deep not loud," rose from the multitude assembled without the monastery, as the porter threw open the old oak gates, and the venerable Abbot Frithric came forward with hands and eyes upraised to Heaven, thence to invoke a blessing on their heads, ere he proceeded to make known the objects of the meeting. Then he lifted up his voice so as to be heard of all, and told how that he had heard that William the Norman had crossed the channel, and was even then preparing to give battle to their rightful Sovereign, in order to seize the "pleasant land," won by their fathers' sword, and now to be defended by their own. He bade them draw it, ere it was too late, entreated them, forgetting all past animosities, to join heart and hand in upraising the banners of their Thanes, and fighting beneath its colours for their King and their country, and their homes. Then he dismissed them with a father's blessing, and an oft repeated promise that his "prayers for ever and for ever should be theirs."

The good old abbot and his monks kept this promise to the utmost—day and night were their knees bent in supplication, and hour after hour through the vaulted roof of their church, resounded the deep-toned voices of the brethren uprising in solemn chant. But the time for prayer was over—that for action came! news were brought, ("and every true heart wept for't,") that on the bloody field of Hastings, with thousands of England's best and bravest sons, lay "Harold the Unhappy," whilst Duke William was in full march upon the capital.

Frithric, in whom the wisdom of the serpent, the gentleness of the dove, and the boldness of the lion, seem to have been blended, rose superior to the cowardly fear of those around him which spoke of submission to the stranger; and, knowing that the Norman and his followers, if unchecked, would pass through St. Albans, he determined to intercept his progress, and be the first this side of Hastings to show resistance to the Conqueror. Causing all the timber on the Church lands to be felled, he so effectually barricaded the road, as to oblige William, chafing at the delay, and still more at the insult, to make a circuit of some miles to Berkleystead, which was then the place of his destination, and afterwards became his favourite residence. Thither, under promise of safe conduct, the Abbot of St. Albans went, and the proud Norman demanded, in haughty tone, how he had dared to intercept his march. Frithric's reply was mildly yet firmly given.

"I have done what I ought," said he, "and if all the spiritual persons throughout this land had used their endeavours to have hindered thee, as they might and should have done, it had not been in thy power to have come thus far."

"Is the spirituality of England then of such power?" exclaimed William. "Well, if I live to enjoy what I have got, I will rule their greatness well enough, and make their power less, and I resolve to begin with thee."

To this taunting threat the churchman made no reply—his was the courage which loves to show itself in action, not in word; and, leaving the haughty stranger to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, he retired to his monastery; there to form plans for securing freedom to his country, and its throne to the rightful heir. Young Edgar (or Englemond's Direling, as the Saxons loved to call him) fearing to trust himself within reach

of his ambitious foe, had fled to Hungary, and there he dwelt in exile, whilst his faithful subjects, Alfred of York, and Frithric of St. Alban's, raised his standard, the one in the north and the other in the south, and gathered around it hundreds of the true-hearted and the brave, lovers of their country and their king. Hearing of the success attending their patriotic efforts, the Atheling, England's last hope, returned to his native land. But his was a gentle, not a warlike nature; ambition bore no rule within his breast, and foreseeing that the crown of his forefathers, if secured to him, must ever prove one beset with thorns, and being "weary with disaster, tugged with fortune," he not long after voluntarily relinquished the "golden sorrow" into his rival's abler hands. Meanwhile, William, startled, if not actually alarmed at the formidable appearance made by the malcontents, invited them to a personal conference at Berkhamstead. Thither the abbot of St. Alban's, with a goodly company of nobles and prelates, repaired, and in their presence the duke swore upon the relics of Britain's protomartyr, an oath administered by Frithric, that he "would keep and observe inviolable all the ancient laws of the realm, which his pious predecessors, and especially the holy Edward, had established." But, alas! the sweet singer of Israel knew only too well "what is in man," and how faithless is the son of man, when he said, "put not your trust in princes." Hardly had the relics been removed from the presence of the duke, and restored to their wonted shrine, than he forgot the oath sworn, with his hand laid solemnly upon them,—broke the laws of the confessor he had promised to fulfil, and treated his new subjects as though they were but the "beasts of the field." Seeing that neither faith nor mercy was to be expected from the lawless invader, Edgar Atheling took refuge with Scotland's king, whilst his firm friend and stout defender, the venerable Frithric, called his monks around him, in the chapter-house of St. Alban's Abbey, and telling them that all hope of redress was past, bidding each one see to his own safety, he bid them a tearful and affectionate farewell. Heart-rending was the parting between the abbot and his monks; but "all that a man hath will he give for his life," and, expecting each hour the foe at their gates, they hastened to quit for ever their loved and noble home. . .

The shades of evening had closed around the Isle of Ely, when an aged man, bowed to the earth with the "vile blows and buffets of the world," claimed admission to the "camp of refuge." He was received with the tenderness and respect due to his sorrows and his years, by the many bishops there assembled; but he told them he needed no honours, but was "come to lay his bones among them," and craved "a little earth for charity."

The sun rose once and again, and found the old man on his knees, but ere it was yet "high upon the earth," the way-worn pilgrim was gathered to his fathers, and the passing bell told sadly of the weary spirit's flight. It tolled for the broken-hearted,—for Frithric,—the last Saxon Abbot of St. Alban's.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

THE ALBUM.

(HENRY J. JOHNS.)

WHEN wandering through some region fair,—
A sunny land, by Nature's care,
In all her varied glories drest,
With all her rarest treasure blest;—
Should chance disclose—retired and lone,
And long with moss and weeds o'ergrown—

Some mouldering relic of the past,
That tells where man his lot had cast,
But, silent now, and desolate,
Reveals no record of his fate;—
Sudden that deep and quiet mood,
The blessed charm of solitude,
Dissolves, as if by magic spell,
While new-born thoughts and feelings tell
How deep within the bosom lie
The springs of human sympathy!
Then wakes the fond desire to trace
Who once had made his dwelling-place
Where now, in melancholy state,
Pale ruin only finds a seat!
Perchance some legend may disclose
A darken'd tale of mortal woes,—
Of one, to adverse fate consigned,
Yet rich in gifts and grace of mind,
Who here awhile in peace reposed,
And here "Life's fitful fever" closed!
Henceforth a mystic influence, wrought
Of sad yet sweetly-soothing thought,
Hallows, in Memory's fond regard,
The lingering relic Time hath spared!
Even such the gentle spell that o'er
The ALBUM breathes its secret power,—
Embalming every relic rare,
And fond memorial, treasured there!
Trace we, upon its varied page,
The brightly lay, the maxims sage,—
Strains of impassioned eloquence,
Or truths of holier influence,—
Or, drest in Nature's loveliest guise,
The pencil's magic mimicries;—
O'er each, some hand, or praised, or loved,
Or by affection's impulse moved,
Hath shed a charm, to gentle hearts endeared,
By memory cherished, and by love revered!

FAR, FAR AWAY!

RACHEL L.

I CANNOT link my spirit to realities so rife
With sorrow and with heartlessness, and mammon-seeking strife;
No, even while I sit with you in Town the livelong day,
My mind is revelling and glad, far, far away!

Where the heather-bells are dewy, and the tender grass is bright,
Where the fostering sun pours down on them a flood of golden light,

Where the precious dew is lying on each blossom-laden spray,
There am I revelling and glad, far, far away!

The still lake is my mirror, and the richest of perfume
I gather from the yellow flowers of the nectar-scented broom;
The pearls are gathering thick and bright on the spiders' web
so fine,

The jewelled tissue that they make shall serve for robes of mine

I cannot link my spirit to realities so rife
Of sorrow and of heartlessness, and mammon-seeking strife;
Forgive me that my spirit roves from home the livelong day,
O I would tie it if I could, but 'tis far, far away!

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VOL. IV.

A VISIT TO THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.¹

THE THRONE occupies the centre of the southern end of the House. It is elevated on steps covered with a rich carpet of a bright scarlet ground, powdered with roses and lions, alternately, of gold colour, and fringed with gold colouring. The canopy to the throne is divided into three compartments, the central one much loftier than the others, for Her Majesty; that on the right hand for the Prince of Wales; and that on the left for Prince Albert. The panelling and heraldic emblazonry of the back are indescribably beautiful; and so exquisitely is the brilliancy of the colours blended with the gilding, that the effect is that of perfect harmony; and, notwithstanding the extreme richness of the materials, there is nothing garish or gaudy, their glitter and glare being chastened by the most skilful combination, into an effect of surpassing delicacy and beauty. The central and side canopies are surmounted by Tudor crowns; and in the former are five niches filled with statuettes of St. George, and Knights of the Garter, the Bath, Thistle, and St. Patrick. Beneath each canopy are the arms of the royal occupant, superbly emblazoned, as well as within the arches of the canopy itself. On each side of the recess for Her Majesty's chair is a pedestal, surmounted by an angel bearing the royal arms. There are corresponding pedestals, with the lion and unicorn; and, stretching out on either side are dwarf wings traceried, and octagonal pedestals, on which are seated the royal supporters, the lion and unicorn holding standards, enamelled with the arms of England.

The Queen's chair of state, or throne, in general outline, resembles the ancient coronation chair; the legs rest upon four lions couchant, and have pinnaced buttresses on each side; the front, sides, and back, have quatrefoil panels, with crowns, roses, shamrocks, and thistles, and the royal monogram; and beneath the arms are lions passant. The back of the chair is gabled, and within it is an exquisitely quatrefoiled ornament of eight points, bearing the royal monogram. On the exterior ridge of the gable are boldly carved roses; upon a stem rising from its apex is a richly decorated crown; and upon the flanking buttresses are the lion and unicorn seated, holding scrolls. A broad border surrounds the square part of the back of the chair, on which are, alternately, large and brilliant egg-shaped pieces of rock-crystal, and lions within quatrefoils, enamelled. This gives a character of jewelled magnificence to the regal chair. Within this border are the royal arms of England, superbly embroidered on velvet.

The state chairs for the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert are alike in form and general details, the only variations being in the embroidery on the backs, and in the monograms. The backs are circular-headed, and the legs are curved, in the curve, or X shape, and the whole framework is richly floriated. The fittings are crimson velvet and gimp; the embroidery, the ostrich plume of the Prince of Wales, and the arms of Prince Albert, and their respective monograms.

To the Queen's Throne is a footstool, carved and gilt, and covered with crimson velvet, gorgeously embroidered in gold, with leaves, roses, fleurs-de-lis, &c. We should

add that there is a passage in the rear of the throne for the royal attendants; it not being etiquette to pass before the throne while her majesty is seated.

In harmony of design and exquisiteness of finish, nothing can exceed this new throne: it is architecturally correct, as well as picturesque; and, although from description, it would appear to be a blaze of enrichment, so artistical is the work that there is no appearance of superfluity or excess of ornament, or frittered appliances in any portion of the design. It is historical, national, and in every respect appropriate as the seat of sovereign power.

At present, only one window is filled with stained glass, the effigies of the sovereigns being drawn in the style of the period of the architecture: we believe it was proposed to substitute correct drawing, but this idea has been overruled. The other eleven windows are covered with a diapered calico: when they shall all be filled with stained glass, the effect will be brilliant and sparkling, and relieve the somewhat too golden hue of the ceiling and upper walls. The filling of the five remaining archways with frescoes will also aid the pictorial character.

We lingered for a considerable time in the superb chamber; for, some minutes had elapsed ere we could fix attention upon any especial portion of the decoration sufficiently to appreciate its design and genius, so to speak. Here is no unmeaning embellishment; everything contributes to nationality, aim, and purpose. You do not ask why this or that symbol or characteristic is adopted; it is part of a chain of illustration, or linked series; and there are no common-place repetitions; every piece of decoration assists to tell the story—to illustrate in this great chamber of its Legislature the artistic history of the country. It was long ere we had exhausted the decorative perfection of the house, and then, quitting it by one of the side doors, we crossed the corridor and entered

THE VICTORIA HALL.

This regal apartment has been taken from the long Victoria Gallery, as shown in the original plan. It is an after-thought of the architect, and a happy one; for, if we mistake not, it has found even a larger number of admirers than the house itself, or the peers' lobby. It has a chastened and subdued magnificence, in short, a delightful repose, which the house and lobby may be said to lack.

The walls are, to a considerable height, panelled with oak, having a deep frieze and elaborate erecting. On the north and south sides are three compartments, divided by columns, to be hereafter filled with frescoes. The east and west ends have each three windows above the panelling, filled with stained glass, figured with the rose, thistle, and shamrock, royal crowns, diaper-work, &c.; and the light streaming through them has an impressive effect. The lower oak panelling is of the napkin pattern; above are spaces to be filled with carvings representing important events in the lives of the Queens of England. There are larger panels over each of the two fire places, and in the western one an experimental bas-relief has been placed with admirable effect. Above these compartments is a range of tall panels, to be filled with portraits of the English sovereigns, painted upon a gold ground. The frieze above these panels is enriched with oak-leaves and acorns, and shields charged with the arms of the sovereigns of England, and labels bearing their names. The erecting above the frieze consists of Tudor flowers and quatrefoils with roses on pierced tracery. The small doorways leading into the corridors and the House of Lords are slightly recessed. On the north and south sides are larger doorways of lofty pitch, and very much decorated in the deep moulding. The southern door will lead to the Victoria Gallery: the opposite archway being a blank one, a statue of her majesty will be placed on a pedestal in front of it.

(1) Concluded from p. 164.

The ceiling of the Victoria Hall is divided by massive tie-beams into nine compartments, and these again into eight; the beams have bosses, all varied in character and richly gilt, carved with trellage, and the motto "Dieu et mon droit." The surface of the ceiling is dark blue; and upon it in heater-shaped shields are emblazoned the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with quatrefoil borders, fleurs-de-lis, and coronals.

The two fire-places in this truly regal apartment are of elegant design and elaborate workmanship. The opening for the fire is a low arch, deeply recessed; the sides and back are encrusted with red and blue encaustic tiles, having on them the lions of England, and the Royal monogram, respectively. The grate is very low, and along the top bar are fleurs-de-lis. The reredos, or back, rises high in gable form, and has upon it the Royal Arms of England, with supporters and crest. The fire-dogs are of brass, the standards being of rich design and bearing shields with the lions of England, and surmounted by regal crowns.¹

The fire implements are of wrought brass; there is no fender, a raised stone moulding serving in its stead, and being in accordance with the architectural character of the apartment. The fender was an after-thought, for, at this date, (James I.) the chimney furniture, fire-shovel, tongs, &c. were "an invention," often of richly wrought silver, and given as wedding presents. The style of the period is admirably displayed in the characteristic enrichments boldly sculptured in stone above the arch, and presenting a very striking display of heraldic colouring and gilding. In the spandrils of the arch are Tudor roses, crowned, painted, and gilded; and from them flow gracefully the thistle and shamrock, also gilded. This regal character is likewise continued in the insignia of royalty sculptured in the long panel immediately above the arch. Within three large circles are as many quatrefoils, bearing shields of the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with blue labels and gilt mottoes. In the spaces between the quatrefoils are circlets of oak-branches, with sceptres and swords placed saltire-wise, (cross-wise,) upon them, intertwined by a cord and tassels. Over the fire place is a plaster relief, coloured to imitate oak—the subject, Queen Philippa interceding with Edward III. in behalf of the citizens of Calais. This will be executed in oak, as will a corresponding relief for the opposite fire-place. The enriched effect of these fire-places, each flanked by doorways, the upper portions having carved bosses, and the plate-glass panels traceried heads, is extremely beautiful. The finger-plates, lock-escutcheons, hinges, &c. have all been designed in accordance with the architectural character of the room. Over each fire-place is a bracket bearing a clock, in a carved case; the dials enamelled in blue and gold, and colour.

The furniture of the Victoria Hall is also architectural; proving how desirable it is that the master-mind of the architect should direct the upholsterer's skill. Yet, if we mistake not, Mr. Barry has, in this country, broken ground in such an exercise of judgment. The chairs are of oak: they have straight backs, surmounted by lions' heads; the legs are formed like a curved X, with a carved cross-bar. The seats and backs are not stuffed, but consist of strained red Russia leather, stamped with Tudor roses, and secured by brass nails, of Gothic pattern. There are sixteen of these chairs, the cost of each being twenty guineas. They are very picturesque and unique in character. They are placed around two octagonal tables, of oak, resting on ogee arches, with winged lions and dragons couchant on the four ends of the plinth. The carpet corresponds with that of the House of Lords—deep blue, with gold

coloured roses. The room is lighted by gas, in coronal branches.

"It is impossible," says a contemporary, "to conceive a more regal apartment than is the Victoria Lobby, every detail being in such exquisite taste, and so gorgeously enriched by colour and gold. In addition to its splendour, there is the prevailing feeling that the embellishments are ALL ART, no hackneyed design or copied enrichment being introduced: all are new and beautiful. Indeed, we doubt whether King Louis of Bavaria, that art-loving monarch, ever imagined a more perfect specimen of art-decoration than this room will present, when all the architect's intentions are carried out. Even now, there is not a single decoration, or piece of furniture, which does not bear the stamp of genius and consummate taste; and when the pictorial beauties are added to its architectural, no room in Europe will exceed it in magnificence and appropriateness."

The system of *Warming and Ventilation* of the House of Lords and the Victoria Hall, cannot be made intelligible except by diagrams. We may, however, briefly state that beneath the Peers' Lobby and the House of Lords are air-tight chambers for hot or cold air; and in the roof are chambers for fresh or vitiated air. The fresh air is admitted direct from the river, and is purified by passing it through a finely perforated zinc screen over cold water; it then passes through caskets heated by one of Lord Dundonald's steam-boilers; this process being carried on beneath the Victoria Hall. The air being thus purified and warmed, passes through bulls'-eyes into the diffusing chamber under the House of Lords, where nearly 40,000 cubic feet of air, freed from all impurities, are constantly kept ready for admission into the House. The air next passes up flues in the wall of the Victoria Hall next the House, into the supply chambers over the ceilings. In the opposite wall is the discharge shaft and chimney to the steam-engine; and in the latter a steam-jet, by the action of which the vitiated air is drawn off, whilst a constant stream of similar air is rising from the House through the perforated enrichments of the beams in the central division of the ceiling; and to keep up the supply, thus incessantly but imperceptibly passing off, a current of fresh air is, equally imperceptibly, always pouring down, through the open work in the beams at the side divisions of the ceiling, to the floor of the House. Here the two currents meet in the centre, and ascend to the foul air chamber, whence, by the action of the steam-jet, they are rapidly drawn away. There are, also, modes of regulating the temperature by the doors of flues, by cold water, &c. The most ingenious adaptation is that of the shaft, which conveys the smoke from the steam-boiler, also carrying off the vitiated air, this is invaluable, as the velocity of the air in the shaft caused by the heat of the boiler, independent of the heat evolved by the steam-jet, must always be very great. There are likewise portions of the House, in which the ornaments, (as quatrefoils,) are covered with wire-gauze, coloured so as to be imperceptible, through which the air passes.

The success of this system of diffusing air through the House, without draughts being perceptible, has been very nicely tested. For example, air which has been perfumed in a chamber at one end of the House has, in four or five minutes, been detected by its scent and in fifteen or sixteen minutes, all trace of perfume has passed off. Again, when nearly one hundred huge wax candles are burnt in the lofty candelabra, unprotected by any glass, the flames are as steady as they would be if the candles were burning in a small sitting-room.

(1) These dogs (or sword irons,) are equally characteristic, though in a different way, with the pair described by Shakespeare to have belonged to a lady's chamber, in his time:—

"Two winking cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands."—*Cymbeline*.

(1) From the highly artistic details, accompanying a set of views in the *Illustrated London News*, drawn and engraved by Joseph Lionel Williams. For characteristic accuracy and picturesqueness, these illustrations can scarcely be too highly commended.

The whole of this system of heating and ventilation has been invented by Mr. Barry; its perfection, it will be seen, is based upon the sound principle of the property of heated air to ascend, and cold air to descend.

The gas-lights are upon Professor Faraday's system, by which carbonic acid gas, and other deleterious products of combustion, are prevented from entering the lighted apartment. The action is simply this: the air rushes through a perforated plate, to supply the gas flame, and having parted with its oxygen rises over the chimney, and being prevented from escaping at top, (by its covering of a plate of mica,) passes between inner and outer glasses, through small tubes, into a larger one, and thence makes its exit. Thus, though the gas is burning brightly, there is no absorption of fresh air from the apartment to supply the flame.

As a specimen of the architectural character of the accessories, we may refer to the candelabra in the House of Lords, in which the tracery and quatrefoils, fillets and mouldings, of the enriched shafts, and the crowned flying buttresses, or branches for the lights, show how essential to the perfection of house-fitting is the master-mind of the architect.

With respect to the acoustic provisions in the House, so as to ensure its fitness for debating, experience alone can testify. The deeply-recessed ceiling, the perforated beams, the niches, the coving beneath the galleries, and other deviations from a plane surface, are unfavourable to hearing. The size of the chamber must also be taken into account, it being nearly four times the dimensions of the former house.

Although our eulogy of the decorative beauty of the House and the Hall may appear highly charged, we are persuaded that when the sculpture, frescoes, and painted glass shall be completed, the effect of magnificence will be astonishingly increased.

A walk through "the works," or the buildings in progress, is suggestive of many gratifying reflections. The style of architecture, it is true, belongs to a distant age; but its adaptation to "high convenience" belongs to our own time. In plan and arrangement, for official purposes, too numerous for us to specify, the new houses will be as near perfection as can be attained. A single glance at the ground plan will show that we do not over-estimate these important provisions.

There are many novel points of construction upon which we could enlarge; for instance, the employment of iron wherever it can be substituted for wood; the diminished liability to destruction by fire; added to which, the floors are fire-proof; the most prompt supplies of water are insured, and means of instantly cutting off communication in case of fire are provided. The novel applications of mechanical power to be seen in the works—the removal of vast masses of stone, for instance, upon railways, high in mid-air, are strikingly indicative of our own age: as is the carving, in great part, executed by machinery; thus substituting the work of an instant for the labour of a day, week, or even month.

The reader is probably aware that the decorative portion of the New Houses has been placed under the direction of a Commission, at the head of which is his Royal Highness Prince Albert. This measure has, doubtless, been productive of good, by the way of suggestion.

It is important to note, that so vast a work of art as the re-edification of "the Houses" has already called into action young and rising genius. The artists to whom the frescoes have been entrusted present instances; and, in the sculptural decoration we must mention Mr. John Thomas, of Lambeth, to whom the execution of two of the figures of the Magna Charta Barons has been confided.

To return to the outer works,—their present state can but be glanced at. The Victoria, Clock, and Octagonal Towers have not risen far above the main building. The completion of the House of Commons is a more important demand, though it is doubtful if this can be

accomplished by the meeting of Parliament next year. In general plan, the House, Lobby, &c. will correspond with that of the Lords, though it will be far less ornate than the Peers' House. The Victoria Gallery, and the great Central Hall will be structures of great novelty, as well as beauty.

We conclude in the words of the contemporary,¹ to whom acknowledgment is due for the substance of a few of these details, originally derived from official sources.

"The rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament, or, 'the Palace of Westminster,' is the most important architectural work which has been undertaken in this country since the re-edification of St. Paul's Cathedral. So colossal a pile of building has not been erected in London since that period; nor so magnificent a specimen of Gothic architecture in England since the construction of Henry the Seventh's chapel. And, it may be added, that, in arrangement, detail, warming, and ventilation, combined, so perfect a structure was never before planned; as far as can be judged from the recorded art of past ages, or the experience of our own time."

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.²

CHAP. VII.

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

THE next few days passed like a happy dream. Our little party remained the same, no tidings being heard of any of the absentees, save a note from Freddy, saying how much he was annoyed at being detained in town, and begging me to await his return at Elm Lodge, or he would never forgive me. Mrs. Coleman's sprain, though not very severe, was yet sufficient to confine her to her own room till after breakfast, and to a sofa in the boudoir during the rest of the day; and, as a necessary consequence, Miss Saville and I were chiefly dependent on each other for society and amusement. We walked together, read Italian (Petrarch too, of all the authors we could have chosen to beguile us, with his picturesque and glowing love conceits), played chess, and, in short, tried in turn all the usual expedients for killing time in a country-house, and found them all very "pretty pastime" indeed. As the young lady's shyness wore off, and by degrees she allowed the various excellent qualities of her head and heart to appear, I recalled Lucy Markham's assertion, that "she was as good and amiable as she was pretty," and acknowledged that she had only done her justice. Still, although her manner was generally lively and animated, and at times even gay, I could perceive that her mind was not at ease; and, whenever she was silent, and her features were in repose, they were marked by an expression of hopeless dejection which it grieved me to behold. If at such moments she perceived any one was observing her, she would rouse herself with a sudden start, and join in the conversation with a degree of wild vehemence and strange unnatural gaiety, which to me had in it something shocking. Latterly, however, as we became better acquainted, and felt more at ease in each other's society, these wild bursts of spirits grew less frequent, or altogether disappeared, and she would meet my glance with a calm melancholy smile, which seemed to say, "I am not afraid to trust you with the secret of my unhappiness—you will not betray me." Yet though she seemed to find pleasure in discussing subjects which afforded opportunity for expressing the morbid and desponding

(1) The "Illustrated London News."

(2) Continued from p. 182.

views she held of life, she never allowed the conversation to take a personal turn, always skilfully avoiding the possibility of her words being applied to her own case; any attempt to do so invariably rendering her silent, or eliciting from her some gay piquant remark, which served her purpose still better.

And how were my feelings getting on all this time? Was I falling in love with this wayward, incomprehensible, but deeply interesting girl, into whose constant society circumstances had, as it were, forced me? Reader, this was a question which I most carefully abstained from asking myself. I knew that I was exceedingly happy: and, as I wished to continue so, I steadily forbore to analyze the ingredients of this happiness too closely, perhaps from a secret consciousness, that, were I to do so, I might discover certain awkward truths, which might prove it to be my duty to tear myself away from the scene of fascination, ere it was too late. So I told myself that I was bound by my promise to Coleman to remain at Elm Lodge till my mother and sister should return home, or, at all events, till he himself came back. This being the case, I was compelled by all the rules of good-breeding to be civil and attentive to Miss Saville, (yes, civil and attentive,—I repeated the words over two or three times; they were nice, quiet, *cool* sort of words, and suited the view I was anxious to take of the case particularly well.) Besides, I might be of some use to her, poor girl, by combating her strange, melancholy, half-fatalist opinions; at all events, it was my duty to try, decidedly my duty (I said that also several times); and, as to my feeling such a deep interest about her, and thinking of her continually, why there was nothing else for me to think about at Elm Lodge—so that was easily accounted for. All this, and a good deal more of the same nature, did I tell myself; and, if I did not implicitly believe it, I was much too polite to think of giving myself the lie, and so I continued walking, talking, reading Petrarch, and playing chess with Miss Saville all day, and dreaming of her all night, and being very happy indeed.

Oh! it's a dangerous game, by the way, that game of chess, with its gallant young knights, clever fellows, up to all sorts of deep moves, who are perpetually laying siege to queens, keeping them in check, threatening them with the bishop, and, with his assistance, mating at last; and much too nearly does it resemble the game of life to be played safely with a pair of bright eyes talking to you from the other side of the board, and two coral lips—mute, indeed, but in their very silence discoursing such "sweet music" to your heart, that the silly thing, dancing with delight, seems as if it meant to jump out of your breast; and it is not mere seeming, either—for hearts have been altogether lost in that way before now. Oh! it's a dangerous game, that game of chess. But, to return to my tale.

About a week after the expedition to Mrs. Muddles's had taken place, Freddy and his father returned, just in time for dinner. As I was dressing for that meal, Coleman came into my room, anxious to learn "how the young lady had conducted herself" during his absence; whether I had taken any unfair advantage, or acted honourably, with a due regard to his interest, with sundry other queries of a like nature, all of which appeared to me exceedingly impertinent, and particularly disagreeable, and inspired me with a strong inclination to take him by the shoulders and march him out of the room; instead, however, of doing so, I endeavoured to look amiable, and answer his inquiries in the same light tone in which they were made, and I so far succeeded as to render the amount of information he obtained exceedingly minute. The dinner passed off heavily; Miss Saville was unusually silent, and all Freddy's sallies failed to draw her out. Mr. Coleman was very pompous, and so distressingly polite, that every thing like sociability was out of the question. When the ladies left us, matters did not improve; Freddy, finding the atmosphere ungenial to jokes,

devoted himself to cracking walnuts by original methods which invariably failed, and torturing into impossible shapes oranges which, when finished, were much too sour for any one to eat; while his father, after having solemnly, and at separate intervals, begged me to partake of every article of the dessert twice over, commenced an harangue, in which he set forth the extreme caution and reserve he deemed it right and advisable for young gentlemen to exercise in their intercourse with young ladies, towards whom he declared they should maintain a staid deportment of dignified courtesy, tempered by distant but respectful attentions—this, repeated with variations, lasted us till the tea was announced, and we returned to the drawing-room. Here Freddy made a desperate and final struggle to remove the wet blanket which appeared to have extinguished the life and spirit of the party, but in vain; it had evidently set in for a dull evening, and the clouds were not to be dispelled by any efforts of his;—nothing, therefore, remained for him but to tease the cat, and worry and confuse his mother, to which occupations he applied himself with a degree of diligence worthy a better object. During a fearful commotion consequent upon the discovery of the cat's nose in the cream jug, into the commission of which delinquency Freddy had contrived to inveigle her by a series of treacherous caresses, I could not help remarking to Miss Saville (next to whom I happened to be seated) the contrast between this evening and those which we had lately spent together.

"Ah! yes," she replied, in a half-absent manner, "I knew they were too happy to last;" then seeing from the flush of joy, which I felt rise to my brow, though I would have given worlds to repress it, that I had put a wrong construction on her words, or, as my heart would fain make me believe, that she had unconsciously admitted more than she intended, she added hastily, "What I mean to say is, that the perfect freedom from restraint, and the entire liberty to—*to follow one's own pursuits*, are pleasures to which I am so little accustomed, that I have enjoyed them more than I was perhaps aware of while they lasted."

"You are out of spirits this evening. I hope nothing has occurred to annoy you?" inquired I.

"Do you believe in presentiments?" was the rejoinder.

"I cannot say I do," returned I; "I take them to be little else than the creations of our own morbid fancies, and attribute them in great measure to physical causes."

"But why do they come true, then?" she inquired.

"I must answer your question by another," I replied, "and ask whether, except now and then by accident, they do come true?"

"I think so," returned Miss Saville, "at least I can only judge as one usually does, more or less, in every case, by one's own experience,—my presentiments always appear to come true; would it were not so! for they are generally of a gloomy nature."

"Even yet," replied I, "I doubt whether you do not unconsciously deceive yourself, and I think I can tell you the reason; you remember the times when your presentiments have come to pass, because you considered such coincidences remarkable, and they made a strong impression on your mind, while you forget the innumerable gloomy forebodings which have never been fulfilled, the accomplishment being the thing which fixes itself on your memory—is not this the case?"

"It may be so," she answered, "and yet I know not,—even now there is a weight here," and she pressed her hand to her brow, as she spoke, "a vague, dull feeling of dread, a sensation of coming evil, which tells me some misfortune is at hand, some crisis of my fate approaching. I dare say you consider all this very silly and romantic, Mr. Fairleigh; but if you knew how everything I have most feared, most sought to

avoid, has invariably been forced upon me, you would make allowance for me—you would pity me."

What answer I should have made to this appeal, had not Fate interposed, in the person of old Mr. Coleman, (who seated himself on the other side of Miss Saville, and began talking about the state of the roads,) it is impossible to say. As it was, my only reply was by a glance, which if it failed to convince her that I pitied her with a depth and intensity which approached alarmingly near the kindred emotion, love, must have been singularly inexpressive. And the evening came to an end, as all evenings, however long, are sure to do at last; and in due course I went to bed, but not to sleep, for Clara Saville and her forebodings ran riot in my brain, and effectually banished the "soft restorer," till such time as that early egotist the cock began singing his own praises to his numerous wives, when I fell into a doze, with a strong idea that I had got a presentiment myself, though of what nature, or when the event (if event it was) was likely to "come off," I had not the most distant notion.

The post-bag arrived while we were at breakfast the next morning; and it so happened that I was the only one of the party for whom it did not contain a letter. Having nothing, therefore, to occupy my attention, and being seated exactly opposite Clara Saville, I could scarcely fail to observe the effect produced by one which Mr. Coleman had handed to her. When her eye first fell on the writing, she gave a slight start, and a flush (I could not decide whether of pleasure or anger) mounted to her brow. As she perused the contents she grew deadly pale, and I feared she was about to faint: recovering herself, however, by a strong effort, she read steadily to the end, quietly refolded the letter, and placing it in a pocket in her dress, apparently resumed her breakfast—I say apparently, for I noticed that, although she busied herself with what was on her plate, it remained untasted, and she took the earliest opportunity, as soon as the meal was concluded, of leaving the room.

"I'm afraid I must ask you to excuse me till after lunch, old fellow," said Coleman, "you see we're so dreadfully busy just now with this confounded suit I went down to Bury about—'Bowler *versus* Stumps'; but if you can amuse yourself till two o'clock, we'll go and have a jolly good walk to shake up an appetite for dinner."

"The very thing," replied I; "I have a letter to Harry Oaklands, which has been on the stocks for the last four days, and which I particularly wish to finish, and then I'm your man, for a ten mile trot if you like it."

"So be it, then," said Freddy, leaving the room as he spoke.

As soon as he was gone, instead of fetching my half-written epistle, I flung myself into an arm-chair, and devoted myself to the profitable employment of conjecturing the possible cause of Clara Saville's strange agitation on receiving that letter. Who could it be from?—perhaps her guardian—but if so, why should she have given a start of surprise?—nothing could have been more natural or probable than that he should write, and say when she might expect him home—she could not have felt surprise at the sight of his handwriting—but if not from him, from whom could it come? She had told me she had no near relations, no intimate friend. A lover perchance—well, and if it were so, what was that to me?—nothing—oh yes! decidedly nothing—a favoured lover of course, else why the emotion?—was this also nothing?—yes, I said it was, and I tried to think so too, yet I wonder why I sprang from my seat as if an adder had stung me, and began striding up and down the room as though I were walking for a wager. In the course of my rapid promenade my coat-tail brushed against, and nearly knocked down an inkstand, to which incident I was indebted for the recollection of my unfinished letter to Oaklands, and,

my own thoughts being at that moment no over pleasant companions, I was glad of any excuse to get rid of them. On looking about for my writing-case, however, I remembered that, when last I made use of it, we were sitting in the boudoir, and that there it had probably remained ever since, accordingly without farther waste of time, I ran up stairs to look for it.

As good Mrs. Coleman (although she always indignantly repelled the accusation) was sometimes accustomed to indulge her propensity for napping even in a morning, I opened the door of the boudoir, and closed it again after me, as noiselessly as possible. My precautions, however, did not seem to have been necessary, for at first sight the room appeared untenanted—but as I turned to look for my writing-case, a stifled sob met my ear, and a closer inspection enabled me to perceive the form of Clara Saville, with her face buried in the cushions, half-sitting half-reclining on the sofa, while so silently had I effected my entrance, that as yet she was not aware of my approach. My first impulse was to withdraw and leave her undisturbed, but unluckily a slight noise which I made in endeavouring to do so, attracted her attention, and she started up in alarm, regarding me with a wild half-frightened gaze, as if she scarcely recognised me.

"I beg your pardon," I began hastily, "I am afraid I have disturbed you—I came to fetch—that is to look for—my—" and here I stopped short, for to my surprise and consternation, Miss Saville, after making a strong but ineffectual effort to regain her composure, sank back upon the sofa, and covering her face with her hands, burst into a violent flood of tears. I can scarcely conceive a situation more painful, or in which it would be more difficult to know how to act, than the one in which I now found myself. The sight of a woman's tears must always produce a powerful effect upon a man of any feeling, leading him to wish to comfort and assist her to the utmost of his ability; but, if the fair weeper be one in whose welfare you take the deepest interest, and yet with whom you are not on terms of sufficient intimacy to entitle you to offer the consolation your heart would dictate, the position becomes doubly embarrassing. For my part, so overcome was I by a perfect chaos of emotions, that I remained for some moments like one thunder-stricken, while she continued to sob as though her heart were breaking. At length I could stand it no longer, and scarcely knowing what I was going to say or do, I placed myself on the sofa beside her, and taking one of her hands, which now hung listlessly down, in my own, I exclaimed:—

"Miss Saville—Clara—dear Clara! I cannot bear to see you so unhappy, it makes me miserable to look at you—tell me, what can I do to help you—to comfort you—something must be possible—you have no brother—let me be one to you—tell me why you are so wretched—and oh! do not cry so bitterly."

When I first addressed her, she started slightly, and attempted to withdraw her hand, but as I proceeded, she allowed it to remain quietly in mine, and though she still continued to weep, her tears fell more softly, and she no longer sobbed in such a distressing manner. Glad to find that I had in some measure succeeded in calming her, I renewed my attempts at consolation, and again implored her to tell me the cause of her unhappiness. Still for some moments she was unable to speak, but at length making an effort to recover herself, she withdrew her hand, and stroking back her glossy hair, which had fallen over her forehead, said:—

"This is very weak—very foolish. I do not often give way in this manner, but it came upon me so suddenly—so unexpectedly; and now, Mr. Fairleigh, pray leave me. I shall ever feel grateful to you for your sympathy, for your offers of assistance, and for all the trouble you have kindly taken about such a strange, wayward girl, as I am sure you must consider me," she added with a faint smile.

"So you will not allow me to be of use to you,"

returned I, sorrowfully; "you do not think me worthy of your confidence."

"Indeed it is not so," she replied earnestly; "there is no one of whose judgment I think more highly; no one whose assistance I would more gladly avail myself of; on whose honour I would more willingly rely; but it is utterly impossible to help me. Indeed," she added, seeing me still look incredulous, "I am telling you what I believe to be the exact and simple truth."

"Will you promise me that, if at any time you should find that I could be of use to you, you will apply to me as you would to a brother, trusting me sufficiently to believe that I shall not act hastily, or in any way which could in the slightest degree compromise or annoy you. Will you promise me this?"

"I will," she replied, raising her eyes to my face for an instant with that sweet, trustful expression which I had before noticed, "though I suppose such prudent people as Mr. Coleman," she added with a slight smile, "would consider me to blame for so doing; and were I like other girls—had I a mother's affection to watch over me—a father's care to protect me, they might be right; but situated as I am, having none to care for me—nothing to rely on save my own weak heart and unformed judgment—while those who should guide and assist me appear only too ready to avail themselves of my helplessness and inexperience, I cannot afford to lose a friend, or believe it to be my duty to reject your disinterested kindness."

A pause ensued, during which I arrived at two conclusions, first, that my kindness was not altogether so disinterested as she imagined, and secondly, that if I sat where I was much longer, and she went on talking about there being nobody who cared for her, I should inevitably feel myself called upon to undeceive her, and, as a necessary consequence, implore her to share my heart and patrimony, the latter, deducting my sister's allowance and my mother's jointure, amounting to the imposing sum of 90*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* per annum, which, although sufficient to furnish a bachelor with bread and cheese and broad-cloth, was not exactly calculated to afford an income for "persons about to marry." Accordingly, putting a strong force upon my inclinations, and by a desperate effort screwing my virtue to the sticking point, I made a pretty speech, clenching and thanking her for her promise of applying to me to help her out of the first hopelessly inextricable dilemma in which she might find herself involved, and rose from the sofa with the full intention of leaving the room.

FATHER EUSTACE.¹

ONE of the most strongly marked, and not least characteristic, features of the present day, is the mania for light reading which pervades all classes of society, and the strange and anomalous publications to which this taste has given rise. The novel, being the form pronounced by common consent to have attained the minimum of specific gravity, is the vehicle almost invariably selected by modern authors to convey to the public, not only their thoughts and feelings, but their very principles also. Nothing is in these days considered too high or too low to form the subject of a popular novel: religion, philosophy, politics, science, the tittle-tattle of the servants' hall, and the sayings and doings of house-breakers and pickpockets, are deemed equally appropriate, and the scene varies with a laudable impartiality from St. James's to St. Giles's—from the palace of the noble to the crowded night-cellar. No distrust of their

own powers, nor doubt as to the fitness of the weapons employed, ever seems to occur to these champions of the quill, and accordingly we find one writer levelling his novel at the absolutism of the Autocrat of all the Russias, while another knight of the inkblender modestly proposes to reform the constitution, and extirpate all the hydra-headed abuses of our social system, by the wisdom of a new generation, to whose young ideas he appears not unwilling to play schoolmaster. Among the ranks of these regenerators of society Mrs. Trollope has enrolled herself; with the same free pen which delineated the Widow Barnaby and the Attractive Man, she undertakes to overthrow the fabric designed by the gigantic intellect of Ignatius Loyola, and following in the footsteps (at what distance we do not feel called upon to declare) of the Juif Errant, started on a new crusade against the Brethren of the Propaganda.

Although we are not among the number of those who discover in every well dressed man with dark hair and a sallow complexion, whom they may chance to sit next at a dinner party, a concealed Jesuit, while they lustre the white-waistcoated waiter behind their chair with the mysterious attributes of a "temporal coadjutor," and are unable to participate in the fears of a venerable lady of our acquaintance residing on the southern coast, whose peace of mind is destroyed by visions of an armed force commanded by the General of the Jesuits (who, from the military nature of his title, she deems a kind of warrior-priest), landing in front of her drawing-room windows, to make proselytes at the point of the bayonet;—although we cannot sympathise with these alarmists, we are not unwilling to allow that, at a time when the unprecedented efforts making by the Church of Rome to obtain converts, have been in too many instances successful, it may be right and advisable to direct public attention to the deceitful principles, false doctrines, and subtle machinations, of the disciples of Loyola; but we greatly doubt the propriety of making the pages of a pseudo-fashionable novel the vehicle by which to carry out such an intention, and we feel "very particularly sure" (to use one of Mrs. Trollope's favourite expressions) that the authoress of the Vicar of Wrexhill is the last person we should have selected to execute the design. Mrs. Trollope's contributions to the novel-literature of England have within the last fifteen years been dealt forth with no sparing hand, and the popularity they have attained is perhaps the surest proof we can adduce of their containing evidence of considerable talent; but, in nearly all the works of fiction which have proceeded from this lady's prolific pen, two very serious faults are discernible, which in our opinion all her talent and knowledge of the world are insufficient to counterbalance. The first of these faults is a disposition to exaggeration and caricature, carried to such a length as to set nature and probability completely at defiance, and which in the work at present under our notice, has led her into such glaring absurdities as would be simply ludicrous, did they not, from the solemn nature of the subjects treated of, become positively profane. The second accusation we have to bring against Mrs. Trollope (for she unfortunately differs from the hero of one of her best productions in an important particular, and we feel we should be treating her with a culpable degree of lenity were we to concentrate her offences within the limits of "one fault") is, that, both by word and deed, in language and in plot, she is too often guilty of a sin, which, highly offensive in a man's writing, becomes unpardonable in that of a woman;—we allude (and we do so with a feeling of pain that any woman should have laid herself open to such an accusation) to the coarse jests, *double-entendres* whose meaning is only too unequivocal, situations of more than doubtful propriety, and, in many cases, to some glaring immorality in the construction of the story itself, which disgrace the pages of this authoress, and render her works unfit in our judgment to be admitted into any family circle. Of this latter fault "Father Eustace" affords a striking example; and, when

(1) *Father Eustace*, a tale of the Jesuits, by Mrs. Trollope; Author of "The Vicar of Wrexhill," "The Barnaby," &c. 3 vols.: Henry Colbourn.

we add that the irreverence with which religious subjects are handled exceeds the usual flippancy of self-sufficiency of newspaper theology, we think we have carried our censures to a pitch at which we may fairly be called upon to prove our words. To do so fully, and convince the reader that we have neither falsified facts, nor "set down aught in malice," we must refer him to the book itself, as the limits of a magazine necessarily restrict us to a brief sketch of the story, while for the same reason we are unable to avail ourselves of more than an infinitesimal proportion of the extracts, which every page would afford, to illustrate our position.

Mrs. Trollope breaks ground by introducing the reader to the death-bed of Richard Randolph de Morley, the wealthy owner of Cuthbert Castle, who, having lived a zealous Roman Catholic, is now dying, "attended by all the forms appointed by his *hieroglyphic faith*," (the italics are our own), accompanied by "enough of ecclesiastical splendour to atone to the imagination for superseding the tragedy of nature by the pomp and solemnity of ceremonious (quarry *al*) rites." After being thus made acquainted with the new and startling fact that extreme unction *supersedes* death, for such must be the meaning of the sentence we have just quoted, (if, indeed, it mean anything,) we learn that the conscience of the dying man is burdened by the sin of having married a Protestant; the fruit of this ill-assorted union being an only daughter, on whom are strictly entailed the vast estates of the De Morleys, and who, according to a stipulation agreed on before the marriage, has been educated in the Protestant faith. The penitent laments his misdeeds, and his want (owing to the entail) of power to atone for them; and, having been urged by the attendant priest to sign a paper bequeathing a certain casket of jewels to be expended in masses for the good of his soul, dies in attempting to do so.

We forbear making farther extracts from this chapter, and content ourselves with remarking, that the tone throughout borders so closely on profanity, as fully to bear out our strictures upon that point. Mr. De Morley, despite the "superseding" qualities of extreme unction, being positively dead, the priest presents himself to the widow and daughter to announce the melancholy fact, and is greeted by Lady Sarah, who seems to have been anything but an affectionate wife, and whose character is described as "possessing a sternness of truth which rendered the idea of appearing to feel a sorrow, which in fact was foreign to her breast, detestable," in the following words:—

"I presume that I am not mistaken as to the nature of your errand, Father Ambrose; I presume that you come to announce the death of my husband."

On learning that she is not mistaken in her supposition, she enters into a squabble with the worthy father regarding the possession of the casket of jewels, in the course of which she lays down the law with the precision and good taste of an Old Bailey counsel. The daughter, however, having some touch of natural feeling about her, accompanies the priest to the plate-closet, and places in his hands the coveted casket; the contents of which Mrs. Trollope thinks it necessary to inform us he had "no intention of appropriating to himself."

Weeks glide by, the men-servants who were Romanists have been replaced by good and true Protestants, and having banished all traces of the detested religion of her late husband, the happiness of his singularly *un-disconsolate* (if we may be allowed to coin a word) widow would be complete, were it not that, for some reason best known to himself, Father Ambrose still "continues to linger," a line of conduct all the more extraordinary on his part, because as Lady Sarah pointedly remarks, "he has got all he is likely to get;" still, however, "he lingers on" until he has had a private conversation with a gardener, so very private, indeed, that as (to the best of our belief) not the slightest mention of it, or reference to it, is again made in the whole course of the book, we humbly conceive that it

is hardly worth the fuss made about it, and might have been omitted altogether without materially injuring the story.

Having at length accomplished this important object, he gladdens Lady Sarah's heart by announcing his departure for the following Friday. The widow, during an after-dinner conversation with her daughter, describes the effect produced on her by this communication, in the following speech, in the first sentence of which we are inclined to think her ladyship must have unconsciously hit upon the truth.

"My dear, I feel very much as if I were intoxicated; do say something sober, and very rational to me, Juliana, that I may be brought back to a sense of my human condition, and not fancy that I am *actually in the very act of entering the gates of Paradise*. Oh! Ju! Ju! Ju! my pretty little Ju! is it a sin to feel so exquisitely, so unspeakably happy as I do at this moment?"

The effect produced on "Ju" by this rhapsody was, that "she stared at her mother in silence," and a very natural effect we consider it to have been. As soon as she is thus relieved from the double incubus of her husband and his confessor, Lady Sarah flings dull care away, and determines to see a little of life—accordingly, by the assistance of Mr. Wardour, the rector of the parish, who it appears has been an old flame of hers, she summons all the rank and fashion of the neighbourhood to Cuthbert Castle—and such inconceivable specimens of rank and fashion as Mrs. Trollope is pleased to introduce us to, it has most assuredly never been our fate elsewhere to encounter.

The daughter of a duke, who talks like a vituperative kitchen-maid—the opulent widow of a manufacturer, whose introduction of her youngest son elicits from that individual the expostulation "Oh! don't, mother;" which leads to the maternal rejoinder of "I must, my angel,"—a certain Miss Stanberry, in whose veins runs the warm blood of sunny Italy, who, deeply enamoured of a Mr. Curtis, the ten thousand per annum prize of the neighbourhood, and jealous of her pretty cousin, endeavours to neutralize her charms by the highly natural expedient of making her go out to play waltzes at evening parties, attired in a thick shawl and a head-dress, "that looked exceedingly like a night-cap," a disguise which answers its purpose so effectually, that a friend who meets her in a cottage bonnet, is unable to recognise in the lovely girl before her, the "mobbled musician" of the preceding evening;—these are but a few examples chosen at random from the mass of incongruous absurdities, by aid of which Mrs. Trollope has embodied her idea of county society; but time, which will not permit us to do more than glance at these "pleasant passages," and prevents our entering upon an interesting etymological inquiry as to the derivation and possible meaning of the word "*mobbled*," warns us not to dwell longer upon this portion of our subject: we will, therefore, proceed at once to the main plot of the book.

Antonio Scaviatoli, the General of the Society of Jesus, excited by the report of Father Ambrose, resolves to secure for the brotherhood of which he is the head, the immense revenues of the De Morley family, an object which he proposes to attain by the conversion of the heiress, with the ultimate hope of inducing her to enter a convent. To this end he despatches to England Edward Stormont, alias Father Eustace, a young priest educated in the doctrine of passive obedience, till he has become a mere tool in the hands of his superiors. This emissary departs, with instructions to gain such an influence over Miss de Morley as may lead to the desired result—a task which, as he is represented to be a kind of Admirable Crichton, the perfection of talent and beauty, he appears well fitted to accomplish. Resuming his secular name, he takes a house in the neighbourhood of Cuthbert Castle, and, being introduced to the fair Juliana as a man of good family, establishes a sentimental friendship with that young lady, and by

singing a requiem with Gardoni-like pathos, and appealing to the memory of her deceased father, succeeds in converting her to Romanism. But here, or hereabouts, he makes the unfortunate discovery that he has fallen desperately in love with his proselyte, while he half suspects that she returns his affection. Even this contingency, however, has been provided against by the foresight of Scaviatoli, and Father Eustace has received directions "whenever he should become conscious of such feelings towards the daughter of Richard de Morley, as might threaten to endanger the success of his mission," to forward a letter to a certain William Mills, Esq. The effect of this communication is to summon to his assistance two other Jesuits, Father Edgar, the superior of the fraternity throughout England, and Sister Agatha, a nun of the order of the Sacred Heart. Under their able guidance the affair progresses rapidly, until one fine morning the unhappy Stormont is completely overwhelmed, by his fair convert's suddenly enlightening him as to the state of her affections, and informing him that she is perfectly ready, not to say anxious, to become his wife.

The way in which Father Edgar receives Eustace's agonised report of this communication, and the advice it elicits from him to take advantage of his convert's confiding innocence to effect her ruin, in order that she may be driven to hide her shame beneath the roof of a convent, at length arouses the spell-bound conscience of the young Jesuit; disgusted with such baseness, he throws up the game, and starts for Rome, in a fit of virtuous indignation, leaving a note for Juliana, informing her that he is a vowed monk, and has been employed to deceive her.

The interest of the story, such as it is, of course ends here. Scaviatoli lets Stormont down easy, by means of a trap-door, whence he emerges, after "seven long years are past and gone," to die at Juliana's feet, avowing himself a Protestant; which little act of constancy that young lady rewards by having him buried in the family vault.

The book closes with a due proportion of marrying and giving in marriage: the mobbed musician pairing off with the prize young gentleman, and Lady Sarah taking up with her old flame the rector; while Juliana, eschewing matrimony altogether, subsists upon fond recollections of the past, a light diet, which appears to have suited her case exactly, as we find her living to preside at the wedding of her mother's son, and her heir; an event which did not take place till the fortunate youth had attained the sober age of thirty.

Here we conclude this notice of "Father Eustace," we must ask the reader's patience while we make one or two remarks; firstly, upon the story itself, and, secondly, on the manner in which Mrs. Trollope has treated it; in doing which we shall endeavour to show that the charges we have brought against her—of irreverence, coarseness, and exaggeration—are not unfounded. Unless Mrs. Trollope has any positive knowledge of such a fact, we conceive she is wantonly and unjustifiably injuring the cause of religion in general, to an extent of which she is little aware, by leading the public mind to suppose it possible that the heads of any Christian community would calmly devise a scheme, the success of which must necessarily involve the commission of a crime of the most revolting character; but, even allowing that she has any authority to go upon, what shall we say for the taste of a lady who selects such a subject for the plot of a popular novel, and, dressing it up with a coarseness all her own, sends forth this admirable specimen of "light literature," to lie upon the work-tables and inform the minds of the daughters of England?

So much for the design of the work itself. Let us now see how Mrs. Trollope has executed the task she has undertaken:—The character of the young Jesuit is well imagined, and, with one or two glaring exceptions, ably executed; Scaviatoli, the successor of Loyola, is a

clever sketch, and the interviews which take place between the arch-priest and his soul-enraptured disciple form some of the best portions of the book; but such ridiculous anomalies as are presented to our notice in the persons of the Jesuit pair, Father Edgar and Sister Agatha, or anything to equal the style of conversation put into the mouths of these very reverend personages, no one unacquainted with Mrs. Trollope's peculiar talent in these respects, could for a moment conceive. One or two extracts will serve to illustrate our meaning:—

On his arrival at Langley Knoll (the place rented by Father Eustace) Father Edgar, who has never set eyes on his companion until that morning, addresses him as "Stormont, my good fellow!"—"My dear boy!"—invites him to "talk a little about this girl," calls Scaviatoli "the finest fellow he ever knew," advises Sister Agatha, alias Amelia Mills, "to take care always to be professional" when Eustace is present,—requests her when she "suspects there are more creating powers than one," "not to be blasphemous," lest he should "have to denounce" his "most perennially handsome Amelia" to his "charming friend the Abbess," has his Jesuitical indignation so deeply aroused by finding in the library of a Protestant gentleman on whom he is making a morning call, some "records of the various products of the unshackled mind of man," instead of "the heavy tomes of mystical erudition, saintly legend, party theology, and Jesuit logic, with which the *souls* and *cells* of the learned *ought* to be lined," that he "ground his teeth, clenched his fists, and in courses not loud, but very remarkably deep, doomed all those who had dared to write and read these accursed fruits of the human intellect, to everlasting torments." And, when Eustace confesses to him, in "what might be called a spasm of desperate resolution," his discovery that Juliana loves him, Father Edgar "looks at him with the air of one who feels a strong inclination to laugh," an inclination which returns with double force when "the aged monk" begins to hint at the final development of Scaviatoli's infamous design. In like manner, Sister Agatha, whose foible is an intense love of eating, which we here learn to be a "conventual peculiarity," and whose ambition it is to supersede the charming Abbess—has an after-dinner conversation with Miss Stanberry (Mrs. Trollope seems "very particularly" fond of making her female characters—truth forbids our calling them ladies—indulge in strange conversations *after dinner*), in which, with equal taste and delicacy, she informs the young lady, with whom she has scarcely a bowing acquaintance, that she "reads upon her noble brow" the fact of her "loving, passionately, devotedly loving, that *fine young man called Curtis*;" and arranges with her a little scheme for obtaining his hand, the details of which are of so disgusting a nature that we pass them over in silence, merely remarking that they involve an attempt to damage the fair fame of the pretty cousin and Lady Sarah de Morley, whose characters we should have considered unimpeachable. When in addition we inform the reader that Sister Agatha is thoroughly aware of Scaviatoli's whole design, and that a former *liaison* between her and Father Edgar is plainly hinted at—we consider that we have brought forward evidence amply sufficient to substantiate our charge of coarseness and immorality, and gladly quit a subject so unpleasant.

The careless amiability with which Juliana's internal convictions (for she never makes any open profession of her change of creed) oscillate between England and Rome, and the gentle indifference which pervades the "sorrow" of Mr. Wardour and Lady Sarah, as these changes are communicated to them, are worthy of note, as they afford us some slight insight into the stock-in-trade with which Mrs. Trollope starts as a religious writer. Of the mixture of absurdity and profaneness in the scene in which Miss De Morley's conversion, if conversion it can be called, takes place, we can only attempt to convey the most faint idea. Stormont having sung a requiem to, and accompanied himself upon an organ,

under pretext of "examining the bellows," leads Juliana into a popish chapel at the back of the library, and having prevailed upon her to kneel in prayer on the steps of an altar therein erected, arouses her from a fainting fit by imprinting a kiss upon her fair cheek, and in the frame of mind produced by this somewhat questionable discipline, induces her to embrace the tenets of the church of Rome. This altar, by the way, figures in a very original proceeding mentioned at the end of the third volume, and our last extract shall contain an account of this peculiar little ceremony, instituted by Miss De Morley, in commemoration, as we imagine, of her re-conversion to the Protestant faith. Having witnessed the last scene of Edward Stormont's life, which consists of his dying at the age of about five or six-and-thirty, in the character of "a very wretched old man," a sight which we learn with surprise "did her infinitely more good than harm," she "resumed her constant occupation of the library, and having removed all popish appendages from the altar, prevailed on Mr. Wardour without much difficulty to perform a short service of morning family prayer in it daily!" Should the reader, after this, wish to learn more particulars of the manner in which our authoress has treated her subject, we must once again refer him to the work itself.

Perhaps the most charitable thing we can suppose of Mrs. Trollope is, that she has unconsciously adopted one of the leading doctrines of the Society against which she is waging so furious a warfare, and has acted on the principle that the end justifies the means (for we do not for a moment doubt the excellence of her intentions); but, even imagining this to be the case, and that she conceives that by showing up the iniquitous practices of the Jesuits, she is doing good in her generation, it appears to us that she has failed in her object most signally. Surely it is an unwise step, and one likely to injure rather than to aid the cause of Christianity generally, to point out (not to say exaggerate) the evils and abuses existing in the church of Rome, without attempting in the slightest degree to contrast them with the working of a better and purer system in our own church. We would have forgiven Mrs. Trollope half the sins we have laid to her charge, had she drawn in the character of Mr. Wardour one of the many simple-minded, zealous, self-denying, truly devout parish priests, who, throughout the length and breadth of the land, are labouring, with failing health, and talents which might have commanded the highest prizes in the lottery of worldly fame, to win to the Church of Christ such as should be saved. A character thus delineated, standing out in bold contrast to the evil subtlety of the one, or the slavish obedience of the other Jesuit, might indeed have wrought a salutary effect upon the minds of her readers, and would have gone far in our opinion to redeem the work. But we are forgetting—Mrs. Trollope has already presented us with her picture of an Anglican Clergyman, in the Vicar of Wrexhill.

And with the pleasant feelings which the recollection of that book must always excite in us, we gladly take our leave of Mrs. Trollope.

THE PUBLIC WRITER; OR, THE EFFECTS OF GAMBLING.

M. VARANCHAU was a respectable citizen of Marseilles, who enjoyed a moderate patrimony; his ambition was very limited; he was quite satisfied with the retired position in life which Providence had assigned him, and desired nothing more than the continuance of a life so happy and peaceful. He possessed, at the gates of Marseilles, upon that high mountain on the summit of which is situated the Fort of Notre Dame de la Garde, a pretty villa, to which he walked every day; a large mulberry-tree shaded the cottage, and the lawn

sloped down to the borders of an adjoining wood. In the garden were lovely roses and jessamines, superb pinks and carnations; truly this delightful retreat was the paradise of M. Varanchau, where all his time was passed, and where he hoped to end his days. He had an only son, whom he loved with the most devoted tenderness, and perhaps with the too weak indulgence of a fond father. Being a widower for many years, he had centred all his affections upon "Severin;" he gave him an excellent education, and took great pleasure in instructing him in history and geography, with which he himself was very well acquainted. Without being exactly a learned man, M. Varanchau had received a solid education; he wrote with much ease and elegance; but it never occurred to him to employ his talent for composition, except in compiling little summaries for his son's use.

Severin's childhood was a very happy one; his father having facilitated the difficulties of his first studies, he did not, like most young people, think them dry and uninteresting, as he was always taught with kindness and gentleness. Having completed his classical education at seventeen years of age, his father deemed it advisable to send him to Paris to study for the bar. One day, when they were alone at the cottage, M. Varanchau made him sit down beside him under the large mulberry-tree, and said to him, with a voice full of sadness: "My dear son, the time is now come when we must part for a time; you are now of an age to choose a profession, and that of a notary seems to suit your turn of mind. I will spare no expense for your advancement in life, and will purchase an office for you as soon as you shall have finished your studies; but in the mean time you must go to Paris to pursue them there. I will divide my income into two parts; you shall have the largest, and I the smallest portion. I can live upon very little, as it is my intention to come and reside here altogether. You weep! My dear son, your tears are a proof of your affectionate disposition; and I see with delight that you are not insensible to this separation, which is still more painful to me than to you; but let us cheer up!—it will be but for a time,—and it will depend upon your diligence and good conduct to hasten our reunion."

Severin embraced his father, and promised to be all he could wish. "I will study day and night," said he; "I will endeavour, by my industry, to repay you for all you have done for me: I shall soon be rich; and then, father, we shall be happy."

"Not more happy than I am now," replied Varanchau, raising his head; "I am not ambitious for you,—I was never so for myself;—my only desire is to see you united to a good and virtuous woman, like your mother, and the possessor of a fortune sufficient to enable us all to live comfortably together. Do not covet riches; that which is obtained quickly, and without labour, is generally acquired by dishonest means; and especially, my dear son, be honourable in all your actions."

In a few days Severin set out for Paris, having received his father's blessing, and best advice as to the conduct he was to observe in the new life upon which he was entering, and furnished with a purse of a thousand crowns. His father accompanied him to the diligence, and, for some time after it had set off, he remained standing in the middle of the street, following with his eyes the vehicle which bore away the object of all his affections. "Well," said he (wiping away the tears, which were flowing fast), "he will return for the vacation; and, if I feel too lonely without him, I can go to him."

Severin's first letters were filled with regrets, expressions of loneliness, and good resolutions. Every time that M. Varanchau received one from him, he became quite affected, and said, with tenderness, "What a good son!—what an affectionate disposition!—oh, he never

will cause me one moment's disquietude!" Then, this worthy man would return more contented to his little cottage; he planted and arranged his pleasure-ground, saying to himself, "Severin will find our hermitage much improved; he will be pleased to see these striped roses, and those heaths which will be covered with blossom before the end of autumn;—oh, I should wish every flower to be in blow when he returns!"

Soon, however, his letters to his father became fewer and colder; he only wrote a few lines every month to inquire politely for his father's health; but never said anything of himself, his studies, or amusements. His kind parent became very uneasy at this change in him; but still his fondness was always suggesting some excuse for his apparent neglect:—"My poor son is working hard," he would say; "it would be very unjust in me to monopolize altogether the little time he has for recreation. Oh, how I long for his return!"

Things went on thus till the vacation; then he received a long letter from him filled with confused sentences, and concluded by a request for money; also saying that he should not be able to set out immediately for Marseilles, owing to a sprain that would confine him to his room for several days. This letter contained many falsehoods, which any one with more penetration than M. Varanchau would have readily perceived and resented; but he, with his usual indulgence, was only alive to his sufferings, and thus excusing him, said:—"My son is ill, confined to his room, perhaps without any one to care for him; he is not dangerously ill, but still he is in pain; and, besides, how lonely he must be without any one to administer to his wants, or to read to him! I will go to him myself, and we will pass the vacation together,—what matters it, whether it be in Marseilles or Paris? But, my pretty cottage!—my beautiful flowers!—I should, however, have had great pleasure in showing them to him!"

As M. Varanchau bade adieu to his cottage, he could not help shedding tears; it was the first time he had quitted his native town, and for fifty years he had never lost sight of the great clock of Saint Laurent. At the end of a week he arrived in Paris, and would not allow himself to be announced, as he was sure of finding Severin at home, being ill, and obliged to keep his room. "Madame," said he, as he saluted the landlady of one of the largest and most smoky houses in the street Parcheminerie, "does M. Severin Varanchau, a young law student, lodge here?"

"Are you come to dinner?" said the fat woman, roughly.

"Yes, Madame, I am come to dine and sleep here."

"I fear you cannot sleep here," replied she, "as there is only one bed in M. Severin's room; and, indeed, a fine noisy companion you would have in him! but, as to dinner, that will only make the difference of another dish. You will find the young gentleman's apartment on the fourth story, the fifth door to the left;—and will you say that I am gone to wash the glasses?"

He ascended quickly to his son's room, carrying his valise under his arm. "Well," thought he to himself; "Severin must be much better, since they are preparing his dinner. My poor son; how delighted he will be to see me!" He knocked gently at a little door.

"Come in!" cried Severin.

M. Varanchau opened the door, and was astonished at the scene which presented itself. In the midst of a cloud of smoke, he saw three young men playing cards. Severin, with an excited countenance, was standing behind one of them with a cigar in his mouth. The greatest disorder reigned in this room; the chairs being covered with clothes, boots, and torn books, and the floor strewed with empty bottles and broken glasses. M. Varanchau hesitated almost to enter, and exclaimed, at the door, "My dear son!"

"My father!" said Severin, as he flew to embrace him.

It is but just to say, that the young man was sincere in his joy at again seeing his indulgent parent; but, as

soon as the first greetings were over, he became overwhelmed with shame and embarrassment, and in order to conceal his feelings retired to a corner of the room.

"Do not let me disturb you, gentlemen," said M. Varanchau, coolly; "pray continue your game. Were you also playing, Severin?"

"No, Sir; I was only betting."

"That is nearly the same thing; gambling is a bad employment of time; but tell me, how is the sprain, which prevented your returning to Marseilles, and which has caused me so much uneasiness?"

"It is quite well now," said Severin; "and I intended to set out soon; but now, that you are come—"

"We will spend our vacation together," said M. Varanchau. "Gentlemen," added he, turning to the young men, who were still standing with the cards in their hands, and looking extremely confused; "do not disturb yourselves; pray continue your game—fifty francs on the table!—that is a large sum for young men who require, like Severin, to be economical in their pleasures in order to provide for their new-wives."

"I swear, father, it is seldom we ever play for so large a sum."

"Do not swear for such a little thing, my son; I would rather believe your word.—Gentlemen, will you honour us with your company to dinner?"

"Not to day, Sir," replied the boldest; "but we will accept with pleasure a bet our friend Severin owes us, but, now that you are come, we—"

"My arrival does not prevent my son's paying his debts," interrupted M. Varanchau: "honour compels us to owe no man anything."

The three gamblers made an insolent grimace, which M. Varanchau understood too well. The poor father was grieved to the heart, for he perceived his son had deceived him; but he was silent, and neither looked nor said anything.

"Sir, we thank you for your kind invitation," said one of the three friends, with such an ironical bend of his head that the colour rose to Severin's face; "Sir, we are obliged to you for it, but, on our word of honour, we cannot accept it. After dinner we were going to 'amuse' ourselves a little, but since you consider a game of cards too dear at fifty francs, your humble servants, Sir, with all our hearts:—farewell, Severin, we are going, but, as we pass, we will tell the cook that our dinner is to be sent back to the hotel." They left the room with a jeering and impertinent air, and singing loudly.

"Severin," said M. Varanchau, mildly, "it appears to me that you have very bad companions."

"Indeed, father, I assure you, they are very good,—a little rough in their manners, certainly,—but I do not like them the less for that."

"Severin," said his father, firmly, "I require the sacrifice of these friendships; I am more experienced than you, and I perceive your present companions will ruin you. Alas, how you are altered since you left Marseilles!—in what an occupation did I find you,—and who knows what else remains to be told?"

"Nothing, Sir; and, indeed, I cannot imagine why what you found us occupied with should so much astonish and grieve you; I am not worse than other young men of our acquaintance;—indeed, I am a very well behaved youth."

"I doubt it," said M. Varanchau, gravely.

"I work from morning till evening; I often study all night," replied Severin.

"God alone knows what study you are at,—perhaps gambling;—unfortunate young man!"

Severin did not reply to this; he feared at first the severe expression of countenance which accompanied his father's words; but, recovering himself, he took courage, and relying upon a tenderness which had never failed under any circumstances, he said, "Well! it is true; I have gambled, I have lost; so much the worse for me. But, do you imagine that one can live

in Paris on a thousand crowns a-year? I was obliged to have recourse to other resources for my support."

"That is dreadful, Severin!"

"At the end of four months I had spent all the money you gave me; I then gambled to gain more, to enable me to live in the same style I lived in at first."

"You tell falsehoods," interrupted M. Varanchau, as he looked scarchingly around him; "this room betrays poverty and disorder, both the consequences of gambling. Heaven be praised, that I came so soon!—Tomorrow I will pay all your debts, and the next day we shall set out for Marseilles."

This resolution was immediately executed. M. Varanchau assembled his son's creditors, and paid all his debts, amounting to ten thousand francs; which was the tenth of his fortune. This excellent parent then forgave his son, and brought him to Marseilles; but, alas! from this time Severin became sullen and discontented, and appeared always occupied with something which absorbed every thought. He studied at a Notary's, but he studied without inclination or any ambition to forward himself in his profession, but just as if he was fulfilling a task imposed upon him. Time passed thus for three years; at the end of this period M. Varanchau sent for him one day to come to the cottage;—the poor man never left his little retreat, for the coldness and undutiful behaviour of his son so wounded him, that he preferred leaving him to live alone in the town, than to endure his disrespect and want of affection. "Severin," said he, "I have something to propose to you; it is now time I should give you a certain honourable and lucrative situation; and, whatever sacrifice it may cost me, I am determined upon it.—Would you like to be a Notary?—would you wish to be married?"

At these words Severin's countenance brightened up, and he exclaimed, "I will do everything you desire!"

"Well," said M. Varanchau, "I have found an office and a wife for you, but one goes not without the other!"

"Very well, Sir; I accept them."

"At last he has come to his senses, and he will be happy!" thought his good father.

"At last I shall be master of my time, actions, and money!" thought the wicked son.

A month had scarcely passed away when Severin married his patron's daughter, and took possession of his office; he had not yet the title of Notary, being too young. M. Varanchau gave up almost the whole of his fortune to the young couple, and only reserved for his support an annuity of twelve hundred francs, the principal of which was lodged in his son's hands. Madame Lucie Varanchau was a gentle and sweet-tempered young woman, very well educated, but of a timid and retiring disposition; her husband ruled her at his will, made her submit to all his whims, and treated her as a child, whose actions, and even thoughts, he had a right to control. But, alas, the want of firmness in her character was one of the causes of their misfortunes. She never troubled herself as to her husband's pecuniary affairs; when she wanted money, she asked him for it, and waited patiently, sometimes for a month, before he gave it to her. She had no forethought, and, as their debts did not frighten her, she increased them without scruple, trusting to her husband to pay them sooner or later; and she always observed the most inviolable secrecy with regard to them. When her father-in-law, becoming uneasy at some reports, endeavoured to question her as to the truth of them, she always replied in an evasive manner, but calculated to remove his apprehensions. The patience she evinced, and which was carried too far, was what destroyed this poor young woman, whose conduct, in every other respect, was truly admirable. M. Varanchau now went to reside altogether at his cottage, accompanied by his old and faithful housekeeper, Madelaine, who had taken care of Severin from his birth, and who loved him with the warmest affection.

"My good master," said she one day on her return from town, "our Severin causes me much anxiety; I have just been at his house, and found him in low spirits, looking as pale as death, and in appearance, certainly, he had not passed last night at home."

"I fear he gambles," said M. Varanchau, mournfully; "and Lucie is so unsuspicious, she does not see the fearful abyss of sin and misery her husband is on the brink of. I am old, and I feel my days will be few on this earth; but she, poor young creature, what sorrow and trouble, and what a future is in store for her!"

"Nothing is wanting in her establishment," said Madelaine; "neither servants nor equipages, and they see much company."

"That is precisely what frightens me about them," said M. Varanchau; "where can Severin find resources to live in such style? I continually dread some catastrophe; for in these times riches do not flow so quickly. My son is I trust an honourable man; I do not apprehend he will sully his name and reputation by any of those nefarious practices which lead to disgrace and prison; but I fear he is on the road to ruin, the fatal consequence of his sinful propensity for gambling. Oh! if he but knew how his father's heart bleeds when he thinks of what awaits him!"

After this conversation, he went into his little garden; but his beautiful flowers had not the same charm for him they used to have in former days. He had a presentiment of some misfortune, and in the afternoon, when a carriage stopped at the gate, he could scarcely summon up courage to go and meet it, fearing it was his son. It was indeed he, but looking so pale and dejected, that Madelaine could not look at him without shedding tears.

(To be continued.)

ON THE TEMPERATURE OF THE BEEHIVE IN SUMMER.

In a former article¹ we considered the means employed by bees to keep out the winter's cold from their habitation, and the beautiful provisions of nature by which they escape being frozen to death; on the present occasion we propose to consider the means employed by these wonderful little insects for tempering the heats of summer, and ventilating their crowded abode.

In our own day the subject of ventilation has been very much discussed, and notwithstanding all the elaborate machines and contrivances which have been made for the purpose, it must be confessed that they have for the most part failed, and that we are nearly as far off as ever from a thorough practical knowledge of the subject.

And yet how simple is the proposition to let out the hot air vitiated by our lungs, and by our lamps and candles, and which rises as high as it can above our heads, and to provide for the reception of fresh supplies at a lower level! But there is scarcely a human hive in the kingdom where this is efficiently done, except in some of our large factories. No provision is made for the escape of the foul air, and we close our doors and windows as carefully as possible against the entrance of the fresh. Few persons are accustomed to trace to this prolific source the headaches and the fits of nervous irritability or depression to which they are subject. But such evils may be expected to continue until builders are taught to provide an exit for the foul air, as they are accustomed to do for the smoke of our fires.

If, with all our machines and contrivances, the ventilation of a house is difficult, how infinitely more so must

(1) See Vol. III., p. 281.

be that of a small hive, crowded with thirty or forty thousand bees full of life and activity, the greater part of the interior filled up with waxen cells, and only one small opening for the ingress and egress of the inhabitants, as well as for the escape of foul air and the entrance of fresh.

In a common hive there is absolutely no other door, or window, or opening than this small entrance hole; for on taking possession of a new hive the bees stop up all cracks and chinks with a resinous substance called *propolis*, for the purpose of keeping out insect and other depredators; and the proprietor, with the same object in view, generally plasters the hive to the stool; and, in order to shelter it from the rain, covers it with a heavy straw cap, or turns an old broken pan over it.

The reader is, of course, aware that the vital part of the air which we breathe is the oxygen, occupying only one-fifth of the whole of the atmosphere. The lungs as well as our lamps and fires convert this oxygen into carbonic acid, which supports neither life nor combustion. If we turn a glass over a lighted taper it is soon extinguished, and an animal similarly confined dies speedily.

But it may be said that insects are so different from other animals, that they may be shut up in a box and smothered, and yet be revived again; kept under water for hours, and yet be restored to life; kept without food for days and weeks, and yet not be starved to death. Much of this is true, for the vitality of insects is something very extraordinary; but still they are affected by the same agencies which affect us, and in a similar manner; they fall down apparently dead if shut up in a close vessel; they perish in gases which destroy ourselves; they perspire and faint with too much heat, and they are frozen to death with too great a degree of cold.

Huber introduced some bees into the receiver of an air-pump; they bore a considerable rarefaction of the air apparently uninjured, but on carrying it further they fell down motionless. They revived on exposure to the air, which would not have been the case with a warm-blooded animal.

In another experiment, three glass vessels, each capable of holding sixteen ounces of water, were taken. 250 worker bees were introduced into the first, the same number into the second, and 150 males into the third. The first and last were shut close, and the second only partially closed, so as to prevent the escape of the prisoners. In a quarter of an hour the workers in the close vessel became uneasy; they breathed with difficulty, perspired copiously, and licked the moisture from the sides of the vessel. In another quarter of an hour they fell down apparently dead. They revived, however, on exposure to the air. The males were affected more fatally, for none survived; but the bees in the vessel which admitted air did not suffer. On examining the air in the other vessels, the oxygen had disappeared, and other bees introduced into it perished immediately. On adding a little oxygen gas to it, other bees lived in it. They became instantly insensible on being plunged into carbonic acid gas, but revived on exposure to the air; they perished irrecoverably in nitrogen and hydrogen gases.

Similar experiments were performed on the eggs, the larvæ and the nymphs of bees, proving the conversion of oxygen into carbonic acid in all three states. The larvæ consumed more oxygen than the eggs, and less than the nymphs. Eggs put into foul air lost their vitality. Larvæ resisted the pernicious influence of carbonic acid better than the perfect insect would have done, but the nymphs died almost instantly.

The experiment above noticed of shutting up a few bees in a close vessel has also been performed on a whole hive. At a time when great activity prevailed, and the buzzing was audible at the distance of ten paces, Huber shut up the entrance at three o'clock on a rainy day, when all the bees of the hive were at home. "In a quarter of an hour," writes this distinguished

naturalist, "they began to testify some uneasiness, for, until that time, they seemed unconscious of their imprisonment. But their labours were now suspended, and the hive assumed quite a different aspect—all the bees, those covering the surface of the combs as well as those clustering together, quitted their stations and vibrated their wings in great agitation. This ferment continued about ten minutes, when the motion of the wings gradually relaxed and became less incessant. At thirty-seven minutes past three the workers had lost their strength—they could not cling by the legs, and speedily fell down. The numbers of falling bees kept on increasing until thousands strewed the board of the hive. Not one remained in the combs, and three minutes later the whole colony was suffocated. The hive cooled suddenly, the thermometer in it sinking from 95° to the temperature of the atmosphere. In hopes that the admission of purer air would restore heat and animation, we opened a stop-cock adapted to the hive, and also its entrance. The effects of the current introduced were unequivocal. In a few minutes the bees were in a condition to respire, the rings of the abdomen began to play, the vibration of their wings commenced simultaneously—a very remarkable fact, which we had previously noticed at the moment privation of the external air had been felt. The bees in a short time reascended their combs, the temperature rose to the degree which these insects know how to preserve habitually, and in a few hours order was established in their dwelling."

These experiments sufficiently prove that bees require constant supplies of fresh air, much in the same manner as do all other animals. They also require their dwelling to be kept moderately cool. When, from any circumstance, such as exposure to the sun, over-crowding, or the excitement produced by fear, anger, or preparations for swarming, the temperature of the hive is greatly raised, the bees evidently suffer; they often perspire so copiously as to be drenched with moisture, and on fine summer nights thousands of them will hang out in festoons and clusters to relieve the crowded state of the hive. In one of Reaumur's hives, which contained a small swarm, the temperature greatly exceeded that of the hottest days of summer; and when the bees were excited, one of the panes of glass in the side of the hive would feel, to a hand placed near it, as if it had been held near a fierce fire; and the heat has been known to soften the wax of the combs and to cause them to fall.

In inquiring into the method adopted by the bees for renewing the air of the hive, Huber was struck with the constant appearance of a number of the workers arranged on each side of the entrance-hole, a little within the hive, constantly engaged in vibrating their wings. In order to see what effect a similar fanning would produce upon the air of a glass receiver containing a lighted taper, M. Senebier advised him to construct a little artificial ventilator, consisting of eighteen tin vanes. This was put into a box, on the top of which was adapted a large cylindrical vessel of the capacity of more than three thousand square inches. A lighted taper contained in this vessel was extinguished in eight minutes, but, on restoring the air, and setting the ventilator in motion, the taper burnt brilliantly with undiminished light, and continued to do so as long as the vanes were kept moving. On holding small pieces of paper suspended from threads before the aperture, the existence of two currents of air became evident; there was a current of hot air rushing out, and at the same time a current of cold air passing in. On holding little bits of paper or cotton near the hole of the hive, similar effects were produced: they were impelled towards the entrance by the ingoing current, and, the moment after encountering the outgoing current, were repelled with equal rapidity.

The method, then, by which the bees act these two currents in motion is with their wings. The workers only fill the office of ventilators, and the number varies from eight or ten to twenty or thirty, according to the state of the hive and the heat of the weather. It is

interesting to watch these persevering little fanners, as the writer has frequently done. They station themselves in files near the entrance of the hive, with their heads towards the entrance, while another and a larger party stand a considerable way within the hive, with their heads also towards the entrance. They plant their feet and claws as firmly as possible on the place they occupy, the first pair of legs being stretched out before, the second pair extended to the right and left, whilst the third, placed near together, are kept perpendicular to the abdomen, so as to give that part considerable elevation. Then uniting the two wings of each side by means of the small marginal hooks with which they are provided, so as to make them present as large a surface as possible to the air, they vibrate them with such rapidity that they become almost invisible. The two sets of ventilators standing with their heads opposed to each other thus produce a complete circulation of the air of the hive, and keep down the temperature to that point which is fitted to the nature of the animal. When a higher temperature is required at one particular spot, as, for example, on the combs containing the young brood, the nurse-bees place themselves over the cells, and, by increasing the rapidity of their respirations, produce a large amount of animal heat just where it is wanted.

The laborious task of ventilating the hive is seldom or never intermitted, in the common form of hive, either by day or night during summer. There are distinct gangs of ventilators, each gang being on duty for about half an hour. In winter, when the bees are quiet, and their respiration only just sufficient to maintain vitality, of course no ventilation is carried on, but, by gently tapping on the hive, its inmates wake up, increase their respirations, and consequently the temperature of the hive to such a degree that the air becomes intolerably hot and vitiated. To remedy this a number of worker-bees immediately come to the entrance of the hive, and begin to ventilate the interior as laboriously as in the summer, although the open air be too cold for them to venture abroad.

In some of the larger and improved forms of hive the necessity for ventilation is not so urgent; but Huber remarked that the bees began to fan the air as soon as the sun was allowed to shine into a glass hive by removing the shelter. By similar means bees endeavour to get rid of noxious odours. Huber says, "Having separated some bees from their hive by the attraction of honey, we brought cotton, dipped in spirit of wine, near the head. Its effect could not be mistaken—they dispersed, agitating their wings, and then drew together again to resume their repast. When completely engaged the experiment was repeated, and they dispersed anew, but without retracting the proboscis entirely—they were satisfied with vibrating the wings, and continued feeding: when too much affected by disagreeable sensations, they precipitately withdrew and took to flight. Frequently a bee turned away from the honey and began to fan itself, until the sensation or its cause were by this means abated, and then returned to feed.

"Such experiments are never more successful than at the entrance of the hive; because the bees, retained by the united attraction of honey and their home, are less disposed to retreat from external impressions. Humble bees adopt the same method of dispelling pernicious odours. But what is very remarkable, and may partly show the importance of vibrating their wings, neither their males, nor those of domestic bees, though very sensible of similar sensations, know how to protect themselves, like the workers, against them. Ventilation is therefore one of the industrial operations peculiar to the workers.

"The Author of Nature in assigning a dwelling to these insects where the air can hardly penetrate, bestows the means of averting the fatal effects which might result from the vitiation of their atmosphere.

Perhaps the bee is the only creature entrusted with an important function, and which indicates such delicacy in its organization."

It appears from the beautiful experiments of Mr. Newport, noticed in the former article, that bees in general maintain a temperature of 10° or 15° above that of the medium in which they live; but that at certain periods this temperature is greatly increased. In the month of June when the atmosphere was at 56° or 58°, the temperature of the hive was 96° or 98°. This high temperature arose from the nurse-bees incubating on the combs, and voluntarily increasing their heat by means of respiration before the new bees come forth.

C. T.

RAMBLES IN BELGIUM.

No. IX.—MALINES.

THERE was a tremendous stir and excitement at the station at Malines, when I got out of the railway carriage at that great central point of all the Belgian railroads. A train from Ostend had met with an accident, and, no particulars having arrived, there were a great many individuals, friends of expected passengers, in a state of feverish uncertainty and suspense: I became so interested in the probable fate of these parties, that I waited to hear the result. In about an hour the train itself appeared; and, much to the joy and satisfaction of all present, it became speedily known that no lives were lost, and that no one had received any very serious injury. To listen, then, to the cordial greetings and the exclamations poured forth by German, Belgian, French, Dutch, and English tongues, was truly entertaining. "All's well that ends well," was the prevailing sentiment, and one in which I heartily united as I left the station, and made my *entrée* through the new gilt gate into the quiet town of Malines.

My attention was immediately awakened to the antiquity of the surrounding streets and houses: the latter are very large, and are adorned in the veritable Flemish style. Some of the ornaments are excessively rich, and the points and gables are decorated in the most florid manner. It seemed, at first sight, that a hundred histories were attached to a particularly antique looking house, when anon, another appeared in a neighbouring street as quaint and fanciful, and then going further and further on, others of the same character were seen in every part of the town; and when at night I indulged in a reverie and promenade, the effect of all these was extremely picturesque and beautiful, especially as the moon, just then at the full, gave her softened lustre, and imparted a silvery tint that completed the perfect charm of the *ensemble*. It needed very little effort of the imagination to fancy many a passer by and many a group lingering to have yet another word, actors in the scenes that Froissart and Philip de Comines depicted with so much fidelity. The garments of the peasantry add greatly to the *mise en scene*, and, above all, the moon shining so steadily. Whoever wishes to see the architectural beauties of Belgium in their best aspect, should certainly select moonlight nights during his rambles, in order to enjoy the fantastic appearances that will be found wherever he moves. A great many English families were residing here, probably partly for quiet's sake, partly for economy, as living in this out-of-the-way town is very moderate, house rent reasonable, provisions cheap, and luxuries attainable. It is also conveniently situated within an easy distance of Brussels, and not a long journey from the coast. It is called Malines and Mechlin; under this latter designation it is well known to most of the fair sex from its lace, which, though of coarser quality than the famous Brussels' variety, is yet very celebrated and much admired.

The host of the hotel, La Grue, accompanied me a short distance down the street to the left of the Grande Place, in order to show me the cathedral: on our way,

we passed through a line of stalls and booths, and I found that it was the Malines' Fair. There were a great number of stalls for the sale of cakes, fruit, and light fancy articles, and one which not a little astonished me, a book-stall. The books were of very various nature and age, some of the cheap light books of the day, some few dark-looking volumes, which would have delighted the heart of a bibliophile to look at; in fact, all sorts were here to be met with. Malines is the Canterbury of Belgium, being the see of the primate; he has a residence not far from the cathedral, which is a quiet, respectable-looking edifice.

The cathedral is very ancient, and is remarkable as possessing a lofty tower of immense height. The architecture is evidently of the Moresco style; on the outside is a clock-dial, the numbers on which are so large, that in the strong moonlight the citizens can tell the hour. The effect of the moon's rays through the open Gothic work of the summit of this tower is beautiful. On the pavement is a circle of stones of the same size and dimensions as the clock above. The interior of the building contains a picture, in the very best manner of his most finished style, by Vandyke. The subject is the Crucifixion. The vigour and attention to detail in this work are most extraordinary. Some of the figures are in themselves exquisite studies. The weeping Magdalen is perfect; it is the very portrait of that devoted woman, who is here represented at the foot of the Cross. No idealist, however highly he may have formed his image of that lovely follower of divine faith, will be disappointed when he sees her on this glowing canvas. There was so much to notice in this celebrated painting, that I did not allow myself on this occasion sufficient time to judge of the merits of several others which were on the adjoining walls. Subsequent visits, however, did not detain me by their side, for I invariably left all to enjoy again and again the real gem of the whole collection. Every time I saw this one, I found some new beauty to admire, something too that bore minute inspection, and yet held out promise of more enjoyment for another day. It would seem to be an acknowledged verity, that the subject of which this painting is the representation, is one which stimulates the artist to all that is in him of genius and talent. So should it be, in the hour of that solemn agony, there speaks a voice lofty and prompting to the heart of the true worker in the province of high art. It is impulsive rather than suggestive. It is a subject which can never tire; and the more often we behold it with true devotional feelings, and with a thorough consciousness of its sublimity and grandeur, the more open will our hearts, sated with the petty vexations and wearisome trials of this world of woes and griefs, become softened and toned down to the endurance of our own lot. With respect to this particular artist, Vandyke, I can safely say, until this period of my life I never knew of what high conceptions he was gifted with. In England there are so few of his sacred compositions, that I was continually surprised with the beauties I met with in the different churches throughout Flanders. My whole thoughts when in this cathedral were so constantly absorbed by repeated gazings on the Crucifixion, that, although I entered the holy walls seven or eight times during my stay at Malines, I did not give more than five minutes' attention to the wondrous carved pulpit, which some connoisseurs reckon the finest in Europe. It represents the Conversion of St. Paul, and occupies a large space in the body of the cathedral. On my last visit, the sacristan led me to a monument in the wall of the choir. It is the family memorial of the house of Bartholdi. There is this inscription on it:—

"TRIUM BERTHOLDORUM,
QUI SEculo DECIMO TERTIO MECHANICE DOMINABUNT HIC
ULTIMA DOMUS."

I had a great wish to see the botanical garden, and found there was no difficulty in doing so. It is prettily

laid out, but the grass plot was at once an offence to my English eyes, accustomed to the neat lawns of the gardens of trim English gardeners. It was innocent of any scythe or broom, and would most likely so continue to be till the great mighty Time, with his ever-moving power, should mow away grass, garden, and all fair things beside, into the regions of Eternity. The good people who had charge of these public gardens did not seem to have any idea of their deficiencies in this matter and could not understand why the English should so elip the luxuriant growth of nature, as to have their lawns mown once or twice a week.

The conservatory was kept in very good condition, and had some very fair specimens of the Orchidaceæ tribe. In it also I beheld a novelty in the shape of some heliotropes and sweet-scented yellow-jasmines trained in the same way, and to the same height as our standard roses. The appearance was not only novel, but very pleasing.

After leaving the gardens, I met a friend who was on his way home from Munich; I was persuaded by him to play a game at billiards, and accompanied him therefore to a room set apart for the purpose; the balls were very large, and the game is different from ours, for the art consists in avoiding knocking the ball into the pockets. The table was a small one. Our stay was short, but it was an amusement for an idle half hour, which served to show one how these things are done in Flanders. On our way to join the *table d'hôte*, we met a great man's funeral; he had been the grand seigneur of an adjoining village, and was being taken to his last earthly resting-place in all the consequence of pomp. There was a great quantity of priests in the rear, one of whom had a velvet mantle covered with emblems of mortality, which had a lugubrious effect in the warm sunshine. The streets of Malines are particularly clean, and are free from any annoying nuisances.

The sabots are much worn by the lower orders who clatter along the quiet places, with very certain testimony of their whereabouts. At the market I saw some boys, who at the end of a long string had fastened each a bird; one of these unfortunates was a quail; they were all to be disposed of, but I did not remain to witness any of these commercial transactions. The vegetables and fruit exposed for sale were remarkably fine and very cheap; the pears were in excellent order, very large, sweet, and in great variety. There is a custom I observed in many of the gardens, both here and in many other places in Belgium, of training the pear trees as the elms are done in the vicinity of London; that is to say, all the lower branches are lopped off, and the tree is made to grow in a sort of bush at the top. In all probability, this is designed to cause the tree to produce a greater abundance of fine fruit.

The church at Notre Dame contains a picture by Rubens, which having been strongly recommended to my notice, I took an early opportunity of going to see it. It is placed on the back of the altar; the colours are very fresh, and the picture is in good preservation. It originally consisted of eight distinct groups, all having reference to the main subject—"The Miraculous Draught of Fishes;" but the whole having been carried off to Paris, only five were subsequently restored; consequently, in its present state it is imperfect. One of the vultures has a figure of Tobias, drawn in the most masterly manner, and in colouring equal to many of the productions of Titian. The walls of this church were hung with black drapery, on which skulls and thigh bones were worked in white. Very dismal and very suggestive of all sad things. It was here where the lord of the manor, whose funeral I passed the previous day, was buried. The character of this edifice is essentially Gothic, and has no mixture in any of its parts; so that these funeral equipments appeared the very climax of woe's despondency.

The church of St. Jean, possessing an altar-piece, also by Rubens, and, indeed, considered by him as his best production, claimed my attention; and after having

some trouble in finding out the functionary who held the keys, I stood before "the Adoration of the Magi." I must confess that I give the preference to the painting at the church of Notre Dame. Either the canvas has been injured by cleanings or repairs, or else the colours having been laid on thickly, have given way, and thus deteriorated the general effect. The receipt in the handwriting of the great artist is carefully preserved by the custos. It is written in a good manly hand, and is signed Peter Paul Rubens. He was paid 1,800 florins, and began and finished the painting and volets in eighteen days.

It was impossible to resist the invitation of my landlady, who procured me an introduction to a pleasant picnic party, who allowed me to accompany them to Steen, where I saw the château occupied by Rubens, and from thence to Perck where Teniers resided, and where there is a picture of his which, however, I did not see. It was with much regret that I bade Malines adieu; not the least charm which the town has is its carillons, that so agreeably wait upon the ear with dulcet harmonies. They consist of a chime set in motion by machinery, and connected to which are very many stops. Of an evening by the side of the river, the carillons were welcome harbingers of the night's arrival.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

A CHILD'S LAMENT,

ON THE UNEXPECTED DEATH OF A FAVOURITE BIRD.

Written for, and at the request of, my little Son,

BY THE REV. HOWELL PHILLIPS.

It was a little wayward thing,
With crimson head and golden wing,
The bird that died to-day:
It hopped and chirruped in its cage,
Buoyant, as though it knew not age,
And spent its life in play.

But Death, whose noiseless, viewless hand
Can man and beast alike command,
Unkindly struck my bird:
No outward sign of sickness gave
A token of a speedy grave,
It died unseen, unheard.

The day of health, the peaceful sleep,
With head beneath its wing—O! weep!
When morning ope'd her eye,
Revealed my darling dead and cold,
It's perch relinquished, and it's hold
Of life as easily!

I loved the bird—my mother dear
Loved it's sweet note, so soft and clear,
And cherished—fed it, too:
And, as she feeds and fondles me,
I, too, must weep, my bird, for thee,
For grief, where love, is due.

Miscellaneous.

MODE OF BREEDING LEECHES IN SCONDE.

THE breeding of leeches, even in Europe, is kept a secret, so far as anything can be in that quarter of the world. The breeding of them was at one period almost entirely confined to a tribe of gipsies, but the secret got known and went abroad. In Great Britain, even to

this day, the best description of leeches is procured from the Continent. In Ceylon, where the variety of leeches is more numerous perhaps than in any part of the world, the propagation of the sort used in phlebotomy is made a secret of. In India the leech propagators do all they can to keep the knowledge to themselves. This has not, however, prevented one of our most accomplished naturalists and botanists from propagating these valuable reptiles with the greatest success; so much so, indeed, as to be a great saving to Government in furnishing the hospitals. Major Blenkins is the gentleman to whom we allude, and to whom we take this opportunity of returning thanks for the perusal of his curious and very interesting paper on this subject. Burnt earthen vessels, commonly called "cottee pots," are used for this purpose, of globular shape or form, being three feet in circumference, one ditto in height, and with mouth six inches in diameter, each pot being two-thirds filled with stiff black earth, containing a good portion of clay. To this add four handfuls of finely-powdered dry goat or cow dung, two handfuls of dried hemp leaves, finely powdered, with two ounces of assafetida. The vessel is then filled to within three inches of the mouth with water, and the whole mixed up with a wand or stick. Leeches of full growth and of the largest size are required for propagation, varying, perhaps, from three to five inches in length, after being placed on and glutted from the human body. The leeches are put, nineteen or twenty, into each vessel; an earthen cover is then placed over the mouth, and the whole smeared over with a coating of cow-dung and earth, and placed in a sheltered spot, free from wind and sun. After the space of twenty-five days or a month, on the cover being moved off, about twenty cocoons will be found of the size of the sparrow's egg, and longer, and of a spongy nature. On being carefully torn open with the finger, from five to fifteen small leeches will emerge. All of these are then placed in a pot of water, into which a table-spoonful of sugar has been thrown. After ten days it is requisite to feed them with blood from the human body for a period of three months, when they will have attained the usual size for application. During the warm months, after a respite of ten days or so, the breeding leeches can again be placed as above described. The leech appears to live about eighteen months, and any number can be procured in this way.—*Colonial Magazine.*

LIFE is to us all like a succession of shower-baths. Some shiver and tremble, and holding in their hands the fatal string, look round for a means of escape, and give a slight pull, and feel the first misery of the shock, and then in fear give way, and shiver, and look, and gently pull again, and at last leave the scene of their trial, chilled and comfortless, and uninigorated: and others rouse up their energies to face the seeming suffering, and after the first alarm is over, find that they have attained a lasting good at the expense of a momentary evil, for good that must be which, at whatever price, strengthens our powers of self-command, and gives us moral courage.—*Margaret Percival.*

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Jealousy.

See next page.

CORIDON, PASTORELLA, AND CALIDORE.¹

"And ever when he came in companie
Where Calidore was present, he would loure
And byte his lip, and even for jealousy
Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramour."

Spencer's Faerie Queene, Book VI. Canto 9.

THE CLOTHES-MOTH.

Few sounds are more terrible to the housewife's ears than the name of the *clothes-moth*; and yet, if any of our fair readers will take the trouble to peruse the following details, they will perhaps feel a new interest in the object of their aversion, and gain a hint or two as to the best methods of dealing with this insidious foe to the integrity of our blankets and woollen garments as well as costly furs.

But, after all, it is not the *clothes-moth* that does the mischief; she merely lays the eggs, which in due time are hatched into maggots or caterpillars, seldom so much as half an inch in length, but furnished with a pair of admirable mandibles, with which they shear the nap from woollen and hairy fabrics, not certainly from mere love of mischief, but from the very same motive which prompts most of us to active exertion, namely, for the sake of food and clothing; for our *clothes-maggot* feeds upon woollen fibres, makes a jaunty cloak of the same to cover his body, and lines it daintily with silk, lest it should press too roughly against his delicate white skin.

But still you will say, fair reader, it *is* the *clothes-moth*, after all, that is the *parent* of all the mischief. Well! be it so—It was only last night that we heard a cry of terror in our bed-room, and the terrific monster which caused it was brought to us for inspection. It was a poor little *clothes-moth* that had hidden itself all day, and had just come out to take a little air in the refreshing darkness of the night (for the *clothes-moth* is a nocturnal insect, and cannot endure the light of day), when being dazzled and blinded by the candle, it rushed forward, (probably to put it out, but this we don't know,) and was caught. The four wings which cover the insect appear to be little more than a mass of silky powder, and so fragile and delicate a thing is it that a touch suffices to destroy it.

From the middle of spring until near midsummer, these moths may be seen flying about after sunset, in search of proper places for depositing their eggs. In order to ascertain the history of this insect, our favourite Réaumur inclosed a number of the moths in small bottles containing morsels of woollen cloth and stuff. The eggs laid were so small as scarcely to be visible; they were hatched in about three weeks, and the tiny grubs immediately began in the naturalist's bottles that work of havoc which is usually carried on in our drawers. They first begin to provide themselves with cloaks, and, in doing this, they exhibit from their very birth that wonderful skill which is well calculated to engage our attention. *Ce que la nature apprend est seu de bonne heure.* At first the grubs can only be examined by means of a magnifying glass, and they are therefore seen to most advantage at a more advanced age. The cloak or sheath which it forms soon after birth, is a sort of tissue of wool, the colour of which, of course, depends upon that of the stuff attacked. Sometimes it assumes a very harlequin appearance from being composed of bands of different colours, as the taste of the insect has led it to attack cloth dyed blue, green, red, gray, &c. The insect moves upon six scaly legs, situated near the head, which are protruded for the purposes of locomotion, the sheath being dragged along after the

animal, and held in its place by the membranous legs situated nearer the other extremity.

As caterpillars increase very rapidly in size, the *clothes-grub* soon outgrows its cloak. What does it do then? does it take measure for a new one, or does it enlarge the old one? Part of its daily occupation is to lengthen it, which the ingenious insect does in the following manner. Putting its head out at one end, it seeks about for woollen filaments of the proper size: if those close at hand do not suit its purpose, it extends its body often as much as half out of the sheath in search of better ones. Having found one to his mind, the insect seizes it with the mandibles, and by repeated efforts tears it out of the fabric, and attaches it to the end of the sheath; this is repeated many times. The operation is one of cutting as well as tearing, and for this the mandibles are well adapted, consisting as they do of scaly plates, similar to scissors, and terminating in a point.

But it is necessary to increase the length of the sheath at both ends. How is this to be done? While M. Réaumur was watching an insect which had been working at one end of the sheath, what was his surprise to see a head emerge from the other end! "Can the insect have two heads?" thought he, "or is the extremity of its tail formed like a head?" On continuing to watch, there was no doubt that it was a head, and it soon appeared that the insect has the power of turning in its sheath, so as to put out its head at either end; and this it does with so much rapidity that there scarcely seems time for a manœuvre of such apparent difficulty.

In order to see how the insect turns in its case, M. Réaumur cut a piece off the end of its sheath, so as to leave only about a third of the body covered. The insect immediately set to work to repair the damage, and did as much work in twenty-four hours as it would otherwise have done in a month. In turning, the insect bent itself double, the folded part projecting for a moment out of the sheath, and occupying what would be in the whole sheath the middle or widest part.

But, as the caterpillar increases in diameter as well as in length, its sheath soon becomes too narrow for its body. The silk-worm and other caterpillars change their skin when it becomes too tight for them; does the *clothes-moth* caterpillar change its sheath in a similar way? or does its increasing size distend the sheath so as to accommodate it to its body? The insect adopts a far more ingenious and efficient plan: it does exactly what a skillful tailor would do under similar circumstances; it splits open the sheath, and lets in a new piece of the required size; but, in order that its body may not be exposed while it is at work, it actually lets in four separate pieces, two on each side, so that it is never necessary for the grub to cut open more than a single slit, extending half way along one side of the sheath.

In order to watch these proceedings with facility, Réaumur placed some grubs whose sheaths were of a single colour, upon cloths of a different colour, such as blue upon red, red upon green, &c. The bands of different colours which appeared across the sheath, showed the periodical lengthenings, while those bands which extended in a right line from one end to the other, showed the increase in width.

In cutting open the sheath, the grub begins in the middle, and extends the slit to the extremity, using its mandibles for the purpose, which make as clean a cut as the best scissors would do. When one slit is thus filled in, another is made and filled in like manner; then turning in its sheath, the grub proceeds to enlarge the other half of the case. About two hours are occupied in making one cut, and the wool is filled in in the course of the next day.

It was stated above that the insect lines its sheath with silk. In common with most caterpillars, the *clothes-moth* caterpillar secretes a quantity of silk, which it spins into delicate threads, strong enough, however, to suspend it in the air. With this silky

(1) See Engraving on preceding page.

thread the insect ties together the different filaments of wool which compose the sheath, forming, as it were, a kind of tissue, of which the warp is of wool, and the weft of silk. This tissue is very firm in texture, for the silk of caterpillars when drawn out is covered with an adhesive gum, which dries in the air, and serves to bind the substances to which it is attached still more closely together. While weaving the filaments of wool, the insect carries the silken thread to the interior, where it completes the lining. The spinning-tube below its mouth is the shuttle, and the grub may be seen moving its head from one side to the other with great rapidity.

Whether the insect begins its sheath with pure silk, or with a mixture of wool and silk, cannot be determined by ordinary observation; but all its proceedings become apparent by stripping the insect, and compelling it, as it were, to make a new cloak. M. Réaumur introduced into the end of several sheaths a small twig, and by pushing it forward gradually drove the insects out. They seem never to have thought of getting back into the old sheath, which was left near, but set to work to weave new ones; sometimes the naked insect would remain uneasy and restless for half a day, as if uncertain what to do, but eventually they all began by weaving a silken envelope, which was finished in one night; then the woolly sheath was formed, and completed in five or six days, although the old one had been several months in progress.

The young grubs work in the same manner; they first make a vest of pure silk, they then attach to the central part of this a ring of little filaments of wool, parallel to each other, and inclined gently to the length of the sheath; a second ring is added, close to and partly supported by the first; then a third, and so on; but in lengthening the sheath they first lay a foundation of silk, upon which the woollen filaments are afterwards tied.

The sheath formed by the newly hatched grubs, small as it is, is much too large for the insect's body, as if the grub wished to spare itself, for some time, the trouble of enlarging it. In this state they do not retain a firm hold of the sheath, for on shaking a piece of cloth covered with young grubs over another piece of cloth, the naked insects will frequently fall down, leaving the sheaths behind them.

At certain periods the insects remain inactive; this is always the case in winter, and for short seasons in summer and autumn. At such times they fasten the sheaths securely to the cloth on which they have been pasturing, by means of their silken cables, and no shaking of the cloth will detach them.

However singular it may appear that the stomachs of these grubs can digest woolly fibres, it is not less remarkable that the dye stuffs with which these fibres are coloured, pass through their bodies unaltered: hence, Réaumur has suggested that water colours of beautiful tints, not otherwise easily attainable, might be procured by feeding the grub on different coloured wools.

When the grubs have attained their full growth, and the time of their metamorphosis is at hand, they sometimes abandon the stuffs which have hitherto furnished them with food and clothing, and seek out places capable of affording more fixed supports, such as the corners of drawers, walls, &c. They then hang up their sheath, with silken threads, by one or both ends, at various angles between a horizontal and a vertical position, and close with silk both ends of the sheath. They soon change into the chrysalis, which is at first of a yellowish tint, but passes into reddish. In two or three weeks the perfect moth is formed; she pierces the end of the sheath, and, after a few struggles, escapes into the air, and prepares to lay her eggs, from which a new generation of grubs will in due time be hatched.

The fur-moth does not greatly differ from the wool-moth. The grub constructs its sheath in a similar manner, the only difference being in the nature of the

material. It is not easy to see these grubs at work, because they attach themselves to the surface of the skin, and are entirely concealed by the hairs. The insect seems to take a pleasure in cutting off these hairs, for those necessary for its wants are as nothing compared with the immense quantity which falls from a skin on slightly shaking it. A razor could not shave off the hairs so completely or so well.

It appears exceedingly probable that the wool-moth and the fur-moth belong to the same species. Réaumur has taken the young grubs from fur and put them upon wool, and they continued to live and thrive, and they passed through their changes like the other grubs. He has transplanted them from wool to fur with equal success. The grubs are not at all nice as to the kind of skin they are put upon; for they seem to pasture equally well upon a horse's hide as upon the most delicate fur. They will even feed upon butterflies' wings, as Réaumur proved.

M. Réaumur has devoted a separate and very elaborate memoir to an inquiry into the best method of getting rid of the clothes moth; from this we select a few of the most important details. Let us first notice a few superstitions connected with the subject.

According to Pliny a dress which has been used to cover a coffin is for ever after safe from the attacks of the grub. Iasis says that cantharides suspended in a house will drive them away, and that clothes wrapped up in a lion's skin are safe. Other writers recommend various vegetable substances, such as saline, myrtle, peppermint, iris, lemon-peel, anise, &c. Caton recommends a preparation of olives for rubbing over the interior of drawers.

With the exception of the coffin and the lion-skin, Réaumur tried the other substances, and a variety of others; none proved injurious to the grubs, and some of the most noted preservatives even seemed to make the insects thrive. They were not affected when shut up with pieces of cloth which had been steeped in vinegar, infusion of peppermint, sea salt, soda, &c.; they thrived admirably with iris-root, and were not at all injured by cantharides shut up with them in a bottle.

Although the grubs attack woollen fabrics of all colours, they are not altogether indifferent as to the texture; they prefer loose textures to close ones, because in the one case the fibres are more easily torn out. On this account they prefer the nap of the cloth, because it is so easily got at, and they do not attack the thread until the nap is removed. The more the yarn of the woven material is twisted, and the more perfectly the cloth has been fulled, the less is it exposed to their attacks. Some of the old tapestries remain entire, because they are made of hard-spun yarn, while modern tapestries of loose texture are destroyed in a few years. Thus the tapestries of Auvergne are much more liable to be attacked than those of Flanders; and the serge, once so extensively employed in the houses of France, has been almost entirely given up, on account of its liability to the attacks of this grub. Backs of chairs are now covered with leather, or some such material; so that it is an actual fact that the textile manufactures of France have suffered from the attacks of an apparently insignificant little insect. Felted goods are but little attacked, on account of the interlacing of the fibres rendering it difficult to separate them.

"But is there no remedy against the attacks of the clothes moth grub?" will the fair reader exclaim, who has had the patience to accompany us thus far. She will probably suspect the writer of being so captivated with the ingenuity of these silk-lined-woollen-cloak gentry, that he seeks to conceal the instrument of their destruction. But what will you say, fair reader, to asking your husband to smoke his evening's cigar in the bed-room, instead of in the garden? Or would you object to the risk of being suffocated with the fumes of burning sulphur? These are remedies, it is true; but perhaps you will agree that they are worse than

the disease. Let us then try some more practicable plan.

It is usual every year with good housewives to turn out and dust their wardrobes and drawers, and to shake and brush their contents. This is an excellent preservative, if done about the time when the young grubs are hatched, which is during August and September. At this time they can be shaken off the cloth with a very little force; but at other times, when they anchor their sheaths to the cloth with silken cables, it is not so easy to get rid of them.

It may, perhaps, strike many persons as remarkable, that the wool on the sheep's back is not liable to the attacks of the clothes-moth grub. In fact they do not attack the wool until the yolk or natural grease of the fleece is got rid of, and the more perfectly cloth is scoured, the better is it suited to the palates of these creatures. Some oils, however, such as nut oil, suit their taste. This remedy, however, is not to be thought of, for no one would like to have his clothes greasy for the sake of keeping away the moth. It is astonishing, however, how slight an application of grease is effectual as a preservative; merely passing a piece of undressed wool over some serge was found sufficient to preserve it. An infusion of tobacco, of pepper, of soda, and of olive oil had the same effect. And it is curious to notice the behaviour of the insect when shut up with this unpalatable food. Well may Réaumur exclaim, "*Je ne connoissais pas encore tout leur génie quand j'ai cherché à devenir leur destructeur.*" Under such circumstances the grubs adopt the same plan as some of our arctic voyagers have done to allay the pangs of hunger: they eat their kid gloves and leathern breeches; the caterpillar, however, eats his woollen cloak or portions thereof, and supplies its place with the little dry round grains of excrement, which as before noticed retain the colour of the wool which has been digested; these grains are united with silken threads, and serve to keep the insect covered, which is essential to its well-being.

It is an old custom with some housewives to throw into their drawers every year a number of fir cones, under the idea that their strong resinous smell might keep away the moth. Now, as the odour of these cones is due to turpentine, it occurred to Réaumur to try the effect of this volatile liquid. He rubbed one side of a piece of cloth with turpentine, and put some grubs on the other: the next morning they were all dead, and, strange to say, had voluntarily abandoned their sheaths. On smearing some paper slightly with the oil, and putting this into a bottle with some grubs, the weakest were immediately killed; the most vigorous struggled violently for two or three hours, quitted their sheaths, and died in convulsions.

It was soon abundantly evident that the vapour of oil or spirits of turpentine acts as a terrible poison to the grubs. Perhaps it may be said that even this remedy is worse than the disease; but, as Réaumur justly observes, we keep away from a newly-painted room, or leave off for a few days a coat from which stains have been removed by turpentine, why therefore can we not once a year keep away for a day or two from rooms that have been fumigated with turpentine. It is, however, surprising how small a quantity of turpentine is required: a small piece of paper or linen just moistened therewith, and put into the wardrobe or drawers for a single day two or three times a year is a sufficient preservative against moth. A small quantity of turpentine dissolved in a little spirits of wine (the vapour of which is also fatal to the moth) will entirely remove the offensive odour, and yet be a sufficient preservative.

The fumes of burning paper, wool, linen, feathers, and of leather, are also effectual, for the insects perish in any thick smoke; but the most effectual smoke is that of tobacco. A coat smelling but slightly of tobacco is sufficient to preserve a whole drawer. We trust our fair readers will not scold us for thus affording

their husbands or lovers an additional excuse for perpetuating a bad habit.

The vapour of turpentine, and the smoke of tobacco, are also effectual in driving away flies, spiders, ants, earwigs, bugs, and fleas. The latter torments are so abundant on the continent, as frequently to deprive the weary traveller of his night's rest. If he would provide himself with a phial containing turpentine and spirits of wine in equal parts, and would sprinkle a few drops over the sheets and coverlid before retiring to rest, he will probably have reason to be grateful for the hint. Foreigners are in the habit of smoking in their bed-rooms—a habit which excites surprise and disgust in England; it will now be seen, however, that there is a reason for the practice.

In concluding this long article we may sum up the whole with a short word of advice, in the form of a household recipe.

TO KEEP AWAY THE MOTH.

Before folding up and putting away your winter blankets, furs, and other articles, sprinkle them, or smear them over with a few drops of oil of turpentine, either alone or mixed with an equal bulk of spirits of wine. No stain will be left, and if spirits of wine be used, the odour is not disagreeable. C. T.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

By MRS. HOARE.

It is common with other imaginative and half-civilized people, the lower orders of Irish have many wild superstitions connected with death. Not a mere cold belief, but a firm and lively faith in the existence of "a world beyond the grave," fills their minds with a vivid conviction that their departed friends are with them and around them still. "Not lost, but gone before," is a truth ever present to the warm-hearted Irishman; he continues to associate his buried ones in all the cares and pleasures of existence, and that in an every-day and lifelike manner, which would often border on the ludicrous, did not the wild pathos, the genuine poetry, that clothe the expression of his mourning, seem fully to redeem it from any touch of vulgar association.

The little damsel who, in Wordsworth's touching ballad, so repeatedly asserted "We are seven," ought to have been a native of our Green Isle; for there many a childish heart holds the loving faith that cheered that little churchyard lingerer. The anxious care also bestowed by the very poorest peasant on the obsequies of his relative, shows that he believes the latter still cognizant of his actions: all business, however important, is postponed, whenever any funeral within a circuit of several miles is to be attended. To have "a decent berrin, and all the neighbours at it," is the grand object of an Irishman's solicitude, when he feels his end approaching. Many an old *bocough*, the sum total of whose worldly possessions is borne on his back, and, being the tattered remnants of "Irish old clothes," would probably not fetch a silver sixpence at the rag-dealers, has died with a sum of money stitched into his fragment of a waistcoat, and encircled with a scroll enjoining those who find it "to bury him decent, or else his sperrit will haunt them for evermore." The injunction, coupled with such a penalty, is, I believe, never disobeyed. In the lack of relatives, professed *keeners* are hired, whose practised tones of woe sound in their wild cadence so like the burst of real grief, that it is often only by watching the unmoved countenance and unquivering lips of the old crones, one can distinguish their mourning from that of the wife or mother of the dead.

"How can I expect other people to come to my berrin, if I don't go to theirs?" was the unanswerable query of a labouring man, whose employer sought to convince him of his folly in losing many days' work by attending the funerals of persons with whom he had had only a slight acquaintance.

But I forget—I am writing of my country, not as it is, but as it was. Now the stern hand of hunger, ay, of direst famine, has dimmed the merry eye, and closed the white lip, whose tones were once so joyous. Buoyancy of spirit is gone with vigour of body; all the energies of mind are concentrated in the one fierce craving of animal life. "Food! food!" is the cry that echoes through the land:—the short bleak wintry day, and the long dark frosty night, alike resound with the shrieks of those who perish from hunger and nakedness. In nothing is the utter disruption of old cherished feeling more apparent than in the poor creatures' forced disregard of their dead. Instead of the careful laying-out of the corpse, the lighted candles, the protracted wake, where all who came were regaled with pipes and whisky, at an outlay which often sorely pinched the survivors, but was at all times made without grudging, they are now often compelled to leave the rites of sepulture to be performed by the rats, which swarm around the hovels, allured by their loathsome prey; and in many cases devouring the flesh of the dying as well as of the dead. In some rural districts, the bodies that have died of what is emphatically called "*starvation fever*" are interred by wholesale at the public expense, uncoffined and uncared for. Such scenes are horrifying to contemplate, yet they are true; nor can any human being foresee their termination. I will not, however, dwell on them longer, humbly trusting that the same gracious God, who, in Judea's favoured land, had compassion on the multitude, and, not willing to send them away fasting to their distant homes, created with his word a plenteous repast in the wilderness, may ere long send forth that mighty voice, to bid our fields once more be fertile, and our perishing poor ones live.

I will notice a few instances of the strange picturesque superstitions with which the poor Irishman, in happier times, loved to encircle the memory of his dead.

On a fine day in Autumn, about two years since, as a friend of mine, who resides in a wild district of the south, was walking on the road near his house, he overtook a countryman returning from the next market-town. He was a stout middle-aged man, tolerably well-dressed, and evidently belonging to the class of small farmers. After the customary salutations, (in no country do strangers meeting casually on the road greet each other more cordially than in Ireland,) Mr. — entered into conversation with him, as they walked along together.

"This is a fine day for the country, your honour, thanks be to God for it."

"It is, indeed," replied Mr. —, "and pleasant weather for walking. Have you far to go?"

"Why, middling, Sir; my little place is about five mile off, up at Gurthunowen."

"I suppose you were at M—— this morning?"

"I was, then, Sir, just doing a trifle of business at the market; for *herself*¹ wasn't able to go in to-day, and I had to sell some fresh eggs and young chickens for her."

"You seem to have been purchasing, also," said Mr. —, looking at a large brown-paper parcel, which he carried under his arm.

The man's countenance changed. "I was, your honour," he said, in a mournful voice. "After two years' savings, 'tis only now I was able to buy the makings of a cloak for my little girl."

As he spoke, he opened the parcel, and displayed its contents, a piece of fine blue cloth.

"That will make a very nice cloak indeed," said my friend, smiling, "your daughter will outshine all her neighbours next Sunday at mass."

"It cost two guineas, Sir; and though I'm a poor man, 'tis no more I'd think of that than of the mud under my feet, if 't would bring ase or comfort to the soul of my darling. Ah, *ma colleen bawn*!" he cried, clasping his hands in sudden agony, "the fifteen years you were left to me ran by as quick as the winter streama down the side of Coom Rhuo, and as pleasant as if the warm summer stopped with them always. But the dark day came at last;—and when the mother and I saw you stretched before us as cold and as white as the snow-drift on the hill, we thought the life within ourselves was gone for ever! I ax your pardon, Sir, for talking so wild, but indeed there was few in the whole country like our Nelly. Even when she was a slip of a child, going to the school, Father Jerry himself would stop her every Saturday after the catechiz, to stroke her fair head, and tell her she answered the best of them all. Well, after a while, when the first stun was over, and the mother and I had time to take some comfort from the two boys that were left us,—it began to give us more trouble to think that she died without a cloak, and that maybe the crathur that we kep all her life tender and warm, like a pet lamb, might be suffering now for the want of it. So we set to work, saving every penny we could scrape together, till we'd have enough to buy her a good one; and though the sorrow and the lonesomeness is hurling our hearts yet, still 'tis proud the mother and I will be to see it handsomely made, and waiting for her in the house."

"Surely," said Mr. — "if your daughter be, as I hope she is, in heaven, she will not need a cloak to shelter her there."

"No, Sir," replied the man, reverently touching his hat, "I suppose she won't."

"And in the other place, of dreadful punishment, it is equally certain that no earthly garment can avail as a covering."

"True for your Honour."

"Well," continued my friend, "you believe, what we deny, that there is a third place, which you call purgatory; but by all accounts it is a very hot place—what could she want of a cloak there?"

"Some of them," replied the father earnestly, "do be very cold there. In parts of it there's a dale of frost and snow, and sleet, and hail; and how do I know but my darling child might be there, thinking hard thoughts of the father and mother that wouldn't get a cloak to cover her. Any way, 'twill be made, and left in the house; herself may take the loan of it to wear at times, but 'twill be Nelly's cloak, and ready for her there when she wants it."

"In that case," said Mr. — "it would, I think, be a good plan if you had it made large enough to cover both; your daughter's spirit might then find shelter under it, without depriving your wife of its use."

"That's very true; indeed, Sir, I never thought of that before. Plass God, I'll have it done; and, sure 'twill comfort the mother's heart, when she's going to mass or to market, to think she has the sperrit of her *colleen bawn* along with her undernath the cloak."

This is the substance of a *bond fide* conversation: the firm persuasion entertained by the poor father that the departed possess a sort of semi-corporeal existence, is very general among the peasantry in the remote districts. Near the towns, of course, such superstitions have dwindled away, and the present general diffusion of education through the land will probably tend to banish them completely from the minds of the rising generation. Even now it is often difficult to draw from the mountaineer a candid confession of his faith in such matters. Does he suspect that you are quizzing him—and his perception of the slightest approach to *badinage*

(1) In Ireland, "*herself*" is the term invariably and emphatically employed by the peasant to designate his spouse, when speaking in the third person; the masculine pronoun being similarly applied to him by his better half.

is quick beyond expression—he immediately either shelters himself under a most natural appearance of stupid civility, agreeing with every thing your Honour says; or, if the humour takes him, and that he sees you are a British tourist, bent on making yourself thoroughly acquainted with all the chameleon shades of Irish character during a three weeks' excursion, he will be likely to cram you with a series of as improbable, not to say impossible fictions, as ever graced the hot-pressed pages perpetrated by an errant and arrant cockney. Those, however, who reside amongst them, and converse with them skilfully and kindly, without betraying any latent disposition to mock, will often discover curious corners and recesses of the Irish mind. Old customs and traditions also, lingering among the pagan monuments to which they probably owe their origin, are often, when explained, interesting alike to the poet and the antiquary. In later times the imaginative spirit, which still dwells amidst our highlands, has given form and consistency to many a strange idea connected with the abode and occupations of the dead.

I was struck with an instance of this which fell lately under my own observation, in the mountain district of the south to which I have before alluded. A belief is entertained there, and very generally, I think, in other places, that the last person interred in a churchyard is compelled to draw water for the refreshment of the souls in purgatory, until he is relieved by a new comer. When, therefore, it happens that two funerals are fixed to take place on the same day, the hurry, the racing, the fighting that occur between the rival parties, each wanting to secure precedence of interment for their friend, defy all description. On such occasions it will sometimes happen that the coffins are fractured in the struggle, and the cold ghastly faces of their occupants become exposed, presenting a horrid and reproachful contrast to the flushed angry countenances that surround them. Sometimes the scene ends in bloodshed; more frequently the weaker party yield the *pas*, with a bad grace, indeed, and generally inspired with thoughts of peace by the cogent arguments of the officiating pastor's horsewhip, which, potent in its office as the trident of Neptune,—pungent in its application as the sceptre of Ulysses, when it visited Thersites' back,—seldom fails to quell a rising tumult.

In the village of I—— there is an old churchyard whose narrow precincts are already filled with graves; yet, as it lies in the centre of a large parish, funerals arrive there very frequently. The grounds of a friend of mine adjoin it; his flower garden is, indeed, divided from it only by two low fences, and a narrow lane between, so that the inexpressibly mournful tones of the Irish cry are often heard distinctly there, contrasting painfully with the sweet song of birds, and all the joyous melodies of summer time. One day, as Mr. —— was standing in his garden, he saw a long procession appearing on the brow of the opposite hill. It wound slowly down a path made through the heather, and the wild sound of wailing that floated faintly on the breeze, told the reason of the sad array. As they approached nearer, the bearers of the coffin quickened their pace almost to a run, followed by their companions; and when they reached the road which led towards the churchyard, they dashed forward with a speed most unsuited to their solemn errand. The reason was soon evident. Passing a turn of the road, in the opposite direction, there appeared another funeral approaching with equal rapidity. At the moment that they came in sight, both parties were about equally near the goal; and it seemed impossible to tell which would win the race. A race indeed it was, for the rival bearers, exchanging a loud shout of defiance, rushed on as rapidly as if no burden rested on their shoulders. Arrived at Mr. ——'s gate, the people from the mountain saw that their direct path lay across his lawn and garden, and that, by rushing through, they might gain on the enemy. No sooner thought of than accomplished.

With the most reckless disregard of crushed flowers and trampled beds, they ran across, thinking not of the mischief they were doing one whom, nevertheless, they all loved and respected. They gained the churchyard, but owing to the intervening hedges, which had to be surmounted, their rivals were there before them.

"'Tis no good for ye, ye mane spalpeens," shouted the leader of the mountain party. "'Twas well we licked ye last fair day, when poor Denis was to the fore,—and why wouldn't we do as much now to save him from demaning himself by being water-carrier to one of your breed. Hurroo for the Cartys!"

And, without waiting for his foe's retort, which was by no means slack or slow in coming, he brandished his shillelagh, and, followed by his friends, rushed on to the combat. Furious and deadly would have been the affray,—indeed, at its conclusion, the candidates for sepulture would scarcely have been limited to two, but just at the critical moment, five or six well-armed "poelers" were seen advancing. The constable who headed them was a shrewd elderly man, thoroughly versed in the character of the people, and "up" to all their ways. He did not make any hostile demonstration, but interposing boldly between the parties,

"For shame, boys," he said, "for shame, to be fighting and destroying one another over the cold corpses of them that deserve better usage at your hands."

"Mr. Nagle," said the leader of the Callaghans, lowering his brandished cudgel,—a pacific movement which produced a pause between the combatants on both sides,—"'I'm satisfied to have it all to you, for 'tis well known you're an honest, sensible man; though, not being of our profession, 'tisn't reasonable to suppose you'd feel the same as we do in regard of the other world. Howandever, you see, we won the race fair; and I put it to you, now, is it right that them *shinguns* forinst you should bury their friend first, and have Thady Callaghan attending the likes of him with water?"

"'Iould yer tongue!" exclaimed the warlike chief of the Cartys; "'tis happy and proud the best Callaghan that ever handled a spade ought to be, to put his hands under the feet of a Carty! Whether or no, we're here as well as you, and the never a sod shall be laid this blessed day on Tade Callaghan's grave, till we have our own Denis handsomely settled."

"'Tis a folly to talk that way, man, while every mother's son of us here is able and willing to fight you—ay, and to take the consate well out of you, too, and show that your fists, at the best of times, arn't aqual to yer tongues."

"Oh! as to prate and palaver," retorted his adversary, "'tis aisy seen who has the most of it; but, you might as well get holy wather out of a minister's wig, as be standing argufying here with me."

"Whist, boys, whist, with that unsigned talk," said Nagle, "and let me insense you at wanst into the rights of the matter. 'Tis a sin and a shame for any two sets of Christians, let alone neighbours, to be fighting with one another, like wild bastes, over the bodies of the dead. Callaghans and Cartys, you seemed both of you to come up purty much about the same time. Now, I'd like to know what's to hinder Father Jerry—I see him coming towards us now, walking, poor man, as fast as the gout will let him—what's to hinder him, I say, from standing right between the two graves, and reading the service for both at wanst. Then you may lower the two corpses into the ground exactly at the same moment; so that Sir Isaac Newton himself, that fogged the world at algebra, couldn't tell which would have to draw the first pail of water."

This well-timed suggestion seemed to give general satisfaction. It was immediately acted upon, to the great joy and relief of the good Father Jerry, whom

1 This sentence was taken down, verbatim, from the lips of a countryman, a few weeks since.

repeated attacks of gout had rendered less active than heretofore in the discharge of that arduous portion of his pastoral duties which included promiscuous flagellation. After the simultaneous interment of the bodies, all present dispersed peaceably to their several homes; perfectly satisfied that, in consequence of Nagle's ingenious expedient, the purgatorial labour of water-carrying would be fairly divided between the departed.

Soon afterwards a circumstance occurred in the same place, somewhat similar to the above, yet also differing from it. Mr.— had been very kind and constant in visiting and relieving a poor man who lived at some distance, and who had long been afflicted with an incurable disease. His dim eyes used to brighten, and his thin hands were clasped together, as, with all the fervour of an Irish heart, and all the eloquence of an Irish tongue, he was wont to invoke unnumbered blessings on the head of the visitor, who, kneeling beside his straw pallet, sought to direct his mind towards the things of the eternal world. At length he died, and his family were left desolate mourners. They were poor—miserably so—and could not afford “a handsome wake;” but, when the day of interment arrived, the remains of Daniel Lynch were followed to the grave by a weeping train of relatives, whose hearts swelled with sorrow, deeper perhaps and more sincere than is sometimes found under crapes and sable drapery. Their number, however, was few when compared with the crowds that thronged towards the house of a rich farmer, who had died on the same day, and was to be buried at the same hour as his humble neighbour.

It so happened, that Mr.— was again in his garden, engaged in the pleasant task of cultivating his flowers, and watering them from a clear well, which bubbled up near the boundary edge. Even in that country, famous for its thousand sparkling streams—“diamonds encased in a setting of emeralds,” a jeweller might call them, if a jeweller happened to be taken poetical—this spring was distinguished for the sweetness and clearness of its waters. He looked up, as the keening met his ear, and saw the two parties approaching. They met at the churchyard gate, and for a moment, loud sounds of contention and mutual threatenings of hostility drowned the plaintive tones of grief. Mr.— immediately hastened towards the ground, and when he arrived there, saw with pleasure that the weaker party had resolved to yield. Already the priest's voice was heard reading the solemn service over the rich man's grave, while poor Daniel's friends drew moodily aside, and bent their eyes on his humble coffin. Mr.— went towards them, wishing to speak some words of comfort, but they seemed not to regard him. At length the widow, clasping her hands, threw herself on her knees, and raising her streaming eyes towards his face, cried, with a voice as earnest as though she were begging for her life,—

“Ah! Mr.—, 'tis yourself that was fond of him, while he was alive; and sure, now that he's gone, and has the sore burden laid on him, you won't refuse to let him go to your well for the water!”

THE HEART OF MONTROSE.

THE civil war of Scotland during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, so truly denominated “The Troubles,” while they created wounds which required the lapse of more than a century to heal, have yet afforded some of the noblest examples of chivalrous loyalty and generous devotion which history has gathered in her starry zone. Whatever be the judgment passed on the risings of 1715 and 1745, when, notwithstanding the growing prosperity of the empire under the peaceful dynasty of Hanover, men, ay, and women too, gladly perilled life and fortune for the wandering and forlorn Pretenders, few have refused to do honour to the memory of him who brought to the royal cause

the enthusiasm of youth and the glory of an ancient and unsullied name, whose brilliant victories retrieved the cause, and threw a halo over the troublous sunset of his martyred monarch—the chivalrous but ill-fated Montrose.

The undying loyalty which endeared him to the Highland clans,—the victories he won for the royal standard, amid Highland snows and immemorial mountains, were meetly followed up by the magnanimity and Christian heroism with which he met a death as terrible and undeserved as that of his king.

A dreary pageant it must have been, that, on that May morning, wended its way through the quiet streets of Edinburgh; Montrose richly dressed, “more like a bridegroom than a criminal going to the gallows, his delicate white gloves on his hands, his stockings of incarnate silk, and his shoes with their ribbands, on his feet,” seated aloft on a miserable cart, gazing around him with an unmoved eye on the ill-suppressed joy of the craven Argyle, on the stern array of Saxon soldiery, and, high above all, the grim apparatus of death.

“There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die.”

Repelling the offers of spiritual comfort made by the Covenanting ministers, with the gentle words, “I pray you, gentlemen, let me die in peace,” he bent on his knees, and that rude multitude beheld with tears the hero-death of a high-minded and Christian nobleman. Thus died, at the age of 37, James Graham, Marquis of Montrose—a man whose presence was a sure presage of victory among Highland hosts, whom in his exile kings had delighted to honour, and of whom Cardinal de Retz, the friend of Condé and Turenne, spoke as “the only man that had ever reminded him of the heroes of Plutarch.”

According to the barbarous custom of the age, in his doom it was pronounced that “his head was to be affixed on an iron pin, and set on the pinnacle of the west gavel of the new prison of Edinburgh,” while his limbs were to be distributed among four principal towns of Scotland. On the night in which this doom was pronounced, he wrote with a diamond on the windows of his prison these lines, which, from the circumstances of their composition, are truly remarkable:—

“Let them bestow on every airth! a limb;
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimma lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake,
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air—
Lord! since thou know'st where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful thou'll recover once my dust,
And confident thou'll raise me with the just.”

But they who sought to deepen the guilt and infamy of the dead Montrose were but the unwilling instruments of spreading his renown; for it was these blackened remains of all that was once so graceful and true, that evoked the spirit of justice, and brought his murderers to a doom no less fearful. It was the vision too of these insulted remains that ever haunted the mind and nerved the red arm of his avenging grandson, the terrible Dundee.

When this reaction took place, and the friends of Montrose came forth from their hiding-places, and gathered from the four winds his bleached remains, the heart alone—that heart which had throbbed so truly for his king and country—was nowhere to be found. A deep mystery for long hung over its disappearance, which was only elucidated by the publication of family traditions.²

At the time of his execution, the friends of Montrose were scattered abroad, and most of them had sought

(1) Point of the compass.

(2) We allude to the Appendix to Napier's “Montrose and the Covenanters,” 1838.

for safety in foreign lands. It was to woman alone—that “ministering angel” in the darkness of affliction, that he was indebted for much of his undaunted bearing in his final trials; the hands of women had woven for him “the fine scarlet, laid over with rich silver lace, the bands and cuffs exceeding rich,” in which he died so bravely, and it was a woman who, in her deep love of the dead, at the risk of her own life, possessed herself of the heart of Montrose.

Nine years before this event, his nephew, the Master of Napier, had wooed and won the Lady Elizabeth Erskine, a daughter of the Earl of Mar. She proved well worthy to be the wife of one who (to use his own words) “could have lived with her meanly in the deserts of Arabia;” but who left his youthful bride to follow the fortunes of his kinsman. During the brief respite from public turmoil which he enjoyed, Montrose had become fondly attached to his gentle niece, and to her he had promised to leave, as his most sacred memorial, his heart. His mutilated body had been scarcely two days in the grave when this youthful lady, no unworthy daughter of the land of Catherine Douglas and Flora Macdonald, at imminent peril procured the rare memento of the illustrious dead. After having been carefully embalmed, it was placed within a steel case, made of the sword of the hero, and this again within a gold box, which had been presented to an ancestor of the family by a Doge of Venice. The whole was deposited in a large silver urn, and cherished by the lady as the dearest and proudest relic of the departed. It is pleasing to think that the features of this high-souled woman may yet be seen on the canvass of Lely. An old picture hangs in Merchiston Castle, near Edinburgh, the seat of her descendants, in which she stands, calm and noble in her look, in the brilliant dress of the time of Charles II., and with her hands placed piously around the silver urn.

Let us now follow the heart in its strange vicissitudes. Dearly as Lady Napier prized the relic, she deemed that it ought to be in the hands of the Marquis's son, who, along with her husband, was still a refugee in Holland, and to him it was accordingly sent. Years passed away, and the generation that witnessed the death of Montrose had been gathered to the grave. Continued troubles surrounded the family, and the precious urn was lost abroad. Chance, however, restored it to the fifth Lord Napier. A friend of the family had recognised it in the shop of a curiosity-dealer in Holland, and immediately purchased it. This nobleman, when travelling in France, was taken ill, and, on his death-bed, bequeathed to his daughter as his most precious legacy, the golden casket of her ancestors.

Again the scene changes—and the “sole daughter of his house and heart” is wedded and accompanies her husband on his country's service to distant India. While off the Cape de Verd Islands, the fleet of which their Indiaman is one is attacked by some French frigates. With the ardour and zeal that distinguish his countrymen, her husband volunteers to take the command of four of the quarter-deck guns. In the midst of the conflict stood the lady, with all the chivalry of her race, on the open quarter-deck, her son clinging to one hand, and the heart of Montrose in the other. It seemed as if that heart had power, even in its dust, to animate those around it to noble deeds, for there stood this weak woman with her youthful son, while the enemy's fire mowed down two of the men at the guns, and a splinter struck and shattered the outer case of the casket. The frigate was called off, and the gallant Englishwoman lived to see the relic repaired by the cunning of a Hindoo goldsmith, and to cherish it as the proudest memorial of her mountain home.

But alas! the veneration with which she viewed it became to her the cause of its loss, and it does not seem strange that what the English lady cherished so fondly, should, to the superstitious mind of the Hindoo, seem to possess the charm of an amulet, and confer on the

owner safety in battle. We find that it was stolen, and afterwards traced to the palace of an Indian chief, who had bought it from some one at a high price. And there it lay enshrined amidst the fantastic symbols of a strange religion, the simple object of a Hindoo's adoration. This chief was the Pollygar or captain of Pundlar-Courchy, a fort and district in the neighbourhood of Madura.

More than a century had passed away since the execution of Montrose; the factions that were renewed over his grave had for ever become quiet; the royal race to whose cause he had devoted his life-blood was represented by one old man, a cardinal of Rome; British arms and enterprise had opened up a pathway to the fabled wealth of the East, and now, beneath the tropical sun of India a Hindoo chief was prostrating himself before the heart of the “Great Marquis,” and bearing it about with him as a spell of sufficient power to shield him from the dangers of Mahrattar warfare. Thus, when, in the land of his birth, his chivalrous career, his high spirit of loyalty, and his heroic end, had become the theme of poet and novelist, all that was material of James Grahame was cherished by an ignorant Hindoo, as the source whence his spirit derived strength in the turmoil of war, and the suspicious calm of Indian tranquillity. We could wish we knew more of this man's history than we do; we know enough, however, to pay the tribute of admiration to his character, and of sympathy to his misfortunes. For it remains to be told, how, when informed of the circumstances connected with his “charm,” he generously restored the casket to the English lady, saying, that “he considered it his duty to fulfil the wishes of the brave man whose heart was in the urn, and whose wish it was that his heart should be kept by his descendants.” As if the charm that ruled the destiny of his life had indeed departed, he was hurried into revolt from the Nabob of Arcot, and fell a victim to the rigour of Anglo-Indian justice. There is something infinitely touching, we think, in the wish expressed by him on the eve of execution, that some one would preserve and cherish *his* heart, as they had done who loved the European warrior so well.

The heart thus singularly preserved and generously restored, remained in the lady's possession till accident again deprived her of it, and that for ever. Returning home from India with her husband through France, in 1792, their plate and jewellery were required to be given up to the French Government. For greater security, she entrusted the heart to the care of an Englishwoman, resident at Boulogne. Years passed on, the plate and jewellery were scrupulously restored, but death had removed the keeper of the casket, and with her all knowledge of the place where it was deposited.

T.

THE GREAT MYSTERY ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

YEARS have passed since first a certain huge pile of stones attracted attention. Ages have passed since the erection of these majestic remnants. Years, pregnant with the advent and reception of vast and weighty truths, have long since gone by, and yet they have neither brought nor left any certain record of those mystic monuments. There they stand on Salisbury plain, apparently defying all the influences of Time, the great destroyer of all things—assuredly defying all human ingenuity to decipher. A great mystery, truly! Who shall their purposes unfold to us? The Pyramids and the Man in the Iron Mask have alike baffled human perceptions to solve and define. So, too, Stonehenge is the great wonder of our isle, and, if anything can add to the astonishment which its appearance excites, it is the

extraordinary fact, that the greater proportion of visitors to it, consist of foreigners; Germans of all states, Italians, Frenchmen, Americans, &c. It seems impossible to account for the insensibility which leads many a tourist to leave it on one side, and seek for objects to gratify his curiosity miles and miles away. England does not contain any more stupendous piece of art, and certainly cannot boast of anything more wonderful; yet, to the majority of wonder-loving, pleasure-seeking Englishmen it is unknown, unthought of, and, it is to be feared, uncared for. The very situation of it is both imposing and commanding—standing quite alone, on a plain which looks interminable, and which on a hot summer's day or on a winter's night has neither tree or hut for shelter or repose near it. Majestic, wondrous pile! thy artificers unknown, thy uses undiscovered, how solemnly thou remainest in thy solitary glory! Thy bard should be another Ossian, and the chorus that responds to the chanting of thy grandeur, the roaring waves of the old ocean, that roll for ever and for ever, till Time and thou shall be no more. To attempt an explanation, or to elucidate this mysterious temple, is in these our later days of careful and rigorous inquiry an unsatisfactory task, and one which could afford no possible advantage to any one. Truth to say, we should end where we began. All is conjecture. That it was a temple erected for worship seems feasible enough to believe. That that worship was the religion of the aborigines of Great Britain, is also most probable. And if this latter supposition be received, we must at once give to the Druids the credit of its erection and appropriation for sacred rites. The theory at one time offered to the scientific world by that celebrated architect Inigo Jones is capable of a thorough refutation. It was his pleasure to give the Romans the credit of this structure; but it is manifestly an error to suppose that that people, who, long anterior to their invasion of this country, were masters of the arts of design, and lived and worshipped in buildings of a most constructive character, would have contented themselves with any temple so simple as Stonehenge. Besides, there are no analogous remains in localities more densely populated by the Romans than Britain ever was. Among all the relics exhumed from the barrows that are near, or surround Stonehenge, no Roman work has been found—no coin has ever been discovered in any of the tumuli—nothing to afford a clue or trace of a Roman origin. One more proof against the idea is the fact that a number of these circles of stone, more or less broken, are to be seen in all parts of the kingdom, in Ireland, Scotland, and in the smaller isles, and places where it is well known the Romans never went. The skilful reasoning and accurate investigation of Dr. Stukely are all against the probability of a Roman origin. The fanciful hypotheses that have been given to the world from time to time are most amusing, and would form an odd volume for the entertainment of those who are wont to date their conclusions from realities, and not imaginary speculations. But to one conclusion we must come at last. The Druids are almost beyond question the originators, and as priests the performers in this stupendous temple. It stands, as has been before noticed, on a vast plain. There is an outer and inner circle of stones. The outer is in diameter about one hundred and nine feet. The thickness of the stones forming this circle is three feet and a half; the number of stones forming the outer circle was sixty, of which thirty were stones standing upright, the remaining thirty being what are called imposts, that is, stones placed on the top of others. Both the uprights and imposts are each of one piece, so that the labour and difficulty with which they were placed in their position may be conceived. These uprights and imposts are maintained together by means of mortices and tenons, which are geometrically adapted to their work in the most methodical manner. The inner circle of stones was more irregularly shaped and smaller than the outer. In this were a number of stones

forming an oval. An altar and cell completed the temple.

Such is a very cursory description of the state of this most remarkable building, in the days of its normal greatness. Many of the stones have disappeared altogether, others have fallen, and but few remain in their pristine erectness. Enough, however, is left to show the design and intention of the founders; enough to impress the spectator with sublime and exalted feelings, which the character of the monotonous and dreary scenery surrounding is well calculated to heighten:—a solemn temple, made with hands yet withal so simple, with materials so plain yet so monstrous, that its effect is magnificent. One author says, "these upright stones seem to grow out of the earth as they stand." Another doubts the possibility of their having been conveyed from any considerable distance. It is said that the nearest point whence these stones could have been brought is sixteen miles distant. How they were brought, is one of the mysteries peculiar to the entire subject.

The Rev. J. Bathurst Deane, in his book, written in 1833, on *Serpent Worship*, states as his belief that they came from Grey Wethers near Abury, and that they were probably conveyed on rafts to their destination; these rafts being floated on a river which ran, as he considers, under the hill on which Stonehenge stands. In a survey made in the year 1845, it does appear that there are some grounds for this opinion, as evident traces of a river having formerly run by and past Amesbury were visible. But here, all is again mere conjecture, and in that dubious field it is impolitic to enter. Upwards of a hundred years since, Dr. Stukely, the Rector of All Saints, in Stamford, wrote an elaborate treatise on Stonehenge. Sir Richard Colt Hoare has made it the object of his studies, and corrected the errors of many previous writers. Wordsworth has made it the theme of one of his exquisite sonnets. Popsy in his amusing diary, written in Charles the Second's time, has the following passage, written in his own familiar quaint manner:—"So the three women, behind W. Ifewer Burford, and our guide, and I single to Stonehenge, over the plain and some great hills, even to fright us. Came thither, and find them as prodigious as any tales I ever heard of them, and worth going this journey to see. God knows what their use was: they were hard to tell, but yet may be told."

Mr. Turner, the celebrated artist, has transferred on canvas his impressions, and depicted the scene as viewed during a storm of thunder and lightning. It is a very vivid and actual representation of the spot. By moon light the effect is admirable, though no especial painting of it under that influence has been hitherto exhibited. It is greatly to be deplored that from the cupidity and stupidity of treasure seekers, who have fancied they should be richly rewarded for their pains, many of the stones have fallen and become otherwise detached from their places. The loosening of the soil, consequent upon repeated diggings, has been the cause of this mischievous foolishness. The name, Stonehenge, is derived from the Saxon words, *Stane-hangen*, or *Hanging Stones*. Camden styles it as "*Inaana substructio*," and in the works of many old authors it is called *Choir Gaur*, or *Chorea Gigantum*. Godfrey Higgins has contributed not a little to dispel the obscurity which for so many ages has enveloped Celtic remains, and Stonehenge has been particularly noticed by him. An ingenious argument has been given by Dr. Stukely, which he deduces from Sir Isaac Newton's *Chronology*, namely, that as the average duration of a king's reign is nineteen years, so, as he found nineteen barrows about the eminences round Stonehenge, he conceives the Druids to have enjoyed their magnificent structure about three hundred and sixty years.

There is one pompous absurdity, which for its mag-niloquent bombast shall not be omitted in the catalogue of those essays and essayists who have discoursed upon this matter.

A writer seriously announces his belief that it was erected countless ages ago, and that the stones, huge and vast, were carried to the plain on the backs of the mastodon, and other extinct genera of the fossil world. Why did not the man set to work, and paint a panorama of the gigantic procession wending its lengthy way to the desired locality?

To leave all suppositions and questionings to their inventors, let us view Stonehenge as it is, and taking for granted that it is a Druidical temple, let us transport ourselves to the outer circle, and then arranging it as it was, and indulging ourselves with a peep, like the learned Stukely, at the Sanctum Sanctorum, let us wait the rising of the moon from behind the sacred grove at Amesbury; so shall we see the entrance of the officiating priests, the Druids and Druidesses, and witness the solemn and hoary chief advance to the altar with slow and reverent footsteps, his face downcast, his beard long and smoothly trimmed; his clothes reaching to his knees are fastened with a girdle, to which is attached the bronze celt. In his hand he carries a forked stick, which fits on to the celt, and has enabled him to cut the mystic mistletoe which he holds in the grasp of his other hand. But ere the rites are accomplished and ere the victim is sacrificed, let us awaken from our dream and hail with thankfulness the advent and installation of Christianity all over the fair land.

In this spirit we shall view this mysterious fane with a deep and inward sense of the happy change, that has abolished for ever religious customs so abhorrent to our nature, and which have in them so much that is in manifest antagonism with an humble prostration of the heart. In this spirit we shall see, as it were in a mirror, very dimly reflected, a scene from the earliest history of old Britain; and the vision of that scene, and the reflections it will naturally suggest, cannot but prove attractive and useful. So it is permitted us in our mental comprehensions to unroll the pages of the transcript of our ancestors' lives and actions; and, if for no other purpose than this, it is to be hoped that Stonehenge will be preserved to us for ages yet to come, as an illustrative memorial of the past. In the criticisms of this past let us not altogether despise the contrivances of our rustic forefathers. We see here an admirable adaptation of many of the soundest principles of art. In the impost, or overhanging stones, nothing more effectual could have been devised than the mortices and tenons by which they were united to the uprights. Nor could the founders have met with any spot so appropriate for the effect they intended to produce. Viewed from whichever side it may be, it is ever the one imposing object. After traversing the monotonous plain in any direction, it presents itself to the eye with an absorption of interest which is uninterrupted, and which is heightened every way by the universal stillness, and the absence of anything to detract from the one great feature of the place. Even admitting it as a druidical temple, it is still open to scientific investigation. It is still, to all intents and purposes, a great mystery, one whose solution will, in all probability, never be accomplished. And if, from what tradition has handed down to us, we are to believe the awful accounts of human sacrifices, the shedding of human blood, the profanities acted in religion's holy name, and rites from which all but the Arch Druids were excluded, we shall indeed rejoice that all these things have passed away; and that it is what it is, this wonderful Stonehenge, a great mystery. Silence may well become its best and most fitting attribute; silence that, like night, spreads a veil over all things; a silence not of that nature where sound (or human sound) hath never been, as in the unpeopled deserts yet unknown, or in the great and pathless woods, where rifle never disturbed the natural voices of Nature's fairest children, the gentle birds; nor as that silence which hangs around the silver orbs at midnight, or nourishes itself in the caverns trodden by no foot, whether of man or beast; but a silence—

vast, tremendous, significant, and potent in its very stillness; a silence that reigns where once the voice of man spoke in tones all-powerful and commanding, astounding in their very depth and meaning, pregnant with terrible utterings, gone—lost; a silence that, of all others, makes itself the most felt, and appals the trembling heart of man to contemplate; a silence whose origin is written in the downfall of past dynasties, whose quietude is more terrible than speaking, whose history is of the past, and whose end is shrouded in the future. And this is the type of all mysteries.

THE PUBLIC WRITER; OR, THE EFFECTS OF GAMBLING.

"FATHER," said Severin, "I come to entreat your assistance in an awful moment, in which my life, honour, and situation, are at stake."

"Do you doubt," said his truly excellent father, "that I will assist you if in my power?"

"I owe an immense sum of money, and I do not possess twenty francs in this world; the officer will arrive to-morrow, to-morrow!—Do you hear, father?—to-morrow!—and if I have not twenty-four thousand francs before noon, I am undone!" As he said this, the unhappy young man trembled and wept bitterly. It was indeed a sorrowful sight to behold him thus humbled, and in the deepest despair.

"Twenty-four thousand francs!" said his father; "and where are they to be had?"

"The sum you have in the funds, Sir," said Severin, "and the interest of which you receive every three months."

"That would not suffice," said the almost heart-broken old man; "but I see I must add to it the price of this cottage, and then all your debts will be paid; but, before I sign the deed, which leaves me without a sou, I require you to acquaint me thoroughly with the state of your affairs."

"They are not desperate; I have still resources."

"Well, then, I must know them all; I will go to your house, and examine for myself."

Severin, at these words, became still more pale and trembling, but his father spoke with so determined a voice, that he knew he must be obeyed. Madame Varanchau was awaiting in the saloon the return of her husband; the poor young woman knew too well their misfortunes; her eyes were filled with tears, but the expression of her countenance was that of resignation. On seeing her father-in-law, she rose to salute him.

"My dear Lucie," said he, as he kindly took her hand in his; "place all your confidence in me, for I will never forsake you."

She began to weep; and, as she sat down by her husband, he exclaimed with bitterness: "My father says he must know all the particulars of my affairs; so we must tell him; and you must know, my dear Lucie, that I would gladly spare you both this mortification if you would place more dependence in me."

"Let us go into your office, Severin," said M. Varanchau. "I am come here to investigate your affairs, and to sign a deed."

"It is quite useless to show you my books," said Severin, sullenly; "of what use will it be to make the clerks in my office witnesses of this examination?—I can tell you—" Then, after a moment's pause, he added, with a hoarse voice, and wringing his hands in agony, "I am ruined!"

"But you have not told me what has caused your ruin!" cried M. Varanchau; "and that is what I now require you to explain. I suspect the cause,—I have already said so,—but now I must learn it from your own lips."

Severin was silent.

"Then," said M. Varanchau, "I must tell it myself: It is gambling which has brought you to this miserable state."

"It is true," said Severin, proudly.

"And I," said his unhappy father, "had fondly hoped your honour was not sacrificed!"

"Have I lost my reputation," interrupted he, scornfully, "for having gambled, and lost? Truly, Sir, to hear you speak, one would imagine I was a rogue!"

"You are not yet one, perhaps, but you will become one eventually,—prison,—the galleys,—such will be your fate! May I die before that day arrives!"

Severin was enraged at these words; his eyes flashed fire, and his voice trembled with rage, as he thus addressed him: "Sir, you have no business in my house, since you are come to insult instead of assist me; this conduct is only that of a heartless man,—depart!"

At these words M. Varanchau rose up, but Lucie caught him, exclaiming, "Oh, my father, he is your son!—he is in despair!"

"I have no longer a son," answered the unhappy old man, his voice agitated with anger and grief: "he who once bore that name I renounce,—a father's blessing rests on him no more!"

To these sad words the gambler, the wicked son, only replied by a threatening look, for he feared to give vent to his passion.

"Will you come with me, my child?" said M. Varanchau, affectionately, to Lucie; "you shall share with me the little I now can call my own."

She kissed her father-in-law's hand; then, with meek resignation, followed her husband, saying,—"Death alone shall separate us!"

The following morning M. Varanchau sent his son a deed, assigning to him all his property; this satisfied the creditors, but left him and his family in extreme poverty. In the evening, when Lucie went to the cottage to thank him for all his kindness, and to entreat his forgiveness for her husband, she could find neither him nor Madelaine; and there was written on the gate, "To be Sold." She went away disheartened; and no one in the town could tell her what had become of them. In a few days, Severin quitted Marseilles, accompanied by his truly devoted wife.

When M. Varanchau saw himself without fortune or home, compelled to expatriate himself, and to quit the place where he had lived for many years, respected and happy, he was at first tempted to give way to despair; but, as he was a religious man, he trusted that God would not forsake him in his adversity. He knew he should now work for his livelihood, and he submitted to it without a murmur, notwithstanding his declining years. His faithful Madelaine had accompanied him; they lived together in Paris, and at first it occurred to M. Varanchau to give lessons in history and geography; but then his advanced age was against him; besides this, he should have to wait till pupils presented themselves, and now he had no other resource than Madelaine's little savings. Laying aside all false pride, he determined to become a "Public Writer." He wrote very well, understood grammar better than the academy, and calculated like Barême. Nothing more was required than a writing shop in the square of Saint Geneviève. It was indeed an affecting sight to behold this poor man, at sixty-five years of age, commencing a trade which required so much patience and application. Early in the morning he was to be seen seated in an old arm-chair, at a table, on which were ranged papers of every size, a variety of seals, and models of complimentary notes in prose and verse. Soon "Father Pierre," as he was now called, was in great request. He could scarcely attend to the crowds of people who daily assembled round him; and was obliged to enlarge his shop, and take clerks. There was a desk for complimentary letters, another for recommendatory ones, others for invitations and petitions. It was in this last kind that Father Pierre excelled, and acquired a great

reputation: he had a method of petitioning which would have softened the hardest heart; and it is even recorded, that the stern inspector of the police shed tears as he read a petition penned by Father Pierre. During the day, those who walked in the square St. Geneviève might see through the bright windows of the shop, the white head of this industrious old man, whose attention was never diverted from his employment. Every one knew Father Pierre,—every one loved and honoured him; but all their inquiries to discover who he was were in vain. They remarked his bearing, education, and politeness: some said, "He is a great Polish lord, ruined by the late war;" others, from his southern accent, thought him to be a Spanish refugee, but no one knew his real name. At night, Madelaine came for her old master, and both repaired to a retired apartment in the vicinity of the shop, which was neatly kept, and tolerably well furnished.

"My good master," said Madelaine frequently, whilst they supped together, "when will you cease working!—it appears to me we are now rich enough."

"Not yet," said he; "if ever my unhappy child returns, I must have enough for him and myself."

Thus twelve years passed away. Father Pierre was very old, but his hand had not lost its skill, nor his mind the power of framing petitions; and he had always more to do than he could accomplish. During those twelve years he had written several times to Marseilles to inquire for his son, and no one had answered his letters, for they had nothing to communicate respecting him. "He is dead; surely, he is dead," often repeated the poor old man; "he has died with his father's curse upon his head—my poor child!"

One day, when Father Pierre was seated at his usual occupation in his shop, a little girl came up to him timidly; she was very pretty, but her patched gown, worn-out shoes, and scanty covering, indicated her extreme poverty. "Sir," said she, "I will thank you to write a petition for me, but I have only six sous to give you for your trouble."

Father Pierre looked over his spectacles at her: "My child, how old are you?"

"I shall soon be ten, my good Sir."

"And is this money your own?"

"Oh, yes! yes! it is indeed!" said the child, with a voice so sad, that it struck the old man.

"I never tell lies, Sir! Oh, do you not believe my word?"

"Will you tell me how you got this money, my dear?—it is certainly very little, but it is a great deal for one in the condition you are."

The child hesitated at first, then replied, with her eyes cast on the ground, "I have saved it, Sir."

"Saved it, child! then you must have saved it from the money your mother gave you to buy bread for her?"

"Oh, no! no! no!" cried she, as the colour rose to her pale face at being thus suspected: "I have saved it from my own meals; every day my father gives me two sous to buy bread for myself, and I have only spent one sous every day for the last week."

"I will write your petition for nothing," said Father Pierre, returning the child her six sous. "Is your mother alive?"

"Alas, Sir! it is a month since she died!" Here the little child began to cry, but she hastened to wipe her tears away; and, pointing to her patched frock, she said: "We are so poor that I am not able to get a black frock as mourning for my mother."

"And you wish me to write a petition for you," said Father Pierre, kindly; "you have, then, some protector?"

"No, my kind friend, I have not; but a thought came into my head,—a very good thought, too, I assure you."

"Well, we shall see; sit down there, and warm yourself by the fire."

Encouraged by his kindness, she sat down by him,

and said: "I am going to tell you my story, which is not long,—My poor mother is dead, and I have no one to love me but my father, who is very kind and good, but he cannot work, for he is almost always ill, and the miserable home we have is enough to break his heart; as to me, I do not mind it for myself, but I weep when I see him wanting everything. We have nothing; neither wood, nor a blanket on our bed; and it is so cold, the other night I could not sleep!—I heard my poor father weeping!—then a good thought came into my head; and that is, to ask some assistance from the Count of C——, who is a very rich and charitable man; he lives at the corner of this square; and, if he would take me into his kitchen, I would wait on the servants, and work day and night to get a little bread and money for my dear father! Do you think you could make such a petition for me, dear Sir?"

Father Pierre took his best pen, and wrote a touching letter, in which he described the poverty and goodness of the little orphan, who only asked for work in order to earn her bread. "Now it is finished, my child," said he, "we must sign it,—what is your name?"

"Lucie Varanchau."

At this name, Father Pierre's pen fell from his hand, and he trembled so much that the child feared he was ill.

"Oh, my good Sir!" said she, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," said he, recovering himself. "My dear little one, I myself will send your petition; come to me again to-morrow, and you shall have, perhaps, an answer; and that a very favourable one."

She was leaving the shop, having thanked him most warmly:

"Embrace me, Lucie!" said the old man, extending his arms to her.

She threw herself into them, weeping with hope and joy.

The next day, when she returned, he took her on his knee, and said to her, "My love, I have delightful news for you."

"Ah! I shall be taken into the Count's service, and my father shall have some assistance!"

"Better than that, perhaps; but, tell me, what does your father do now?"

"He copies letters, for he writes a very good hand—almost as good as yours; it is he who taught me to read and write a letter."

"Are his parents alive?"

"They are both dead, Sir; my father taught me a prayer, which I repeat every day for grandpapa's soul."

Father Pierre could not hide his tears; he embraced the child, and exclaimed, in broken accents, "You are a good little girl, Lucie, and God will bless you!" When his emotion had a little subsided, he took several crowns from his desk, and gave them to her, saying, "Take these to your father: with them he can buy clothes for you and himself; and this evening you must come and sup with a person who can and will help you. There is the address."

The little child ran with the greatest eagerness to communicate the joyful tidings to her father. In the meantime Father Pierre gave his orders to Madelaine. "Have a good supper," said he; "this shall be the best I ever had; a bottle of good wine,—the poor man has not taken anything for a long time;—and, especially, have an excellent fire, for he has suffered much from cold."

Madelaine was in such delight, she scarcely knew what she was doing, and could hardly contain herself at the thought of the charming Lucie, to whom she was to be a second mother. Father Pierre had already walked fifty times up and down his room, and was anxiously looking at the alabaster clock which ornamented his mantelpiece, when a gentle knock at the door announced their arrival: then his strength seemed to forsake him, and he was obliged to sit down while Madelaine ran to open the door. *Severin* entered:—how old he looked!—how changed he was!—even his

father could scarcely recognise him. He advanced with a retiring air, holding his daughter's hand, and said, without raising his eyes, "Sir, I cannot express the gratitude I feel for all your kindness to one unknown to you."

Father Pierre rose, and answered falteringly: "It appears to me, this is not the first time that—"

At the sound of that voice *Severin* threw himself into the old man's arms, exclaiming, "My father! oh, my dear father!" For a quarter of an hour there was nothing but tears, embracings, half-finished sentences,—they heard not each other,—all spoke together, and appeared intoxicated with joy. When these transports of delight were over, Father Pierre took Lucie on his knee, and said, "My child, you are now to live with your grandpapa,—we will never separate again."

"Never, never!" said *Severin*, weeping. "Oh, if my poor wife could but witness our happiness! She, who shared all my misfortunes,—if she only knew you forgave me, father! But, doubtless, from heaven—where she now is—she watches over her child, and me; she sees us now, and participates in our joy!"

"My dear son, it was she who led Lucie to my shop. Alas! without that providential occurrence, I might have died without again seeing you, and you would not have got my blessing!"

"Misery and misfortune have punished my faults. Oh, by what a train of suffering have I been led to repentance!"

"My son, that is all past now; you no longer shall want for anything, as God has blessed me abundantly."

"Grandpapa," said Lucie, "I will attend on you, and take great care of you; and will you allow me to help Madelaine in the house?"

"Yes, my child," said Madelaine; "come, we will go and prepare supper;—a good supper I have got for you and our dear *Severin*!"

Whilst they were arranging the table, Father Pierre took his son into a little closet, opening into their sitting room, and made him acquainted with his good fortune, and the state of his affairs:—"I have in this desk a bill of two thousand francs, that is a nice capital; so, my dear son, if you wish to enter on a profession, I am able, and very willing to assist you."

"I have chosen one, father."

"What is it, my son?"

"The same as yours,—we will work together,—I never again will leave you."

"Supper is ready," said *Father Pierre*; "to-morrow I will install the new Writer in his office."

THE EARL'S SON.

A CHRONICLE OF THE TIME OF KING RICHARD II.¹

"Sir John, have you in your chronicle, what I am going to speak of?"

"I do not know," replied I, "but begin your story, which I shall be happy to hear, for I cannot recollect every particular of my history, nor can I have been perfectly informed of every event."

"That is true," added the squire, and then began his history in these words.—*Froissart's Chronicles.*

King Richard of England, learning how the French and the Scots had invaded the north, and were over-running it with fire and sword, issued forth with a summons for a large armament, and, with the numerous lords who obeyed it, took the field, and marched towards Scotland. There was a young and valiant knight, Sir Oliver de Vergy, who heard and answered this call with much joy, for he had been sore disheartened by the truce made between France and England. Though young, Sir Oliver had often shone in the tournament and in the field, and his gallantry being well known, he was at his coming greeted accordingly. He brought with him a fair young squire, who for the first time

(1) By the Author of "The Lunatic Asylum."

bore arms. His name was Raymond Messiden, the only son of a widowed mother, a dame of fair degree, who had entrusted him, not without many tears, and great misgivings, to Sir Oliver, that he might perform his first deeds of arms under his direction. On this stripling De Versey did bestow a surpassing tenderness,—even as that of the mother who bore him. The boy was of a rare mettle, but of a delicate frame (having been somewhat too carefully nurtured by the Lady Joan, whose only solace he was), and the king's forced marches in his haste to overtake his good uncle, Lancaster, to aid in repelling the invaders from his kingdom, proved too much for his strength. He sickened, and was forced to tarry awhile in the good city of York, where he must have died had it not been for the unwearying tending of his loving master, who watched beside his pallet day and night, administering with his own hands such draughts and simples as the leech whom he sought out skillfully prescribed. When Raymond Messiden was recovered from his sickness, the young knight set forward with all speed to make up for the time he had lost, and he and the twelve lances who went with him, got up with the king and his army ere they quitted their quarters in the country about Beverley. And now fell out an adventure, in which the youthful squire thought to show forth his grateful zeal for his tender master, and did but meet his own death, and plunge him he loved and served in endless trouble.

Arriving thus late, the good knight found that there was some difficulty in being suitably lodged; at least, as near the king's person or that of his uncle as he was fain to be, for this was the point most desired by the earls and barons, and knights of the realm. Now while Sir Oliver went to make his coming known to divers of his companions in arms, and to learn what news were rife in the camp in his absence, he left his squire and his train to prepare lodgings for him ere night. They did find in a neighbouring village such as they deemed very meet for the occasion, and with much satisfaction did proceed to establish themselves therein. Now, whilst they were concluding their bargain with the good wife, did two archers arrive, clad in the livery of Sir Lionel Nevil, with a party of men-at-arms, followers of the Earl Nevil, and straightways began they to wrangle with the train of Sir Oliver, roundly declaring that they had already procured these lodgings for their master, and were about to prepare them for his reception. Whether their bold assertion was but a lie vehemently urged to serve their own purpose, or whether the good wife had indeed played them false, and had now driven a bargain more to her mind, Raymond Messiden and his men paused not to inquire, but haughtily replied that "Sir Lionel, or a better man than he, must shift as he could, until their master was fairly housed."

"There is no better man, except the good earl his father, marcheth with the king," replied one of the archers, tartly. "As for thy lord, 't were honour enough for him to hold the stirrup to mine as he mounteth."

"Thou dost grievously lie if thou wouldest prefer thy lord above mine in honour," cried Messiden. "But get thee hence. I wrangle not with such as thee. Here Sir Lionel lyeth not to-night, make thee sure of that, and begone."

It had been well had the archer heeded these words; instead of so doing, with more foul animadversions on the knight whom Messiden served than it was meet for the youth, if true of heart, to hear tamely, he declared his resolution to abide there, and with his companions to hold the house for Sir Lionel Nevil. The squire, greatly fired by this treatment, unsheathed his sword in haste, and brandishing it, cried,

"Now an I did believe thee in earnest, villain, I would thrust this blade through thine heart."

Then the archer believing, or feigning to believe, that his life was in danger, stepped back a pace among his comrades, and bending his bow, let fly a good

arrow, which transfixed the youth so cleanly that it passed through his body, and appeared on the other side, and Raymond Messiden fell dead on the ground.

The archers and their company fled straight to Sir Lionel to tell the ill deed that had been done, and roundly did he rate them therefore.

"Nay," said the archer, "an I had not killed him, he had killed me, and I had as lief he should die as I should."

"Get thee gone, knave," cried Sir Lionel. "Keep out of sight, for I know not that I shall easily earn thy pardon. Methinks I have heard tell how that Sir Oliver bears a wonderful kindness to the youth thou hast pierced; and if so, it may go hard with thee yet;" so the archer made off as swiftly as he could, and held himself aloof.

Now the suite of Sir Oliver sought him out, and told him of the murder of his beloved squire, and for a while the young knight was more like a madman than one who was sane; so sorely was he incensed at the sudden and ignominious fall of a stripling of such exceeding beauty and courage, whom he had taken from his home to win the spurs of knighthood in the field. Coming to where the body lay, he gazed on it awhile, with a passion which threatened to suffocate him: the veins swelled in his forehead as if they would burst, and he crimsoned all over. Nor was he long withheld by shame from letting fall tears, as bitter as a brother could have asked, as plentiful as a woman could have shed. Probably he thought on the sorrow of the Lady Joan, which he would have to behold when he should bear back these tidings to her, and how he should be unable to allay it, by speaking of glory purchased by early death. He stooped down beside the youth, and dipped his hand in the gore which still oozed from his death wound. Thus said he:—

"Thou dear one, doubtless thou shalt have a vengeance that shall make thy name known far and wide full as much as any deed of thine own could have done."

He sprang to his feet, and dismissing his softer sorrow, called loudly for his charger, and, vaulting into his saddle, rode madly across the country, followed by some of his followers, who deemed it not meet that he should ride alone in a mood so troubled. It was now dusk, yet still Sir Oliver spurred his horse on, regardless of all impediments, resolved to seek out Sir Lionel, and of him to demand satisfaction for this deed. Entering a narrow lane, he galloped along it at his utmost speed, till he became sensible of the approach of some horsemen. The darkness prevented the two parties from recognising each other, and reining in their steeds, each challenged the other to declare who he was.

"I am Nevil," cried he who rode at the head of the intercepted party.

A brief silence followed this declaration.

"And I," then answered Sir Oliver, "am De Versey, and I come in search of thee, thou Nevil, for thy people have murdered my squire, whom I loved as much; and I must have blood for his."

So saying he placed his lance in its rest, and urged his horse violently onward. But too well employed was this lance; he felt that he bore his opponent from his saddle, but he paused not to inquire the extent of the injury he had inflicted, but galloped on. His servants followed him at less speed, and they heard the attendants of Sir Lionel shout after them: "De Versey, thou hast slain this brave young Nevil. Heavy will this news be to the father when he knows it."

Then rode they quickly after their master, and told him: "Knowest thou that thou hast killed this young lord?"

"It is well," replied Sir Oliver; "less precious blood would not have atoned for that of Messiden."

He paused awhile, and reflected gloomily; then saying—"On!" set spurs again to his horse, took his way to the town of Beverley, and riding straight to the porch of the church of St. John, dismissed his attendants, and entered into the sanctuary.

Meantime the followers of Sir Lionel raised his bleeding body from the earth, and bore him to the neighbouring village church. They roused the monks of a near convent, who came with great wax-lights, and watched beside the corpse till morning, preparing it for the burial. Then proceeded they to the quarters of Earl Nevil, and told him that his brave, and beautiful, and accomplished son was slain. This was the only, as well as the beloved son of the Earl, and immeasurable was his sorrow at these tidings. Not less was his rage; he sent a hasty summons to all his friends to come and advise with him how to act. When before this assembly was rehearsed how this sad accident fell out, the nearest kinsmen, and those who best loved father and child, parleyed awhile, and strove alike to calm the grief of the former, and to devise some means of avenging the fall of the latter. The wisest among them counselled the good Earl to wait the dawn, and then to seek the King's face, and declaring his wrong, to demand law and justice. Then they separated in order to prepare to render the last honours to their fallen kinsman, with as much decorum as possible, and assembling together all who bore relationship to the family in the camp, they proceeded to the church where the young knight lay, clad in his armour, unhelmed, and his face uncovered. When the Earl arrived, he walked straight up to the bier, and kneeling down beside the corpse, he clasped the hand of the deceased. They that stood around saw his lips move, and though they heard no sound, they judged from the stern grim mien which he maintained, that he uttered a vow of vengeance. Then gazed he fondly on the face that was so very beautiful, nought disfigured by wounds, or pining sickness. He laid his hand on the head, which was thickly covered with long glossy hair of a shining golden hue, and, separating one heavy curl from its fellows, drew his sword, and with that severing it, he placed it in his bosom. This act seemed to melt his heart within him; but it was not for a warrior like him to bear to be looked upon in the weakness of grief. With somewhat of scornful impatience he waved his hand, bidding all retire, and leave him awhile alone with his child. They who tarried within the porch could plainly distinguish groans and sobs of anguish. The obsequies were duly performed by the monks who had tended the corpse, and the mass was said by their superior, and much honour was rendered, though little time had been bestowed in the arrangements of the proceedings. The sword of the fallen knight was offered by his cousin to Lord Palmer, supported by two other knights near of kin. The bold Sir John Melchere, similarly supported, appeared with the shield. The helmet was borne by his companion in arms, Sir Aymer Roussel, one of Sir Lionel's own age and favour, and Sir Evan Cocherel led his war-horse. As soon as the service was ended, the company, to the number of sixty and upwards, mounted their horses, and the Earl, in a voice of command not so firm as it was wont to be heard in the field, cried, "Now to the King." When they reached the King's tent, they readily gained an interview, for he was already informed of the sad event, and heartily lamented the loss the good Earl had sustained, and the rash deed of Sir Oliver.

No sooner did the Earl enter the presence of the King, than he knelt low before him, and those who saw him now for the first time since the death of his son, could already plainly discern the traces of the havoc grief was committing on him. Though in the presence of a great company, he now shed tears freely, and he spoke with a rare passion, as if life depended on his moving the King to avenge his cause.

"Thou art king of all England," he cried, "and thou hast solemnly sworn to maintain the realm in its rights, and to do justice to all men. Thou knowest that Sir Oliver de Versy hath, without the slightest reason, murdered my son and heir. I therefore come to demand justice; otherwise thou wilt not have a worse enemy than me. I must likewise inform thee that my son's

death affects me so bitterly, that if I were not fearful of breaking up this expedition by the trouble and confusion I should make in the army, by mine honour it should be revenged in so severe a manner, that it should be talked of for a hundred years to come. During this march into Scotland, I will talk no more of it—I would not like the enemy to know of my great misery, and to rejoice therein."

"Nay, fair lord," replied King Richard, with the dignity by which he was so distinguished in his early days, "let not thy heart misgive thee. I will do justice, and will myself punish this crime more severely than thou and the barons could dare to do."

The Earl and his kinsmen returned thanks for this royal assurance, and departed from the King's presence. Meantime one acquainted with the determination which the Earl and the King had come to, made his way to St. John's Church, and told it to Sir Oliver de Versy, who, thus assured of present safety, quitted the sanctuary. During the night and morning which Sir Oliver had passed in retirement, he had time to recover the heat which had put him on so desperate a deed. In no wise could he pretend that the youth he had slain had been the wilful occasion of the death of his favourite squire, and, while he bitterly bemoaned the loss of Messiden, he could not but be visited by remorse for having killed the only son of his father. This train of thought received a further aid from without. The priest who admitted Sir Oliver to the sanctuary was an aged man, and a holy; he had seen many a rude offender, and some humble penitents, seek the same; but he thought he had never beheld among them all a deeper grief than that which appeared on the countenance of this young knight, and he tarried near him to see if he were fain to ease his troubled soul of its burden. There was that in the sanctity of this aged man's office, and in the mildness of his bearing, that awed Sir Oliver more than the presence of the fiercest enemy could have done. In the morning the priest dismissed Sir Oliver, a sorrowful man, but a penitent, and when he gave gold for masses for the soul of young Messiden, he said: "Good father, I would bid thee to say also prayer for Lionel Nevil."

"God speed thee, my son," replied Father Philip, with affection. "I will heed thy wish, and for thee will I pray, that thy pride may be tamed, and that the good resolutions thou hast taken this night may abide by thee." The knight bent his head for the priest's blessing; then mounting his horse, he rode sorrowfully forth from the town of Beverley, towards the lodgings for which he had paid so great a price. About a bow-shot from the town Sir Oliver perceived a party of horsemen approaching him, and he quickly recognised that he who rode at their head was the Earl Nevil, by his shield argent ongle with azure. The blood rushed violently to the young knight's face, and he thought to turn out of the path, that he might not meet face to face the father of the man he had slain not twice twelve hours ago; but he saw that he rode with fewer followers than the Earl, so that such a deed might be misconstrued, so he held on his way. As he approached the Earl, his late discourse with the priest, and the feelings of his own heart, inclined him much to speak some words of grief and apology. He slightly checked his horse as if to pause. The Earl's beaver was up, as also was Sir Oliver's, and when he met the eyes of him he had injured, there flashed from them a glance of such deadly hatred, as struck him almost as if it had been the lightning of Heaven. His hand slackened its hold on the bridle, his eyes were dazzled, and he reeled in his saddle: but he collected his astonished senses as he best could, and set forward again without comment on the speechless rebuke he had received. Now from that hour it seemed to Sir Oliver a vain thing to speak to the Earl, and tell him how he heartily bewailed the cruel blow which his hand had struck. When that strange threatening look rose up before him, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth with dryness, and his heart, which was a stout one,

failed. Glaring as the lightning, that look had been as sudden; and oft was the knight most curiously tormented with a desire to encounter it once again, that he might learn why it cast so powerful a spell upon him. Angered at its baneful influence, he sometimes cried, "Would that I might meet that fierce challenge again, and cast it back as fiercely!" But his heart failed not to reprove this desire, for never had it beat so proudly as heretofore, since the night that he knelt at Father Philip's feet, and listened to his ghostly admonitions.

Meantime the Earl, whatever were his feelings inwardly, faithfully kept the promise he had given unto the King. He used no despicable language, and no discourteous behaviour towards his enemy, nor sought to find offence in his conduct. But if De Veray attempted to proffer in the smallest instance aught that savoured of gentleness, the Earl put it aside, not so much with an intentional evidence of scorn, as after the manner of a man who hath set his foot unawares on a slimy reptile, or detecteth a venomous insect in his draught of wine. Then said a trusty friend to Sir Oliver, "Thine enemy biddeth his time. He hath the King's promise, and he retesth thereon, and he hath given his own, not to disturb the internal peace of the camp by taking vengeance with his own arm." Soon after Sir Oliver discovered that nought that he did or even purposed to do remained long a secret from the Earl, even when confided to his nearest friend. Wherever he went, he was sure to find some one of the Earl's people near at hand, as if directed to follow in his steps; then would such fiery anger as had urged him on against Sir Lionel blaze up afresh within him; and knowing not how to expend it, he would gnash his teeth with rage. Sir Oliver was a brave man; one who loved war and perilous enterprise; but he loved not thus to be dogged to the death, and he pined and sickened. In his sickness he thought on that which had overtaken young Messiden, and how he had tended him in it, and how he might now have received the same services at his hand had he been yet alive. He turned restlessly on his pallet, and groaned. At length he resolved that, sick as he was, he would rise with the dawn, and betake him to the King, and say, "Sire, appoint me what punishment thou wilt, even unto death—only let me undergo it suddenly, for I am well weary of my life, being under the eye of him that so hatcheth me." But with the morning came his squire of the body to him, saying with a sorrowful visage, "Sir, the King designeth this day to cross the river, and to attack the fair castle of Stirling, and thou wilt win no honour there, because thou art sorely ailing."

"Sayest thou so?" replied the knight with sudden alacrity; "prithce, good Ralph, bring hither my helmet and my body-armour—speak to me no more of ailments. I was but sick for want of meeting thee." And never went forth Sir Oliver more blithe of heart than this day, saying to himself as he went, "Now, and if I fall in the field as a loyal knight should, I shall disappoint those who keep an ignominious death in store for me."

Sorely chagrined was Sir Oliver to find that the Earl Nevil rode forth at his side, and beside him forded the river, and took up his station beside him in the castle ditch, ere the assault began. For the first time spoke he willingly to the young knight, saying betwixt closed teeth, "Thou shalt not die honourably this day." These words fell on Sir Oliver's ear, and chilled him to the heart. There was in them a threat and a prophecy; for he could not find his death that day, though, led on by his desire to leave his body on the field, he fought rather like a madman, than a man of cool courage. Let him plunge ever so wildly into the thickest of the fray, and where bolts and stones fell fastest, his enemy was not slow to find his way to the same point. This constancy did so enrage Sir Oliver, that in a moment of fury he felt disposed to turn, and plunge his blade into the heart of his pursuer. But even as he turned, a more honourable thought sprang up in his breast, and profit-

ing by a brief suspension of the strife, to address the Earl, he cried,

"By my faith, one or other of us must be laid low; we cannot live together. Come a little way out of this press, and let us try our strength against each other."

"I have given my word not to attempt thy life," replied the Earl, grimly, "and a Nevil knows not how to lie."

The brief pause on the part of the besieged was but a preparation for a furious sortie, which threatened to carry all before it, yet did not this outpouring of the Scots avail to separate De Veray and his foe. Still stood they side by side, when Sir Oliver perceived, more quickly than his companion, a Scot coming secretly upon them, who made a thrust at the Earl with his lance, thinking to pass him through. The young knight seized him in his arms, forcing him aside, so that the lance passed him, and entered deep into the ground; then with rare swiftness of thought and deed did Sir Oliver sever the lance in twain with his sword. The Scot cast down the useless portion of the lance which remained in his hand, and grasped the battle-axe which was slung over his shoulder, and fell furiously on the knight,—the Earl standing by to view the combat. It seemed that Sir Oliver must fall before the heavy blows of his assailant.

"Yield thee, rescue or no rescue," cried the Scot.

"I will be his rescue," said the Earl, coming to his aid; and before them both the Scot fled.

Sir Oliver looked doubtfully on the Earl; each owed to the other his life, and each was loth to acknowledge the debt. De Veray, if wrathful, was generous.

"Sir Earl," he cried, "the life which this hand took hath been a cause of ceaseless regret—accept my sorrow, and—thy life in lieu of it. The past cannot be recalled."

"Thou sayest truly," interrupted the Earl sternly. "Man may spare life and may save it, but he cannot recall it. God only shall raise again the dead. Oh! my son, my son: darrest thou speak of him to me? Know that if it were possible, I would hate thee tenfold more because thou hast given me my life; but I cannot hate thee more!"

Sir Oliver now saw that he could never pacify the father whom he had bereaved of his son; yet did he a second time that day save the Earl from receiving a death blow. The English failed in their attempt on the castle of Stirling, and they left many of their number dead before it, but not among them were Sir Oliver de Veray or the Earl Nevil. The army of King Richard continued to waste and to burn the country, even as the Scots and the French did England. It was a sore dis-appointment to the fiery spirits which composed it, when the young king was prevailed on by the Earl of Suffolk to abandon his bold design of giving battle to the foe, and to retrace his steps homeward. Many men thought that some secret spite towards the Duke of Lancaster must have moved Michael de la Pole thus to gainsay all his schemes, and break up the whole expedition. There were many young knights impatient of this loss of honour, and much enraged at the account which the French would have to give when they should return home, of how they had been permitted to overrun the north of England, and to ruin the country; so among themselves they formed many foraging parties, and making excursions from the army, performed many brilliant deeds of valour, and took much plunder.

Sir Oliver de Veray, the further he entered England, the more he lost heart. Since the day when he had twice given the Earl Nevil his life, no words had passed between him and his enemy, for the Earl avoided him with increased care; nevertheless he seemed to relax somewhat of his rigid watchfulness as the time drew near for the execution of his purpose, which he never in any way manifested the slightest intention of relinquishing. It was told to Sir Oliver that the King had been heard to say of late, that the young knight had borne himself so gallantly in this expedition that he would

gladly have recalled the promise which the Earl had won of him, but he knew it was vain to ask him to forgive the past. Sir Oliver pondered awhile how to proceed; he had asked forgiveness of the Earl, and had been refused, and he was not fain to sue any more. At length he collected around him all the men at arms who owned his command, and rode forth resolved to find the Scots; he went to lie in ambush in a defile among the mountains of Cumberland, where it was known that they were to pass. When this came to the ears of the king, he turned to the Earl Nevil, and said:

"This will save thee and me the pains of passing judgment on the knight; he will probably perish in this adventure, for it is a foolhardy one. In good truth, Sir Earl, if he return safe, it will be through so much courage and good conduct that methinks thy wrath should no longer stand in the way of my favour."

The Earl turned very pale at this intimation.

"Justice cometh before favour, Sir," he replied, and retired from his presence as speedily as he could. Going to his own quarters, he called lustily for his arms, directed his horses to be saddled, bid all his men mount, and rode quickly forth in the same direction which Sir Oliver had taken. His kinsman, Sir Evan Cocherel, rode beside him, and thinking that he read the cause of his discomfort, he said to him, "Fear not that thou shalt lose thy revenge, for the knight hath, ere now, surely fallen." It was easy to see that this speech only caused the Earl displeasure. When they had ridden a little way, they met a horseman flying as for his life, who, when he recognised the Earl's pennon, checked his speed.

"Where goest thou, catiff?" cried the Earl, recognising in him one of Sir Oliver's train. "Dost thou forsake thy noble master?"

"My master," said the man, somewhat abashed, "hath encountered fearful odds, yet may ye arrive in time to turn the fortune of the day."

"Lead us in the road to him," said the Earl briefly, and breaking into a gallop they made their way onward. The Scots, discerning this party afar off, and knowing not what forces might be coming to the aid of those they had just fallen in with, waited not their arrival. When the Earl came up to the field of the skirmish, he cast his eye fearfully around, scarcely less anxiously than if he expected to look upon another fallen son. There was Sir Oliver outstretched on the ground, the blood welling out at more than one mortal wound. The Earl quickly distinguished him from the others that lay around, and the dying man also recognised his foe bending over him. He made an effort to speak, and spent all his remaining strength in the endeavour. Words could not force their way through his parched throat; he cast one earnest look on the Earl, asking forgiveness as plainly as speech could do;—perhaps as much for the death blow he had sought and found, as for the one he had given. With this struggle he expired. The Earl, kneeling beside him on the sward, was soon convinced that the knight would never speak nor move more—then his head sunk on his chest, and deep grief and shame overclouded his countenance. No one dared to rouse him from his moody silence. Suddenly he raised his head, and looking round to Sir Evan Cocherel, who was near at hand, he said,

"This is no more my foe, but a senseless piece of clay."

"It is much more than that," cried Sir Evan. "There lies all that remains of a true knight and a brave, who did but one ill deed, and paid dearly for it."

The Earl did not gainsay this speech, but, rising slowly and sadly from the earth, he said, "Let my followers prepare a litter of boughs, and on that we will bear him back to the camp," and, when his orders were executed, the Earl himself assisted to raise the poor mangled form, and laying it on the bier, composed the limbs, and decently covered it from sight, with a tenderness and a consideration that seemed to speak of love, not of hate.

On arriving at the camp, the Earl visited the King, and told him all that had befallen the poor young knight, Sir Oliver de Vergy. He told the tale briefly, and spoke neither of pity nor of triumph; but he demanded that the body of the knight should be left wholly in his keeping. With this request the king was very loth to comply. The Earl, seeing that he was deliberating how to refuse, spoke solemnly, and said, "Sire, neither thou nor the kinsmen of the knight shall have any cause to regret compliance with this request. Thy first promise thou canst not redeem; grant me therefore my present suit." Then the King no longer refused, only he cautioned the Earl not to forget the gentleness of knighthood. The Earl caused a coffin to be made, and therein conveyed the body of Sir Oliver to the church in which his son was buried. There laid he them side by side. Kneeling near to those graves he prayed, "Peace be to their souls," then he added, "Lord, forgive me, as I have forgiven." The Earl was a changed man since last he knelt upon that spot; then every angry and vindictive passion was at work within; now he was sad and sorrowful, and gentle withal. The outward change was also great; then was he a stern and terrible warrior; now was he a grey, broken down man. Many of his own kinsmen and of those of Sir Oliver had flocked thither, curiously to mark the manner of his proceeding, and great was the surprise which he awakened. There were many who were moved to tears. Some there were who deemed that they knew the Earl well, who thought that in spite of the tenderness he had manifested, if Sir Oliver had lived he would not have failed to bring him to justice, though they doubted not that he truly rejoiced in the removal of such a necessity. In no respect did the Earl fail to render the same honours to the remains of Sir Oliver de Vergy, as he had bestowed on his own son. When the funeral ceremony was ended, he betook himself to the church of St. John in Beverley, and demanded an interview with that same Father Philip who had received Sir Oliver into the sanctuary. He was straightway permitted to see that holy man, and he held with him a conference which endured for some hours.

No sooner was the army disbanded, and the Earl returned home, than he called his people together, and proclaimed to them his intention of proceeding forthwith on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and he made known to them that he went no less to implore forgiveness for his own vindictive temper, (so unmeet for the servant of Him at whose sepulchre he went to worship,) and to commend to mercy the soul of Sir Oliver, than to pray for the happiness of that son whom he so dearly loved. He therefore set his affairs in order, and took leave of the lady, his wife, the mother of young Lionel. Then went he forth to return to his home no more, for, as he retraced his steps, after the performance of the vow which held him, he sickened at Rhodes, and died there. He was known to have led a very holy life during the time of his pilgrimage, showing how truly he bewailed the pride and the errors of his former days. He surrendered his soul peacefully, believing that God, out of His grace, would show him mercy. Such was the account of him from the time of his quitting England, which was brought to the Lord Palmer, his heir, and to the Countess, by one who had shared his journeys.

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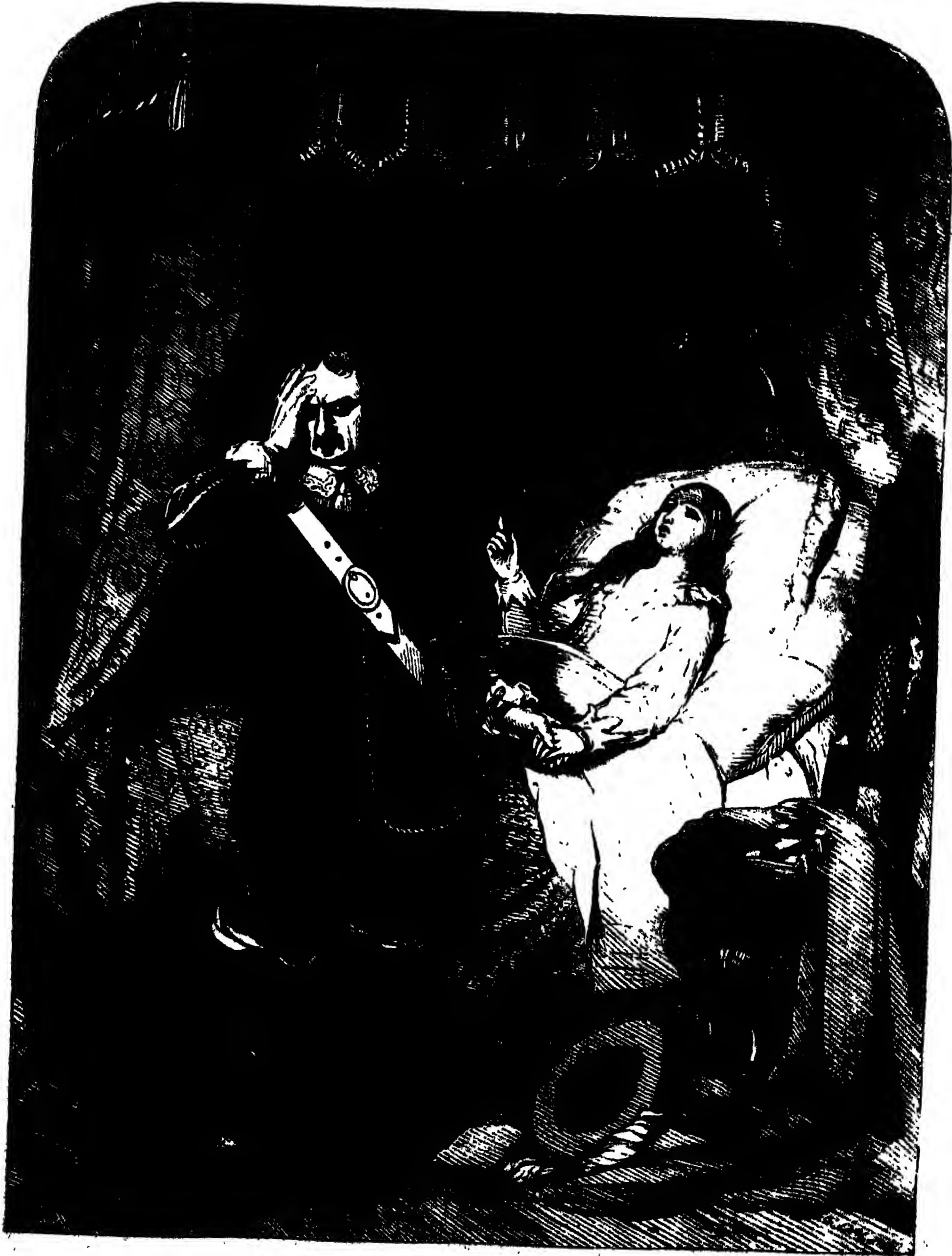
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Oliver Cromwell reprobed by his dying Daughter.

VOL. IV.

FROM A PAINTING IN THE NEW WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION, BY L. HICKS, F.R.S.

ERAS OF ENGLISH CIVILIZATION.

WHEN the naturalist looks upon an ancient oak, he perceives on its twisted branches and knotted trunk the marks of many ages; the traces of five hundred winter storms, and the memorials of as many springs. By the aid of these signs he is enabled to compose a history of the tree, and enumerate the years which have rolled away since the patriarch of the forest first rose like a tender blade of grass above the surface of the earth.

In like manner the historian of human progress—the student of mankind—sees in the visible customs of a people, and the institutions of an empire, indications of the various stages through which the nation has passed, and the successive epochs when fresh and important changes modified the whole social life of such a kingdom. All old states must exhibit, in their present condition, the various impressions stamped upon them by past ages; just as an ancient deed retains the quaint devices and old-fashioned seals of other times. Every European country bears about with it the traces of its history, and the peculiar character imparted by each bygone generation; as ancient mansions receive from each successive occupier some modification of the original buildings, by which the antiquary can trace their history from the rude fortalices of barbarous times to the noble castellated piles of the border warden.

The study of such epochs in a nation's history opens a thousand deeply interesting and grand views of man, and, like some long vista in a landscape, brings the mind into close contact with the distant and the great. This is true, whatever be the people whose history engages our attention; whether modern Turkey, or ancient Greece; for all large communities present aspects of human nature most instructive to him who, with a thoughtful and fixed intelligence, meditates thereon.

But, when England is the subject of our review, the general interest belonging to such a theme is deepened into a specially absorbing feeling, for the eras through which our land has passed are but the various stages of existence successively possessed by our own ancestors, and must therefore have for us, their children, a peculiar fascination.

If the old man delights to reflect upon the scenes of his childhood and youth, recalling with tender delight the old grove of elms with its violet banks, the mill-stream now all silent and lone, and the old parish church with its grey ivied walls; so must an old nation (that is, all its thoughtful members) feel a peculiar pleasure in reviewing the eventful stages of the past. For nations, like men, have a life which admits of such a survey; the beginnings and progress in either case being equally subjects for retrospection. If an observing man were to direct his whole attention on his past life, he would doubtless be able to recall many of the ruling events which have formed his character and made him the man he now is; such facility of retrospection in national matters is given to an Englishman by the abundance and fulness of his national annals, which are to him what memory is to the individual.

Availing ourselves of such help, let us now attempt to collect into one field of view the various eras through which England has advanced to her present position. Such a survey will not, ought not to be, a mere intellectual pastime, nor a temporary stimulus of the imagination; but a view suggesting important reflections, confirming just sentiments, and increasing the fervour of a true nationality.

The title of this paper is, "Eras of English Civilization;" and the reader may now ask, "What is the line of reflection to which my attention is summoned?" The answer may thus be given: "We intend to present the periods in which some civilizing agency has been powerfully developed on English soil; thus noting the different stages of the nation's advance, and the multi-

plied causes of the civilization now existing around us." The reader will not, of course, expect that numerous subjects can be fully discussed in a single article of a periodical like this; he must, therefore, (begging his pardon for the *must*) rest content with a sort of telescopic survey of this wide theme, comprehending the whole field of English history, and the diversified path of strife and glory along which the empire has advanced.

If some of the subjects about to be noticed appear less directly connected with "English civilization" than others, the reader will remember that the agencies of national progress are as widely ramified in their operations, and as strangely complicated in their effects, as the laws of the material universe. We shall as much as possible preserve the chronological order of the different eras, that the reader may the more easily trace the growth of the system now flourishing around him, and we therefore commence with

1. THE ERA OF FEUDALISM.

We hope no reader will be forced to ask "What is feudalism?" but, lest even one should be left in doubt, a few words must be devoted to those who are unacquainted with this ancient system. The term *feudal* is derived from an old word *feoda*, which signifies a reward, and was used to denote the consideration made to a knight or soldier for following the king to his wars. In early ages paid soldiers, men devoted to the military profession, did not exist; every owner of land was expected to be always ready to defend the state against its enemies, on which condition his lands were held. For the sake of illustration, let us suppose a person named A to receive an estate of one hundred acres from the king, on condition of giving his services for forty days every year to aid the monarch against his enemies. A is said to hold a fief, he is called a vassal, and the grantor of his estate is termed his lord. All the lands in England were thus held in the time of William I., and historians have usually applied the term *feudal* to designate the whole system. According to this scheme the king was *lord of all the land*, the possessors of estates held them from him, and those again had their own vassals, from whom they received homage and service. The reader may now ask how such a system can have contributed to the progress of civilization; for surely, he will say, the feudal system was peculiarly tyrannical, abounding in ferocious crimes and the grossest superstitions. We do not stand up as the advocates of feudalism, but, as the expounders of its results, we affirm that it promoted in some particulars the civilization of England, and that the dauntless barons of the eleventh and twelfth centuries rendered, without knowing it, great benefit to their country. One of the effects of this system was the formation of centres of power, around which the great energies of the times might develop their might. When power is dispersed into a thousand points, no channel exists through which the forces of the nation can efficiently act. Such a country resembles a steam-engine in which the power, so far from acting at fixed points, escapes from the cylinder by a hundred apertures; and, though steam may be abundant, the machine is useless for want of concentrated energy. It is invariably observed that, before a people can advance in civilization, certain reservoirs of power are created, by which the society answers the stern call of emergencies as they rise. It matters little whether such political levers are found in towns or castles; exist they must before the redemption of humanity can be disciplined to any high result. Aarchy, with its senseless tempests, overturning all things, or despotism revelling in a melancholy calm over a fettered people, must arise where no such system is found. Suppose that, in the time of John, no feudal barons had existed, that despicable monarch would have been able to oppress the land without fear of a check; for no other force could have extorted the great charter, and made Runnymede a

name of glory. Feudalism had, however, provided its strong *rallying points*, around which the national powers gathered, and restrained both the arrogance of the king, and the encroachments of the pope. No popular rising, unless guided by the heads provided by the feudal organization of the age, could have laid the secure basis upon which the noble structure of English liberties was finally raised.

The towns themselves, the homes of early civilization, were nourished by feudalism until sufficiently strong to dispense with its aid; for beneath the shelter of the baronial fortalice the humble villa¹ first arose, and subsequently expanded into populous cities, independent boroughs, and flourishing market towns. Some may object that the feudal nobles were often the greatest oppressors of the towns, and the tyrants of the people; but the *general fact*, that the burghs first grew up under feudal protection, is not overturned by special cases of local rapacity. Nothing is clearer in the *earlier* part of the Middle Ages than the eagerness of individuals and communities to place themselves under the protection of a powerful superior, whose aid they might invoke against all spoilers. Thus vassalage was voluntarily sought for the sake of the security rendered by the baron to his dependant. A system of *mutual service* then arose, the lord engaging to protect, the vassal promising to serve; which bound up in one great organization the mass of the people, and prepared them for the subsequent stages of an illustrious progress. What could have secured such a result in a half civilized age but the solemnities and oaths of the feudal homage, which created a species of relationship between the tenant and the lord? That feudalism was accompanied by grievous evils is admitted, but let us not forget amid its dark points the ameliorating results of its far extended agency. The Egyptian would be deemed unreasonable who should be solely intent on the mischiefs produced by the flooding of the Nile, and forget the fertilizing effects of the inundation. Somewhat similar are sweeping and unqualified condemnations of the whole feudal system, by men who forget the various agencies required by the diverse conditions of widely separated ages. Such a system would now be a calamity; once it wrought effectually for good, and must therefore be classed with the causes which have promoted the civilization of England. This will be further evident, when we consider how much of our national improvement is traceable to that early elevation of women in the social system produced by the knightly spirit of the feudal era, which, though it occasionally wandered into the absurdities of a wild romance, fostered that female dignity which it so well appreciated. Such a result would of itself entitle feudalism to rank as one of the eras of English civilization, and exhibits an attractive oasis in the long waste of ancient barbarism.

2. THE ERA OF THE CRUSADES.

The above considerations on the influence of the feudal system, naturally lead us to contemplate the consequences of those singular wars, which combined in so remarkable a degree the spirit of chivalry with that of religion, and arrayed the knight with the pilgrim in the serried ranks of war. Were not the crusades a barbarous and useless expenditure of life, and did they not spread desolation over some of the fairest regions of Europe and Asia? A very natural question is this for him to propose who has just read some account of the ravages perpetrated by the half-armed, ill-disciplined, and starving hordes, whom a wild enthusiasm carried from the extremes of Western Europe to the plains of Palestine. To vindicate these wars is not our object, but simply to ascertain their effects on the civilization of England, all other subjects being left to the imagination, or the investigation of the reader. How did the crusades aid the advance of England in power, refinement, or wealth? In the first place, they

forced the land from her isolated state of a spectator on the frontiers of Europe, into the activities of an enlarged intercourse with distant countries. Before these wars drew the lord from his castle, the peasant from his hut, the burgher from his tithing, and the monk from his convent, England knew little of the world beyond her narrow seas, save some stormy acquaintance and suspicious dialogues with her neighbour France. Now and then a pilgrim returned from the Holy Land, after years of suffering, to startle the wondering burghers, or the amazed knight, by descriptions of the mysterious East, and the woful condition of the Holy City. But, when thousands marched under the banners of *Cœur de Lion*, and joined with French, German, and Italians, in the grand onset, which swept for a time the hordes of Asia before the lances of Europe, a wide world was opened to the view of our ancestors, which necessarily introduced many ideas and habits before unknown. In this respect, the crusades were a valuable school for insulated Britain, bringing her into communion with the whole of Christendom, and expanding the minds of her nobles and clergy with the literature and knowledge of distant lands.

Another result flowing from the crusades, was that re-distribution of landed property which produced a vast change in the condition of England, and prepared the way for further beneficial alterations. When the centres of power, provided by the feudal system, had done their appointed work, and organized the national resources, it became necessary to permit the increase of other principles, which might act as a counterpoise to the undue powers of the baronial order. But how could another class of interests be raised as an antagonist to the feudal, whilst the victors of Hastings held their domains and strong fortresses? The towns could not accomplish this, for they were the pupils, not as yet the rivals, of the castles; nor did any mercantile order exist possessed of an influence fitted to cope with, or check the pride of, territorial power. The kings were also weak, and in many cases inferior in resources to the great nobles, who yielded but a reluctant homage to fictitious potentates. In the preceding section, we have represented feudalism as a civilizing agent, but this was only the case until it had formed centres of power; after this, a check was required to prevent the growth of evils natural to the system of the sword. It was necessary that the *people and the crown* should receive an increase of privileges at the expense of the castle. The knightly lance had undoubtedly wrought some glorious deeds for the land, but that same lance must be watched, or it may soon be pointed against the very persons it has protected. But who shall diminish the might of the baron,—who lower his pennon, or rein the wild spirits in the train of feudalism? The crusades accomplished this. Did the baron wish to join the host about to depart for Palestine,—did he listen with glowing soul to the loud call of his compatriots, and desire to bear for his escutcheon the famed red cross? He must first part with his broad lands to procure money for such a voyage; neither Venetian nor Genoese fleets¹ will transport the bold crusader for nought, nor can enthusiasm of the loftiest order hope to be fed by miracles in the Eastern deserts. The lands won at Hastings were therefore sold, or left as pledges, till the bold crusader returned laden with the spoils of the East. To whom did these estates pass? Probably to the king, delighted at the prospect of freedom from the over-awing presence of powerful peers; or to some merchant, who thus raised his family to the rank of the old territorial lords. The once proud possessor of a wide domain often perished in the Holy Land, or returned with the loss of all his treasures to behold his broad lands in the possession of another. The case we have just imagined illustrates the trans-

(1) The sea ports of the Italian States, especially Venice and Genoa, furnished most of the ships used for transporting various crusading armies to Palestine.

(1) *Vill* is the old word for a town.

fers of property, and therefore of influence, produced in numberless instances by the crusades. Such changes increased the power of the crown, producing a *new centre of power*, still more favourable to civilization than those created by feudalism; or they raised the merchants to a rank which the possession of land could alone confer in those times. The towns were freed from the interference of the barons, or purchased valuable privileges with the money required to conduct a crusading band to the walls of Jerusalem, or the ramparts of Acre. Thus, amid the struggles of Europe and Asia, the ruin of mighty armies, and the sufferings of millions, the agencies of civilization were working deeply in the system of English society. Little did Saladin think, when his forces were crushed on the field of Ascalon by the mailed chivalry of England, that the *absence* of those fierce warriors was working such future good for the distant isle of the West; we must not, however, forget the wide and lasting effect of these memorable expeditions on the civilization of our land.

3. ERA OF THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

We now turn from embattled hosts in Syria to the agitations of society in the burghs and shires of England during the thirteenth century. What stirring associations rise at the sound of thy name, Old Simon de Montfort! The idliest schoolboy often makes a pause in the hurried mechanical reading of his lesson in "Goldsmith," when told that with this man the British Parliament began. We think of him whilst passing in front of the stately edifice rising with imperial magnificence on the banks of the Thames, and throwing into shade the old Abbey and the Hall of Rufus. We do not pause to determine whether he should be called a political schemer, a daring rebel, or a bold patriot; it is enough that many ages have ascribed to the French noble the beginning of an institution which has found on English soil an immovable foundation. Magna Charta itself loses some of its glory when compared with the memorable event, which shall preserve through all ages the name of *Simon de Montfort*. His fate on the field of Evesham, when crushed by vastly superior forces, may not have been unmerited; but the peers and commons of England are not disposed to criticise the man whose boldness made a golden calendar for England.¹ The reader will, perhaps, pardon us for not plunging into the vexatious question respecting the exact year or day when the representatives of counties, cities, and boroughs sat in full parliament assembled. The representative system may doubtless be traced to periods before the age of De Montfort in England, but must certainly be regarded as the originator of our parliaments in the full sense of the term.

From this era we see another *centre of power* in operation, more powerful than aught provided by feudalism, as it concentrated the *whole* of the national energies. That the age marked by the origin of our parliament must be classed with the eras of English civilization, will be at once admitted by all Englishmen, from the highest person in the realm to the peasant who handles the plough, unless ignorance of so great a fact may excuse any of the latter from the least reflection on such a subject. What a view does the history of the British parliament present, since the gushing forth of the springs in the thirteenth century. Little did some rate its influence, as, for a long period, it ran through sluggish regions, now pent up by the adamantine walls of the baronial fortress, now turned aside by some vast obstacle raised against its current by the crown. Sometimes it bore along the bark of

despotism instead of the ark of freedom; but yet the waters were not dried up, on they rolled, whilst the wars of the Roses raged—on they sped, deepening and expanding, by the Tudor and Stuart strongholds, and now present a glorious spectacle of quiet power to the nations.

(To be continued.)

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SORROWS.¹

CHAP. VIII.

THE MIDDLE SOLVED.

UPON what trifles do the most important events of our lives turn! Had I quitted the room according to my intention, I should not have had an opportunity of seeing Miss Saville alone again, as she returned to Barstone that afternoon, in which case she would probably have forgotten, or felt afraid to avail herself of my promised assistance, all communication between us would have ceased, and the deep interest I felt in her, having nothing wherewith to sustain itself, would, as years passed by, have died a natural death.

Good resolutions are, however, proverbially fragile, and, in nine cases out of ten, appear made, like children's toys, only to be broken. Certain it is, that in the present instance, mine were rendered of none avail, and, for any good effect that they produced, might as well never have been formed.

As I got up to leave the room, Miss Saville rose likewise, and in doing so, accidentally dropped a or rather *the* letter, which I picked up, and was about to return to her, when suddenly my eye fell upon the direction, and I started as I recognised the writing—a second glance served to convince me that I had not been mistaken, for the hand was a very peculiar one; and, turning to my astonished companion, I exclaimed, "Clara, as you would avoid a life of misery, tell me by what right this man dares to address you!"

"What! do you know him, then?" she inquired, anxiously.

"If he be the man I mean," was my answer, "I know him but too well, and he is the only human being I both dislike and despise. Was not that letter written by Richard Cumberland?"

"Yes; that is his hateful name," she replied, shuddering while she spoke, as at the aspect of some loathsome thing; then, suddenly changing her tone to one of the most passionate entreaty, she exclaimed,

"Oh! Mr. Fairleigh, only save me from him, and I will bless you, will pray for you!" and completely overcome by her emotion, she sank backwards, and would have fallen, had not I supported her.

There is a sort of feeling which a man experiences when he has bravely resisted some hydra-headed temptation to do anything "pleasant but wrong;" or, at all events, highly inexpedient, yet which circumstances appear determined to force upon him; he struggles against it boldly at first; but, as each victory serves only to lessen his own strength, while that of the enemy continues unimpaired, he tells himself that it is useless to contend longer—that the monster is too strong for him, and he yields at last, from an impulse of fatalism and despair—a sort of "have-it-your-own-way-then" frame of mind, which seeks to relieve itself from all responsibility, by throwing the burden on things in general—the weakness of human nature—the force of circumstances—or any other indefinite and conventional scape-goat, which may serve his purpose of self-exculpation.

In much such a condition did I now find myself; I felt that I was regularly done for—completely taken

(1) This celebrated earl was a younger son of the Count de Montfort, the leader of the barbarous crusade against the Albigenses. He married the Princess Eleanor, and thus became connected with the royal family of England.

(2) The reverence with which the great earl's memory was long cherished, may be estimated from the popular name, "Sir Simon the Righteous," long given to him, in spite of his foes.

by storm—and that nothing was left for me but to yield to my destiny with the best grace I could. I, therefore, seated myself by Miss Saville on the sofa, and whispered, "You must promise me one thing more, Clara, dearest—say that you will love me—give me but that right to watch over you—to protect you, and believe me, neither Cumberland, nor any other villain, shall dare for the future to molest you."

As she made no answer, but remained with her eyes fixed on the ground, while the tears stole slowly down her cheeks, I continued—"You own that you are unhappy—that you have none to love you—none on whom you can rely;—do not then reject the tender, the devoted affection of one who would live but to protect you from the slightest breath of sorrow—would gladly die, if, by so doing, he could secure your happiness."

"Oh! hush, hush!" she replied starting, as if for the first time aware of the tenour of my words; "you know not what you ask; or even you, kind, noble, generous, as you are, would not seek to link your fate with one so utterly wretched, so marked out for misfortune as myself. Stay," she continued, seeing that I was about to speak, "hear me out. Richard Cumberland, the man whom you despise, and whom I hate only less than I fear, that man have I promised to marry, and, ere this, he is on his road hither to claim the fulfilment of the engagement."

"Promised to marry Cumberland!" repeated I, mechanically, "a low, dissipated swindler—a common cheat, for I can call him nothing better; oh, it's impossible!—why, Mr. Vernon, your Guardian, would never permit it."

"My Guardian!" she replied, in a tone of the most cutting irony; "were it not for him this engagement would never have been formed; were it not for him I should even now hope to find some means of prevailing upon this man to relinquish it, and set me free; Richard Cumberland is Mr. Vernon's nephew, and the dearest wish of his heart is to see us united."

"He never shall see it while I live to prevent it!" replied I, springing to my feet, and pacing the room with angry strides. "Oh, it was all plain to me now! when I had fancied her guardian's features were not unfamiliar to me, it was his likeness to Cumberland which had deceived me: his rudeness on the night of the ball; the strange dislike he appeared to feel towards me;—all was now accounted for. His opinion of me, formed from Cumberland's report, was not likely to be a very favourable one; and this precious uncle and nephew were linked in a scheme to destroy the happiness of the sweetest girl living, the brightness of whose young spirit was already darkened by the shade of their vile machinations; but they had not as yet succeeded; and if the most strenuous and unceasing exertions on my part could serve to prevent it, I inwardly vowed they never should. Let Master Richard Cumberland look to himself; I had foiled him once, and it would go hard with me but I should do so again."

Having half thought half uttered the foregoing resolutions, I once more turned towards Miss Saville, who sat watching me with looks of interest and surprise, and said, "This is a most strange and unexpected affair; but, remember, Clara, you have appealed to me to save you from Cumberland, and to enable me to do so, you must tell me exactly how matters stand between you, and, above all, how, and why, you were induced to enter into this engagement, for I hope—I think—I am right in supposing—that affection for him had nothing to do with it."

"Affection!" she replied, in a tone of voice which, if any doubts still lingered in my mind, effectually dispelled them; "have I not already said that I hate this man as, I fear, it is sinful to hate any human being? I disliked and dreaded him when we were boy and girl together, and these feelings have gone on increasing year by year, till my aversion to him has become one of the most deeply-rooted instincts of my nature."

"And yet you allowed yourself to be engaged to him?" inquired I. "How could this have been brought about?"

"You may well ask," was the reply; "it was folly; it was weakness; but I was very young,—a mere child in fact; and they made me believe that it was my duty: then I hoped, I felt sure, that I should die before the time arrived to fulfil the engagement; I fancied it was impossible to be so miserable, and yet to live; but Death is very cruel—he will not come to those who pine for him."

"Clara," interrupted I, "I cannot bear to hear you say such things; it is not right to give way to these feelings of despair."

"Is it wrong for the unhappy to wish to die?" she asked, with a calm child-like simplicity, which was most touching. "I suppose it is," she continued, "for I have prayed for death so often, that God would have granted my prayer had it been a right one. When I closed my eyes last night, oh! how I hoped—how I longed—never to open them again in this miserable world,—for I felt that evil was at hand; you laughed at my presentiment; it has come true, you see."

"Believe me, you do wrong in giving way to these despairing thoughts—in encouraging these morbid fancies," returned I. "But time presses; will you not tell me the particulars of this unhappy engagement, that I may see how far you stand committed to this fellow Cumberland, and decide what is best to be done for the future."

"It is a long story," she replied, "but I will tell it you as shortly as I can."

She then proceeded to inform me that her mother having died when she was an infant, she became the idol of her surviving parent, who, inconsolable for the loss of his wife, lavished all his tenderness upon his little girl. She described her childhood as the happiest part of her life, although it must have been happiness of a tranquil nature, differing greatly from the boisterous merriment of children in general; its chief ingredient being the strong affection which existed between her father and herself. The only guest who ever appeared at the Priory, (which I now for the first time learned had been the property of Sir Henry Saville,) was his early friend Mr. Vernon, who used periodically to visit them, an event to which she always looked forward with pleasure, not so much on account of the presents and caresses he bestowed on herself, as that his society appeared to amuse and interest her father. On one of those occasions, when she was about nine years of age, Mr. Vernon was accompanied by a lad some years older than herself, whom he introduced as his nephew. During his visit, the boy, who appeared gifted with tact and cunning beyond his years, contrived so much to ingratiate himself with Sir Henry Saville, that, before he left the Priory, his host, who had himself served with distinction in the Peninsula, expressed his readiness to send him, on attaining a fit age, to one of the military colleges, promising to use his interest at the Horse Guards to procure a commission for him. These kind intentions, however, were fated not to be carried out. An old wound which Sir Henry had received at Vimiera broke out afresh, occasioning the rupture of a vessel on the lungs, and in the course of a few hours Clara was left fatherless. On examining the private papers of the deceased, it appeared that Mr. Vernon was constituted sole executor, trustee for the property, and guardian to the young lady. In these various capacities, he immediately took up his residence at Barstone, and assumed the direction of everything. And now for the first time did his true character appear—sullen and morose in temper, stern and inflexible in disposition, cold and reserved in manner, implacable when offended, requiring implicit obedience to his commands, he seemed calculated to inspire fear instead of love, aversion rather than esteem. The only sign of feeling he ever showed was in his behaviour towards Richard Cumberland, for

whom he evidently entertained a strong affection. The idea of a military career having been abandoned at Sir Henry Saville's death, much of his time was now spent at the Priory. Although he was apparently fond of his little companion, and endeavoured on every occasion to render himself agreeable to her, all his habitual cunning could not conceal from her his vile temper, or the unscrupulous means of which he was always willing to avail himself in order to attain his own ends. He had been away from the Priory on one occasion more than a year, when he suddenly returned with his uncle, who had been in town on business. He appeared sullen and uncomfortable, and she imagined that they must have had a quarrel. She was at that time nearly fifteen, and the marked devotion which Cumberland (who during his absence had greatly improved both in manner and appearance) now paid her flattered and pleased her; and, partly for this reason, partly because she had already learned to dread his outbreaks of temper, and was unwilling to do anything which might provoke one of them, she allowed him to continue his attentions unrepulsed. This went on for some weeks, and her old dislike was beginning to return as she saw more of her companion, when one morning Mr. Vernon called her into his study, and informed her that he considered she had arrived at an age when it was right that she should become aware of the arrangements he had made for her, in accordance with the wishes of her late father. He then showed her a letter in Sir Henry Saville's handwriting, dated only a few weeks before his death, part of which was to the following effect:—"You urge the fact of your nephew's residing with you as an objection to my scheme for your living at Barstone, and assuming the guardianship of my daughter, in the event (which, if I may trust my own sensations, is not very far distant) of her being left an orphan. From what I have seen of the boy, as well as on the score of our old friendship, my dear Vernon, that which you view as an objection, I consider but an additional reason why the arrangement should take place. A marriage with your nephew would ensure my child (who as my sole heiress will be possessed of considerable wealth) from that worst of all fates, falling a prey to some needy fortune-hunter; and, should such a union ever take place, let me beg of you to remember, and to impress upon Clara herself, that had I lived it would have met with my warmest approbation."

Having shown her this letter, Mr. Vernon went on to say that he had noticed with pleasure Richard's growing attachment, and the marked encouragement she had given him, and that, although they were too young to think of marrying for some years, and as a general principle he was averse to long engagements, yet, under the peculiar circumstances in which they were placed, he had yielded to his nephew's importunity, and determined not only to lay his offer before her, but to allow her to accept it at once, if (as from her manner he could scarcely be mistaken in supposing) her inclinations were in accordance with his.

Taken completely by surprise at this announcement, overpowered by the idea that by the encouragement she had given Cumberland she had irretrievably committed herself—strongly affected by her father's letter—having no one to advise her, what wonder that the persuasions of the nephew, backed by the authority of the uncle, prevailed over her youth and inexperience, and that the matter ended in her allowing herself to be formally engaged to Richard Cumberland.

Little more remained for her to tell; reckoning that he had gained his point, Cumberland became less careful in concealing the evil of his disposition, and her dislike and fear of him increased every day. At length this became evident to Mr. Vernon, but it appeared only to render him still more determined to bring about the match, and when once, nearly a twelvemonth before, she had implored him to allow her to break off the engagement, he had exhibited so much violence, declaring that he possessed the power of rendering her a beggar,

and even threatening to turn her out of doors, that she had never dared to recur to the subject again. For many months, however, she had seen nothing of her persecutor, and she had almost begun to hope that something had rendered him averse to the match, when all her fears were again aroused by a hint which Mr. Vernon had thrown out as he took leave of her at Mrs. Coleman's, desiring her to exercise great circumspection in her behaviour, and to recollect that she was under a solemn engagement, which she might before long be called upon to fulfil. The letter from Cumberland, she added, spoke of his immediate return to claim her hand, and a few lines from Mr. Vernon ordered her to await their arrival at Barstone.

"And now," she continued, looking up with that calm hopeless smile which it always pained me to behold, "have I not cause to be unhappy, and was I not right in telling you that no one could be of any assistance to me, or afford me help?"

"No!" replied I warmly, "I trust and believe that much may be done—nay, every thing; but you are unequal to contend with these men alone; only allow me to hope that my affection is not utterly distasteful to you. Would you but give me that right to interfere in your behalf!"

"This is unkind—unlike yourself," she interrupted. "Have you already forgotten that I am the promised bride of Richard Cumberland? Were I free, indeed—"

"Oh! why do you pause?" exclaimed I passionately. "Clara, hear me—you deem it ungenerous in me to urge my suit upon you at this moment—perhaps think that I would take advantage of the difficulties which surround you, to induce you to promise me your hand as the price of my assistance. It is true that I love you deeply, devotedly, and the happiness of my whole life is centred in the hope of one day calling you my own; but I would use my utmost endeavours to save you from Cumberland, even though I knew that by so doing I forfeited all chance of ever seeing you again. Tell me, would you wish this to be so—am I to believe that you dislike me?"

As she made no reply, merely blushing deeply, and casting down her eyes, I ventured to continue. "Clara, dearest Clara, do you then love me?"

Well, reader, I think I've told you quite as much about it as you have any business to know. Of course she did not say she loved me; women never do upon such occasions; but I was just as well contented as it was. Mendelssohn has published songs without words, (*Lieder ohne Worte*), which tell their own tale very prettily, and there have been many eloquent speeches made on a like silent system. Suffice it to add, that the next ten minutes formed such a nice, bright, sunshiny little piece of existence as might deserve to be cut out of the book of time, and framed, glazed, and hung up for the inspection of all true lovers; whilst no match-making mamma, fortune-hunting younger brother, or girl of business on the look-out for a good establishment, should be allowed a glimpse of it at any price.

NUREMBERG.

Of all hobbies, (and I agree with Sterne that there is no true Englishman who does not bestride a favourite animal of this Utopian genus,) that of the antiquarian, and the lover of the olden time, seems to me the preferable; it is economical in its keep, easy in its motions, and, above all, is generally contented to jog on quietly by itself, without interfering with others, which is a great deal more than can be said of many hobbies I could name;—for the great evil of this species of equitation is, not the harm which it does one's self, but the annoyance which in most cases you occasion to your neighbours. For instance, there is the educational hobby,

which rides roughshod over parish schoolmasters, and little children at home for the holidays; then there is the agricultural hobby, much beloved by country gentlemen, with which I have often been pestered till bone dust, guano, and chemical manure literally stunk in my nostrils; worst of all, perhaps, is the politico-economical, especially when ridden by a female. I would take the most placid man in the universe, after a good dinner, when he has been soothed down to an even uncommon state of benevolence, and be content to lose any reasonable bet, if he is not lashed into uncontrollable fury by an hour's companionship with the celebrated Miss Tartarreau, when she is going at an easy canter through Adam Smith at the rate of five pages per minute. Besides these, there are the universal-improvement, the political, the scientific hobbies, and many others, all equally disagreeable to every one but the rider. But the antiquarian hobby, on the other hand, is a quiet, retiring creature, which ambles slowly along, injuring and annoying nobody; as it lags behind the other steeds, it requires no support from, and never interferes with them; for indeed it is not a creature of progress, but modestly picks up and cherishes the refuse which others throw away—thus resembling the innocuous rag-gatherer, who collects the fragments of your cast-off garb, silently, and without troubling you; whilst the riders of newer systems may rather be likened to those puffers of novelty, who are always pestering you with hand-bills, and hawling out to you to "Reform your Tailors' Bills." For my part, I confess that I give in to this respect for antiquity, and have a sneaking fondness for everything that is old—old wine, old books, old friends, old houses, and even old women when they are not of the male sex. I cannot help thinking that they had a something of good, and pleasant, and respectable about them, which we in our newness have lost, or have not yet attained to. Such being my sentiments, it was with anticipations of great delight that I entered Nuremberg, which is the oldest city *de facto* now inhabited in Europe. When I say this, I of course do not mean that the date of its erection reaches farther back than Rome, or even London, but that it contains in fuller perfection the appearance and the essence of what it was centuries ago, than any other city;—others have changed, it has remained the same, in its outward aspect, and even to a great extent in the habits and feelings of its inhabitants. And the antiquity, which is enshrined here, is presented in a phase peculiarly favourable to the wry-necked theories of the lovers of the old: for, if I may pursue the somewhat threadbare figure of the hobby-horse, the antiquarian's steed has this peculiarity, that, tractable as it generally is, it occasionally meets with objects which cause it to shy and stumble, so as to bring both hobby and rider, in a most humiliating manner, to the ground. Thus it must have happened to every one, when praising the ecstatic beatitude of the good old times, and comparing, with indignant regret, this high-pressure era of steam engines and railway scrip, and shirts made at three-halfpence a-piece, with that delightful age shadowed out in our golden dreams—

"When every day was holiday,
And every month was fruitful May,—"

to have some stubborn fact thrown in one's teeth, such as that of people roasted at slow fires for holding unfashionable opinions, or of lovely ladies wearing like troopers, and taking ale and strong waters for breakfast, instead of the ethereal elements of tea and coffee. This is the sort of thing which makes your hobby wince, bringing you down at once from your high and graceful seat, to a most uncomfortable doubt, whether those people were really so much more fascinating, poetical, and romantic than our own, or the times in which they lived so far surpassed ours in elegance, in delight, and elevation of feeling. But the best of Nuremberg is, that you are not liable to meet with these shocks in con-

sidering its former days of palmy greatness; for its life was not that of the knights and high-born dames in connexion with whom anything common and vulgar becomes a desecration, but that of the sturdy, grotesque old burghers, which can bear a good deal of scrutiny without damage; for one does not require them to be poetical and chivalrous, but simply jovial, comfortable, and quaint; and these qualities, unlike the romantic attributes, one finds realised on inquiry, just as the massive monstrosities, which deck the walls of a gothic building, remain long after the delicate but fragile tracery has disappeared. In fact, this one word *quaint* exactly expresses the character of the town and of its inhabitants, both past and present; at the same time, it is a quaintness most closely combined with beauty, or rather picturesqueness, if there be a difference between the two things, which I leave to wiser heads than mine to determine. This is, however, the idea which Nuremberg gives you at first sight, and which remains with you; that it is thoroughly quaint, and thoroughly picturesque. Such it was, and such it remains: its people take an excessive pride in keeping up everything in their city in the same character which it originally bore, and show a degree of interest in all the remnants of antiquity, which we might consider wonderful, were it not explained by the fact, that the inhabitants themselves, saving their dress, are as quaint and old-fashioned as the buildings. Indeed, you see nothing to remind you of the lapse of time; you walk really and truly amidst the old burgher life of mediæval Germany; and, as you wander amidst houses and gateways of the fifteenth century, you could almost point out the identical Hans Foltz who shaved the good burgomaster in the legend, and the drinking cellar where Sachs chanted his jovial anathemas against priestcraft.

Nuremberg was, in its day, which extended from the fourteenth to the end of the seventeenth century, the richest and most powerful of the free cities of the empire. These small but important republics very much resembled, in spirit and constitution, the commercial states which flourished in Italy about the same period, and Nuremberg was perhaps the most perfect specimen of its class; it was the Venice of Germany. Its merchants were princes; its nobles rivalled the haughty feudatories of the land; and its wealth, and the numerous bands of sturdy burghers which it could raise, gave it an influential voice in the councils of the empire. As Venice was the great emporium for the traffic between East and West, so Nuremberg was the centre through which flowed all the commerce from North to South; nor were its inhabitants contented with being carriers alone, they engaged in the work of production on their own account, and for centuries the manufactures of Nuremberg were celebrated throughout Europe. These manufactures were of all kinds, from the massive labours of the smith, to the ingenious niceties of the mechanician; every one has heard that watches were first invented here, and were originally styled "Nuremberg eggs," and has played in his time with Nuremberg toys. The wealth which the citizens collected in this way appears, on the whole, to have been very well laid out; that is to say, they built hospitals and churches, and uncommonly comfortable houses for themselves; and, more than this, they encouraged the fine arts, so that, as the Italian literature and art flourished under the merchant princes of Florence and Venice, the significance of the burghers of Nuremberg produced a new era in the poetry and painting of Germany. Nor did they become enervated by prosperity, but retained all along the same bold and independent spirit. Indeed, for that matter, they were kept in pretty good practice, being almost always at feud with the hereditary governor, who claimed rights which the citizens were not at all disposed to acquiesce in; and, besides, they required to defend their territories and their merchandise against the encroachments of the neighbouring princes. In the end, it was war which ruined them, for the Ger-

mans date the decline of the city from that valorous defence which it made, when Wallenstein, having determined to play over again Tilly's sack of Magdeburg, was frustrated in his design by the valour of Gustavus Adolphus and the citizens. Neither party, however, had much to boast of from the results of this encounter, and the city suffered the most; its finances were exhausted, its trade crippled, and this blow concurring with the alteration in the direction of traffic, produced by the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope passage, Nuremberg gradually sunk in importance, till it finally lost its character of an independent city, and was made over by Napoleon, in his cool way, to Bavaria, to which kingdom it still belongs. Its trade, however, is now increasing again,—its manufactures are rising in demand,—and certainly there is no appearance of stagnation in the general aspect of the city, but an air of liveliness and business which promises well for the future.

But come, this is a very slow way of going about our work; we shall never get a proper idea of Nuremberg if we prose on in this style. The worst of being only a day or two instead of as many months, as you might well wish to be, in such a place as this, is, that one is obliged to be content with trotting methodically after a commissioner to see the sights, as he lays them out, after all seeing nothing as it should be seen. The proper way to understand such a town as Nuremberg is, to start by yourself, after a good breakfast, with your hands in your pockets, a cigar in your mouth, and your thoughts sunk into that state of partial *coma* which is generally styled day-dreaming. Thus accoutred, saunter carelessly along, turn up one street, and down another, as inclination prompts; stare into a shop here, enter a church there; further on, drop into one of the popular beer-houses, and refresh your faculties with a foaming glass, striving all the time to imagine yourself your great-great-grandfather, and you will get a better notion of the place than if you followed every footstep of your guide as intently as an Indian on the trail, and measured every yard by a tour book. Come, then, we will start on this principle, and try if we cannot manage a pleasant walk through Nuremberg.

You are astonished, I have no doubt, at the spaciousness and handsome appearance of the streets; considering the age at which the town was built, you expected to see narrow, confined lanes, which one could shake hands across, and you find broad thoroughfares, somewhat crooked and rambling certainly, but more roomy and capacious than almost any street which London could boast thirty years ago. As to their really possessing the antiquity which they claim, you can be under no difficulty, if you only look at the houses, scarcely one less than two or three hundred years old; and then, what a strange mixture they present of oddity and beauty,—of substantial comfort and grotesque adornment! The walls of massive stone, and the windows small, characteristic of the times when strength was needed as much for defence as durability; all with the gables turned to the street, so that even the largest, which contain perhaps two or three separate courts, make a comparatively modest show; the red-tiled roofs, invariably higher than the sides of the houses, so that where you see, may be, two rows of windows in the wall, there shall be five or six in the roof, as if the inhabitants, being mostly poets, had considered it necessary to keep up the etiquette of their calling by living in garrets; whilst, as if the overgrown shelving roofs were not high or huge enough to please the most aspiring genius, many of them are crowned with strange ragged-looking towers and spires, which seem so completely useless and out of place in their present situation, that you cannot account for their being there otherwise than by supposing that they have strayed from some of the neighbouring churches, and, having got drunk, have been unable to find their way home, and so perched where they best could.

The very walls present effects which you would consider curious enough elsewhere; they are painted of all the colours of the rainbow, and without any regard to regularity, so that in one street you have red and green houses, blue, white, and yellow, whilst many still exhibit the remains of the paintings in fresco with which they were once covered; here you see is a group of angels, there a Madonna, or some more heathen portraiture; now some mathematical hallucinations, and then a veritable elephant and castle, really a most respectable specimen of the artist's knowledge of natural history—moreover, the windows are almost universally of that beautiful oriel form, so admirably adapted for stolen glances, which one sees in the older pictures, and profusely adorned with the richest and most fantastic tracery. These are the mansions of the burghers of Nuremberg, and, seeing what they were or are, one cannot much wonder at the exclamation of that gossiping old pope, Pius II., when he said, that the Kings of Scotland were not so well lodged as a simple citizen of the free city. This air of splendour, however, and even of gaiety and liveliness, is not, as one might consider it would necessarily be, at all inconsistent with the antique appearance of the whole—on the contrary, the first thing which strikes one is the extremely old-fashioned look of every thing, and its utter dissimilarity to anything you have ever seen except in vision, so that, in truth, after wandering about for a day or two amidst these living wrecks of the past, you fall into a sort of mazy dream, and begin to doubt the truth of your long-accepted chronology; nor does that story seem very improbable of the antiquary who, being conveyed in a state of vinous abstraction into Nuremberg, declared when aroused, that he had been dreaming that he lived in the nineteenth century, and was delighted to be awakened to the reality of his existence in the fifteenth.

As you wish to have a general view of the whole town, we had better climb this gentle ascent to the Burg or citadel, that ancient fortress where the emperors used to keep their crown jewels, and where you may still see the double eagle painted on the gate, in memory of the days when Nuremberg was an imperial city.—It is a plain enough collection of towers and bastions of no strength at present, and not much more interest, the only parts which can boast of very great antiquity being two towers, one of a pentagonal form, and the other adorned with some hideous figures, which having been supposed to represent idols, have given it the name of the Heidenthurm (Heathen-tower). The inside of the castle, too, has as few attractions, these being limited to some commonplace pictures, which unfortunately are not things of such scarcity that we need go to Nuremberg to see them. There is, however, in the court yard a fine elm tree, as aged and little more ruined than the building itself, which is said to have been planted by the Empress Cunegunda, wife of Henry III. If this be the case, it must be full seven hundred years old, and has seen a good many changes in the course of its life. There is also a common enough statue of Gustavus Adolphus, of coarse stone, which is interesting to those who uphold the theory of races. It is scrawled over with names of tourists, in German characters, thus showing the affinity in a striking characteristic of our own nation to the Germans. I had thought before I saw this, that the passion for memorializing oneself by mischief had been peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon branch, but it would appear to be common to the whole Teutonic stock.

The view from this eminence gives you the whole town. The country around is flat, with undulations. In the distance are the heights on which Wallenstein lay with his mighty army, and to the right are the pretty beer gardens and pleasure grounds of the citizens. At your feet you can trace the circuit of those massive fortifications which were once the wonder of Germany, but now lie broken, dismantled, and useless; of the three hundred and sixty-five towers which it once boasted, there

remain but four, at the principal gates, but these are huge Cyclopean structures, which look as if they might stand to eternity. Within the enclosure of these walls lies the town, divided into almost equal portions by the little stream of the Pegnitz, with its numerous bridges, and looking, with its red roofs, the very picture of antiquity. Indeed, these red tiles are one of the most characteristic features of Nuremberg, and contribute, more than anything else, to the peculiarity of its appearance; they are burnt of a deep bright scarlet, and every building in the town is covered with them, from the poorest house to the finest church. But of all the buildings, high or low, there is none which is regarded with more respect by the genuine Nurembergers, than the dark-looking house with the projecting roof, and overhanging gallery of wood, which you see in the hollow yonder. That was the dwelling of Albert Dürer, the German Raphael; and there is a stone figure of him over the doorway, which you cannot see from this—it now belongs to the Society of Artists. But let us go now to the square or *Place* named after Dürer, and we shall there see his statue by Rauch, the second of German sculptors, second only to Schwanthaler. There the painter stands, pencil in hand, calm but noble-minded, and energetic as he lived; you can read the man's genius on his brow at the first glance. It is, indeed, a splendid statue, simple but full of life, classical to nicety, and yet preserving all the Gothic character. It is coloured so as to have the appearance of extreme age, in order to assimilate it to the surrounding buildings, and not the least part of the artist's triumph consists in his having given this appearance most perfectly without in the least derogating from beauty. To look at the figure you would say, that two hundred years must have passed since it was erected, and wonder that there should have been such statues in those days. After all, there are some things in which the Germans beat us, although they do not understand the building of steam engines, or jobbing in railway shares.

I do not at all wonder at the adoration which is paid to Dürer in his own country—to me he is the most delightful of all painters, for this reason, that there is no artist whose pictures you so thoroughly enter into, or which impress themselves so indelibly on your memory. Complaints indeed are made of the severity and linear distinctness of his outline, which undoubtedly have some foundation in fact, but I cannot see the objection to these peculiarities, unless where they detract from the freedom and life of the whole; with Dürer this is not the case. There is no artist who has less formality, or, when the subject requires it, more ease and graceful vivacity, whilst the very marked outline produces a strength and reality seldom seen. In one word, he possesses all the virtues, and none of the failings of the German school, and well deserves the title bestowed on him by a popular French critic, of "the king and father of German painting;" nor do I think our praise will be too extravagant, if we say, as has been said ere now, that had he enjoyed the same advantages as Raphael, he might have rivalled the Italian. As it is, so great is the similarity of these two in spirit and style, that an inexperienced eye might frequently mistake the one for the other; and there is one point in which the painter of Nuremberg surpasses his rival—I mean in purity of conception. Exquisitely chaste as Raphael's earlier pictures are, it is impossible to study his works continuously, without perceiving that the corroding spirit of his licentious age acted upon the soul of the young Italian, and, through him, upon his productions: it was not so with Dürer. Kind, simple-hearted, and pure, he was to the last, and the very perfection of purity reigns in all his pictures; they may perhaps offend from want of grandeur and of sufficient spiritualization, but never from any approach to levity. He was born in 1471, exactly twelve years before Raphael, and was one of a family of sixteen—his father an honest burgher of Nuremberg, though Hungarian by

birth, was a goldsmith, and wished his second son to follow the same trade; but Albert, distinguished as he was for goodness, and docility to his father's will in all other respects, preferred the profession of a painter so immeasurably to that of a goldsmith, that his father was with great difficulty induced to consent to his quitting his original occupation. At the age of sixteen he commenced his studies under some of the most celebrated of the artists of Germany, and having, according to the custom of the period, travelled for some time, returned to his native city, where such was the excellence even of his earliest labours, that his reputation was at once established throughout Germany. He was the cherished favourite of three emperors, Maximilian, Charles V., and Ferdinand I., the former of whom created him a noble, and gave him a coat of arms, "*trois ecussons d'argent, deux en chef et un en pointe, sur un champ d'azur.*" The following, according to the chronicler, were the circumstances under which he obtained this honour:—One day that Dürer was employed in the execution of some paintings on the wall of the imperial palace, Maximilian, who was present, ordered one of his courtiers to steady the scaffolding on which the artist stood. The nobleman hesitated to undertake an office so derogatory to his dignity, and, drawing back, motioned to a servant to act as his substitute, whereupon the emperor, stepping forward, took hold of the scaffolding himself, and immediately on Albert's descending, created him a noble, saying to his court, "I must inform you, gentlemen, that this painter is already more than ennobled by his genius, for I can easily make a noble of any peasant, but all the power of the Cæsars would not suffice to make such an artist as Albert Dürer out of a nobleman."

(To be continued.)

THE LAST DAYS OF ETON MONTEM.

MOST of our readers have doubtless heard of the famous Eton Montem; some may have witnessed its singular ceremonies, and have borne in their hats the tickets received for payment of "*salt*:" whilst others have probably marched as the Etonians in the gay and half military procession from the college to Salt Hill.

All and each of these will naturally feel some curiosity respecting their old acquaintance, now passed away from the "things that be;" and may like to hear some little account of this quaint old festival, before its memory becomes hidden by the dust of modern life, and its once merry voice drowned for ever. Does any reader stop and ask whether Montem was the name of some respectable gentleman, a functionary of Eton College, or even one of its fellows? Whoever thou art, from whom so fun-provoking a question comes, we are bound to treat thee with singular respect, as a relic of the days when six-mile-an-hour coaches toiled along, and the traveller from Exeter to London ranked with those who had seen the world, and made the grand tour. We feel assured there are a few, living in little snug hamlets, or in old out-of-the-way towns, who might seriously ask such a question. Let, therefore, the learned topographer, who has seen Eton, and counted the windows in front of the college, and dined at the "Christopher," tour with us whilst we describe what Montem was; that is, if, remembering the death of Montem, and the removal of the dear old Christopher itself, we do not break down in the attempt.

Montem was a procession of the Eton students, on the Whit-Tuesday in every third year, from the college to a place about two miles distant, called "Salt Hill."

We have called it a *procession*, but it was no mere march of jacketed school boys; rather a train of juvenile field-marshal, or knights of some military order. For on this occasion the scarlet coat was worn, whilst the cocked hat with its streaming white plumes, and sword, and belt, completed the resemblance to a troop of officers on a review day. At a fixed hour, on Whit-Tuesday morning, the host assembled, "all padded and plumed," in the noble playing fields of the school, and, preceded by a military band, dashed forth into the Slough road. After a rather tumultuous march, the "Hill" was gained, and, surrounded by a mixed crowd, consisting of the scarletted Etonians, their friends in carriages, and on horses; whilst both people, and mob, combined to swell the torrent which rolled round that wee hill. Royalty itself was usually present, and thus John Bull and his thriving family gratified their loyalty and love of pageantry at the same time.

A flag was waved from the summit of "Salt Hill" by the captain's lieutenant, after which the boys and their friends dined, as boys alone can dine, in the grounds of Botham's Hotel, a spot well remembered by Etonians, and which the traveller in the "coaching" days must have frequently noted, when its festoons of flowering shrubs and prettily placed geraniums arrested every eye. But, during all these proceedings, where is the salt? Nothing, as yet, has been seen or heard of that! Let the reader suppose himself residing in some quiet spot within two or three miles of Eton, such as Langley, Stoke, Crippenham, or Dorney, on Whit-Tuesday, in the old times of Montem. As he is about to descend to breakfast, a commotion amongst the servants attracts his attention; one of these with an air of importance whispers that "a runner" is at the door. Our friend will there find a youth dressed as Robin Hood, an English bowman, a forester, an ancient Greek, or some prince of the Norman times, who, holding out a richly ornamented velvet purse, asks, with the air of a nobleman (he is perhaps a peer) for "Salt." This, in plain English, means *money*, which, if well instructed in the mysteries of Montem, you would not have refused. When the claim has been answered by the bestowment of a gift, the amount of which was left to your own feelings, the "runner" places a ticket in your hand, inscribed with some short motto, such as, "*Pro more et Etonia*," or "*Pro lege*," which secures the receiver from being further solicited by other "runners" during the day, and may indeed be considered a Montem pass-ticket. With this card in your hat a crowd of salt-takers may be passed without interruption; otherwise, an application is instantly made, and if salt be withheld, the luckless refuser would in all probability meet with such a series of annoyances from the crowds present, that an instant retreat or payment would be necessary.

The collectors seemed to act upon a sort of common-law right to a contribution, and regarded a denial as the withholding of a prescriptive due. Sometimes the stage-coaches were stopped, and every passenger *forced* to contribute, under pain of a shower of stones which generally lay provokingly near at hand by the side of the road. Most persons, however, were disposed to give *salt*, either amused at the singularity of the ceremony and the richness of the dresses, or persuaded by the really benevolent end of the whole day's festivities, which was to furnish the senior scholar with the means of proceeding to the University. The sums collected under the name of *salt* often amounted to 1,000*l.*; nor will this appear surprising, when it is remembered that great numbers of the nobility, and many of the richer merchants, attended the ceremony, and felt their honour involved in a liberal contribution. Much of this money was never enjoyed by the captain, who contributed to the expense of the breakfast for the whole of the *fifth* form, in other words, for the majority of the school.

The damage committed in the grounds of the hotel at Salt Hill, and even in the house itself, by the recklessness of many of the boys, would appear incredible.

For as he who "got Montem" was *supposed* by some of the boys to pay for all such damages,¹ those who bore him a grudge seized the opportunity on that day of destroying everything within reach, whether flowering shrubs, fruit trees, or fences; and in the hotel, tables, chairs, and wainscoting bore the marks of a hundred malicious knives. In fact, for many days preceding "Montem," men were employed in removing all the valuable furniture from the rooms open to the boys, and in fencing the shrubs with masses of stout bushes, which might have bid defiance to any assailants save a crowd of schoolboys armed with the fatal knife. Some years the destruction would be little, when the "Montem" hero happened to be an especial favourite, or some event had infused a high degree of satisfaction into the feelings of the scholars. But the general order of the day was havoc, which neither the authority of the masters, nor the better feelings of some in the upper school, could wholly restrain. Sometimes even a pique against the proprietor of the hotel, arising out of some past demand for dilapidation done to his property, would set the evil spirit loose; when hacked and belheaded trees, and shrubs with damaged edges, bore witness to the mischievous energy of schoolboys.

Such was Montem in some of its particulars. But there was much to attract the eye, and delight the imagination, in this celebrated festival. The crowds of carriages, resembling the confused splendour of a race-day, and the gorgeous dresses, exhibiting to our gaze the pictures of olden times, presented in one view a strange contrast between the present and the past. The tall keep of Windsor, with the royal flag displaying the rich bearings of the House of Brunswick, rose on one side in grand relief against the clear sky; whilst at its base the noble college seemed quietly meditating on the changes which had passed, even over Montem, since the days of the founder, Henry VI. Perhaps more than one spectator would feel that *such* a festival had lost much of the peculiar interest which in old times invested with fascination the mysteries,² and threw a charm over every pageant. From such questionings rose others, which have since proved fatal to the glories of Montem. But, ere we proceed to the circumstances connected with the downfall of this procession, it is proper to notice an inquiry likely to be proposed by many. Whence did Montem arise? from what event does it date? Here, reader, you have fairly caught us; and though we very much cling to the pleasant notion, that we know a bit of everything, yet upon this point we are beaten—that is, as far as a direct answer to your question is concerned. If you will allow us to supply theories and guesses on the subject, we shall be happy to furnish half a dozen at the shortest notice.

The origin of Montem is not *clearly* known, and those who have written on the subject have taken refuge in guesses, and statements of probabilities. Some trace the whole festival, and its peculiar proceedings, to an ancient ceremony once observed in many cathedral churches: we allude to the *election of the boy bishop*. This was the mock elevation of a choir boy to the office of bishop, in which species of ecclesiastical farce all the ceremonies of a re-election were mimicked. This pageant was celebrated on the day of St. Nicholas, that saint being esteemed the patron of children; and the whole festival was probably at first a religious service in his honour. Of such importance was this ancient ceremony deemed, that some founders of colleges directed its observance in their statutes; even at so recent a period as the time of Henry VII., this was the case in Rotherham College, founded by no less a person than the Archbishop of York. In the succeeding reign the custom was thought of sufficient importance to call for the interference of parliament, a statute being passed

(1) This was a mistake, as in general the proprietor received no compensation.

(2) The old religious dramas were so called.

for its suppression in the year 1542. Two circumstances which have induced some to connect the Eton Montem with the festival of the boy-bishop are the following:—First, the former period of celebrating Montem was not Whit-Tuesday, but December 6th; the very day dedicated to St. Nicholas, and usually chosen for the election of the boy-bishop in ancient times. It was not till the year 1759 that the time of holding Montem was changed from the gloomy month of December to the more bright season of Whitsuntide. Those, therefore, who trace Montem to such an ancient ceremony, have the singular coincidence of the time in their favour, from which it was not unreasonable to suppose a connexion between the triennial festival at Eton, and the ancient ecclesiastical mimicry of an episcopal election. Another circumstance favourable to the same supposition is found in one singular custom which formerly made part of the Montem festival. A boy was dressed in the habit of a clergyman, and then, receiving a prayer-book, read part of the service to the assembly; an evident resemblance this to the mimic services once performed by the boy-bishop.

But we need not dispute respecting the birth of Montem in the year which has witnessed its death. Last Whit-Tuesday would have been Montem day, had not the stern fates, in the shape of the provost and masters of the school, given old Montem a notice not to trespass again within their domains. To no other place could the patriarch betake himself; he therefore died, amidst the wallings of a miscellaneous host of mourners, composed of schoolboys, old Etonians, tradesmen, cabmen, omnibus drivers, innkeepers, and the Great Western Railway Company itself: for each of these derived either pleasure or profit from the triennial celebration of Montem.

Last Whit-Tuesday was indeed a time of mourning for many; but after grave consideration we assign the palm of sincere grief to the cab and omnibus men, many of whom expressed their sorrow on that day by wearing black crape on their arms. But why was Montem doomed to perish? why could it not have existed as a memorial of past times, serving, like the squibs and crackers on the 5th of November, and the garlanded sweeps on the 1st of May, to remind us of events and times so far removed? Surely, some sturdy advocate will say, whilst Temple Bar is cherished, Montem might have been patronized.

Many also urged an argument drawn, not from antiquity and memory of the past, but from the benefits conferred upon the senior scholar, who received so large a share of the *salt*. Notwithstanding all these appeals, discharged from meetings in London, and through the press, the provost, Dr. Hodgson, and the head master, Dr. Hawtrej, voted for abolition. Why? It will be presumed that no disposition has been evinced by either of these gentlemen to interfere ruthlessly with old customs, which bind us to a past age not wholly unworthy of our remembrance. No such charge can be reasonably advanced against either the provost or the head master; both have ever consulted the *great interests* of the school in preference to any *personal* predilections. Montem fell because its *existence was deemed injurious to the school*. We are not here stating an opinion of our own, but the deliberate convictions of the Eton authorities, who must be admitted to possess abundant opportunities for forming their judgments on such a subject. Few can estimate the whole extent of the evil consequences attendant upon the celebration of Montem, except the masters of the school, and a few of those more immediately connected with the institution. But, when it is remembered that the boys and young men regarded the day as a complete saturnalia, as one of perfect liberty, and impunity; when we also bear in mind the thousands who flocked from all parts; the open inns, the free use of wine amongst the youths, and the consequent *intoxication* of the scholars; all persons will easily perceive the nature of the evils

which aroused the heads of Eton to so decisive a measure as the abolition of the ancient festival. It may be asked whether the money once raised at Montem will still be secured from some other source, such as the College revenues, or from periodical contributions? If so large a bonus is lost every three years to the College, it will appear to many a serious subtraction from its educational resources. Many regretted that, with the notice for the abolition of Montem, an intimation was not given that a *LAST* festival would be permitted; but the masters were probably fearful of the excitement which might have arisen under such circumstances, and would not give to poor father Montem the right of entry for one hour.

Last Whit-Tuesday did not, however, pass off as an ordinary day at Eton. The boys, who might have cared little for the result during the deliberations between the pro-Montemists and the anti-Montemists, got rather dissatisfied when the day came without bringing their old friend. Then the feeling that Montem was really gone took a strong form, and attempted to develop itself in some little outbreaks partaking more of the boyish, than of the philosophical, character. Some unoffending windows, and unconsumed lamps, seemed likely to suffer fractures in honour of the insulted shade of Montem. A few desperate adherents actually donned the scarlet coat, endeavouring to look something like Montem heroes; but it would not do; the very air of the quadrangle, and the bricks in the old college wall, seemed sulky; and it was clear, that the spirit of vengeance was lurking in a hundred hearts, all anxious to avenge the slaughter of their old favourite. One melancholy party actually prepared to celebrate the "*funeral*" of Montem, and proposing to bury him on the scene of his former triumphs. Some mysterious ceremony was, towards evening, performed on Salt Hill; but whether it assumed the form of a great conspiracy to restore Montem to his throne, or of a solemn league and covenant to construe no more Greek till he returned,—our deponents say not. Something was rumoured by the denizens of Salt Hill about a great shouting and "the waving of a flag;" but their sorrow rendered them too incoherent to give trust-worthy evidence.

Thus, another symbol of the past has left us, to mourn over our isolation from former ages, or to rejoice that the field is cleared for modern operations—just as our principles and feelings may dictate. We cannot, however, be surprised that thousands regret the departure, one by one, of old customs and pageants, which were either closely connected with our ancient history, or reflected some peculiar spirit of the age before us. This reverence for the symbols of the past, even when they have lost much of their former significance, is natural to man; and, though it may be indulged at the expense of still higher feelings, such an abuse does not prove the spirit itself to be wrong. He who would hide all antiquity from his view, and obliterate every emblem of by-gone times, is far more unreasonable than the man who desires to contemplate the past only. Both are unreasonable, but the admirer of antiquity has a world abounding with great events and noble characters, upon which he may gaze with the feeling that the object of his delight owes nothing to modern times; for the ancients flourished without us. But the modern man, who despises *all* the past, does, in fact, pour contempt on the institutions of his country, and the customs of the society in which he lives; for those are derived, in many particulars, from preceding ages—we cannot do without the ancients. Were the soil on which the pyramids stand proved to be the most fertile on earth, we should not be willing to destroy these giant piles, in order to turn their sites into arable fields. Our reverence for the past would prevent us. Yet, a skillful disputant might argue, that good corn fields are of more service to men than all the pyramids.

Let us, therefore, combine the two feelings which

should ever co-exist—*reverence* for the past, with *love* for the present. We shall then attack no symbol on the tomb of antiquity with a rude hand, nor injure our own times by trammelling them in the robes of remote periods. Such reflections have been forced upon us by the abolition of the Eton Montem, and the different feelings with which that event has been regarded.

We can only, in conclusion, express a hope that the *honourable principles* which flourished in remote ages, and the *spirit* of the charter of Eton College, will long live in that ancient foundation, forming great and manly minds for the national service. The abolition of Montem will then call for few regrets; as it need excite no irritation in the minds of present or former Etonians.

W. D.

COUNTRY SKETCHES.

No. I.

THE GRAVE OF ISAAC WALTON.

THERE are few places of more interest than Winchester. The venerable cathedral would of itself amply repay the cost and trouble of a summer day's pilgrimage. The hospital of St. Cross is a most interesting structure, and is in many respects perfectly unique. Then there is the college, with its curious ecclesiastical brasses and the celebrated quaint figure. The market-cross, the round table, the ancient gateways, the ruins of the castle, and the numerous churches, are all objects of attraction, and will afford the antiquary and artist very great gratification and pleasure. The opportunities of visiting this city are now so great, and the means so accessible by reason of the railways; that, from London or the west of England, the journey can be accomplished with very little expense, and in very short time.

It is not, however, my intention to lead the reader to the contemplation of the architectural beauties of the work of William of Wykeham; or to invite him to linger in the cloisters of the beautiful hospital of St. Cross. He may, if he pleases, eat a munchet of bread and drink a horn of beer at the porch of the hospital, and bless the bounty that has so liberally provided for the corporeal necessities of pilgrims and wayfarers like himself; but, having thus far satisfied the cravings of nature, let him follow me by the banks of the sweet river Ichen; he shall listen to the pleasant ditties of the birds, and hear a music, as he lists, in the light-toned trembling of the reeds. The gaily docked kingfisher shall hover round the trunks of the moss-grown trees, and the trout shall rise with their burnished fins so to tempt him, that he shall scarce forbear the use of his rod and line. And the nightingales! aye, they shall feed the air with their melodious warblings. Very fragrant, too, shall the wandering breezes be, laden with the delicious aroma of the new-made hay. Bees, and blossoms, and all fragile things, shall float in the clear and ambient air, so if he be not cheerful and content he will be truly "a grave man." Of a verity, it is a lovely spot, and, all England over, there is none other to be found so suggestive of one who once listened to the singing of its birds, and who angled many a summer's day in its pure and peaceful waters. And not far from this he rests in the long sleep of the night that knows no waking. Who has not read the *Complete Art of Angling*, by Isaac Walton, Gent.? Who has not followed him by this same stream, and by the Lea, and heard him discourse upon the dainty pleasures of his favourite pursuit? Who can ever forget his descriptions of rural life in that quaint old tome, or his free and pleasant colloquies? Above all, and through all, what a true and unaffected piety! what a humble sense of the divine blessings! what a fervent expression of

gratitude and joy for the beauties with which the glad-some and teeming earth so copiously abound! He is truly worthy to be ranked amid the number of those who string their lyres to gentle verse.

The apathy of a past and a passing age has too lightly regarded that amusing volume. Many who look on angling as a cruel pastime, and unworthy their attention, have turned with indifference and aversion from those delightful pages. Open the book once with a fair and honest attention, and thou must read on, oh! lover of nature, poet, philosopher, moralist, or whatever other title thou dost call thyself! It is a book for all ages, and all times. Thou must needs be critical if there is aught to offend thee in it. It is a perfect English pastoral—an idyll in prose. To enjoy it as it ought to be enjoyed, let it be read by the side of some murmuring stream, where the waters, flowing with a gentle sound, shall be the sweet and fitting accompaniment to the voice of one who being dead yet speaketh. It is the sweetest commentary on the scenery of river-ways that was ever sung or said. It is enough to persuade any one to turn piscator, and to realise its contents in his own person. But let not the gentle reader forget that he has been roaming by the side of the Ichen, and, having accomplished so agreeable a stroll, let him direct his steps to the antique Minster. There he may pause to admire the effect of the beautiful columns, and lose himself in a transport of delight, as the organ's solemn peal is heard vibrating through arch and transept. The choir, too, is particularly good, and he may listen with ever renewed pleasure to the voices so happily blended. But it is my wish that he bend his steps to a chapel formed in the eastern aisle of the south transept by screens of stone tracery work. It is called Silktede's Chapel. He was a prior from 1498 to 1524. On the cornice or crest of the stone screen his christian name Thomas is so carved that the monogram M. A. is distinguished from the other letters. The Virgin Mary having been his patroness, it was in this manner he testified to the fact. A skein of silk, the rebus of his surname, also appears.

Upon entering the chapel the eye will be soon arrested by a blue stone. Hereunder lies all that is mortal of Isaac Walton. Reader! it is worth more than a passing glance, so let us pause and read the inscription. Before doing so, we may see for a fleeting moment, in our mind's eye, the good old angler in his habit as he lived; we may hear the utterance of one of his sweet homilies on nature, and then, bending reverently forward, trace these lines:—

"HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF
MR. ISAAC WALTON,
Who died on the 15th of December, 1683.

Alas! he's gone before;
Gone, to returne no more
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire,
Whose well spent life did last
Full many yeares and past;
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done.
Crowned with eternal blisse,
We wish our souls with his.

VOTIS MODESTIS SIC FLEUNT LIBERI."

So, almost within sound of one of his most favourite rivers, lies the body of the old High Priest of Anglers. Peace to his ashes! It is by no means improbable that the spot was selected by himself. Oftentimes he would lay aside his rod and tackle, to cogitate and muse on the things that never fade. Doubtless he must have wandered, amid the pausings of his art, through the cloisters and aisles of the beautiful cathedral, and, after reviewing the delicate tracery and fretwork all round him, he may have entered Prior Silktede's chapel, and letting his staff fall gently down, may have exclaimed, "Here let me lie!"

There are several portraits of him; one in the possession of the Earl Cowper bears a striking resemblance to the plate which is appended to the first edition of his work on angling; it represents him to be precisely the figure and face one would have expected to see. Generosity, benevolence, charity with all men, beam in every trait. The spectator might gaze upon it till he could fancy the lips were uttering—

"Come away,
Turn, countryman, with me;"

or speaking in goodly commendation of the beauties of the outer world,—praising the earth, the water, the skies, and in all things else manifesting his poet-love for the sweet realities of life. To the voluptuary, the man sated with the unrealities of a career of mingled dissipation and folly, let me advise a stroll by some river's side, and there, with Isaac Walton's pages in his hand, he may taste new life, aye, and inhale a vigour foreign to his wearied senses. He will learn there, how full of fair and soft compensations Nature is; how, to him who seeks it with a trustful faith and a reverent love, she holds forth a draught of the purest nectar,—one which never palls upon the taste; a draught every way superior to the Circean cup of mad enjoyment, which clings to the sensualist, at the renewal of each intoxication, with disgust and loathsome tenacity. To the poet the book is a study, full of sweet conceits and quaint and pleasant prettinesses. To the angler it is a manual, without which his piscatorial equipments would be incomplete.

Surely the grave of such a man is worthy a visit, if only to renew and refresh our memories with a feeling of reverence for his departed excellence and worth. So may we pass from out the magnificent Minster, and the chapel of the old prior, into the sunny air, and take our path again by the Ichen's banks, where we shall feel that the spirit of the old poet-angler hovers all around us, and we shall be led, like him, to praise and thanksgiving for all earth's fairest blessings. Not inaptly may we exclaim, in the words of Sir Walter Raleigh—

"Blest silent groves! oh, may ye be
For ever nirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents

Upon these rocks, these downs, these meads, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,

Which we may every year
Find, when we come a-fishing here."

THE INACCESSIBLE ISLE.

A YOUNG princess of remarkable beauty reigned over an island, in which nothing was wanting to satisfy man's desires: the mansions in it were covered with plates of gold, and the palaces were paved with the same rich metal. The inhabitants lived, each one more than a century, in perfect health; and their long life was never embittered by litigation; such games as avarice has invented had no charms for them; they enjoyed that calm bliss which brings with it neither care nor inquietude.

This island had been for ages unknown to the rest of mankind; all who dwelt there lived so happily, that they were not willing to leave it, and they did not receive strangers, for fear the simple manners of the inhabitants should be rendered corrupt. The curious men of that age who had spent their life in discoveries, had frequently passed and repassed the island, without having had any acquaintance with its people, for nature had thrown around it a chain of rocks which rendered it inaccessible, and there was only one passage which led

to the port, in which a thousand vessels could have been moored securely. As men were travelling in search of new habitations, and marvellous discoveries were being made on all sides, the princes of the isle begged a boon of the fairies, who had been with them from time immemorial, that they would use their skill in preventing the curious wanderers, who had already explored so many spots unknown to all in former ages, from penetrating into their land. The only way in which the fairies could grant their request was, to envelop the isle in so dense a cloud, that none could see through it. Their plan succeeded so admirably, that, although many approached the rocks in the hope of discovering an island, their search was useless, as they found nothing but a dense obscurity, that the strongest eyes could not penetrate.

After the first two ages had passed away, the princes were seized with a curiosity to know what was passing in the world, and their custom was to send spies, from time to time, to their immediate neighbours: for this purpose they chose the most faithful and fitting of the courtiers, to whom the fairies granted the power of flying as far as they pleased, reposing at times upon some rock in their path. They had also given them the power of becoming invisible, by means of robes which they wore, brilliant as the noonday sun. This facility of despatch to their neighbours had informed the islanders of all that was going on in the world without, so that there were to be found among them numbers of politicians, or rather newsmongers, who discussed the absorbing topics of the day, and canvassed the deeds of foreign powers; they frequently surpassed in their knowledge even the most shining characters that we know, who, nevertheless, venture to decide upon the claims of peace and war, without having the least notion of the subject.

The princess, who was of a moderate age, grew weary of the calm tranquillity in which she lived: she had ascertained, from the accounts of her spies, that there was a mighty king in the world, who had acquired brilliant glory at the head of his army, and good reputation for his wisdom at home, and that he was redoubtable in the opinion of all his neighbours. He was so mild, so polished, and affable, as to have engaged the affections of his subjects; he held a magnificent court, where all pleasures were to be found; he was occupied in tournaments, the chase, balls, concerts, theatrical entertainments, and banquets, surrounded by a brilliant assemblage of both sexes; still he was the most handsome man among them, and his fine face was united to such majesty of person, that it stamped him at once a hero. He allowed all the painters in his dominions to take his portrait, giving them the liberty of working every morning while he was at his toilet.

The princess of the island, who was aware of this, charged one of her spies to convey her into his presence; and as soon as she had seen him, she felt seized with a sudden fit of grief, because her island was unknown to him; the tranquillity of her court appeared insipid, and she esteemed all her courtiers infinitely beneath a king of so handsome a face, and so splendid a reputation. She took to reading works of fine adventures, and would listen to nothing but descriptions of heroes, and their knightly achievements; and at last she imagined that she should never be happy, unless the king,

for whom she entertained so profound an attachment, would extend his love to her. But how could this be? She was not known, nor the island in which she held sway. She called one of the fairies to her, who enjoyed the reputation of the greatest share of wisdom among all, and after having communicated to her the desire she felt to form an alliance out of her own island, and spoken of the merits of the mighty king, she inquired by what means she could make him acquainted with her sentiments, and kindle reciprocal affection for her in his heart. The fairy informed her that the first act must be to render him acquainted with the island, that he might be curious to know what was being done in it, doubting not, that if he once heard of the merits of the princess who ruled it, his passion would be stronger for her than for her dominions.

Of a truth it seemed that it was the destiny of this mighty king to love the princess, as she was one of the most beautiful creatures in the world, and he had never been in love before, though his court abounded in beauty and talent. The princess, too, seemed to have reserved her heart for the king, for there was no lack of high-born princes and cavaliers in her own court, but she treated them all with the greatest indifference. At length the princess, under the advice of the fairy, resolved to send to the mighty king's court the spy whom she had previously sent; he was to fly thither by means of his fairy power, but instead of rendering himself invisible, he was ordered to make his appearance as a stranger in the course of his travels. The princess supplied him with money and jewels, that he might be enabled to dress in the manner of the country; and by this means he introduced himself into the best company. After having made some stay at the place, he contrived to ingratiate himself with those who were more particularly in the confidence of the great king. One day he was a guest at the table of one of them, and there were other strangers present, and every one began to put forth the peculiar merits of his sovereign. He stated that he had the honour to be a subject of a princess, whom it was more glorious to serve than to rule elsewhere. "I have," said he, "where-with to justify my assertion," and he produced a portrait of the princess, in a little case, set with precious stones of immense value: it attracted the eyes of all present. They rose to tender homage to her peerless beauty, and to look more closely at her charming face. "Tell us," cried they, "what spot in the wide world claims to be the birth-place of so wonderful a princess?" But he declined satisfying their curiosity; and no one repeated the question. The repast was soon over, but the rumour of the surpassing beauty of a princess whom no one had seen, and whose kingdom was unknown, soon reached the court. The king, anxious to know what he had only heard of by snatches, and wishing to see the portrait of so charming a princess, sent to tell the stranger, who had it in his possession, that he wished to speak with him. The envoy, who wished for nothing better, told the king everything that was calculated to arouse his passion for the queen and her kingdom, and then, by displaying the portrait, finished what he had begun by his speech. The king, meanwhile, surprised at such exquisite features, kept his eyes fixed upon the portrait, raising them at times with a deep sigh, and begged the envoy,

with a display of intense feeling, to inform him whether it were possible or not to see this charming princess.

The envoy replied, that all was possible to so mighty a king, and that the princess, who ruled in an island inaccessible to all other powers, would grant him an easy passage, whom she already highly esteemed, in consequence of the favourable reports that had reached her of his valour and wisdom. The king begged the envoy to forward the visit as much as possible, saying, that he could not live without her. "Ask any reward for thy services," continued he, "and it shall be thine." But the envoy replied that his majesty might see the princess at any convenient time, but that he could receive no reward, save from the hands of the princess, to whom he had tendered an oath of fidelity.

After a secret conference with the king, the envoy departed homewards, to inform the princess that the mightiest monarch in the world was seized with a passionate desire of seeing her, and that he was coming, with a fleet of unbounded magnificence, if she would condescend to grant him a practicable passage to the island. The princess immediately called to her aid the wise fairy, who placed upon the summits of two rocks, that stood at the sides of the entrance to the port, two immense globular diamonds, which threw out more rays than the sun on the clearest day. The envoy carried back the news to the great king, who set sail instantly, impatient to behold the princess, who was now the delight of his heart.

The rumour of the discovery of an island hitherto unknown, and of the beautiful princess, was soon noised over the world; and a neighbouring king, jealous of the prosperity of this mighty monarch, resolved to dispute his claim to the prize, and accordingly followed him with a formidable fleet of war, as soon as he was on the broad ocean. This proved a great subject of fear, for the king, who commanded the fleet, had the aid of a fairy, whose spells were so powerful that nothing had been found hitherto superior to them: she had lately become friendly to this sovereign, and had promised to place all his rivals beneath his feet. The first opportunity that offered itself to test her good intentions, and her mighty power, was this; and its object the conquest of the princess and her island. The two fleets caught the breeze, and sailing near one another approached the island at the same time.

The wise fairy who was attached to the interests of the Princess, having ascertained by her art that two fleets were approaching the coast, sent out a troop of dolphins, embued with fairy skill, who, on recognising the fleet of the great king, surrounded his vessel, and piloted him into port. It was a beautiful sight to see this number of sporting dolphins, who vied with each other in their endeavours to approach nearest to the royal ship.

Meanwhile, the fleet of the foe, on the contrary, was assailed by hideous monsters of the deep, and by large whales, which obstructed its progress: to increase its disaster, a contrary wind sprang up, and in this interval, the sails of the great king swelled out, and he passed between the two rocks, bearing on them the globes of diamond under the form of beacon-lights.

The king, seeing the failure of his hopes, reproached the fairy with her inability to help him at

need; but she excused herself to the best of her power, alleging that it was owing to the influence of a superior fairy; at the same time she hurled an infinite number of fireballs against the fleet of the great king, but in vain, for not a single ball reached half the distance between the two fleets. The king, in despair, finding that his rival triumphed over all his projects, set all sail to pursue after him, but a terrible storm instantly arose, and his fleet was speedily dispersed; some of the ships were dashed upon the rocks that formed the ramparts of the isle,—he who commanded it was thrown ashore upon his own coasts; but the great king made his entry into the port of the isle to the sound of a thousand trumpets.

Who shall tell how great was the pleasure of the beautiful princess, when she beheld, from a balcony of her palace which overlooked the port, such splendour and magnificence as she had never seen before. The royal vessel appeared at the head of the squadron, decked out with ensigns, flags, and banners, of silk of all colours, and resplendent itself with gold and crystal! As soon as the great king entered, he sent ambassadors to the princess, to beg her to allow him to set foot in her dominions, and to permit him to offer the homage of a heart teeming with infinite respect for her, and beating with love and affection. The princess made this courteous reply: "Tell his majesty that I am heartily glad of his presence, and impatient to see him."

The king immediately landed, and proceeded to the palace, and the princess advanced to meet him at the entrance of the state-chamber. The surprise was reciprocal,—the king thought the princess a thousand times more beautiful than her portrait, and she beheld him even more majestic and handsome than she had expected. Their conference abounded with terms of courtesy and politeness, and the king was conducted, by all the grandees of the court, into an apartment where his eyes rested on nothing but precious stones, cloth of gold, and silks of very great value. Here was served up a magnificent banquet, of all that could gratify the palate, or charm the senses. He was attended by four young fairies, wearing robes studded with rubies; they placed on the table before him delicious meats, some of which he had never tasted before, and the dinner service was a thousand times more costly than the finest gold, and the sideboard was loaded with flasks and vases of the same rich material; among them were two immense pearls, that could not be surpassed. The king drank out of a cup formed of a single emerald; the liquor was more delicious than all the ambrosial nectar served at the tables of the gods. But such magnificence and dainties did not engage the king's mind for a moment; he entered into his cabinet, and summoned his ambassadors, who were to inform the princess of the motives of his voyage, and, if she should be agreeable, to appoint the hour for their nuptials.

The marriage was solemnized on the morrow, and was followed by several days of rejoicing, and by years of undiminished happiness. After the king had passed several months delightfully in the island, he conveyed the princess to his own kingdom, where they were crowned with great pomp. Several of the courtiers also were united to the ladies of the princess's court, and all were charmed to reside in the society of a king who ruled in the

hearts of his people. The great king, as a recompense to the skilful fairy, for the good fortune which she had procured him, begged her to rule over the Inaccessible Island. "I accept the boon, mighty king," replied the fairy, "only to celebrate your name, and to hand down to future ages the merits of so wise a monarch and so lovely a princess: your commands shall be mine, and they shall be carefully obeyed."

The inhabitants of the fairy's isle, and the subjects of the king, enjoyed unalloyed happiness, such as flows from a just dispensation of the laws, emanating from a throne of brilliant wisdom.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals, under the title; in Selections it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE BALLAD OF GUNHILD, OR THE PHANTOM SHIP.

From the Danish of Ingemann.¹

FAIR Gunhild stands on the galley's deck
And looks on the calm blue sea,
She sees where the pale moon mirrors itself,
And the stars shine tremulously.

She sees the moon, and the emerald light,
On the blue waves sweetly smile,
While the galley glides softly, like a snake,
To Britain's distant isle.

Thither, long since, in his dark prow'd ship,
The little maid's love had sail'd,
Ah me! ah me! as she stood alone
That day she wildly wail'd.

He promised letters of love to send,
And soon to come back again,
But no letters of love did he ever send,
Nor did he come back again.

Fair Gunhild—alas! she could not rest,
Her heart beat wild with fright,
And she went from her father's and mother's house,
All in the murky night.

And the galley's deck did she straight ascend
Her dear betrothed to find,
Whether he lay in a far-off land,
Or rock'd by sea and wind.

Fair Gunhild was toss'd about three days
All on the wild white wave,
But on the third night of moon and stars
The sea grew still as a grave.

And the maiden stood on the galley's deck,
And look'd on the calm blue sea,
And she saw the pale moon mirror itself,
And the stars shine tremulously.

The crew were lull'd in their slumber calm,
The helmsman bow'd in sleep,
While silently in her robes of white,
The maid look'd over the deep.

Then from the depths of the ocean, rose
A wild and shadowy ship,
And slowly, and weird-like, over the waves
She saw the strange thing skip.

The ghost-like sails were rent in twain,
By the board the mast had gone,
She could not sail, but like a wreck
She dreamily floated on.

(1) This ballad has never been translated before.

And all on board was still as death,
She moved without life or sign,
The crew were flickering human shapes,
Like mists in the pale moonshine.

Now struck the wreck the galley's side,
But none could hear or see,
But the maid who saw from the lonely deck
The stars shine tremulously.

Then a whisper came, "O fair Gunhild,
Thy lover thou fain wouldst find;
He does not sleep in a foreign land,
But is rock'd by sea and wind.

"And cold and lone is his watery grave,
Down in the deep sea laid;
And thus, alas! must thine own one dwell,
Apart from his plighted maid."

"Full well do I know thy gentle voice,
O thou in thy sea grave laid,
And, oh! no more shall mine own one dwell
Apart from his plighted maid."

"No! Gunhild, no! thou art yet too young,
And thou must remain behind,
I will not weep, and I will not sigh,
When pleasure gilds thy mind.

"The plighted pledge of thy fond true heart
I give back again to thee;
And, oh! let another love be thine,
While the ocean grave hath me."

"I will be thy dear and faithful wife,
My oath I still must hold;
And is there not room for both of us,
Dear love, in thy grave so cold?"

"The wild wide sea for many hath room,
But dark are its depths of woe:
When the bright sun shineth above in the sky
We slumber still below;

"And only, alas! in the midnight hour,
When the cold pale moonbeams fleck
The sea, can we rise from our dreary sleep,
And float on our shadowy wreck."

"Let the bright sun shine above in the sky,
I'll sleep in thy dear lov'd breast,
And there forgetting the ills of life
Will I take my gentle rest.

"Stretch forth thy hand, my own dear love,
Thy plighted virgin take;
And I will dwell in thine ocean grave
With thee, for love's sweet sake.

"And only, love, in the midnight hour,
When the moon and star-beams fleck
The waves, shall we rise from our gentle sleep,
And float on our shadowy wreck."

Then she gave the dead her lily-white hand—
"Fair Gunhild be not shy,
Quick, quick, dear love! the morning breaks
Aloft in the dappled sky."

The maiden descended down on the wreck,
It drifted away again;
And the galley's crew woke up in fear,
The Dead Ship began to wane.

Pale and cold stood the galley's crew,
Gazing like maddened men;
They raised a prayer to God in heaven—
The Dead Ship vanish'd then.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

No associations are stronger than those connected with a garden. It is the just pride of an emigrant, settled on some distant shore, to have a little garden, as like as he can make it to the one he left at home. A pot of violets, or mignonette, is one of the highest luxuries to an Anglo-Indian. In the bold and picturesque scenery of Batavia, the Dutch can, from feeling, no more dispense with their little moats round their houses, than they could, from necessity, in the flat swamps of their native land. Sir John Holhouse discovered an Englishman's residence on the shore of the Hellespont, by the character of his shrubs and flowers. Louis XVIII. on his restoration to France, made in the park of Versailles the fac-simile of the garden at Hartwell; and there was no more amiable trait in the life of that accomplished prince. Napoleon used to say that he should know his father's garden in Corsica, blindfold, by the smell of the earth: and the hanging gardens of Babylon are said to have been raised by the Median queen of Nebuchadnezzar, on the flat and naked plains of her adopted country, to remind her of the hills and woods of her childhood.—*Quarterly Review*, No. 139.

CRAUELTY to dumb animals is one of the distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Wherever it is found, it is a certain mark of ignorance and meanness; an intrinsic mark, which all the external advantages of wealth, splendour, and nobility cannot obliterate. It will consist neither with true learning nor true civility; and religion disclaims and detests it as an insult upon the majesty and the goodness of God, who, having made the instincts of brute beasts minister to the improvement of the mind, as well as to the convenience of the body, hath furnished us with a motive to mercy and compassion toward them very strong and powerful, but too refined to have any influence on the illiterate and irreligious.—*Jones of Nayland*.

THERE are certain interests which the world supposes every man to have, and which therefore are properly enough termed worldly: but the world is apt to make an erroneous estimate: ignorant of the dispositions which constitute our happiness or misery, they bring to an undistinguished scale the means of the one, as connected with power, wealth, or grandeur, and of the other, with their contraries. Philosophers and poets have often protested against this decision; but their arguments have been despised as declamatory, or ridiculed as romantic.—*Mackenzie's Man of Feeling*.

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Italian Herd-Boy Sleeping.

THE DRAMA IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Of all the remarkable periods of history, not the least interesting is that comprised in the so-called middle ages. With the downfall of the Roman empire every vestige of civilisation seemed to be lost in the moral chaos by which that event was succeeded. Dark, however, as the period in question is generally supposed to have been, it was pregnant with the formless elements of modern society, floating amid confused recollections of bygone customs, laws, and achievements—uncertain attempts in a new direction—dependent in a greater degree on the past than the rude intellect of the time was willing to acknowledge. Christianity had found a resting-place in the world, and was silently, though surely, sapping the outworks of ignorance. Printing, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, the telescope, owe their discovery to the middle ages. In the marked distinctions which then prevailed between the various orders of society, the lower classes were reduced to a state of moral and physical degradation. Possessing but very few, if any legal rights, they were entirely at the mercy of the lords of the soil; a position from which they made many desperate, and, in the end, successful attempts to free themselves. When unable to use more offensive weapons, they satirized and ridiculed their masters in their ballads, songs, and rude dramatic representations. In fact, satire is one of the great characteristics of the period; it shows itself everywhere—in the metrical romances, fabliaux, and tales; seizing upon councils, sermons, architecture, religious ceremonies, and all the weak points in the character of the nobles and the clergy, as fair game. It was one of the earliest scintillations of that intelligence which has since effected such mighty changes.

From the very dawn of civilisation, dramatic genius, in some shape or other, has been continually reproduced. Even the rudest tribes delighted in theatrical amusements, in which deities or demons sustained the principal characters. In common with other arts, it rose to the highest degree of perfection among the Greeks, by whom it was transmitted to the Romans. On the subjugation of the latter power by the Teutonic hordes, the drama disappeared; the spread of Christianity also tended to suppress it. The emperor Theodosius the younger published laws forbidding *shows* at Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost. The Fathers, too, denounced plays in the severest terms; Tertullian, in his work *De Spectaculis*, animadverts on the evil and profane tendency of theatres. But the spirit of mimicry was not to be repressed; it manifested itself in palaces, feudal castles, abbeys and cathedrals, and in the public thoroughfares, adapting itself necessarily to the vicissitudes of time and custom, refinement or barbarism. The antiquary of our day regards the manuscripts of old plays as some of his rarest treasures; and the philologist finds in them many curious and valuable illustrations of the earliest specimens of modern idiom. Notwithstanding the authority of the Fathers, we find that after a time the authorities of the Church availed themselves of the drama, to impart instruction to the populace, and at the same time to confirm their own power and authority. The sacred plays, called *Mysteries*, were written in rude rhyming Latin; but, as the common people were not well acquainted with this language, many popular words and phrases gradually crept in, forming a strange contrast to the sonorous original, until at length, in the fourteenth century, the plays were spoken in the current dialect of the day. Some of the old Latin dramas were so strictly connected with the ceremonies of the Church, that they were never represented but in the interior of sacred edifices, by performers chosen from among the

monks and priests. Others, equally religious in their tendency, in which a visible and edifying paraphrase of some portion of the liturgies was set before the ignorant multitude, were acted in some public place within the sacred precincts, by pious laics, under the sanction of the clergy.

These dramas were highly relished by the populace, especially when the decline of the feudal system, with its joustings, tilts, and tournaments, left them no other public amusement. In our own country, the Chester Mysteries, or Whitsun Plays, were frequently acted in that city during the thirteenth century, to the great delight of all classes of spectators. In the programme or proclamation we are told that "Done Rondali, moonke of Chester Abbey," was the author:—

"This moonke, moonke-like, in scriptures well scene,
In storyes travelled with the best sorte;
In pagentes set fourth, apparently to all eyne,
The Olde and Newe Testament with lively comforte;
Intermynglinge therewith, onely to make sporte,
Some things not warranted by any writt,
Which to gladd the hearers he woulde men to take yt."

The concluding lines afford a strong presumption that the clerical actors were not averse to the introduction of some lighter topics among the grave matter of the drama, which may probably account for the great degree of public favour they received. So much, indeed, were the plays to the taste of the populace, that they divided attention with the favourite ballads of Robin Hood.¹ The collection known as the Towneley Mysteries contains many curious instances of chronological error, which may take their place by the side of those committed by Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher. In one of the plays by the latter writers, Demetrius fires a pistol long ere gunpowder was thought of; and the former makes Hector quote Aristotle. In the Mysteries, however, the high-priest Calaphas is made to sing mass; Noah's wife is acquainted with "Stafford blew," and swears by the Virgin Mary; the Shepherds in the Nativity talk of "the foles of Gotham," swear by "Sant Thomas of Kent," and are engaged in beating a man who had stolen one of their sheep, when the angel appears singing the *Gloria in excelsis*. These incongruities, which would afford "food for laughter" to a modern audience, passed unnoticed by the superstitious spectators of former days. In another of these Mysteries, the *Processus talentorum*, we have an example of the admixture of Latin with the vulgar dialect. Pilate enters, declaiming somewhat in the style of the "bashful" Irishman:—

"Myghty lord of alle, me, Cesar magnificavit;
Downe on knees ye falle, greatt God me sanctificavit;
Me to obey over alle, regi reliquo quasi David,
Hanged be, that he saile, hoc jussum qui reprobat.
I swore now,
But ye your hedes
Bare in this shaddes
Redy my sword is
Of thaim to shere now."

But the greatest variety of these religious dramas is perhaps to be found in the ancient literature of France. Whether more importance was attached to the due observance of festivals in that country than on this side the channel, or from some other cause, we find numerous short pieces written, to be played on certain feasts and saints' days. At Christmas, for instance, the Mystery of the Nativity, of the Star, or the Adoration of the Magi, was given; while at Easter were represented the Scenes of the Crucifixion, the Tomb, the Three Marys, or the appearance of Christ to the disciples at Emmaus. The *Suscitatio Lazari*, or the Resurrection of Lazarus, was a favourite piece for occasional performance; and the anniversary of Saint Nicholas was cele-

(1) Two lines in the Vision of Piers Plowman, mark the popularity of the ballads:—

"I cannot partly mi Patir noster as the Priest it syngeþ;
But I can Rymes of Robenhold, and Randolf erl of Chester."

brated by the *Ludus super iconia Sancti Nicolai*. The two latter pieces were written by Hilary, a disciple of Abelard.

From the titles of many of these old dramas we obtain a glimpse of the religious feeling of the day, in which the worship of the Virgin was strangely mingled with singular and romantic notions. Some of them would doubtless draw an audience in the present day. What a treat for the lovers of the marvellous would be "The Miracle of Amis and Amilla, the which Amilla killed her two children to cure Amis her husband, who was leprous; and afterwards our Lady restored them again to life!" The title of another is, "The miracle of our Lady, how the King of Hungary's daughter cut off her hand, for that her father wished to marry her, and a sturgeon kopt it (the hand) seven years in his stomach." A third relates to the conversion of one of the early Gaulish kings from paganism; "The miracle of our Lady, how king Clovis made himself to be christened at the request of Clotilda his wife, for a battle which he had against the Alemans and Scens (Germans and Saxons), and won the victory, and at the christening descended the holy ampulla."¹

In the fourteenth century, however, a change took place; a collection was made of all the principal events of gospel history, and formed into one vast and single representation, no longer played, as formerly, on particular days and festivals, but continuing throughout several days, and sometimes for weeks, and at any period of the year. The most celebrated of these comprehensive dramas was called, the *Mystery of the Passion*: the first portion or act took in one day of the scripture narrative; to the second, extending from the baptism to the crucifixion, four days were allotted; and to the third and concluding portion, six days. On its first performance in 1398, it was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and speedily became a popular favourite; so much so, that it led to the establishment of a permanent theatre, in which daily representations took place.

Amid much that is rude and quaint, this Mystery of the Passion contains some germs of poetry, and delicacies of expression, the more remarkable when contrasted with the rough setting by which they are surrounded. It is, however, somewhat difficult to account for the prodigious favour in which these spectacles were held, devoid as they are of the scenery and decorations which, in the present day, constitute the principal attraction of the drama. Perhaps the superstitions of the age, combined with an unreflecting religious feeling, may have contributed to excite popular admiration for what would now be wearisome to all. The traces of poetry to which we have referred, are found in the scene of the Shepherds, of whom three hold a rhymed dialogue, expressive of the delights and pleasures of a pastoral life, and their superiority to the pursuit of arms, or wealth which bringeth care. Aloris, the first speaker, says:—

"For shepherds now is season sweet,
Heav'n be thanked, as is meet."

To this Ysambert adds:—

"When shepherds meet in reason,
It is ever sweet season."

Pellion, the third shepherd, continues—

"In the house I could not stay,
And behold this joyous day,
Aloris. Fie for care and covetrie,
No life, pampered though it be,
Is worth the life of pastorie.
Pellion. Shepherds, who can happy be,
Fie for care and covetrie."

We have already seen, in the prologue to the Chester

Mysteries, that a little humour was sometimes thrown in, to enliven the solemnity of the play; so here we have Riffard, the wag of the piece, whose name literally rendered signifies *jack-plane*, saying:—

"I grey-bearded crying still—
Shepherds, I with you agree,
When of bread I have my fill—
Fie for care and covetrie.
Pellion. Some vaunt of grand seigneurie,
With donjon towers and weaponry.
Delight is none more true, than yields
The sight of pleasant fields,
Lambs leaping on the glad prairie."

The above quotation displays some appreciation of the real value and beauty of rural pursuits: the scene, however, between Judas and Lucifer in the same play, shows that the old authors could also be serious and tragical when it suited their purpose in the long evangelical dramas. The wrathful demon appears to the despairing disciple, and asks:—

"Wretch, what shall be done to thee?
Whither wilt thou now depart?
Judas. I know not; for eye of mine
Dares not to look upon the heavens.
Demon. Desirest thou to ask my name?
Briefly shalt have demonstration.
Judas. Whence comest thou?
Demon. From the nether hell.
Judas. What is thy name?
Demon. Despair.
Judas. Terribility of vengeance!
Horribility of danger!
Approach, receive my allegiance,
If death will abate my misery."

This passionate and abrupt dialogue was well calculated to make a powerful impression on the minds of the spectators, and bears evident proofs of dramatic genius. The *Miracle of Theophilus* is another of the religious dramas based upon the supernatural and the terrible. Originating in the East about the sixth century, such was its effect upon the popular mind, that the guilds and corporations of every trade painted the walls of their halls, the windows, and panels, with the exemplary details of the legend, in which a priest, seduced by pride and ungovernable ambition, denies his faith, and devotes himself to the service of the evil one: the *dénouement*, however, records his penitence and reconciliation with the church. On some occasions the auditors were entertained by an exhibition of ventriloquism; one of the plays, entitled, "The Discourses of the Three Quick and the Three Dead," was recited by a single actor, who changed the tone of his voice in accordance with the change of characters. In the *Mystery of the Resurrection* we meet with errors similar to those quoted from the Towneley Mysteries. One of the soldiers is made to say that, whether he obtain absolution from the priest or not, he will kill the first who approaches. The solecism of introducing a Romish priest in the days of Herod is not the only one, for in another place Caiaphas is called a *bishop*.

The mystery of the *Wise and Foolish Virgins* is an interesting specimen of the transition state of the language: many of the primitive French words are introduced among the rude and barbarous Latin: it is of the time of Henry I., the early part of the eleventh century. The prologue was originally spoken by one of the priesthood, who afterwards called out in a loud voice the names of the actors, as they successively entered and took part in the proceedings. This personage answers to our modern stage director; when the performance took place inside a church, he stood in the middle of the gallery, surrounded by the musicians. The other characters, priests and monks, clothed in the costume of their parts, sat in the stalls, waiting the moment to rise and advance to the middle of the choir, where they sang or chanted their stanzas. At the opening of the *Wise and Foolish Virgins*, a priest

(1) For a long period it was popularly believed in France, that the ampulla, (vessel of consecrated oil,) used at the coronation of Clovis, was brought down from heaven by a dove.

recites some Latin verses by way of prologue, and to give a general outline of the subject. Then enter the Wise Virgins, whom the angel Gabriel, in old Latin French, warns to "Watch, and sleep not." They continue their share of the dialogue in the same idiom, when the Foolish Virgins enter, deploring their negligence, with moving appeals to the compassion of the others, and ending each of their three stanzas with the choral complaint:—"Dolentas! chaitivas! trop i avem dormit." "Miserable, unhappy ones, too long have we slept!" The Wise refuse, and bid them despatch and buy oil; at the same time retorting upon them the chorus, "Dolentas," &c. After many fruitless and despairing entreaties, the Foolish Virgins go to the merchants, who receive them by saying, "*Domnas gentris.*"—"Gentle ladies, it is not becoming that you tarry here so long; we cannot give what you ask; hasten back to your wise sisters;" and in turn quote the complaint, "Dolentas," &c. The piece finished with the seizure and carrying off of the Foolish Virgins by demons, after their rebuke by the bridegroom. In addition to the characters enumerated, Nabuchadnezzar, the Sybil, and Virgil, are introduced to help out the moral. We shall conclude this brief sketch of the popular religious drama with a specimen of the barbarous Latin text quoted from the mystery above referred to:—

"Venit talis
Solea nobis
Cujus non sum etiam.
Tam benignus
Ut sim nusquam
Solvere corrigiam."

FRANK FAIRLEGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAP. IX.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

FREDDY COLEMAN was cheated of his walk that afternoon; for an old maiden lady in the neighbourhood, having read in a Sunday paper that the cholera was raging with great fury at Trincomalee, thought it as well to be prepared for the worst, and sent for Mr. Coleman to receive directions about making her will,—and he, being particularly engaged, sent Freddy in his stead, who set out on the mission in a state of comic ill-humour, which bid fair to render Mrs. Aikenside's will a very original document indeed, and foreboded for that good old lady herself an unprecedented and distracting afternoon.

I had assisted Mr. Coleman in placing Clara Saville in the carriage which arrived to convey her to Barstone, and had received a kind glance, and a slight pressure of the hand in return, which I would not have exchanged for the smiles of an empress, when, anxious to be alone with my own thoughts, I started off for a solitary walk, nor did I relax my pace till I had left all traces of human habitation far behind me, and green fields and leafless hedges were my only companions. I then endeavoured in some measure to collect my scattered thoughts, and to reflect calmly on the position I had placed myself in, by the avowal into which the unexpected events of the morning had hurried me. But so much was I excited, that calm reflection appeared next to impossible. Feeling flushed with the victory it had obtained over its old antagonist, Reason seemed, in every sense of the word, to have gained the day, and, despite all the difficulties that lay before me—difficulties which I knew would appear all but insurmountable, whenever I should venture to look them steadily in the face, the one idea that Clara Saville loved me, was ever present with me, and rendered me supremely happy.

The condition of loving another better than oneself,

conventionally termed being "in love," is, to say the least, a very doubtful kind of happiness; and poets have therefore, with great propriety, described it as "pleasing pain," "delicious misery," and in many other terms of a like equivocal character; nor is it possible that this should be otherwise: love is a passion, wayward and impetuous in its very nature,—agitating and disquieting in its effects, rendering its votary the slave of circumstances,—a mere shuttlecock alternating between the extremes of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, confidence and mistrust;—a thing which a smile can exalt to the highest pinnacle of delight, or a frown strike down to the depths of despair. But in the consciousness that we are beloved, there is none of this questionable excitement; on the contrary, we experience a sensation of deep calm joy, as we reflect, that in the true affection thus bestowed, we have gained a possession, which the cares and struggles of life are powerless to injure, and which death itself, though it may interrupt it for a while, will fail to destroy.

These thoughts, or something like them, having entrenched themselves in the stronghold of my imagination, for some time held their ground gallantly against the attacks of common sense; but at length, repulsed on every point, they deemed it advisable to capitulate, or (to drop metaphor, a style of writing I particularly abominate, perhaps because I never more than half understand what it means) in plain English, I, with a sort of grimace, such as one makes before swallowing a dose of physic, set myself seriously to work, to reflect upon my present position, and decide on the best line of conduct to be pursued for the future.

Before our conference came to an end, I had made Clara acquainted with my knowledge of Cumberland's former delinquencies, as well as the reputation in which he was now held by such of his associates as had any pretension to the title of gentlemen, and added my conviction, that, when once these facts were placed before Mr. Vernon, he must see that he could not, consistently with his duty as guardian, allow his ward to marry a man of such character. Cumberland had no doubt contrived to keep his uncle in ignorance of his mode of life, and it would only be necessary to enlighten him on that point, to ensure his consent to her breaking off the engagement. Clara appeared less sanguine of success, even hinting at the possibility of Mr. Vernon's being as well-informed in regard to his nephew's real character as we were; adding, that his mind was too firmly set on the match, for him to give it up lightly. It was finally agreed between us, that she was to let me know how affairs went on after Mr. Vernon's return, and, in the mean time, I was to give the matter my serious consideration, and decide on the best course for us to follow. The only person in the establishment whom she could thoroughly trust, was the extraordinary old footman, (the subject of Lawless's little bit of diplomacy,) who had served under her father in the Peninsula, and accompanied him home in the character of confidential servant—he had consequently known Clara from a child, and was strongly attached to her, so that she had learned to regard him more in the light of a friend than a servant. Through this somewhat original substitute for a confidante, we arranged to communicate with each other.

As to my own line of conduct, I very soon decided on that. I would only await a communication from Clara to assure me that Mr. Vernon's determination with regard to her remained unchanged, ere I would seek an interview with him, enlighten him as to Cumberland's true character, acquaint him with Clara's aversion to the match, and induce him to allow of its being broken off. I should then tell him of my own affection for her, and of my intention of coming forward to demand her hand, as soon as by my professional exertions I should have realized a sufficient independence to enable me to do so. As to Clara's fortune, if fortune she had, she might build a church, endow a hospital, or buy herself a

(1) Continued from p. 236.

ribbons with it, as she pleased, for not a farthing of it would I ever touch on any consideration. No one should be able to say, that it was for the sake of her money I sought to win her.

Well, all this was very simple, straight-forward work;—where, then, were the difficulties which had alarmed me so greatly? Let me see—Mr. Vernon might choose to fancy that it would take some years to add to the 90*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* sufficiently to enable me to support a wife, and might disapprove of his ward's engaging herself to me on that account—what if he did? I wished for no engagement—let her remain free as air, her own true affection would stand my friend, and on that I could rely, content if it failed me, to—to—well, it did not signify what I might do in an emergency which never could arise.—No! only let him promise not to force her inclinations—to give up his monstrous project of wedding her to Cumberland, and to leave her free to bestow her hand on whom she would, and I should be perfectly satisfied. But, suppose, as Clara seemed to fear, he should refuse to break off the engagement with his nephew—suppose he should forbid me the house, and, taking advantage of my absence, use his authority to force on this hateful marriage! All that would be extremely disagreeable, and I could not say I exactly saw at the moment, what means I should be able to employ, effectually to prevent it;—still it was only a remote contingency—an old man like him, with one foot, as you might say, in the grave, (he could not have been above sixty, and his constitution, like everything else about him, appeared of cast iron,) must have some conscience, must pay some little regard to right and wrong: it would only be necessary to open his eyes to the enormity of wedding beauty and innocence such as Clara's to a scoundrel like Cumberland—a man destitute of every honourable feeling—oh! he must see that the thing is impossible, and, as the thought passed through my mind, I longed for the moment when I should be confronted with him, and able to tell him so.

And Clara, too! sweet, bewitching, unhappy Clara! what must not she have gone through, ere a mind naturally buoyant and elastic as hers, could have been crushed into a state of such utter dejection, such calm, spiritless despair! her only wish, to die—her only hope, to find in the grave a place “where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!” But brighter days were in store for her,—it should be my ambition to render her married life so happy; that, if possible, the recollection of all she had suffered having passed away, her mind should recover its proper tone, and even her lightness of heart, which the chill atmosphere of unkindness for a time had blighted, should revive again in the warm sunshine of affection.

Thus meditating, I arrived at Elm Lodge, in a state of feeling containing about equal parts of the intensely poetical, and the very decidedly hungry.

On the second morning after the events I have described, a note was brought to me whilst I was dressing;—with trembling fingers I tore open the envelope, and read as follows:—

“I promised to inform you of what occurred on my return here, and I must therefore do so, though what I have to communicate will only give you pain:—all that my fears pointed at has come to pass, and my doom appears irrevocably sealed. Late on the evening of my return to Barstone, Mr. Vernon and his nephew arrived; I never shall forget the feeling of agony that shot through my brain, as Richard Cumberland's foot-step sounded in the hall, knowing, as I too well did, the purpose with which he was come; I fancied grief had in great measure deadened my feelings, but that moment served to undeceive me—the mixture of horror, aversion, and fear, combined with a sense of utter helplessness and desolation, seemed as it were to paralyse me.

“But I know not why I am writing all this,—the penning ceased off without any thing particular taking place.—Mr. Cumberland's manner towards me was re-

gulated by the most consummate tact and cunning, allowing the deep interest he pretends to feel in me to appear in every look and action, yet never going far enough to afford me an excuse for repelling him. This morning, however, I have had an interview with Mr. Vernon, in which I stated my repugnance to the marriage as strongly as possible; he was fearfully irritated, and, at length, on my repeating my refusal, plainly told me that it was useless for me to resist his will,—that I was in his power, and if I continued obstinate, I must be made to feel it. Oh! that man's anger is terrible to witness; it is not that he is so violent—he never seems to lose his self-control—but says the most cutting things in a tone of calm, sarcastic bitterness, which lends double force to all he utters. I feel that it is useless for us to contend against fate; you cannot help me, and would only embroil yourself with these men, were you to attempt to do so. I shall ever look back upon the few days we spent together, as a bright spot in the dark void of my life,—that life which you preserved at the risk of your own. Alas! you little knew the cruel nature of the gift you were bestowing. And now, farewell for ever! That you may find all the happiness your kindness and generosity deserve, is the earnest prayer of one, whom, for her sake, as well as your own, you must strive to forget.”

“If I do forget her,” exclaimed I, as I pressed the note to my lips, “may I — well, never mind, I'll go over and have it out with that old brute this very morning, and we'll see if he can frighten me;” and so saying, I set to work to finish dressing, in a great state of virtuous indignation.

“Freddy,” inquired I, when breakfast was at length concluded, “where can I get a horse?”

“Get a horse?” was the reply. “Oh! there are a great many places,—it depends upon what kind of horse you want:—for race-horses, steeple-chasers, and hunters, I would recommend Tattersall's; for hacks or machines, there's Aldridge's, in St. Martin's-lane; while Dixon's, in the Barbican, is the place to pick up a fine young cart-horse—is it a young cart-horse you want?”

“My dear fellow, don't worry me,” returned I, feeling very cross, and trying to look amiable; “you know what I mean; is there any thing rideable to be hired in Hillingford?—I have a call to make which is beyond a walk.”

“Let me see,” replied Freddy, musing; “you wouldn't like a very little poney, with a rat-tail, I suppose—it might look absurd with your long legs, I'm afraid,—or else Mrs. Meek, the undertaker's widow, has got a very quiet one, that poor Meek used to ride—a child could manage it:—there's the butcher's fat mare, but she won't stir a step without the basket, and it would be so troublesome for you to carry that all the way. Tomkins, the sweep, has got a little horse he'd let you have, I dare say, but it always comes off black on one's trousers; and the miller's cob is just as black the other way with the flour. I know a donkey—”

“So do I,” was my answer, as, laughing in spite of myself, I turned to leave the room.

“Here, stop a minute!” cried Freddy, following me, “you are so dreadfully impetuous; there's nothing morally wrong in being acquainted with a donkey, is there? I assure you I did not mean any thing personal—and now for a word of sense. Bumpus, at the Green Man, has got a tremendous horse, which nearly frightened me into fits the only time I ever mounted him, so that it will just suit you; nobody but a green man, or a knight errant, which I consider much the same sort of thing, would patronize such an animal—still, he's the only one I know of.”

Coleman's tremendous horse, which proved to be a tall, pig-headed, hard-mouthed brute, with a very decided will of his own, condescended, after sundry skirmishes, and one pitched battle, occasioned by his positive refusal to pass a windmill, to go the road I

wished, and about an hour's ride brought me to the gate of Barston Park.

So completely had I been hurried on by feeling in every stage of the affair, and so entirely had all minor considerations given way to the paramount object of securing Clara's happiness, with which, as I now felt, my own was indissolubly linked, that it was not until my eye rested on the cold grey stone of Barstone Priory, and wandered over the straight walks and formal lawns of the garden, that I became fully aware of the extremely awkward and embarrassing nature of the interview I was about to seek. To force myself into the presence of a man, more than double my own age, and, from all I had seen or heard of him, one of the last people in the world to take a liberty with, for the purpose of informing him that his nephew, the only creature on earth that he was supposed to love, was a low swindler, the associate of gamblers and blacklegs, did not appear a line of conduct exactly calculated to induce him, at my request, to give up a scheme on which he had set his heart, or to look with a favourable eye on my pretensions to the hand of his ward. Still there was no help for it; the happiness of her I loved was at stake, and, had it been to face a fiend, instead of a man, I should not have hesitated.

My reflections were here interrupted by a cock-pheasant, which, alarmed at my approach, rose immediately under my horse's nose; an unexpected incident, which caused that brute to shy violently, and turn short round, thereby nearly unseating me. Having by this manoeuvre got his head towards home, he not only refused to turn back again, but showed very unmistakable symptoms of a desire to run away. Fortunately, however, since the days of "Mad Bess," my arms had grown considerably stronger, and, by dint of pulling and sawing the creature's apology for a mouth with the bit, I was enabled to frustrate his benevolent intentions, and even succeeded in turning him round again—but here my power ceased—for in the direction of the Priory by no possibility could I induce him to move a step. I whipped and spurred, but in vain; the only result was a series of kicks and plunges, accompanied by a retrograde movement, and a shake of the head, as if he were saying, No! I next attempted the soothing system, and lavished sundry caresses and endearing expressions upon him, of which he was utterly undeserving, but my attentions were quite thrown away, and might as well, for any good they produced, have been bestowed upon a rocking-horse. At length, after a final struggle, in which we were both within an ace of falling into a water-course, or brook, which crossed the park in that direction, I gave the matter up as hopeless; and, with a sigh (for I love not to be foiled in anything I have attempted, and moreover I could not help looking upon it as an unlucky omen) dismounted, and leading my rebellious steed by the rein, advanced on foot towards the house. As I did so, a figure abruptly turned the corner of a shrubby walk, which ran at right angles to the road, and I found myself face to face with Richard Cumberland!

For a moment he remained staring at me, as if he scarcely recognised me, or was unwilling to trust the evidence of his senses, so confounded was he at my unexpected apparition; but, as I met his gaze with a cold stern look, he seemed to doubt no longer, and advancing a step towards me, said, in a tone of ironical politeness, "Is it possible that I have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Fairleigh?"

"None other, Mr. Cumberland," returned I, "though I could hardly have flattered myself that my appearance would have recalled any very pleasurable associations, considering the last two occasions on which we met."

"Ah! you refer to that unfortunate affair with Wilford," replied Cumberland, purposely misunderstanding my allusion to Dr. Mildman's.—"I had hoped to have been able to prevent the mischief which occurred, but I was misinformed as to the time

of the meeting—I trust our friend Oaklands feels no ill effects from his wound?"

"Mr. Oaklands, I am sorry to say, recovers but slowly; the wound was a very severe one," returned I coldly.

"Well, I will not detain you any longer, it is a lovely morning for a ride," resumed Cumberland; "can I be of any assistance in directing you? the lanes in this neighbourhood are somewhat intricate,—you are not perhaps aware that the road you are now following is a private one."

"Scarcely so private that those who have business with Mr. Vernon may not make use of it, I presume," rejoined I.

"Oh! of course not," was the reply, "I did not know that you were acquainted with my uncle; though now I come to think of it, I do recollect his saying that he had met you somewhere; he seldom receives visitors in the morning;—in fact, when I came out, I left him particularly engaged:—perhaps I can save you the trouble of going up to the house; is there any message I can deliver for you?"

"I thank you," replied I, "but I do not think the business which has brought me here could be well transacted through a third person; at all events I will take my chance of being admitted:—"I paused, but could not refrain from adding, "besides, if my memory fails not, you were a somewhat heedless messenger in days of yore."

This allusion to his embezzlement of Oakland's letter stung him to the quick; he turned as white as ashes, and asked in a voice that trembled with passion, "Whether I meant to insult him?"

"I spoke heedlessly, and without deliberate intention," I replied, "but perhaps it is only fair to tell you, that for the future there can be no friendly communication between us; we must either avoid each other altogether, which would be the most desirable arrangement, or meet as strangers. The disgraceful conduct of the boy I could have forgiven and forgotten, had not its memory been revived by the evil deeds of the man. Richard Cumberland, I know you thoroughly; it is needless for me to add more."

As I spoke, his cheek flushed, then grew pale again with shame and anger, while he bit his under lip so severely, that a red line remained where his teeth had pressed it. When I concluded, he advanced towards me with a threatening gesture, but, unable to meet the steadfast look with which I confronted him, he turned abruptly on his heel, and muttering, "You shall repent this," disappeared among the shrubs.

ERAS OF ENGLISH CIVILIZATION.¹

WHATEVER has imparted beauty, or secured strength to the British constitution, must, directly or indirectly, be traced to the influence of our parliament, in which king, lords, and commons, concur in the work of disciplining a nation for the struggles to which it may be summoned. The civilization of England has naturally arisen out of the peculiar principle of that constitution, which has saved us from despotism, on the one hand, and from anarchy, on the other. Wide, therefore, must his survey be, who takes into one field of view all the vast results of the era we are now contemplating, without which all other periods would have contributed little to the real prosperity of the land. When, therefore, we look on the busy past, or contemplate the coming ages, and ponder over the undeveloped epochs of the world's civilization, let us remember that one marked era, the famous thirteenth century, when the great preservative principle in the politics of England first rose into action. Colonies, in all regions of the globe, have sown, and are sowing, the seeds of other civilizations over the wastes of savage nature; and thus, at

some future period, the historian of the South Sea Isles, or some Australian legislator, may look back to the origin of our parliament as the cause of prosperity and happiness to more than one-half the inhabitants of the globe.

When we consider the extensive regions of the East, the South, and the West, over which the English language is spoken, it is evident that the civilization of the whole world must be shaped, to a great extent, by the peculiarities of English life and customs. The plain conclusion is, that the era of the rise of our parliament must be viewed as operating not only within the four seas of Britain, but over the length and breadth of the Old and New Worlds. The civilization of the greater part of Asia will, probably, be modified by that of India; whilst the progress of the latter in arts and laws must be directed by the agencies of the English constitution. America, again, will probably follow, at no distant time, the spirit of the systems, exhibited in Canada and the United States; in either of which cases English civilization must be regarded as the parent stream from which the fertilizing agencies flow over the earth. What an ever verdant wreath of glory is all time thus preparing for the name which must remain connected with the era of English parliaments! What avails it that the body of the great De Montfort was once brutally mutilated by his savage foes on the field of Evesham, when many nations will preserve his undying memorials in the principles and forms of their national existence?

4. THE ERA OF THE ENGLISH LEGAL SYSTEM.

The last section brought before us an era relating to the *primary* elements of civilization; this claims our attention to a series of details subsidiary to the causes just described. If a well-balanced representative system be compared to some deep spring, ever pouring forth the riches of intelligence and liberty; law may be likened to the channels and dykes which preserve the accumulated waters within their desired course. What would a nicely adapted representative system have accomplished in presence of a feeble, confused, or corrupt jurisprudence? Acts of Parliament are but waste paper until impressed by the seal of the judge, and the decisions of a court. Trial by jury—open courts of justice—the co-ordinate jurisdiction of several independent courts—the constant watchfulness of a trained body of lawyers—and the numerous securities provided for the protection of the subject,—are the defences thrown up in past ages against the encroachments of arbitrary power or the excesses of an undisciplined democracy. How much the civilization of the land has been promoted by *fixed* laws, administered by supreme courts, can only be fully estimated by those who have witnessed the disorganization flowing from a contrary system. Time was when right was at the mercy of an ignorant or malicious baron, who required all disputes within his domain to be tried in his own courts. In such places the will of the lord was law; and thus the feudal baron was absolute within his estate, and mimicked within his petty court the terrors and majesty of the imperial sceptre. All this it was necessary to supersede by the great tribunals of the kingdom, before civilization could dwell securely in the land. But the workings of such courts required the co-operation of a large body of men, trained to the consideration of legal subjects, and versed in the national laws. The rise of such a body, and its confederation in regular societies, must be regarded as the commencement of the era now under consideration.

This happened in the fourteenth century, when the inns of court were formed in the metropolis, under the patronage of the first and second Edwards. The Englishman who walks through the great square of Lincoln's Inn, and passes thence to the Inner and Middle Temple, ending with the Inn named from the Lords Gray of Wilton, would do well to reflect on the almost incalculable

aid rendered to civilization by these great corporations. Without them nothing like a compacted system of national law could have arisen, and we must have suffered all the checks to civilization arising from the absence of a code suited to the peculiar requirements of the country, or from the presence of a foreign system,¹ which, though excellent in parts, must have seriously modified the character of the people of England. The feeling of independence, and of resistance to wrong, which characterize Englishmen, must be traced to the operation during many ages of the national laws on the habits of the people. Deference to authority is one sure means of securing the advance of a nation in prosperity; and Ireland is at this moment a terrible illustration of the prostration which may befall a people who feel the workings of no such principle. But to produce and support this feeling, the laws themselves must be interpreted and administered on principles suited to the wants of the nation; and this England had secured in ages past by the constitution of her courts, and the organization of her bar. If the long line of statutes and the legion of reports terrify the student who is ambitious of grasping the whole of the vast system, the spectacle may, on the other hand, delight the poorest member of the community whose rights are defined and guarded by the provisions of those ponderous tomes. It is the system of English law which has delivered us from the tyranny of a hundred petty codes; which has saved us from the operations of the wager by battle, and the trial by ordeal, whilst no imperious prince can again sport with the liberties and rights of Englishmen, by setting up his proclamations above the laws. The beggar sleeps securely in his poor hut through which the storm may beat, but where not even the sovereign of the land has a right to enter save at the bidding of the law; and it is this firm security for the weak which has made England the refuge of industry, arts, and wealth, and therefore the home of a most vigorous civilization. To trace the growth of our vast legal system, since the period when the inns of court were incorporated, is impossible in this place; our object is not a history of law, but a survey of the causes which have promoted the growth of the British empire in all the essentials of national greatness.

5. ERA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

If the fourteenth century was distinguished by the formation of the legal corporations, by which our liberties have been asserted and maintained, the next age was characterised by the uprising of that mighty art which has given power and perpetuity to all the rest. Caxton was born in the beginning of this century, 1410, or 1412, and, having set up on one memorable day his world-famed press in Westminster Abbey, began to teach his country another great lesson in civilization. The mind of England was thus prepared to take advantage of the light shed over Europe by the downfall of Constantinople, and the dispersion of the Grecian scholars through every state and kingdom. Whatever some may think of the works actually published by Caxton, and however lightly the student may estimate their importance, let it not be forgotten, that his books were the pioneers of those which now enrich our noblest libraries, and speak to the soul in the eloquent accents of ancient and modern wisdom. Some who smile at his books on the "Game of Chess," his "Noble History of King Arthur," the "book of the whole Life of Jason," must admit that the old printer did nevertheless good service, by directing the public mind to the important studies suggested by such a work as "The Chronicles of England," and the more general narrative entitled "Polychronicon," the rude style of which Caxton popularised. Great also was the impulse given to the national thoughts by the pub-

(1) Such as the Roman law.

lication of French translations from the classics, by which Englishmen were early familiarised with the bold ideas and elevating sentiments which once fired the hearts of Rome's noblest sons.

But we do not regard Caxton so much for his own doings, as for the results produced in all succeeding ages by his labours. The beginnings of literature in his time may seem 'small; and there were doubtless many who listened with sneers to the crank of the solitary press in the old abbey as it toiled on slowly producing works which seemed, to prejudiced eyes, far less beautiful than the old illuminated MSS., elaborated by the handicraft of patient monk and scribe. But that simple press is the honoured father of the steam-printing machine, which now dispenses the intellectual food of millions in a few hours every morning.

Were Caxton's machine placed by the side of *The Times*' press, how little notice would it attract, save from those who can trace the spreading glories which from his age diffused over the mental firmament the light and warmth of knowledge. From the establishment of that machine in the abbey, knowledge was furnished with wings, not for the purpose of eluding but seeking men. Thoughts long pent up in the form of costly and rare manuscripts emerged from the gloom of their ancient cells, and rose into the pure heavens, where, for ages, they have blazed sun-like before men.

Wynkyn-de-Worde and Richard Pynson, the devoted friends and companions of the first English printer, took up the holy work when Caxton died, and sent, in more than six hundred distinct books, bright forms of truth into the halls of nobles, the parsonage of the priest, and the burgher's home; training up that generation for the great struggle so soon to startle Europe. Then printers and authors began to multiply, and so numerous did the former become that the names of three hundred and fifty are given by Bibliographers between the time of Caxton and the end of the ensuing century, whilst above ten thousand works were published in the same period, attesting the awakening of the nation, and the rapid advance towards civilization, produced by the development of a literary spirit amongst the people. As we proceed to later times, and find ourselves surrounded by the struggles attendant upon the Reformation, and the bitter contests of the civil wars, we see thoughts and books multiplying, as if, amidst the perplexities and shakings of the nations, lights rose up from the trembling earth, or descended from the troubled heavens, to guide bewildered men into paths of peace and homes of rest. It is to be regretted, that so much of this literature should have been devoted to theological and secular strife, and that 30,000 tracts upon such subjects should have been published during the short space of twenty years, from 1640 to 1660. But all this effort was not lost work; something was gained from such an incessant collision of minds by which subsequent times were extensively affected; so that many of our present national habits may be traced to the feelings excited during these long contests. But, amidst the din raised by meaner spirits, three bright forms had risen far above the dusty clouds into the regions of a loftier literature. The stars of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, beamed with a refulgent splendour over the troubled waters, and guided by their gentle influence the spirits of men to nobler objects.

To pursue the course of our literary progress, and its varied operations on our complicated civilization, will be deemed needless. It is enough to have indicated the fountain head whence such waters of life flowed, and by the taste of which a host of ardent spirits, in these ages, have been impelled in the pursuit of a higher good than their fathers knew. Amongst all the eras named in this article none are more important than this concerning which we now treat; for a nation without a literary era must ever remain amongst the rude communities from whose barbarous seats of power little save desolating

lating wars can proceed. To have had the beginnings of such an era, and still to possess its fruits, are the surest omens of a long and triumphant progress upwards, till that point is gained where something resembling the bright visions of the golden age may visit the homes of men.

Amidst these reflections on the past, and anticipations of the future, some observer of things *as they are* may look down into the dark abyss of modern society, and inquire whether civilization is *there*; there, where untutored thousands crouch in pestilential corners of populous human hives, and over whom so little of the pure breezes from a better land has breathed? But stop, and reflect upon the *causes* of this misery, ere you give up, gloomy observer, all hopes of amelioration for those beings. Has not literature, with all its purifying, life-rejoicing truths, been to them a thing unknown? and has not their poverty been thus deepened into a fearful gloom and wretchedness by the thick shadow of ignorance? If *this* could be removed; if for them an era of knowledge were to arise, the results would be as favourable in the dwellings of our mechanics and peasants as upon the surface of England in general. Civilization will not, *cannot* penetrate through the recesses of society, until knowledge prepares the minds of all to appreciate aright their position, and judge aright of their duties. Four centuries of stirring events have passed away since Caxton originated the era of English literature, and yet much remains to be done for the mass of the lower orders. But let us hope this era will go on increasing in brightness and power until the humble and lowly are brought within its lasting influence.

6. ERA OF THE REFORMATION.

The character of a people must partake of the peculiarities of their religious systems, for it is impossible that themes so commanding in their nature should fail to impress the minds of men. This remark will be confirmed and illustrated by a reference to the religious systems of ancient or modern states, of civilized or savage tribes, and is peculiarly exemplified in the history of European nations. The most remarkable religious era in England was undoubtedly that of our Reformation, whether we consider the circumstances attending its birth, the vast results produced by its operations, and their extensive influence on the most distant nations which have been connected with the commerce or politics of England. One of the most decided peculiarities imparted to the English mind by this great epoch is an intense religious earnestness developed *individually*, but limited by the church system of the people, which links them by many of its forms and services with the ancient ages of Christianity. This stern individuality which leads men to set up *some* power within the heart as the final arbiter of all debates, and for which they will zealously do battle as for their liege sovereign, marks the *puritanical* element so strongly developed in the English character. As this moral peculiarity must be noted when reviewing the nature of our civilization, so it is forced upon our attention by some of the most momentous events in our history. The civil wars and the ultimate fall of the Stuart princes, our relations with the Protestant powers of Europe, and the system of foreign policy introduced by William III., are all direct results of the uncompromising religious element infused by the Reformation. And how important have been the consequences of this feeling within the country itself can be fully comprehended only by those who survey with a careful and dispassionate mind the changes in our history since the time of Elizabeth, and the present energies at work amongst the people.

The attitude of *conflict* ever kept up towards Rome, has modified in a remarkable manner the character of English civilization, and stamped upon our laws and manners some of those deeply graven principles and peculiarities which amaze the foreigner. It is difficult

to say how much of the present complication of Irish politics has been caused by the incessant actings of puritanical sternness, but it is evident that the condition of that country has been affected in most important particulars by laws and regulations dictated by this feeling. That such should have been the case was perfectly natural; for it was not in the nature of things for a reflective and determined people to pass through such critical events as the Marian burnings, the attack of the Spanish Armada, the gunpowder plot, the tempest of the great rebellion, the change in the royal succession, when adherence to Rome cost James II. a crown, and the struggles against the partisans of the excited Stuarts, without feeling their whole nature steeled into hardihood towards the system of the papacy. Hence the restrictive laws against the Roman Catholics in England, but especially in Ireland, from which, at the present day, such fruits have been produced as few can contemplate with undisturbed minds. This hostile spirit towards the power of the Italian hierarchy was forced, be it remembered, upon the country by events which arose as clearly from the agency of Providence as any phenomena ever developed upon the face of the earth, and by the unwise, if not wicked, machinations of the men, who in those times directed the workings of Romanism. Whatever evils, therefore, may have followed the unchecked action of the puritanical principle, the feeling itself is not to be classed with the errors, but numbered amongst the characteristics, of our civilization. Much of the practical earnestness, distinguishing the English as a people, must be traced to the spirit roused into such action by the Reformation, and its direct consequences. And for ages to come this same principle will continue to work powerfully in the politics of the nation; for, whatever modifications may result from the eclecticism now pervading a large section of our public men, and so likely to become predominant in some states of Europe, we cannot expect the people of England to abandon views which have become a part of their moral constitution, and are interwoven with the most stirring periods of their annals. The present contests prevailing amongst us indicate the vigour of that determined Protestantism which has survived unbroken amidst the changes and shocks of parties.

The mild and comprehensive theology of the Anglican Church, ever seeking to develop the principles of Catholicism without Romanism, has modified the one-sidedness of the mere reformer, and given to the Englishman a sympathy with the principles of primitive times. English civilization has, therefore, received from the Reformation a mixed character, uniting opposition to Rome with a considerable degree of respect for the practices and teachings of the early church. We are, notwithstanding all our self-reliance, a people disposed to rest upon tradition to a very considerable extent,—a tendency abundantly developed in the practice of our courts of law, and the deliberations of parliament; in both of which precedent is ever held up to view; and woe betide the lawyer or the statesman who should wholly despise the lessons taught by our ancient records: not the genius of a Pollett in the one case, nor the commanding energies of a Pitt in the other, would secure such an one from being borne down by the indignation of his countrymen. This spirit has been to some extent preserved by the formularies of our church; and it is not, therefore, probable that England will ever suffer herself to be carried away either by the violence of abstract puritanism, or the errors of Rome. We are thus placed by the Reformation between two extremes, and our civilization has unquestionably been materially modified by the results of the great religious change through which we passed in the sixteenth century.

Freedom of speculation, limited by practical considerations, is another characteristic of English civilization traceable to the influence of the Reformation. He who considers the speculations of the English philoso-

phers, or even the views of our infidels, will observe a marked difference between their reasonings and those of the continental speculators. Amongst the latter the mind seems released from all respect for authority, and the theorist advances from one delusion to another with the feeling that all things are wrong, and he is born to set them right. Something of this spirit is often seen in our dissenting communities; but in general a considerable degree of caution is exercised by the English mind when treating of the mysterious subjects pertaining to religion and morals. This reticence in of our fiercest spirits, and the consequent effects upon the national mind, must be ascribed to the peculiarly mixed principles of our Reformation. When we consider the important consequences often produced by unrestrained speculation, and the fierce excitement to which the ferocity of a Voltaire, or the theories of a D'Holbach or a Helvetius, may lead a nation, we cannot refrain from rejoicing over the more practical character imparted to our metaphysicians by the religious character stamped upon the land during the era of which we are now treating; therefore it is that we have hitherto escaped the wildness of the German, and the freezing coldness of the French philosophy. Our adherence to records, and reverence for primitive practices, have been the restraining agencies which have given to the freest nation upon earth a moderation so rarely exercised, and so hardly learned by men. The influence of the Reformation must, therefore, be highly prized by those who have learned to estimate national progress aright, and who can note the difference between the feverish movements of a false, and the steady advance of a genuine, civilization.

(To be continued.)

BERTHA'S WALK.

A TALK.

ONCE upon a time there lived near the borders of an extensive forest in the southern part of Germany, a poor widow named Gertrude Hauff, and her little daughter Bertha.

Gertrude supported herself and her child by her spinning, and four times every year she and Bertha went to a small town about two leagues distant, to dispose of the produce of her industry, and to purchase the few articles of food and clothing which their simple habits rendered necessary. These periodical visits were always looked forward to with eager delight by the little girl; they were the great events of her life,—the bright stars in her calm and cloudless sky.

It was the evening of a beautiful day in October, the setting sun shone brightly through the lattices, and rested on the glowing cheek and glossy golden curls of the fair child, as if to set forth, if possible more strongly, the striking contrast between their brilliant beauty, and the dark mourning dress and careworn features of her mother, who sat gazing with all a mother's fondness upon the elastic form and the bright laughing eye of the little maiden, as she bustled herself in tying up, and arranging in large bundles, the skeins of homespun thread, which Gertrude produced from a press that stood in one corner of her neat little kitchen.

"I hope we shall have a fine day for our walk to-morrow, mother," said Bertha, as she finished unravelling a tangled mass of thread, and laid it in triumph on the table. "We shall have a large basket full to take this time, but I can carry it all the way; you know, mother, the last time we went, you were tired, and I was not." She stopped abruptly, for as she looked up into her mother's face she observed the

melancholy smile with which she listened to her daughter's merry prattle.

"Dear mother, you are not well, you would rather not go?"

"I am not well," answered Gertrude; "but I must go, or how could the thread be sold?"

"Let me go alone," cried Bertha, pausing in her employment, and looking earnestly in her mother's face, "I know the way perfectly, and you know I am ten years old; dear mother, please to let me go instead of you," she continued, as she threw her arms round her mother's neck and kissed her pale cheek.

"But the forest, Bertha; you will lose your way, or some harm will happen to you; I cannot let you go alone."

But Bertha urged so earnestly and so tenderly, the necessity of her mother's staying at home till her health was stronger, and explained so clearly the road she was to take through the portion of the forest which she would have to pass, that her mother at last yielded a reluctant consent; and Bertha lay down to rest that night, happy in the consciousness that she was old enough to be of some use, and steady enough to be trusted.

The next morning she rose early, and was soon ready to set forth upon her journey. Gertrude almost repented having given her consent; but she felt her own strength quite unequal to so long a walk, and knowing that for her child's sake it was her duty, if possible, to preserve her own life, she made no further opposition, and, giving Bertha the basket containing the thread, and a small oaten cake to serve as provision on the road, she repeated her injunctions to her, to return early, that she might not be overtaken by the close of the short autumnal day, before she had passed through the forest; and kissing her affectionately, and commending her to the care of Him who is the Father of the fatherless, she watched the little figure, until it became less and less, and finally disappeared amongst the trees; and then she returned to her lonely dwelling, to renew her prayers for the safety of her darling child.

Bertha tripped merrily along; the sun broke gradually through the mist which had hitherto shorn it of its rays, and beamed forth in all its brightness, making the dew-drops glitter like diamonds; and the birds chanted their matin hymns, and hopped from bough to bough, and as their rainbow plumage glanced in the sunshine, they looked down upon Bertha with their bright eyes, till the little girl almost fancied that they were beautiful spirits of the wood, sent to be her companions on her lonely pilgrimage: and unconsciously, she raised her soft, clear child-like voice, and joined in their song.

Bertha walked on for a considerable time, and at last she began to feel somewhat weary, so she sat down on one of the large projecting roots of a lofty tree, which formed a convenient resting-place, and taking her little cake out of her basket she ate a part of it, and put the remainder back, intending to keep it till evening.

It was a pleasant cool spot like a bower, where Bertha had chosen her resting-place; there was a gentle breeze just stirring the leaves on the trees, and softly fanning her cheek; she took off her large straw hat, and, having laid it on the grass beside her, she gathered some of the flowers which formed a carpet at her feet, and amused herself with twining them into a garland.

Bertha had been for some time employed in this manner, when she suddenly observed something moving, near the foot of a tree at a little distance. She watched it for some moments, and then she perceived that it was a squirrel. She approached softly and cautiously, and as she came nearer it moved slowly to a short distance, but it did not hop away, or climb up into a tree, as she expected, so she came still nearer, and then she saw that the little creature was scarcely able to stir; it appeared to be either very ill, or to have received some injury. "Poor little thing," said Bertha, "it is

so weak it cannot run about to get its food as usual, and it is dying of hunger; I wonder if it would eat some of my cake?" and so she ran back and fetched the piece of cake out of her basket, and breaking it into small bits, she scattered it about on the ground, near to where the squirrel lay. She would not go quite close for fear of frightening it; then she retired to her old place under the tree, and she soon had the pleasure of seeing the little animal crawl slowly from one place to another, picking up the crumbs, and eating them with great apparent satisfaction.

Bertha now recollected that it was time to proceed on her journey; so tying on her hat, and taking her basket in her hand, she walked on as gaily as ever, quite refreshed by her long rest under the tree.

Before she had gone very far she observed a little worm lying just in her path. She stepped to one side to avoid treading on it, and walked on; but presently she said to herself "perhaps somebody may pass this way, who may not see that poor little worm, and then it will be killed," so she went back and taking it up very gently, she laid it down amongst the grass at some distance from the path. As she did so, she could not help remarking what a curious little worm it was; she had never seen one like it, it was not an earth-worm, nor a caterpillar, nor a snail, it was about half an inch long, and of a white fleshy colour, quite unlike any other worm she had ever seen—what could it be?

The sun was now high in the heavens, and it penetrated even through the deep shade of the trees, and Bertha knew that it was mid-day, and she walked on rapidly, for she had still some distance to go.

She had not proceeded far, when the shrill note of a bird, loud, and quickly repeated, struck upon her ear; it sounded like a cry of pain or distress. Bertha listened, and looked in the direction whence the sound came, but she could discover nothing; still the note was repeated, louder and more rapidly, as though the poor bird knew that a gentle heart was near, and was appealing to it for aid. After spending some time in vainly pushing aside the thick underwood, and peering up amongst the branches of the lofty trees, Bertha came suddenly upon the object of her search.

It was a beautiful bird; its plumage was of the brightest blue, and on its head was a yellow crest, that glittered like gold. It remained in the same place, only fluttering its wings, and uttering its shrill cry of distress. As Bertha approached, she perceived that it had been caught in a fowler's snare. After many efforts she succeeded in disentangling the wires, and the captive spread its bright wings, and flew high up into the air, with a wild song of joy.

Bertha once again continued her journey, and arrived without further interruption at the town. She sold her mother's thread, executed the other commissions with which she had been entrusted, and some time before sunset she set out on her return.

It was a warm bright autumnal evening, but the rays of the setting sun, glittering through the yellow leaves, warned Bertha to hasten forward, for by the time she entered the forest it had sunk down behind the tall trees, and it had become so dark, that the stout heart of the little maiden began to beat somewhat faster than usual, as she tried, with her bright eyes, to pierce through the gloom which was rapidly gathering in the dark vistas before her. "Was she in the right path?—perhaps not—and yet she felt almost sure—no, she had not seen that lightning-scathed tree in the morning—yet where could she have lost the path?—she would go back and try to find it."

But darker and darker the shades of night gathered around her, and, as she wandered on, now falling over the projecting roots of the trees, now feeling her way amongst their rugged stems, she only became further entangled in the thick and briery underwood. At length, wearied and faint, she sat down at the foot of a tree, and wept bitterly. She thought how her mother

would sit before the cottage-door, watching for her all the evening, and then how she would go in and prepare the evening meal, and the cheerful fire, to greet her darling on her return; and then she fancied her wandering forth into the forest to seek her, and losing her way, and dying of grief and fear.

Bertha knew not how long she had remained in this state. By degrees she became almost stupified with terror; the huge boughs of the trees assumed frightful and terrific shapes, as they seemed to bend towards her, and extend their giant arms, as if to enfold her within their ghastly embrace. The poor child pressed down her hands over her eyelids to shut out the hideous forms that haunted her. She tried to pray, but her thoughts wandered, and became more and more confused, and a deathlike torpor was gradually stealing over her. She was suddenly roused by a slight rustling sound, which appeared almost close to her; she looked up, but she could see nothing. Again the sound was repeated, and then she felt something gently touch her foot; she put forth her hand, and there she felt a small round substance; she took it up, and to her surprise perceived that it was a *filbert*. In a few moments another was laid at her feet, then another, and then a great many more. Bertha ate the nuts, for she was very hungry, and as she did so, her strength returned rapidly, and still more nuts were brought; and presently, as she put out her hand to take them, she felt a soft head thrust into it. "It must be the squirrel!" said Bertha,—"You dear little thing, how kind you are." Then the squirrel nestled close to her, just as if it understood what she said.

Just then, Bertha saw, at a short distance, a bright light shining like a star amongst the green grass. Gradually it approached nearer to her, and then she saw that it was a *glow-worm*, of wonderful size and brilliance. It came quite close to her and lay at her feet; the light it threw around was so bright that it illumined a space of several yards on every side, with a soft radiance like moonlight. "And are you come to help me, pretty glow-worm?" said Bertha. The glow-worm answered by approaching still nearer to her, and the little girl gathered a leaf, and laying the beautiful insect upon it, she held it in her hand. And now, the clear melodious note of a bird burst forth upon the still night air, and with a rushing sound the beautiful blue bird with the golden crest flew by, and alighted at Bertha's feet; then turning its head, and looking at her with its bright eye, and repeating its song, it hopped forward a little way, and then stood still, as if inviting her to follow. Bertha now arose, and fed by the squirrel, lighted by the glow-worm, and guided by the golden-crested bird, she proceeded on her way, full of thankfulness and joy.

After walking for about an hour, Bertha found herself at the termination of the forest, and a few steps more brought her to her mother's door.

When she entered, she found her mother nearly senseless from grief and terror, and some of her neighbours sat round her, trying to support her with hopes which they feared would never be realized; while others had gone forth in quest of the little wanderer.

The sight of her child soon restored Gertrude to life, and with tears of happiness and gratitude she pressed her darling to her bosom.

When Bertha was a little recovered from her fatigue she related all that had happened to her. "And where is the bird, my child?" said her mother. Bertha now, for the first time, looked round for her beautiful guide, but the golden-crested bird was gone. "But here is the glow-worm, mother; I have it safe in this leaf." Bertha opened the leaf, but instead of a glow-worm there lay something, bright and sparkling, but clear, and hard, and colourless, like glass. "Oh, where is my pretty glow-worm?" said the little girl, in a tone of disappointment, this is only a bit of glass,—yet how bright it is."

"Let me look at it," said an old man who was present, "I know more about those things than you do." He examined it carefully for a few moments, and then, he said, "*It is a Diamond.*"

The old man was right; it was a diamond, of marvellous size and brilliance; and when it was sold, it produced a large sum of money, sufficient to support Bertha and her mother all the rest of their lives in ease and comfort.

Bertha never forgot her walk through the forest; and many years after, when her grand-children used to prevail upon her to relate the story for their amusement round the Christmas hearth, she always ended her tale by saying, "*Never neglect an opportunity of doing good, even to the least of God's creatures.*"

M. A. H.

NUREMBERG.¹

THE fame of the painter of Nuremberg was not limited to his fatherland: his name was honoured wherever art was cultivated. In Italy, through which country he made an artist's tour, of which the records yet remain in his letters, he was received with the highest honours in every city; but the most interesting incident of this journey was his meeting with Raphael, his brother in genius. These two great men regarded each other with mutual admiration; and Dürer, on his return home, testified his esteem by sending to Raphael a portrait of himself, accompanied by a letter and several of his engravings—a compliment which was returned in kind by the Italian. To the lover of art there is something very gratifying in the idea of this intercourse between two such persons—each revered in his own land as the master genius of his profession, each imbued with the same noble imagination and vivid perception of the beautiful, though differing, in that each breathed the peculiar spirit of his own country. Their means and their opportunities too were very unequal; bred up under an Italian sky, surrounded by the beauties of Nature in their most luxuriant loveliness, by the numerous relics of all that was most perfect in ancient art, as by the rival glories of the modern school, Raphael enjoyed every advantage for which the poet and the painter might sigh, whilst Dürer, in the uncongenial clime of the north, had to struggle with the comparative inferiority of his models and the deficiency of his instruction; but, though he fully appreciated the greatness of his wants, he was far from being discouraged by them; his sojourn in Italy had taught him much, and he returned home to immortalize his name by still higher efforts. It is not only for his paintings that Dürer is celebrated; his genius excelled in every department of art; his engravings, of which great numbers are left to us, are wonderful both in design and execution; his sculpture is admirable, and he was most successful also in architecture, both civil and military, the fortifications of his native city having been formed, as is said, under his superintendence. Yet, universally as he was honoured, though kings and emperors loaded him with favours, though cities invited his visit, though at Antwerp he was escorted to his house by torchlight, after the fashion of the Roman consuls, he still retained the sweetness and unpretending simplicity of his nature. "He had," says his biographer, "the most agreeable manners, his converse was sprightly and good-humoured; he lived with the great without despising the little, and delighted in praising and encouraging his youthful brethren in art." After all, his mild and gentle disposition was his bane, for it caused him to die of a disease, which, with a different temperament, he would have been able to resist. This fatal affliction was a terminal wife. They say that the late Lord M., who was

(1) Continued from p. 233.

troubled in the same way, whenever he visited his native town in the north, was in the habit of dining with a plain old fellow, who had been his friend in boyish days. On one of these occasions the chancellor, talking over his successes in life, observed—"Well, throughout all I have had one single obstacle to contend with, one thorn in my side, and I never could get over it." "Ah, John," interrupted his matter-of-fact friend, "I'll tell you how to manage the thing: just tie the obstacle, as you call her, to the bed-post one morning, and give her as sound a hiding as we used to get ourselves at school." His lordship, who had not intended any reference to this peculiar obstacle, paused, looked foolish, and turned the conversation. Lawyers, however, are formed of tougher material than painters. The chancellor's constitution was not at all affected by his sufferings, but Dürer, who, even had he known of the sovereign recipe given above, would not have put it in practice, lingered for some time, and at length sank at the age of fifty-seven, a victim to his wife's incorrigible temper. His grave is still pointed out in the churchyard of St. John at Nuremberg.

Close beside Dürer's house stands the church of St. Sebaldus with its two tall and graceful steeples, its pointed gothic windows of beautifully painted glass, and its round hump-backed roof of red tiles. The inside is adorned with paintings and sculpture of the palmy days of Nuremberg, and presents a striking instance of the enlightened manner in which the reformation took place in this city. None of the ornaments which adorned it under the ancient regime have been removed or defaced; the church, though Lutheran in its worship, still retains all the semblance of a Roman Catholic temple, and even the lights, which were vowed to be kept perpetually burning over the tombs of particular families, are still there. In fact, the great religious reformation was attended with far less violence in Nuremberg than anywhere else. (One reason of this moderation no doubt was the superior intelligence of the burghers, which led them to the conclusion, that it was not necessary to destroy all that was beautiful in the old religion when they renounced its errors; but another cause is to be found in the early period at which the reformed doctrines were embraced. Nuremberg was amongst the first cities in Germany which declared in favour of Luther: the bitterness of religious contention had not then inflamed the passions, and blinded the understandings of its votaries; and even then, the way had long been prepared for the change, for even a century before, when Huss was on his road to Constance, there to suffer for the principles of the Reformation, his presence in Nuremberg was hailed with delight by its citizens and magistrates. The principal ornament of St. Sebald's church is the shrine of the saint, a splendid piece of bronze work by Peter Vischer, a celebrated sculptor who was contemporary with Albert Dürer. The design is that of a Gothic chapel in miniature, richly carved and fretted, which incloses the relics of the saint. The base is supported upon six enormous snails, and it is thronged with innumerable figures of the Apostles, the fathers, cupids, and so forth, all most admirably executed, especially the Apostles; at one end in a retired corner is a figure of Vischer himself in his working apron, with his tools in his hand. The artist complained that he was very badly paid for this masterpiece, and indeed, if there be any truth in the tradition, that he was employed on it with his five sons for thirteen years, a very considerable sum would have been requisite to indemnify him.

The great building behind this church is the town-house—a structure which, in size and magnificence, is quite worthy of the town to which it appertains. It is a large pile of massive stone, built round a large square court, not in the Gothic but the Italian style, and was in its day honoured by the visits of emperors. If you choose to enter, you will be shown some fine rooms, adorned with not particularly good pictures, and a re-

presentation in stucco, in one of the passages, of a tournament, which is very curious, as having been executed from the life, and would be well worth looking at, were it not that it is placed on the ceiling instead of the wall, so that in order to examine it, you are obliged to stand with your head bent backwards, in a posture which is liable to give one an unpleasant pain in the nape of the neck. Formerly, they used also to show the subterranean dungeons in which prisoners were confined, and the instruments of torture to which they were occasionally subjected, but the good town has got ashamed of these fine old relics of the olden time, and they are now sealed from the gaze of strangers.

The great market-place, which is near at hand, presents two most characteristic specimens of the Gothic mind in its grotesque and its beautiful aspects. The first is displayed in the church of St. Mary, a Catholic chapel, which looks the very quintessence of antiquity,—a small dingy edifice, more like a wrinkled, shrivelled old woman than anything else, with everything about it extremely plain, except the front entrance, which is by a triangular porch, rising to a point by steps at either side, the whole adorned with carvings and figures, of which it is difficult to say whether they are most remarkable for their quaintness or elegance. Beside it stands the *Schöne Brunnen* (Beautiful Fountain), justly so called, for it is one of the most beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture to be found in any country. It consists of a tall and slender spire, open on all sides, and carved in the most exquisite and fanciful manner, besides being adorned with small figures, also of admirable workmanship, representing the nine worthies, the seven electors of the empire, and various other personages. The Nurembergers have been particularly successful in their fountains; besides this, which is the gem of the whole, they have a very beautiful one, on the other side of the town, supported by female figures of great grace; another in the Town-house, surmounted by a boy in bronze most admirably executed, and several more in different places, all remarkable for their excellence. Behind the principal market, which is nothing more than a large open space, surrounded by plain wooden booths, is the goose market; goose meaning, I suppose, poultry in general, for I cannot suppose that the article of geese should be so important as to justify the allotting a special market to it alone. The peculiar nature of the traffic carried on there is pointed out by a small figure, which stands in the centre, representing a peasant with a goose under either arm. It is a capital statue in spirit and design. Nothing can exceed the admirable effect produced by the bandiness in the legs of the principal figure, and the expression of his face, which would seem to give him quite as good a title to the epithet of goose, as can be put forward by the birds which he carries. This is also a fountain, the water proceeding from the mouths of the two (feathered) geese, and is by the same artist, by name *Labenwolf*, who executed the boy in the Town-house. The chief object of attraction here is, however, the house of Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet. This hero is one of the trio of worthies, of whom the Nurembergers never can talk enough, the other two being Dürer and Vischer, and he is perhaps more characteristic of his age and his city than either of his brethren. His history is thus characteristic, as showing the good burghers of Nuremberg, and of the German cities in general, to have been so completely wrapped up in their own modes of living and thinking, as to have been unable to conceive that anything could succeed, which was not reduced to their own artificial standard, and enveloped in their own peculiar garb, so that even poetry was made a matter of burgher rule, as if it had been a craft, like that of the cooper or blacksmith. Poetry passed in Germany through a stage, to which in our country we have never had anything at all analogous. When the age of chivalry, properly so called, had passed away, and with it the inspiration of

the Minnesingers or Troubadours, who robed poetry in the garb of chivalry, it fell into the hands of the burghers. These excellent people at once constituted it a craft; and the guild of poets was enrolled amongst, and as regularly recognised as any other of, the mercantile brotherhoods, whilst the same forms and regulations applied to it as to the other guilds. The members were divided into apprentices and master poets, and the young aspirant, after serving his time of probation, as in other trades, usually travelled for some time in order to perfect his hand, and then having produced a piece which was considered to warrant his claim to admission, was solemnly inducted as a master workman. All this appears to us sufficiently strange, and the strangest part of the whole perhaps is, that these poetic mechanics should really have turned out what was worth reading. This, nevertheless, they achieved, and, of the whole of this strange race of bards, Hans Sachs, or, as his real name is said to have been, Loutzdorffer, was in his day, as he is still, the most renowned. He was by trade a shoemaker as well as a poet, knocking off his verses to the tune of the hammer with which he cobbled his soles, and from the immense number of his poetical effusions, would appear to have found the stringing a copy of verses no more difficult a matter than the making a pair of shoes. His productions were of all kinds, from the rude comedies and mysteries then in vogue, to drinking and love songs and satirical pasquinades. It was in his bacchanalian lyrics that he was most successful; inspired by his own mirthful genius, and by that good Nuremberg beer of which he was as fond as his great cotemporary Luther, he poured forth without effort that tide of grotesque song, teeming with quaint drolleries and burlesque morality, which has made his name dear to, and his songs sung by, the German toppers even of the present day. Hans, however, had a political object in many of his poems, the principal subjects for attack being the monks, whom he denounced most lustily for their idleness and love of the good things of this world; accusations which might be very well founded, but which did not come with the best possible grace from one so notoriously given to the same gratifications as our jovial cobbler.

Political and religious differences, however, sever all bonds of union, even those between boon companions; and Hans's poems were not without their effect on the great movement which was, during his life, convulsing Germany; so that, as the song of "Lilliburlero" is said to have rhymed the Stuarts out of their throne, the doggerel verses of the Nuremberg shoemaker gave no small assistance to Luther, and the biting satire of Sachs went a long way with many who would not have been affected by the most laboured argumentation of the more prominent reformers. Hans, however, was not always very discriminating in his attacks; his pasquinades occasionally got him into scrapes; and one of them, whether or not it be historically true in all its details, is the foundation of rather a good story, which may one day be presented to the readers of *Sharpe's Magazine*.

I think the title which I have given Nuremberg, of the Gothic Venice, is that which best describes its character. It has been called the Pompeii of the Middle Ages, but it has the advantage over Pompeii, of being a still living city; and again it has been styled the Gothic Athens, but the sober, business-like temperament of the town and its inhabitants scarcely support the claim to such an appellation. It is not only in the character of its citizens, which combined the attributes of the haughty noble with those of the enterprising trader, and the munificent patron of art with the plodding merchant, that this analogy is observable, but even in many respects in the outward features of the town. It is most strikingly exemplified in those streets which border upon the Pegnitz: the river flows deep, smooth, and waveless, more like a canal than a living stream, and the houses rise up direct from its margin,

the basement story washed by the placid water. These houses, indeed, are not marble palaces, rich in all the graces of Italian architecture, but their tall, massive walls, high and pointed roofs, gloomy windows and heavy galleries overhanging the water, have an air of stern and imposing strength, which better betokens the character of the scene. Indeed, I do not know that an artist could anywhere get a more striking street view than is to be seen from some of the bridges which span the Pegnitz; (one of them is built in imitation of the Rialto, and a very good imitation it is, too;) the antique appearance of the houses, most of them many centuries of age, eked out with apartments built on wooden projections, which overhang the river, and apparently dropping to pieces with rotteness—the perfect quiet of the whole, save when a boat pushes from the water-gate of one of the houses and glides silently across the stream,—all this forms no ordinary study. It is, however, only on the river that this appearance of solitude prevails—everywhere else the city is remarkable for its gay and cheerful aspect: the wide and nicely kept streets have an airy and open look which is quite delightful, and this pleasurable feeling is enhanced by the fanciful decorations of the houses, and the bright colours of the blinds in the oriel windows, from behind which a merry face often peeps forth; the ways are thronged with busy passengers, whilst every now and then a loud laugh resounds from one of the numerous beer-shops to be found in each street.

Talking of beer, we may as well step in and have a glass, for this trudging through streets is dry work, and the beer of Nuremberg is excellent, very different to the wishy-washy stuff which the students of Bonn and Heidelberg delight in. The beer-shop you see, is a sort of cellar, but very cool and pleasant in this hot weather. It bears rather a curious name, being styled the "Jacob's Ladder:" the Nurembergers are very much given to these odd titles, for there is another beer-shop called the "Valley of Tribulation," besides many others, the appellations of which smack of the puritan rather than the publican. Cellar though this is, however, everything is extremely neat and tidy. The beer is brought, brisk and sparkling, in bright clean glasses; and nothing can be more faultless of dust and stain than the tables and benches, coarse wooden things though they are. Indeed, this characteristic of cleanliness appears to me a distinguishing peculiarity of Nuremberg, as compared with other German towns of an old date. From what cause this arises I cannot pretend to say, unless, indeed, it be the absence of Jews; for I have observed that the amount of filth invariably maintains an exact ratio to the number of Israelites in a town. Now in Nuremberg there are no Jews: there were a great many in former times, but the honest burghers found that the Hebrews were a great deal too sharp for them, and were monopolizing all the trade; so the whole colony were expelled, not exactly with a fork, as the Latin poet has it, but with a very significant hint that they had better not come back again. Whether they took their dirt with them I cannot say, but they would appear to have left none behind.

The great sight on this side of the town is the church of St. Lawrence, which surpasses even that of St. Sebaldus in grandeur of design and beauty of decoration. The principal entrance is adorned with carving in stone, of a luxuriance and elegance which I have seldom seen equalled, and the interior is quite as remarkable. lofty and spacious as is the rival church of St. Sebaldus, this is still more so, and the noble effect of the whole is enhanced by the height and gorgeous painting of the Gothic windows. As a set-off to the shrine of Peter Vischer, there is here the masterpiece of Adam Kraft, a sculptor almost equally prized by the enthusiastic Nurembergers. It is called the Sakraments Hauslein, the repository for the sacramental wafer, but is so only in name, being in reality an open Gothic shrine of exquisitely elaborate workmanship, supported on three

kneeling figures of Kraft and his two apprentices, the whole being between sixty and seventy feet in height. The entire work is of carved stone; but so delicate is the tracery, and so bold and unrestrained the main design, that it was not till the test had actually been applied, that it was believed not to be merely of plaster moulded; and even yet, looking at the light and airy elegance of this really ponderous structure, one can scarcely conceive that it should ever have been created from such stubborn material. Whether regarded as a work of art, or a mere triumph of mechanical skill, it arouses one's warmest admiration.

(To be continued.)

COUNTRY SKETCHES.

No. II.

A SUMMER'S MORNING AT HEVER.

THE scenery is very beautiful in the neighbourhood of Hever: probably no part of Kent is more richly wooded or less populated. It matters not whether the ride or walk to it is taken from the stations at Edenbridge or Penshurst, both are equally interesting.

From the village of Penshurst the road lies through a long series of lanes, where the hedges are thickly studded with oaks and beeches, whose branches mingle as they meet; yet afford views, on either side, of a country very highly cultivated. Hop grounds, or "gardens," as they are called, are interspersed with corn-fields, and add greatly to the picturesque beauty of the scene. Then there is the village of Chiddingstone, or Chidingstone, with its old-fashioned homesteads, and a group of houses opposite the church, that bear a very old date. They are constructed in the usual solid manner of the old times; and wear still a substantial appearance. Huge masses of timber, quaint carved work, and gable ends, make up an *ensemble* worth stopping for a half-hour's rest to admire. Gossips, too, will point out the stone where the admonitions were bestowed in days gone by, which gave a name to the place. Near, and progressing to the journey's end, there is a pretty wood and some rock to pass through, and a modern castle to leave to the left, which tend very agreeably to diversify the way.

The same kind of farm houses, cottages with black timbers, and gable ends, are to be seen at Hever. It is a very quiet, secluded, out-of-the-world spot; where change with her magical wand seems to have never been. All things wear an old look. It is said on proper statistical authority that the population has decreased within the last twenty years; a fact which, if the present aspect of the place may be taken as a criterion, cannot be doubted. There are no new buildings to be seen anywhere; all is as it might have been years ago.

The village is situate on the brow of a hill, on the summit of which, Henry VIII. is said to have been in the habit of sounding his bugle-horn when he came a-wooing to the fair Mistress Anne. Gallants of that time were wont so to announce their arrival to the lady of their love. Some chroniclers assign to the act a more precautionary meaning, and assert that it was done in order to procure assistance, in consequence of the bad state of the roads.

A very humble hostelry now stands there, whose sign-board is decorated with a portrait of the bluff king. Many a long year has it swung to wind and gale, and bears the sad testimony of its age by rack and rent. Nearly opposite is the church, with taper spire. It is a plain country-looking house of prayer, but has within it some fine monumental brasses. Within the porch,

and under the belfry, is the oldest; it is an inscription to the memory of one of the Cobham family.

On the floor of the body of the church is a full-length female figure, with armorial bearings, and the feet resting on a dog. It has a small tablet to state that it was placed to record the existence of one Margaret Cheyne, a connexion of the Bullen or Boleyn family.

In a recess on the wall near the altar is the figure of a man kneeling: this was the tutor of the Waldegraves. But the gem of all is a recumbent effigy on an altar tomb. This is one of the finest brasses of its era. It represents Sir Thomas Boleyn, in his robes as a Knight of the Garter. It is as large as life, and has the following inscription fixed above the head; the legend is singularly reversed:—

"Here lieth Sir Thomas Bullen,
Knight of the Order of the Garter,
Earl of Wilscher and Erie of Ormonde,
Which deceased the 12 daie of Marche,
In the yere of our Lord 1538."

The costume, heraldic insignia, and general characteristics of the period are most faithfully depicted; and the brass is altogether a most vivid representation of the high personage in honour of whom it was engraved. By means of common heel-ball, and a roll of paper, kept purposely on sale at a neighbouring cottage, a very good impression may be taken. It will be the work though of two, if not three hours, and as that would consume too much of the time of even a summer morning's visit, the visitor is recommended to make a bargain with the clerk, who will let him have one or more impressions of this and the other brasses at a very reasonable rate.

There is a stone close by this tomb, which testifies, by the indentations on it, to have once held a brass cross. Such is the case. It was taken from hence, and laid down in the chancel of the church at Penshurst; why or wherefore is not recorded. The cross is there, about a foot and a half in height, and has this inscription at its base:—

"Thomas Bullayen the sone
Of Sir Thomas Bullayen."

This is an interesting memorial, inasmuch as Sir Harris Nicolas states in his work on the Peerage, that this same Sir Thomas had but one son, George Boleyn, who was attainted and beheaded *vitæ patriæ*. The probability is that this was really and truly a monument to a brother of Anne Boleyn's, consequently son of Sir Thomas; and that he died young. It was often customary to erect on the tombs of the early departed, some religious emblem.

It is time, however, to quit these wanderings among the tombs, and inspect the castle, which stands a very short distance from the church.

It is situate somewhat in a hollow, and is surrounded by a moat formed of the river Eden, a small branch of the Medway. It is in excellent preservation, and affords an admirable specimen of the architecture of the time. It was formerly a manor-house, belonging to William de Hevre, and was embattled by him in the reign of Edward III. It consists of a central keep with two square towers on either side, a quadrangular house with a court paved with red bricks, very fantastically arranged. The keep is pierced with a gate of enormous strength, and three portcullises with doors studded with stout pieces of iron, nails, &c., attest the great pains that were taken to render the place impregnable in case of a siege, or sudden assault. One of these doors is still in a most complete state of order and preservation, and retains its original bolts, latch, &c. On the exterior front of the keep, and over the outer gate, are several machicolations and some elegant stone tracery. Some outbuildings now used as granaries and farm-stores are evidently remains of offices appertaining to the castle. The present entrance to the edifice is through the old dining-hall, now tenanted by a farmer,

and used by him as a kitchen. There are tables, safes, &c. said to have formed part of the original furniture of the Boleyn family. The tables are very long, and of somewhat more massive construction than those of the present day. They were possibly intended for the baron, and those whose privilege it was to sit above the salt; for smaller tables placed crosswise were the proper place of the humble retainers.

The hall is parted from the entrance door by a screen of old oak.

Adjoining this apartment is the staircase; on the walls are many pictures, of most indifferent execution. The visitor will be startled in his recollections of *Rapin and Hume*, if the same amount of historical information is accorded to him as fell to the lot of the writer, who was gravely assured by the attendant cicerone, that a portrait of Edward VI. was Queen Anne Boleyn's son's likeness; and that a veritable resemblance of Garrick as Richard III. was that Protector-man Oliver Cromwell. There are many rooms and sleeping chambers on this first floor.

One of them is shown as the bed-chamber of the unfortunate queen; it is panelled, and contains a bed with old damask hangings; this is, of course, said to be the couch of poor Anne. There are several chairs, tables, trunks, all of which certainly look antique enough to pass muster as having been used by her. In a corner of the room is a dark closet, the window of which is closed up; there is also a small trap, fastened down.

It is rumoured that Sir Thomas Boleyn confined his daughter in this dismal looking place, when the king paid Hever a visit, as he did not wish his amorous majesty to see her; and, by means of this trap, victuals were conveyed to her from the outside. This is one of those old-time tales, which seem to cling to the walls of castles and strong-holds that are famous in story. What is a castle without its legend?—a mere crest without a motto. The top of the building is occupied by a gallery more than a hundred feet long; it has a curiously vaulted roof, is panelled with oak, and the flooring, which is laid down in a very rude manner, is formed of the same species of timber. There are many recesses here, and in one of them a flight of steps, with rough elbowed benches, for the lord of the domain to use on occasions of state. At the end opposite is a trap-door, leading to a chamber, in which fugitives sought a temporary retreat. This is, in all probability, another of the traditions belonging as part and parcel to Hever.

In one of the lower windows of a room on the hall-floor, the family arms of the Bullens appear in stained glass.

After crossing the court-yard, the keep is entered by a winding staircase in one of the towers. There is a small ante-room, which leads from these stairs into the great state hall. This has been restored within the last few years. It is panelled in handsomely carved mahogany, and contains many family portraits; there are none of any interest, save one of no particular merit,—a likeness of Anne Boleyn. A music gallery and a library are attached to this room. In the former are some screens of needlework, of a most venerable and faded aspect.

The hall is decorated with some armorial bearings, whose only fault consists in their looking too clean and new; time will remedy this defect. There is egress from the turret stairs on to the leads of the tower; the view is not of an extensive nature; everywhere a fruitful smiling country. There are no habitations to be seen, and but one symptom of man's vicinity; that one, though, is a formidable evidence of his existence. Between a belt of umbrageous elms, a column of smoke may be seen running, so to speak, past at a miraculous pace. This is the line of the Dover railway. What a contrast!—the past! and the present! Here the strong-hold of a feudal baron, one of those castles of security that an improved and improving state of society has

rendered obsolete. There the steam-engine, a machine with appliances and powers which defy both time and distance.

The album that is kept in a parlour in one of the inhabited rooms, boasts amongst the list of its visitors whose names are recorded, the autograph of her most gracious majesty Queen Victoria, who, with the *Duchess* of Kent and suite, rode over from Tunbridge Wells on the 13th of September, 1834, and minutely inspected the residence of two former queens of England.

The manor and castle of Hever were purchased from the Cobhams of Kent, in the year 1458, by Geoffrey Boleyn, who was at that time lord mayor of London. About the same time he bought Blickling-hall and manor, in Norfolk, from Sir John Fastolf. Both Blickling and Hever have contended for the honour of having been the birth-place of the fair Anne, but the general opinions, founded on various authenticated facts, appear to concur in favour of Blickling. Certainly it is, that upon the death of her mother, Anne resided and was educated at Hever. Letters are still extant, dated from thence, and addressed to her father at court. When the love-match between her and Percy was broken off, she retired to Hever, having left it some few years before to become maid of honour to the queen Katharine, whom she had the great misfortune to supplant in the affections of the king.

It was at Hever where Henry renewed the acquaintance with his lovely subject. It was at Hever where she rejected his proffered admiration, and it was from Hever she departed to a court where she met with her tragical and undeserved end. It is a curious circumstance, and one which may be reckoned as a mystery of history, that her birth-place, the church where she was married, and her last earthly resting abode, are all matters of doubt.

Sopewell nunnery in Hertfordshire, Dover, Blickling hall, and Whitehall, are mentioned by historians, as the spot where she became a wife and a queen. Again, Salle church in Norfolk, Thornden-on-the-hill in Essex, and the Tower church, claim to be the sacred repository of her remains.

There are two rival traditions, which affirm that her body was secretly conveyed from the Tower to Salle on the one hand, or to Thornden on the other. Her residence at Hever, and the king's visits to her whilst there, are beyond all doubt, and give to the old castle a veritable interest. On the death of Sir Thomas Boleyn, Hever and its appurtenances were seized by Henry, and became crown property. When the ruthless monarch was determined to divorce himself from his fourth wife, Anne of Cleves, it was Hever he selected as her residence, amongst many others. Accordingly we find that ill-used and repudiated lady writing to her step-daughter Queen Mary, in the year 1554.

"From my poor house at Hever, the 4th of August.

Your Highness' to command,

Anne the daughter of Cleves."

In sweet and calm retirement, in the small cares and occupations of domestic life, she passed her pleasant days, alternating her residence at Hever, with Blickling and Penshurst.

She died at Chelsea, in the middle of the month of July, 1557, and her death was as tranquil and patient as her blameless life had been. What a forcible contrast to the first Anne! Her excellent sound sense, and the happy tenour of her disposition, found at Hever a congenial home, whilst the restless nature and offended dignity of Anne Boleyn, aided by unfortunate circumstances, induced her to quit its peaceful shades, for a city where she met with a fate whose horrors cannot be dwelt upon here. The Waldo family are the present possessors of this property, and kindly allow every possible facility to tourists and historiographers, who wish to examine and explore the castle. It is to be hoped that the rage of the day for modern improvements will not find its way to this village, and destroy so interesting a

relic of the past. Associated as it is, and ever must be, with the histories of two of the queens of England, it will be ever worthy a visit. The charming scenery, too, which surrounds it on all sides, renders it doubly attractive.

The meanderings of the little Eden, with its mossy banks, the magnificent oaks, and the fertile appearance of the fields and pastures, combine to form landscapes of the most sylvan and gentle character, so that the first glance of the castle is quite startling. This gives additional effect to it, and helps the imagination to invest it with charms, that are the fitting inheritance of localities such as Hever.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE OLD CLERK'S VANITY.

W. BRAILSFORD.

"AMEN," said the clerk, as he closed his book,

With a heavy sigh and groan,

"In Nature's sweet pages I'll try to look

For feelings like my own.

The mavis sings to his young on the bough,

The linnet to its gentle mate I trow,

But I seem all alone.

"Ah! dear my child, in the merry greenwood

Thy form was fair to see;

Full many a prayer in its solitude

Have I offered up for thee.

Full many a prayer, for thou wert so young,

Such a halo of beauty o'er thee hung—

Yet, 'tis all—all vanity!

"My life seems parted from all gentle things,

No joys to me will come,

The thought that ever to my old heart clings,

Is my lone vacant home.

It is as though all kindly natures fled

With the dim shadow of that lovely dead—

So wearily I roam.

"Sweet music have these aged oaks, sweet lays

Are filling earth and air;

Sweet meetings in these pleasant leafy ways,

Sweet thoughts for love to share.

Ah! all too beautiful, ye flowers that seem

As mocking to my sense as some new dream

That wakes me to my care.

"Unclasp, old book, I may not see those trees;

I may not list again

The rich-toned melodies that swell the breeze,

For aye it gives me pain.

Still, all is vanity, the Frenchier saith,

Even that gentle life, that saint-like death,—

The grave where she is laid."

TO —, ON READING SOME OF HER FORMER LETTERS.

BY GRACE.

'Tis not with vain regret I view

These records of our earlier time,—

Unfading violets, with the dew

Still on them, as in morning's prime.

In morning's prime, when future fate

Without its darker shades appeared;

When anger, jealousy, and hate,

Were names we rather shunned than feared.

When all that to our eyes seemed bright

We loved, and never questioned why;

And the quick current of delight

In glad transparency flowed by.

If aught be in those memories fair,
Aught that 'tis well we should recall,
When saddened by some present care,
These cherished records hold it all!

They hold it all,—I read, and swift
As light, my heart with peace is filled;
I read, and feel that Heaven's rich gift,
Our early love, has ne'er been chilled.
Dear! let us to ourselves be true,
That, as we thread life's winding maze,
No bitterness may cloud our view
Of those beloved and happy days!

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

It is the prerogative of genius to confer a measure of itself upon inferior intelligences. In reading the works of Milton, Bacon, and Newton, thoughts greater than the growth of our own minds are transplanted into them; and feelings more profound, sublime, or comprehensive, are insinuated amidst our ordinary train; while, in the cloquence with which they are clothed, we learn a new language, worthy of the new ideas created in us.... By habitual communion with superior spirits, we not only are enabled to think their thoughts, speak their dialect, feel their emotions, but our own thoughts are refined, our scanty language is enriched, our common feelings are elevated; and though we may never attain their standard, yet by keeping company with them, we shall rise above our own; as trees growing in the society of a forest are said to draw each other up into shapely and stately proportion, while field and hedge-row stragglers, exposed to all weathers, never reach their full stature, luxuriance, or beauty.—*James Montgomery*.

CLEVERNESS is like good nature, a point always brought forward when there are others which it is desirable to keep in the back ground.—*Margaret Percival*.

I HAVE observed one ingredient, somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire; a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many fools whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself.—*Mackenzie's Man of Feeling*.

THE time for reasoning is before we have approached near enough to the forbidden fruit to look at it and admire.—*Margaret Percival*.

HE who is catching opportunities because they seldom occur, would suffer those to pass by unregarded, which he expects hourly to return.—*Johnson*.

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The Map-Pole.

FROM A DRAWING BY L. ABSOLON, ESQ.

VOL. IV.

THE LIAGH FAIL, OR CORONATION STONE.

"Hail to the crown by Freedom shap'd—to gird
An English sovereign's brow! and to the throne
Whereon she sits! Whose deep foundations lie
In veneration, and the people's love,
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law."

We suppose that the greater part, if not all, of our readers have visited Westminster Abbey,—that place dedicated to the great, the good, and the gifted, among England's children;—we suppose they have felt the power and strength of human intellect while gazing on the bust of Newton, and called to mind the cutting moral irony of him who asked his country for bread, and received a stone.

We tear ourselves away from this holy spot; and, after admiring that most elegant of female statues, Lady Walpole, and giving a sigh to the memory of the young and royal exile of Twickenham, our attention is requested to an antique, and somewhat clumsy, oaken chair, which our guide, in a tone of mock-heroic dignity, informs us is that in which "all the kings and queens of England have been crowned." He then points to a large misshapen stone under the seat of the chair, and almost hidden by thick old ornaments, acquainting us with the fact that, wherever that stone forms part of the coronation ceremonial, there one of the true race shall reign. We will not question this at present, but assure our readers that the history of this stone, of its adventures and journeyings, is by no means uninteresting, especially to such as love to dive into the dark waters of antiquarian lore.

Toland, in his *History of the Druids*, calls this Liagh Fail, or Stone of Destiny; "the ancientest respected monument in the world; for, though some others may be more ancient as to duration, yet thus superstitiously regarded they are not." The stone is, therefore, an object of no ordinary interest.

When Edward I. wasted life and treasure in vainly endeavouring to conquer the Scottish nation, (for the country he overran, the houses he destroyed, but the people he could not subdue,) he found in the ancient palace of Scone a chair, in which was embedded a sacred block of stone, to which tradition ascribed marvellous virtues. According to Wintown's Chronicle, the Scotch shall reign wherever that stone stands; but the more ancient legend asserts that the stone has the virtue of discerning a prince "of the true line" from a usurper; and that it gives notice of this by a particular sound. Here is a contradiction at once; as the usurper having been crowned, the mere presence of the stone makes him of the true line, although, perhaps, his legitimate right may not be traceable. However, the same subtlety which dictated Edward's conduct towards the Welsh induced him to remove the Liagh Fail to London; perhaps in the hope of thereby acquiring some power over the minds of the Scotch, perhaps in the expectation of renovating the ardour of his almost wearied soldiers. Thus was the Stone of Destiny brought to London, and placed at the shrine of Edward the Confessor. Its miraculous virtues we must suppose to have been left in Scotland, or surely they would have displayed themselves during the disastrous contests of York and Lancaster; by its aid how many disputed points might have been cleared up to

posterity! but we have no record in history that it added its groans to the stings which must have assailed Richard III., whether he were a murderer of children or not; nor have we ever read that it lent a sigh to the foreboding pangs of Lady Jane Grey. In the worthy House of Stuart it would, of course, acknowledge the "true line;" although, at the period of its removal from Scotland, the founder of that unhappy family had not yet deserted his original occupation for the less peaceful task of governing an unruly people. But was it fear of inharmonious music from the stone which led Cromwell to refuse the proffered crown? After the danger of such an indignity, how must the Liagh Fail have exulted in the coronation of Charles II.! But what was its behaviour at the Revolution of 1688? We must suppose either that it had left its faculty of distinguishing right from wrong at its old abode of Scone, or that its virtues had worn out,—virtues do wear out, sometimes; that is, we take so much credit for what we have done, that we think it needless to do more. How exquisitely absurd is the whole story!

We have brought the Stone of Destiny to London, and introduced its present form and office; let us now look back to its earlier history. Shall we alarm our readers if we refer to the traditions of Ireland, going back far, very far, beyond the period of accredited facts, into the darkness, or, as the Irish would say, the brightness of the earliest ages after the deluge? Hollinshed, following these legends, says, that Gathelus, the son of Cecrops, brought the Liagh Fail to Egypt, thence to Spain, where he "sat upon his marble stone in Brigantia," now Compostella. He then passed over to Ireland, bringing the stone with him. Another tradition is, that it was brought by giants from Africa, which touches thus nearly upon modern fact. Some years since, a piece of stone from Stonehenge, highly polished, was shown to an eminent geologist, and he was asked whence he imagined it came: he replied that it looked like African stone, but that, if it were British, it came from Anglesey: the bit of stone was presented to the Geological Society. Other traditions attribute the arrival of our stone to the sea-kings, or to the Phœnicians, who had settlements in the southern part of Ireland: each of these tales becomes probable when we remember that many colonies settled in that country, distinct in their characters, approaching to each other in their religious observances, and almost identical in language. We do not except the African giants in this, as we know that the northern coast of that continent was inhabited by a race proceeding from a very different stock to the Egyptians; and that the habits and customs of the Berbers show them to be of Celtic origin, nearly related to our Cornishmen. Might not the band who recorded on the pillar at Tangier, "We flee from Joshua the robber," have been those African giants, who, driven out of Palestine, fled to their brethren, the "people great, and many, and tall," of the Scriptures! If, pressing westward, as population has always done, these outcasts reached the Sacred Isle of the West, their previous customs would lead them to erect a stone as a memorial of their deliverance. Thus do we read this apparently absurd legend.

As to Hollinshed's derivation of the Liagh Fail, we are scarcely intimate enough with the family of Cecrops to decide upon its truth, but we have evidence that Spain and Ireland had some connexion in early times; we see the foot-steps of the Druids among the recesses of the mountains of Estremadura,—this word carries us very far eastward,—and we find an important remnant of Celtic population in the Basque provinces.

Mr. Moore, quoting the Book of Hoath, says, that the Stone of Destiny was brought to Ireland by the "Tuath-de-Danaans, a colony of people famed for necromancy, which they had learned in Greece." This name is suggestive, and we should rather say that they taught necromancy to the Greeks, as that people had

not yet perfected the arts which they borrowed from Egypt; and on other grounds we must hesitate as to the probability of truth in Mr. Moore's quotation. Buchanan says, that Simon Brech, a Scythian, brought the stone to Ireland, "amongst other princelike jewels and regall monuments;" and that he was crowned upon it, 700 B. C. In all these tales, one thing is certain, that all traditions, however differing from each other in minor points, agree in mentioning the Liagh Fail as a foreign importation; and this is a matter of some importance. Upon the whole, we imagine that it might be either an altar-stone or sacred pillar belonging to one of the many Druidical temples, whose remains are still visible in Ireland; and, consequently, cotemporary with the first influx of Celts, or whatever else we may call them, who left their common home after the Deluge, spreading over the world in compliance with the divine injunction to replenish the earth. Writers upon this subject have divided the bulk of mankind into three grand streams; one proceeding southwards towards Hindostan, where we trace them by their cromlechs, pallas, and rock-worship, and still more by their astronomical terms; another stream proceeding westward to Phœnicia, where we again, independently of the sacred writings, trace the use of stone memorials; and a third stream to the north-west, from which proceeded the Goths, Scandinavians, Huns, and all the barbarous tribes which anciently troubled Europe.

Man is sadly prone to make to himself visible objects of adoration; and the most obvious substances for this purpose were rocks and stones, which were, from the very earliest period, used as memorials both in religious and civil matters: hence they came to be regarded with religious reverence, and gradually to be worshipped. Perhaps, also, the sacred character of rocks and stones arose from their apparent immutability, which rendered them fit objects for the reliance of man. Trees may change or be destroyed, but a rock remains the same through many generations; and the mind which caught but few and confused glimpses of a future world, was but too much inclined to worship the unchiselled block, or the rude cairn which covered the object of its affection; that affection was felt to be eternal, not to be changed by death or time,—how then could it be more fitly commemorated than by the indestructible pillars of the earth? The Liagh Fail may have fulfilled a two-fold purpose; it may have been an altar of adoration, as well as a place of inauguration for the monarch, who, in those early times, was both priest and king.

"In ancient times, when from the west

The star of science sent its ray

To illuminate Erin's sacred isle,

And change her darkness into day,—

Then from the stone the priest-king taught

The assembled multitudes to bow

Before that glorious orb, from whom

The blessings of existence flow.

But yet no idol was there framed,

No knee was bent to wood or stone;

They worshipped, by his glorious type,

The One Invisible, alone.

Soon darkness clouds the scene, a barbarous band

Expel the sons of peace, and subjugate the land;

Beneath the Scythian yoke what monsters rise

To claim the sacred rites of deities!"

The Scythian tribe here mentioned conquered the earlier inhabitants of Ireland, drove some of them into Scotland—hence the name of that country—but retained a part of the priests as the teachers of youth; many sought their brethren the Culdees of Iona, and how far northward they voyaged, the stones of Stennis witness to us. The Tuath-de-Danaans had worshipped the sun and planets, the earliest and purest form of idolatry, the religion of Nimrod and Zoroaster; the Scythians or Scots professed Druidism in its corrupted shape, with its attendant jugglery and cruel sacrifices; and, from this time, Ireland seems to have been retained

under the same debasing yoke. The island became the stronghold of the Druidical religion, and most wonderful are the existing remains of it; indeed it appears to be one of the characteristics of Druidism, that its remembrance shall never be lost to the world. The Parthenon is a ruin,—the Cromlech remains entire. We may imagine, that, under the Scythians, inauguration at the sacred stone was still necessary to render valid the election of the monarch; in all cases of conquest it is the policy of the victor to respect the religious prejudices of the conquered; and mistakes are frequent, in which the customs of the vanquished have, in a short time, become those of the victors. The ceremony of inauguration at the Liagh Fail is by some writers referred to the Scythic colony, which is called the Milesian, from Milesius, king of Spain, whose two sons, Heber and Heremon, (names equally suspicious with our Hengist and Horsa,) were the conductors of the expedition. Heremon became the founder of a long line of monarchs, who have been enthusiastically chanted by the bards, but are dimly shadowed out in history.

Although coming directly from Spain, the bards described this colony, and rightly, as sprung from Phœnician ancestors; they led them into Egypt and Spain, and finally to Ireland, 1300 B. C. In naming Egypt they probably confounded the Scythians with the Tuath-de-Danaans. There is reason to think that Ireland was peopled very soon after the deluge; the number of letters in the alphabet, and the sacred or Agham character, show this probability; the latter so much resembling the Persopolitan inscriptions as to suggest a translation by means of the Irish language, which, with the fact that the shamrock was anciently held sacred to the decoration of altars in Persia, its only natural home, may lead to the supposition that the Irish derived their learning, and perhaps their parentage, from Persia rather than Phœnicia. After Heber and Heremon a thick mist hangs over Ireland; the Simon Brech whom we have mentioned might be one of their descendants, but we find few lights amid the gloom. One of these is the "Royal sage Ollamh Fodhla," who instituted a school of general instruction at Tara; and another is "Con of the hundred fights," celebrated by Ossian. From the family of this hero was descended that race of chieftains, the Dalriads, a demi-tribe of Ulster, who supplied Albany, the modern Scotland, with her first Scottish rulers; Carbre Riada, the grandson of Con of the hundred fights, being the chief who, about the middle of the third century, established that Irish settlement in Argyleshire, which, taking the name of its princely founder, grew up in the course of time to the kingdom of Dalriada, and finally became the kingdom of all Scotland. From the decline of Druidism we hear no more of our Stone of Destiny till the time of Carbre Riada, who is said to have carried it with him to Scotland, and this is countenanced by the fact that a "stone of great import and notoriety" was kept in Dunstaffnage Castle, Argyleshire, where it was much venerated by the people, as late as the ninth century. Buchanan, however, attributes the removal from Ireland to Fergus the son of Erek, who, aided by the Nial family, headed a strong reinforcement to the Dalriadic colony, extending the limits of the former settlement, and giving it sufficient stability to throw off its dependence upon Ireland. From Fergus was descended Kenneth M'Alpin, king of the Scots, whom, according to the well known lines of Cowper, we must designate a hero; his slaughter of the Picts being most unmerciful, amounting almost to extirpation. Some old Scotch verses may be thus translated:—

"When Alpin this king was dead,
He left a son, was named Kyned;
Doughty man he was, and stout,
All the Picts he put out,
Great battles then did he,
To put in freedom his country."

These lines are more true than poetical; henceforth the Scots ruled the hitherto divided kingdom, and Kenneth removed the Liagh Fail from Dunstaffnage Castle, the regal abode of the Scots, transferring the seat of royalty and the sacred stone to Scone, and causing the latter to be enclosed in a chair of wood. After a reign not only of military activity but of civil usefulness, Kenneth died at Fortriot, and was buried at Iona. Holinshed's expression is that Kenneth placed the stone at "Scone, upon a raised plot of ground there, because that the last battle which he had with the Picts was fought near unto the same place." This seems to infer that the stone was placed in the open air. Is this a remnant of the ancient custom of administering justice under the canopy of heaven alone, of which we read in the Bible, and find traces in the graduated mounts of the Druidical hierarchy?

All the Scottish kings till Robert Bruce were crowned at Scone, and Edward I. caused the removal of the stone in 1286. By the treaty of Northampton, 1328, it was agreed that the Liagh Fail should be returned to Scotland, and for this end writs were issued by Edward III., which, however, were never executed.

Such is the romantic tale of our coronation stone. The chair in which it is fixed is very ancient, but it is covered with rich draperies at a coronation, and the antique carving is not seen. What will be said if we declare all this history to be a fiction, authorized by the credulity of ages, and now unveiled by the scientific inquiries of an Irish antiquarian? Suppose Kenneth M'Alpin merely picked up a stone of memorial in Argyleshire, which our Edward eagerly removed to London, and offered at the shrine of the Confessor, either under the supposition that it was the true one, or, not caring much about that, hoping by its means to work upon the credulity of the Scots? Suppose the real Liagh Fail of the Tuath-de-dananns was of a different form to our coronation stone, and that it were still in Ireland?

This has been alleged as a fact by Mr. Petrie, in an elaborate essay on the antiquities at Tara, read before the Irish Academy a few years since. This able antiquary quotes a tract written in the twelfth century, being a description of Tara, evidently by a person who had seen and examined the remains which he describes. In this tract the Stone of Destiny is mentioned as an "obelical pillar stone" then at Tara. It is said now to be standing as a memorial of the interment of a large number of the insurgents who fell there in 1798.

"To what vile uses may we come at last."

The royal Tara is now an assemblage of irregular hillocks, and the sacred stone of kingly inauguration marks the grave of rebels! This pillar is of granular limestone, about four feet in circumference, standing six feet above the ground, and sunk as much beneath it. It certainly appears more probable that the Liagh Fail was an obelical stone than a mere mis-shapen lump like that exhibited in Westminster Abbey to admiring strangers, unless indeed its exertions and sufferings in the cause of royal legitimacy have worn it to its present form. But whether we allow its Irish extraction or not, our coronation stone is an interesting object on account of the part it has taken in so many ceremonials; and, when we think that all the Scottish monarchs, till Robert Bruce, swore to maintain the rights of their people by touching this stone, and when we remember the brave king who brought it to England, we may be excused if we give way to our romantic feelings, and forget for a brief time the less honourable memorial of the hill of Tara.

Of this hill we could say much; it has been a subject of investigation to the learned and exploring, but it is still shrouded in uncertainty. We venture to suspect that any attempt to connect it with the Round Towers will fail, and we are much disposed to agree with Mr. Petrie's observations respecting it, though we by no

means agree with him as to the comparatively modern origin of the Round Towers.

"Men are we, and must grieve when ev'n the shade
Of that which once was great hath passed away."

F.C.B.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.

CHAPTER X.

FACING THE ENEMY.

"Is your master—is Mr. Vernon at home?" inquired I of the grim-visaged old servant, who looked, if possible, taller and more wooden than when I had last seen him.

"Well, I suppose not, Sir!" was the somewhat odd reply.

"You suppose!" repeated I; "if you have any doubt, had you not better go and see?"

"That won't be of no manner of use, Sir," was the rejoinder; "I should not be none the wiser."

It was clear that the old man was a complete original; but his affection for Clara was a virtue which in my eyes would have atoned for any amount of eccentricity; and, as I was anxious to stand well in his good graces, I determined to fall in with his humour; accordingly I replied with a smile, "How do you make out that—did you never hear that seeing is believing?"

"Not always, Sir," he answered, "for if I'd a trusted to my eyesight—and it ain't so bad neither for a man that's no great way off sixty—I should have fancied Muster Wernon was a sitting in the library; but he told me he was not at home, hisself, and he ought to know best."

"Tell him I won't detain him long," returned I, "but that I am come on business of importance."

"Tain't of no manner of use, young gentleman," was the reply; "he told me he wasn't at home, and he said it uncommon cross too, as if he meant it, and if I was to go to him twenty times he'd only say the same thing."

"What's your name, my good friend?" inquired I.

"Peter Barnett, at your service, Sir," was the answer.

"Well, then, Peter, we must contrive to understand one another a little better. You have known your young mistress from a child, and have a sincere regard for her—is it not so?"

"What, Miss Clara, God bless her!—why I love her as if she was my own flesh and blood; I should be a brute if I didn't, poor lamb."

"Well, then, when I tell you that her happiness is very nearly connected with the object of my visit—when I say, that it is to prevent her from being obliged to do something of which she has the greatest abhorrence, that I am anxious to meet Mr. Vernon—I am sure you will contrive that I shall see him."

As I concluded, the old man, muttering to himself, "That's it, is it?" began to examine me from top to toe with a critical glance, as if I had been some animal he was about to purchase; and when he reached my face, gazed at me long and fixedly, as though striving to read my character. Apparently the result of his scrutiny was favourable, for after again saying in a low tone, "Well, I likes the looks of him," he added, "This way, young gentleman—you shall see him if that's what you want—it ain't a hanging matter, after all." As he spoke, he threw open the door of the library, saying, "Gentleman says his business is werry partickler, so I thought you'd better see him yourself."

Mr. Vernon, who was seated at a table writing, rose on my entrance, bowed stiffly to me, and, casting a withering glance on Peter Barnett, signed to him to shut the door. As soon as that worthy had obeyed the command, he resumed his seat, and, addressing me with

the same frigid politeness which he had shown on the occasion of my first visit to him, said, "I am somewhat occupied this morning, and must therefore be excused for inquiring at once what very particular business Mr. Fairleigh can have with me."

His tone and manner as he spoke were such as to render me fully aware of the pleasant nature of the task before me; namely, to make the most disagreeable communication possible, to the most disagreeable person to whom such a communication could be made. Still, I was regularly in for it; there was nothing left for me but to "go ahead;" and, as I thought of Clara and her sorrows, the task seemed to lose half its difficulty. However, it was not without some hesitation that I began:

"When you learn the object of my visit, Sir," you will perceive that I have not intruded upon you without reason." I paused; but, finding he remained silent, added—"As you are so much occupied this morning, I had better perhaps enter at once upon the business which has brought me here. You are probably aware that I have had the pleasure of spending the last few days in the same house with Miss Saville." As I mentioned Clara's name, his brow grew dark as night; but he still continued silent, and I proceeded. "It is, I should conceive, impossible for any one to enjoy the privilege of that young lady's society, without experiencing the warmest feelings of admiration and interest. Towards the termination of her visit, accident led me to the knowledge of her acquaintance with Mr. Cumberland, who I then, for the first time, learned, was your nephew. I would not willingly say anything which might distress or annoy you, Mr. Vernon," continued I, interrupting myself, "but I fear that, in order to make myself intelligible, I must advert to an affair which I would willingly have forgotten."

"Go on, Sir," was the reply, in a cold sarcastic tone of voice, "pray finish your account without reference to my feelings: I am not likely to alarm your sensibility by any affecting display of them."

As the most sceptical could not have doubted for a moment the truth of this assertion, I resumed: "From my previous knowledge of Mr. Cumberland's character, I could not but consider him an unfit acquaintance for a young lady, and, on hinting this, and endeavouring to ascertain the extent of Miss Saville's intimacy with him, I was equally shocked and surprised to learn that she was actually engaged to him, and that you not only sanctioned the engagement, but were even desirous that the match should take place. Feeling sure that this could only proceed from your being ignorant of the character of the class of persons with whom your nephew associates, and the more than questionable reputation he has thereby acquired, I considered it my duty to afford you such information, as may enable you to ascertain for yourself, the truth of the reports which have reached my ear."

"Exceedingly conscientious and praiseworthy: I ought to feel infinitely indebted to you, young gentleman," interrupted Mr. Vernon, sarcastically; "of course you made the young lady acquainted with your disinterested and meritorious intentions?"

"I certainly thought it right to inform Miss Saville of the facts I have mentioned, and to obtain her permission ere I ventured to interfere in her behalf."

As I spoke, the gloom on Mr. Vernon's brow grew darker, and I expected an out-burst of rage, but his self-control was stronger than I had imagined, for it was in the same cold, ironical manner, that he replied, "And may I ask, supposing this iniquitous engagement to have been broken off by your exertions, is Virtue to be its own reward? will you sit down content with having done your duty? or have you not some snug little scheme *en petto*, to console the disconsolate damsel for her loss? If I am not mistaken, you were professing warm feelings of admiration for my ward a few minutes since."

"Had you waited till I had finished speaking, you

would have perceived, Sir, that your taunt was undeserved. I have no wish to conceal anything from you—on the contrary, one of my chief objects in seeking this interview, was to inform you of the deep and sincere affection I entertain for Miss Saville, and of my intention of coming forward to seek her hand, as soon as my professional prospects should enable me to support a wife."

"And have you succeeded in inducing the lady to promise, that, in the event of my allowing her to break off her present engagement, she will wait for the somewhat remote and visionary contingency you have hinted at?"

"I have never made the attempt, Sir," replied I, drawing myself up proudly, for I began to think that I was carrying forbearance too far, in submitting thus tamely to his repeated insults, "my only desire is to convince you of the necessity of breaking off this preposterous engagement, which is alike unsuitable in itself, and distasteful to Miss Saville; for the rest I must trust to time, and to the unshaken constancy of my own affection, for the accomplishment of my hopes, as, had I the power to fetter your ward by a promise which she might afterwards be led to repent, nothing should induce me to make use of it."

"Really your moderation is quite unparalleled," exclaimed Mr. Vernon; "such generosity now might be almost calculated to induce a romantic girl to persuade her guardian to allow her to marry at once, and devote her fortune to the purpose of defraying the household expenses, till such time as the professional expectations you mention should be realized; and Clara Saville is just the girl who might do it, for I am afraid I must distress your magnanimity by informing you of a circumstance, of which, of course, you have not the slightest idea at present, namely, that if Miss Saville should marry with her guardian's consent, she will become the possessor of a very considerable fortune:—what think you of such a plan?"

"Mr. Vernon," replied I, "I was aware that the communication I had to make to you was calculated to pain and annoy you, and that circumstances obliged me to urge my suit at a moment most disadvantageous to its success; I did not therefore imagine that our interview was likely to be a very agreeable one; but I own I did expect to have credit given me for honourable motives, and to be treated with the consideration due from one gentleman to another."

"It grieves me to have disappointed such moderate and reasonable expectations," was the reply; "but, unfortunately, I have acquired a habit of judging men rather by their actions than their words, and forming my opinion accordingly, and by the opinion thus formed, I regulate my conduct towards them."

"May I inquire what opinion you can possibly have formed of me, which would justify your treating me otherwise than as a gentleman?" asked I, as calmly as I was able, for I was most anxious not to allow him to perceive the degree to which his taunts irritated me."

"Certainly; only remember, if it is not exactly what you approve, that I mention it in compliance with your own express request—but first, for I am unwilling to do you injustice, let me be sure that I understand clearly:—you state that you are unable to marry till you shall have realized by your profession an income sufficient to support a wife; therefore, I presume, that your patrimony is somewhat limited."

"You are right, Sir; my poor father was too liberal a man to die rich; my present income is somewhat less than £100 per annum."

"And your profession?"

"It is my intention to begin reading for the bar almost immediately."

"A profession usually more honourable than lucrative for the first ten years or so? Well, young gentleman, the case seems to stand very much as I imagined, nor do I perceive any reason for altering my opinion of your conduct. Chance throws in your

way a young lady, possessing great beauty, who is prospective heiress to a very valuable property, and it naturally enough occurs to you, that making love is likely to be more agreeable, and in the present instance more profitable also, than reading law; accordingly you commence operations, and for some time all goes on swimmingly, Miss Saville, like any other girl in her situation, having no objection to vary the monotony of a long engagement, by a little innocent flirtation; these kind of affairs, however, seldom run smoothly long together, and at some moment when you were rather more pressing than usual, the young lady thinks it advisable to inform you, that in accordance with her father's dying wish, and of her own free will, she has engaged herself to the nephew of her guardian, who strangely enough happens to be an old schoolfellow of yours, against whom you have always nourished a strong and unaccountable feeling of dislike. Here then was a famous opportunity to display those talents for plotting and manoeuvring which distinguished Mr. Fairloagh even in his boyish days; accordingly a master-scheme is invented, whereby the guardian shall be cajoled and brow-beaten into giving his consent, enmity satisfied by the rival's discomfiture and overthrow, and talent rewarded by obtaining possession of the young lady and her fortune. As a first step you take advantage of a lover's quarrel, to persuade Miss Saville that she is averse to the projected alliance, and trump up an old tale of some boyish scrape, to induce her to believe Cumberland unworthy of her preference, ending doubtless by modestly proposing yourself as a substitute. Inexperience and the natural capriciousness of woman stand your friend; the young lady is gained over, and, flushed with success, the bold step of this morning is resolved upon. Such, Sir, is my opinion of your conduct. It only remains for me to inform you that I have not the slightest intention of breaking off the engagement in consequence of your disinterested representations, nor, under any circumstances, would I allow my ward to throw herself away upon a needy fortune-hunter. There can be nothing more to say, I think; and as I have some important papers to look over this morning, I dare say you will excuse my ringing the bell."

"One moment, Sir," replied I, warmly, "although your age prevents my taking notice of the unprovoked insults you have seen fit to heap upon me—"

"Really," interposed Mr. Vernon, in a deprecating tone, "you must pardon me; I have not time for all that sort of thing to-day."

"You SHALL hear me!" exclaimed I, passionately; "I have listened in silence to accusations calculated to make the blood of any man, worthy to be so called, boil in his veins,—accusations which, at the very moment you utter them, you know to be entirely false: you know well Miss Saville's just and deeply-rooted aversion to this match, and you know that it existed before she and I had ever met; you know the creditable nature of what you term the 'boyish scrape,' in which your nephew was engaged,—a scrape which, but for the generous forbearance of others, might have ended in his transportation as a convicted felon; and this knowledge (even if you are ignorant of the dishonourable and vicious course of life he now leads) should be enough to prevent your sanctioning such a marriage. I pass over your insinuations respecting myself in silence: should I again prefer my suit for Miss Saville's hand to you, it will be as no needy fortune-hunter that I shall do so; but once more let me implore you to pause—re-consider the matter—Inquire for yourself into your nephew's pursuits—ascertain the character of his associates, and then judge whether he is a fit person to be entrusted with the happiness of such a being as Clara Saville."

"Vastly well, Sir! exceedingly dramatic, indeed!" observed Mr. Vernon, with a sneer; "you really have quite a talent for—gentle comedy, I think, they call it; you would be perfect in the line of character termed

the 'walking gentleman'—have you ever thought of the stage?"

"I perceive," replied I, "that by remaining here, I shall only subject myself to additional insult: determined to carry out your own bad purpose, you obstinately close your ears to the voice alike of reason and of conscience; and now," I added, in a stern tone, "hear my resolve: I have promised Miss Saville to save her from Richard Cumberland; as the fairest and most honourable way of doing so, I applied to you, her lawful guardian and protector; I have failed, and you have insulted and defied me. I now tell you, that I will leave NO means untried to defeat your nefarious project, and, if evil or disgrace should befall you or yours in consequence, upon your own head be it; you may smile at my words, and disregard them as idle threats, which I am powerless to fulfil, but remember, you have no longer a helpless girl to deal with, but a determined man, who, with right and justice on his side, may yet thwart your cunningly-devised schemes:—and now, having given you fair warning, I will leave you."

"Allow me to mention one fact, young sir," returned Mr. Vernon, "which demands your serious attention, as it may prevent you from committing a fatal error, and save you all further trouble. Should Clara Saville marry without my consent, she does so penniless, and the fortune devolves upon the next heir; ha!" he exclaimed, as I was unable to repress an exclamation of pleasure, "have I touched you there?"

"You have, indeed, Sir," was my reply; "for you have removed the only scruple which stood in my way. No one can now accuse me of interested motives; 'needy fortune-hunters' do not seek to ally themselves to portionless damsels; allow me to offer you my best thanks for your information, and to wish you good morning, Sir."

So saying, I rose, and quitted the room, leaving Mr. Vernon, in a state of ill-suppressed rage, to the enjoyment of his own reflections.

On entering the hall, I found old Peter Barnett awaiting me. As I appeared, his stiff features lighted up with a most sugacious grin of intelligence, and, approaching me, he whispered,

"Did ye give it him strong?" (indicating the person he referred to, by an expressive jerk of his thumb towards the library door.) "I heard ye blowing of him up,—but did ye give it him reg'lar strong?"

"I certainly told Mr. Vernon my opinion with tolerable plainness," replied I, smiling at the intense delight which was visible in every line of the strange old face beside me.

"No! Did ye?—did ye? That was right," was the rejoinder. "Lor! how I wish I'd been there to see; but I heard ye, though—I heard ye giving it to him," and again he relapsed into a paroxysm of delight.

"Peter," said I, "I want to have a little private conversation with you,—how is that to be managed?—is there any place near where you could meet me?"

"You come here from Hillingford, didn't ye sir?"

I nodded assent—he continued,

"Did you notice a hand-post which stands where four roads meet, about a mile and a half from here?"

"I saw it," returned I, "and even tried to read what was painted on it, but of course, after the manner of all country direction posts, it was totally illegible."

"Well, when you get there, take the road to the left, and ride on till ye see an ale-house on the right hand side, and stay there till I come to ye."

"I will," replied I; "but don't keep me waiting longer than you can help—there's a good man."

An understanding grin was his only answer; and, mounting my unpleasant horse, (who seemed much more willing to proceed quietly, when his head was turned in a homeward direction,) I rode slowly through the park, my state of mind affording a practical illustration that Quintus Horatius Flaccus was about right

in his conjecture, that care sometimes indulged herself with a little equestrian exercise on a pillion.¹

A LAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.²

THE words "A voyage round the world," have certainly lost much of their former power to charm the ear, or persuade the reader, careful of his pounds and shillings, into a purchase of two portly octavos, habited in their truly respectable coats of publishers' embossed purple. So many tourists have scaled the Andes, and breakfasted on some peak of the Himalayas, that the bewildered reader is often at a loss whether he should buy the last Voyage to the Antipodes, just published, or wait for the next pleasant excursion to the Chinese sea, advertised as "in the press." Notwithstanding the abundance of such books, and the frequency of travels through each of the three hundred and sixty degrees of longitude, a voyage round the world must still claim the attention of all who believe in the existence of a real world of men and women beyond the boundaries of their own quarter of the globe. Such books are to the quiet residents in our English homes, what the telescope is to the astronomer—the means of bringing remote empires within our view, so that we hear the merry song of the Kamackathlial, enjoy a pleasant chat with the Cossacks on the banks of the Don, and peep into the Red Indian's wigwam on some wide Savannah of the far West. Such knowledge is but "book-learning" it may be said, and can impart but little available information of the regions described;—true, perhaps, if by available you mean the acquisition of opinions necessary for forming a settlement of Irish cotters on the Volga, or for the organization of a railway company to unite lake Baikal with the Caspian sea. But, for the rectification of our petty prejudices, which so often hang over us like thick fogs, and for the enlarging of our sympathies, so that we may appreciate the qualities of other people, these narratives are most useful. The merchant, the lawyer, the statesman, and the divine, may gain from such sources the means of correcting the conclusions drawn from our own limited observations, or too partial studies. A "land journey round the world" is peculiarly adapted to produce such results; as it brings us into contact with a greater variety of races, manners, and institutions than a circumnavigation of the earth can do. In the former case the traveller must keep up a daily intercourse with many people and tribes, in order to procure food for himself and his horses, and this inevitably forces upon his attention a thousand circumstances connected with national habits, language, religion, and government, which the sailor, who traverses a wide ocean, cannot observe. Amongst such voyages, that recently made by Sir George Simpson through the northern regions of America, Asia, and Europe, possesses a high degree of interest for all Englishmen. It was undertaken by the governor of one of our most famous commercial incorporations, the Hudson's Bay Company, and develops the resources of those vast regions belonging to England and Russia, which girdle the globe to the north. The two volumes, therefore, carry us from Liverpool across the Atlantic, through the whole breadth of the American continent, across Behring's Straits, and into the heart of Siberia, leading us through ancient Tartar cities, and the strange swarms dwelling on the wild Asiatic steppes,

whilst the grand panorama is terminated by "Moscow the Holy," and "Petersburg the magnificent." To the first volume is prefixed a map, through the centre of which runs a red line marking out the author's route, and thus fixing the eye of each reader on the very track; whether in forest steppe or mountain, along which Sir George Simpson found the valuable materials of his book. On one side this line branches off from Liverpool to Boston, and on the other it returns through the Baltic to London; thus completing the great circle of adventures which few are permitted to tread.

The governor sailed from Liverpool in the *Caledonia*, a steam-ship of 1,300 tons laden, and 450 horse power, on the 4th of March, 1841, being accompanied by a secretary, and four or five agents of the company.

Although our traveller was compelled to make part of his journey on the sea, we need not describe the incidents of the voyage between Liverpool and Boston. The *Caledonia* was caught, and well buffeted by the very tempest in which the President is supposed to have foundered; and with this bit of information, unvarnished by the slightest attempt to paint mountain waves, the labours of the ship, or the fierce battle of the clouds, we must take the liberty of passing Newfoundland, and its fish, and turning our shoulder upon Halifax, in order to land the reader at once in the streets of Boston, which was entered on the morning of March 20th. Though the people of this town did once throw good tea into the bay for the service of the finny tribes, instead of first gently brewing it in their tea-pots, and fighting afterwards; yet our traveller likes the place well, for it reminded him most strongly of England. He says, "Even before landing, the gently undulating shores of the bay, highly cultivated, and partially covered with snow, had recalled to my memory the white cliffs and green hills of England; and within the town, the oldest and finest in the Union, both the buildings and the inhabitants had a peculiarly English air about them. Moreover, in many respects that do not strike the eye, Boston resembles her fatherland. She is the centre and soul of those religious establishments which have placed the United States next to Great Britain in the divine task of shedding on the nations the light of the gospel."

From Boston he passed to Montreal, which the party reached by crossing the ice of the St. Lawrence, yet fettered by its winter chain. The sight of this metropolis, and the remembrance of its former subjection to France, set Sir George Simpson on a course of reflection upon the differences between the French and English races. "On this flourishing emporium I shall offer only this single remark, that it contrasts, as it in a nutshell, the characteristic qualities of the two races that inhabit it. The French were the original possessors of the city, while the English at first found themselves to be houseless strangers in a strange land. But the latter have found their way by inches from the water's edge, into nearly all that constituted Montreal in the days of Wolfe and Amherst; and the former have been driven from their ancient seats into the newer sections of the city, being gradually jostled out, even there, from every thing like a thoroughfare of commerce."

We shall not detain the reader by entering upon the subject thus suggested; but take for granted that in all matters relating to commerce and colonization, the English race excels the French (the Frenchman will, of course, forgive us). Sir George now prepared for the voyage up that system of lake and river navigation which connects the Atlantic with the regions at the base of the rocky mountains. "By nine o'clock our two canoes were floating in front of the house, on the Lachine canal, constructed to avoid the famous rapids of St. Louis. The crews—thirteen men to the one vessel, and fourteen to the other—consisted partly of Canadians, but principally of Iroquois from the opposite village of Iroquois, the whole being under the

(1) "Post equitem sedet extra Currus."

(2) Narrative of a Journey round the world during the years 1841 and 1842, by Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-chief of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories in North America.

charge of my old and faithful follower, Morin. To do credit to the concern in the eyes of the strangers, the voyageurs had been kept as sober as voyageurs could be kept on such an occasion; and each one had been supplied with a feather for his cap. This was all very fine, but the poor fellows were sadly disappointed that a north-wester which was blowing prevented the hoisting of our flags.

"The canoes, those tiny vehicles of an amphibious navigation, are constructed in the following manner:—The outside is formed of the thick and tough bark of the birch; the sheets being sewed together with the root of the pine-tree, split into threads, and the seams gummed to make them air-tight. The gunwales are of pine or cedar, of about three inches square; and in their lower edges are inserted the ribs, made of thin pieces of wood, bent to a semicircle. Between the ribs and the bark is a coating of lathing, which, besides warding off internal injury from the canoe, serves to impart a firmness to the vessel. These canoes are generally about thirty-five feet from stem to stern, and are five feet wide in the centre, gradually tapering to a point at each end, where they are raised about a foot. When loaded, they draw scarcely eighteen inches of water; and they weigh between three hundred and four hundred pounds."

On one of the silent lakes through which the journey lay, the advance of modern science was marked by a steam-boat, gliding over waters where but a few years since the canoe of the Indian only rode. Thus is civilisation pushing her way into the red man's former home, and beckoning the hardy white emigrant to build his log-house on the site of the banished wigwam.

The timber-cutters, called *lumberers*, are, in their rough way, also preparing a road by which the energies of the Saxon race may force their influence into the hearts of these wilds. The life of a traveller in those regions has not much of "pleasuring" in it, as the reader will readily admit when he reads the following brief description of the mode of encamping:—

"We selected, about sunset, some dry and tolerably clear spot; and, immediately on landing, the sound of the axe would be ringing through the woods, as the men were felling whole trees for our fires, and preparing, if necessary, a space for our tents. In less than ten minutes our three lodges would be pitched, each with such a blaze in front as virtually imparted a new sense of enjoyment to all the young campaigners, while through the crackling flames were to be seen the requisite number of pots and kettles for our supper. Our beds were next laid, consisting of an oil-cloth spread on the bare earth, with three blankets and a pillow, and, when occasion demanded, with cloaks and greatcoats at discretion; and, whether the wind howled or the rain poured, our pavilions of canvass formed a safe barrier against the weather. While part of our crews, comprising all the landmen, were doing duty as stokers, and cooks, and architects, and chambermaids, the more experienced voyageurs, after unloading the canoes, had drawn them on the beach with their bottoms upwards, to inspect, and, if needful, to renovate the stitching and the gumming; and as the little vessels were made to incline on one side to windward, each with a roaring fire to leeward, the crews, every man in his own single blanket, managed to set wind and rain and cold at defiance almost as effectually as ourselves."

"Weather permitting, our slumbers would be broken about one in the morning, by the cry of 'Lève, lève, lève!' In five minutes more—was to the inmates that were slow in dressing! the tents were tumbling about our ears, and within half an hour the camp would be raised, the canoes laden, and the paddles keeping time to some merry old song. About eight o'clock, a convenient place would be selected for breakfast, about three quarters of an hour being allotted for the multifarious operations of unpacking and repacking the equipage; and, while all these preliminaries were arranging, the hardier

among us would wash and shave, each person carrying soap and towel in his pocket, and finding a mirror in the same sandy or rocky basin that held the water. About two in the afternoon we usually put ashore for dinner; and, as this meal needed no fire, or at least got none, it was not allowed to occupy more than twenty minutes or half an hour.

"Such was the routine of our journey, the day, generally speaking, being divided into six hours of rest and eighteen of labour. This almost incredible toil the voyageurs bore without a murmur, and generally with such a hilarity of spirit as few other men could sustain for a single forenoon.

"But the quality of the work, even more decidedly than the quantity, requires operatives of iron mould. In smooth water, the paddle is plied with twice the rapidity of the oar, taxing both arms and lungs to the utmost extent; amid shallows, the canoe is literally dragged by the men, wading to their knees or their loins, while each poor fellow, after replacing his drier half in his seat, laughingly shakes the heaviest of the wet from his legs over the gunwale before he again gives them an inside berth." Those, therefore, who wish to see the least trodden regions of the world, and desire an acquaintance with the magnificence of Nature in her wildness, must give up all notions of a drawing-room life.

The intense cold of the winter in these regions may be estimated from the fact that on the 16th of May Sir George Simpson received intelligence that "the ice of Lake Superior was still as firm and solid as in the depth of winter." The season was, nevertheless, so warm at this time, that the party read and wrote in the open air by moonlight, thus proving the vast amount of caloric absorbed by the ice before it reaches the point of liquefaction. The Governor, after passing through Lake Superior, found himself amongst the Indian tribes, listening to their wild superstitions, and attempting to alleviate the destitution and misery of these little understood races. A belief in magic prevails amongst them, and sometimes leads to slaughter. Their private wars are still numerous; and a savage fury often spreads desolation over valleys which would be beautiful were their wild inhabitants far away. We read of a shipwrecked crew belonging to one of the Company's vessels being murdered; of deep plans laid to cut off travelling parties; and we find the Governor himself compelled on one occasion to take decided measures for repelling a murderous attack from a tribe of these savages.

The Indians are not unfrequently threatened by famine, and many must in severe seasons perish in their trackless woods. Whenever a civilized settlement can be reached, thither the wretched people throng to receive from the white man's hands the refuse of his table. The following passage illustrates these periodical calamities, and also the religious notions sometimes found in the elders of a tribe.

"Some three or four years ago, a party of Sautteaux being much pressed by hunger, were anxious to cross from the mainland to one of their fishing stations, an island about twenty miles distant; but it was nearly as dangerous to go as to remain, for the spring had just reached that critical point when there was neither open water, nor trustworthy ice. A council being held to weigh the respective chances of drowning and starving, all the speakers opposed the contemplated move, till an old man of considerable influence thus spoke: 'You know, my friends, that the Great Spirit gave one of our squaws a child yesterday. Now, he cannot have sent it into the world to take it away again directly; and I would, therefore, recommend our carrying the child with us, and keeping close to it, as the assurance of our own safety.' In full reliance on this reasoning, nearly the whole band immediately committed themselves to the treacherous ice; and they all perished miserably, to the number of eight-and-twenty."

Some of the mightiest tribes, as the Sautteaux, for instance, have dwindled to a few thousands, and though dispersed over a wide tract, can scarcely subsist. These lazy people will rather undergo every privation than till their rich lands, and thus their ultimate extinction seems inevitable.

The Hudson's Bay Company have tried to check one element of ruin by stopping the distribution of spirits to the Indians; and thus rescuing the ignorant savages from the fatal consequences ever following the use of such a poison among barbarous tribes. The following account of a meeting between the Governor and some of the Chippewas will give to the English reader a notion of the customs of those distant dependants, if not subjects, of Britain.

"After traversing Lac la Pluie, and five or six miles of the river of the same name, we reached our post between ten and eleven in the evening, being saluted by about a hundred Sautteaux, the warriors of a band of about five hundred souls; and these savages, after accompanying us to the fort with one of their wild songs, presented me with a letter written by one of their own nation, who had been educated in Canada, and was now acting as interpreter for the Wesleyan missionary of the establishment: the document ran thus:—

"Father,—We the undersigned chiefs, and principal men of the Indians, whom you now see encamped around this fort, do hereby present our good wishes on your safe arrival. It is not known to any of us that you ever was so requested by any of the tribes inhabiting this country, as that which we now humbly request, which is, that you will be pleased to hear the words of your children, who are now waiting to address you on things which concern the welfare of themselves and their children.

"And now, Father, we know that you are the governor of this our common country, and we know that your ear is open to the words of all therein.

"We humbly hope that it may be so to uswards.

"Signed on behalf of our people:—

"NAWAQANNYAN,
MATWAYATH,
KECHENGAH-TE-UX,
MASHONOYA,
WA-NA-HIE."

"In accordance with this request, I invited 'my children' to attend me at four in the morning; and instead of pitching our tents among so many needy friends we made our beds within Fort Frances. But while I was napping, the enemy were pelting away at me with their incantations. In the centre of a conjuring tent—a structure of branches and bark, forty feet in length by ten in width,—they kindled a fire; round the blaze stood the chiefs and medicine-men, while as many of the others as could find room were squatted against the walls; then to enlighten and convert me, charms were muttered, rattles were shaken, and offerings committed to the flames. After all these operations were supposed to have done their best, the hitherto silent spectators, at a signal given, started from their hams to their feet, and marched round the magic circle, singing, whooping, and drumming in horrible discord. With occasional intervals, which were spent by the performers in taking the fresh air, this exhibition was repeated during the whole night; so that when the appointed hour arrived the poor creatures were still engaged in their superstitious observances. True to their time, two processions, one from either side of the establishment, met in the open square of the fort, waving their banners and firing their guns. They had all dressed, or rather decorated themselves for the occasion; their costumes being various enough to show that fashion, as it is called, had not yet got so far to the westward. Their glossy locks were plaited all round the head into tails, varying in number according to the

taste of the owner; at the ends of the different tics were suspended such valuable ornaments as trinkets, coins, buttons, and clippings of tin; their heads adorned with feathers of all sorts and sizes; and their necks encircled with rows of beads at discretion, and large collars of brass rod.

"As to clothing, properly so called, every one had leggings and a rag round the loins, while some of the chiefs, with the addition of scarlet coats and plenty of gold lace, had very much the cut of parish beadies.

"The staple commodities, however, appeared to be paint and chalk. The naked bodies of the commoners displayed an inexhaustible variety of combinations of red and white, often surpassing in brilliancy, as well as in tightness of fit, the dashing uniforms of the grandees; and every face, whether noble or ignoble, was smeared entirely out of sight, the prevailing distribution appearing to be, forehead white, nose and cheeks red, mouth and chin black.

"Meanwhile we had been stirring, to the utmost of our ability, not to be outdone in magnificence. Lord Caledon and Lord Mulgrave had donned their regimentals; and we civilians had equipped ourselves like so many mandarins, in our dressing-gowns, which luckily happened to be of rather showy patterns and hues. After much shaking of hands, about sixty of the Indians squeezed themselves into the apartment, while the others, with the women and children, remained outside. When all were seated each chief in turn sent round his calumet among us, in the costliness of which they appeared to emulate each other. All these preliminaries being concluded, the spokesman of the party stepped forward, and first ostentatiously displaying a valuable present of sundry packs of furs, he commenced his harangue in a bold and manly voice, with great fluency and animation. After a tedious prelude, which I was obliged to cut short, about the creation, the flood, &c., the object probably being to show how, and why, and when, the Great Spirit had made one race red and another white, he plunged at once from this transcendental height into the practical vulgarities of rum, complaining that we had stopped their liquor, though we, or at least our predecessors, had promised to furnish it 'as long as the waters flowed down the rapids.' 'Now,' said he, in allusion to our empty casks, 'if I crack a nut will water run from it?' In reply I explained to the Indians that spirits had been withdrawn, not to save expense to us, but to benefit them. I then pointed out the advantages of temperance, promising them a small gift of rum every autumn, not as a luxury, but as a medicine. In thanking them for their present of furs, I told them that, besides receiving a suitable present in return, they would be paid the usual price for each skin. In conclusion, there was another shaking of hands, and then this grand council between the English and Chippewas broke up about six o'clock, to the satisfaction of both nations."

These savages have also the vices of Europeans added to their own, for gaming is carried on amongst some tribes, to an extent which those alone can estimate who know the craving for rude excitement which animates the untutored man.

In one respect most of our romancers have misrepresented the Indians, having painted them as a taciturn people, who preserve an oppressive silence amidst scenes of extremest peril, and rarely descending to such commonplace matters as laughing or chatting. But what is the real state of the case? That no people excel the Indians in loquacity amongst themselves, or when in the society of whites well known to them; neither Neapolitan nor Parisian lounge has more small talk at command than these children of the West, when indulging the luxury of smoking in their rude huts.

The efforts of the Christian missionary, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, among these people, have not, we fear, led to any important results. They may be bought over to perform certain services, or

retained in an exterior profession of Christianity by the hope of gifts, but cases of conversion are most rare.

Probably the right mode of reaching these undisciplined hearts has yet to be adopted on a comprehensive plan. The variety of dialects prevailing amongst the tribes may also retard the progress of civilisation and Christianity, for Sir George Simpson describes the diversities of speech in some parts as countless; and races living in the same district are often unable to communicate with each other. This is another sure result of barbarism, which thus tends to perpetuate itself by isolating its victims from surrounding races.

(To be continued.)

ERAS OF ENGLISH CIVILIZATION.*

7. THE ERA OF COMMERCIAL GREATNESS.

Few things are more startling to the historian than the extraordinary contrasts presented by ages separated from each other by wide periods. At one time, the seas round a country are undisturbed by a single keel, excepting a few miserable boats belonging to the rude fishers of the coast; whilst at another, every bay and strait glistens with the sails of vessels hastening from the most distant shores. Such a contrast is presented to the English historian. Could we place ourselves in a small coracle on the Thames, in the time of Cæsar, or Agricola, what scenes should we behold! The river flowing through a swampy district to the sea; the sullen ripple of its wide, sedgy stream unrelieved by sound of heaving anchor or busy oar; save that, at distant intervals, some canoe darts suddenly across the stream, and is as suddenly lost in the dark underwood of the banks. Not even the Arch Druid himself could have imagined a time when the ships of a hundred nations should brighten that stream; when the name of the ancient river would be uttered by the native of either pole; when princes from the four quarters of the earth should visit on its banks a city containing more people than the whole island once held; when stone should span the flood, and iron's hide upon it. When may the era of English commerce be said to begin? Not until *after* the Reformation; whatever trade existed previously, being too limited to deserve our regard when considering so remarkable an era. Through many ages, from the Saxon times to the reign of Henry VII., we can trace a thin stream of commerce, which, though it afterwards widened into a noble river, was once inferior to that which brought wealth and honour within the Italian cities of the middle ages. But when the Reformation brought England into collision with the powerful states of Europe, a spirit of enterprise took possession of our merchants and navigators, by which trading companies were formed, and hazardous voyages undertaken for the discovery of unknown regions. In such attempts the first gentlemen of the land combined, fitting out ships at their own expense, and hazarding both property and life in the attempt to extend the power of their country. In consequence of such vigorous efforts, the shores of the new world soon beheld the sails of England's ships; the northern ocean was penetrated by brave spirits like Sir Hugh Willoughby and Richard Chancellor, and a commerce opened with the interior of Russia; whilst the basis of our Indian triumphs was laid by the establishment of the Turkey company. The voyages of Davis, Hudson, Baffin, and a host of equally daring men, brought vast regions of America into connexion with England, and opened a channel through which the commerce of the West might pour through the gates of the North.

Though our colonial dependencies arose to importance in times subsequent to the period of Elizabeth, it

is to the impulse then communicated, that we must trace the wealth which has long flowed from these sources. The advantages derived from colonies depend upon the peculiar management acquired through long experience by a commercial people; and it is, therefore, to the strong development of the navigating and trading spirit during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, that we must partly ascribe the present greatness of England. The rise of a commercial era involves that of a *manufacturing* one—and we are now surrounded by the ships, mills, mine-works, and town-like factories produced by the mercantile genius of our people. The final results of such a system are concealed from the view of the wisest statesmen; but we may hope that no *necessary* connexion exists between corruption and commerce, and that our land may long continue to use wisely the power conferred by such an extended trade.

The effects of this era upon the civilization of England is, perhaps, more strongly marked than the results of all the other agencies. Our literature, laws, and manners indicate the existence of the incessant operations of a commercial system, which comprehends the region between the Andes and the Chinese sea within its grasp. Hence the ceaseless activity in all matters bearing on the *visible* and *useful*, the worship of what is called the practical, and the too little sympathy with *high art*, and all subjects partaking of the poetic, found amongst the *majority* of our countrymen.

This tendency to the immediately useful and productive, has doubtless in some cases affected the fame of our philosophers, as it has withheld some from that wide and scientific treatment of a subject on its *fundamental* and general principles, which can alone give completeness to scientific researches, though often visited amongst us with the charges of "theorizing," "fanciful," and so forth. It cannot, however, be denied that this very tendency to the practical, produced by our commercial habits, has kept our statesmen and ruling characters within the useful sphere of action, if it has withheld them from the brilliant one of theory. We have, therefore, made good laws whilst other nations were discussing constitutions, and secured liberty whilst our neighbours have been wrangling about its simplest definitions.

The power of political self-government is, therefore, more perfectly exemplified in this country than in any European state, and the vigour thus gained may be deemed more than an equivalent for the loss of the advantages arising from a less utilitarian mode of surveying all things. We have thus slightly dwelt on the political results which have appeared since the commencement of our commercial era, because we feel assured that all the coming changes of the English social system, and the course of our future civilization, must be intimately dependent upon the commerce of England. The state of our manufacturing population, the progress of constitutional changes, and the nature of our relations with other countries, are all matters of the deepest importance, and the essential elements of our civilization. But does not every man see that *these* are the very matters which will be determined for good or evil by the influence of our commercial system? Hence it is that statistics have recently assumed such an importance in the eyes of our leading politicians, and that minds conversant with the speculations of a high philosophy have devoted their powers to grasp the complicated details of so vast a subject. Let no reader, therefore, suppose that we have ascribed too much to the influence of the commercial era, which is now presenting us with some of the deepest problems ever proposed for solution to the human understanding.

8. THE ERA OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES.

This is too closely related to the subject just mentioned to be omitted, and its vast influence on our civilization compels us to regard for a few moments the

(1) Concluded from p. 245.

(2) Steam-boats.

wondrous results which in these ages have increased the resources of all Englishmen. This era may be said to have began in the reign of Charles II., when the investigations of the Marquis of Worcester on the steam-engine, and the researches of Boyle in chemistry, ushered in a long series of brilliant discoveries, which are probably but the stepping-stones to others equally important. The peculiarity of these sciences is their adaptation to the common wants of all men, and they thus become civilizing agents of vast influence. Whilst acute experiments are confined to the laboratory of the philosopher, they cannot be enumerated amongst the causes which affect the general progress of men; but the moment some fact in physics becomes the property of the nation, whether it be a new machine, a new metal, or a new dye, that instant the discovery begins to influence the national energies. What effects have not the combination of a metal and heated water, of iron and steam, produced in this island within the last twenty years! The arts of war and peace have undergone a total change since Watt first pondered over his engines, and the whole national mind has received a fresh stamp. The laboratory of the chemist has combined with the art of the engineer, to produce new means of increasing physical good; and from these united causes it happens that our merchants are able to sell their goods in the far West of America, and the villages of China. Not a single vegetable, animal, or mineral substance is now left unquestioned by the crowd of experimentors who look upon the regions of air, earth, and water as the sources of yet undiscovered treasures. Thus the atmosphere is now required to become the winged steed by which a new kind of railway is to supersede the acting of steam; electricity is requested to act the part of smelting furnaces in our copper works; while the same agent is also expected to aid the agriculturist, and develop the fulness of his resources. From a common vegetable substance and an acid, a power is drawn by which the artillery of war receives an increase of power; whilst from ether is extracted an anodyne more perfect than ever appeared to the ancient alchemist in his golden visions. Such an unfolding of the resources of physical science is now acting with extraordinary energy on the character of the English people, leading the multitude into new lines of occupation, and giving fresh employment to the capital of the manufacturer. Bright dreams doubtless flashed upon the view of Bacon when he had completed his great work, "Novum Organon," of grand discoveries which should one day startle the nations, and render the mighty powers of nature the servants of the human race. But some of the results just noticed were surely unimagined even by that high priest and prophet of philosophy; and are we not at this hour on the verge of other discoveries which shall conduct us behind that veil where the mysteries of the universe are working? Are we not trembling on the verge of a new region in philosophy, and awaiting in almost breathless silence the long sought responses from the inner shrines of nature? Are not the old established laws of mind themselves mystified and disturbed by the strange facts undoubtedly connected with mesmerism and clairvoyance? To what is all this physical development tending? What keys will it supply to other mysteries? What secret paths to a deeper science will it bring to view? These are the questions forced from men when surrounded by these great phenomena; to answer them may be impossible; but one thing is certain, that every application of new discoveries to useful arts and practical science will be eagerly grasped at by the English mind. Hence must arise a long succession of causes, forcing us more than ever into the region of utilitarianism, and thus affecting the character of our civilization. Not a machine now moves in England, not an experiment is

performed, not a patent taken out, without influencing, in some indirect way, the tone of the national mind. Thus, to all the agencies above mentioned, and to the eras already described, must be added the multiplied agencies of science.

Such are some of the eras through which the British empire has passed, and under the influence of which it now lives. Other periods might be noticed, did space allow, and a more full discussion given to the different sections, were not the limits of this article fixed. This must, therefore, be the writer's apology to those readers who may have desired a more extended illustration of the great causes of English civilization. The eras already mentioned do, however, comprehend the more important agencies under which our liberties have expanded, our national peculiarities moulded, and the faults or excellencies of our social system developed. To speculate upon the possible results, in ages to come, of the civilization to which we have reached, is of course beside our present purpose, which is rather to present a general outline of the past, than to exhibit the probabilities of the future. Each of the agencies mentioned in this article are still working around us; for, though originated in bygone ages, not one of these causes has ceased to act; and thus upon the present period the powers of all preceding epochs are operating with an accumulated force.

To act well in our own age, it is sometimes necessary to survey the past, and thus qualify ourselves to appreciate the principles now in operation, and to detect the tendencies for good or evil in existing institutions.

Such a view of the national progress is, indeed, the duty of every man who desires to act wisely in the emergencies of these times; and if this brief review of the Eras of English civilization should aid the thoughtful reader, and dispose him to further investigation, one great object of the writer and publisher will have been attained.—W. D.

COUNTRY SKETCHES.

No. III.

THE VILLAGE OF HERTINGFORDBURY, AND PANSHANGER.

THERE is no country in the world that can exhibit to the gaze of a traveller more perfect specimens of rustic life than England. The church, the retired grave-yard, the cottages, the little stream, the mill, the squire's hall, the parsonage, the wood, the common, the footpath, fields,—all these are combined, and, as it were, sorted together; each in its most natural and most picturesque position. England abounds in such pictures.

They are very suggestive, and contain a world of meaning, if he who loiters in them will but strive to find it out.

That they are peculiar to this favoured land, will be soon ascertained by those who migrate annually in countless swarms, to admire the beauties of the Rhine, or the Danube. Surely nowhere is there the same amount of heatness, order, of richly timbered and highly cultivated country, as in Britain.

At a distance of about twenty miles from London, and very approachable therefrom by means of the Northern and Eastern Railway, lies a village, every way worthy to be enrolled as one of the pleasantest spots upon earth. It has its attractions, too, for those whose admiration of beauty is not confined exclusively to the works of Nature. At one end of it rises Panshanger, the seat of the Earl Cowper, whose gallery of pictures is famous for the masterpieces it contains.

The village of Hertingfordbury may bring to mind the writings of a lady who is now, alas! no more—Mrs. Grant of Laggan. Many days were passed at the rectory there by that amiable authoress, in the society of her

(1) We allude to the recent discovery of a mode of smelting copper by means of galvanism.

(2) The use of ether in surgical operations.

friends, Dr. and Mrs. Hook. Many of her letters are dated therefrom, and Hertingfordbury is ever mentioned by her with pleasure and delight. The scenery around is all English. The mill with the stream formed by the river Maran, the trim and orderly post-house, the serpentine street, terminating in a little eminence, which is crowned by the church, whose spire may be seen far and wide; all is thoroughly English. It is impossible to be in the village, for however short a time, without conjuring up a hundred scenes of peaceful happiness and blissful enjoyment. The church is not a very pretending structure, but is ample enough for the requirements of the parishioners.

On each side of the door which faces the principal path, are two corbels of grotesque design; both are uninjured by time or weather.

In the interior, there are two altar tombs, one on the right of the altar, to the memory of a lady of the Minne family, the other consisting of whole-length recumbent effigies in marble, to commemorate the existence of one William Harrington, his wife and daughter.

How quaintly the record is kept, may be seen from the following verses, which are inscribed on two tablets over the figures.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to remark, that the spelling, etc., of this strange conceit, are all faithfully copied from the original.

"Table tel of her no Wonder,
Do but shew that she lies under;
'Tis only fit from stone to passe
To name her grave, and say she Was.
Let Poet's Prayes have a roome
Where Virtue hath not built a Tombe;
'The story of her blessed Dyes
Needes no such help her fame to Rayse.
The Husband he shall shew his Wit,
The pattered of her spotless Life;
Which, when their Houre is come to die,
Shall be their Daughter's Legacy.
And they shall likewise leave it theirs;
So shall her fame live many Yeares,
And last so long, till thou shalt be
As very Dust thyself as shee.

"The other having told so Much
Of her, do thou give him a touch:
Say but, here lies, and it is done,
What's left of William Harrington:
The rest of him his friends shall speake;
Or, if they do not, thou mayest breake
Dissolved to water, for if here
Can die, what lasting is in thee?
He, the whole practice of whose Life
Was with the world a virtuous Strife,
And of that strife the double End
Was first his God, and then his Friends.
So that he made himself the one
Of many fit for where he's gone.
Who knoweth this and joys not now
For both's a verier stone than Thou."

The meaning is not very obvious at a first reading, and requires some like antiquated train of thought to connect and arrange its peculiarities into tangible substance. There is a curious tribute to Mr. Henry Cowper, who was for forty years clerk assistant of the House of Lords. It consists of a decorated arch and niche with simple inscription. Adjoining the church, and closing entirely one window, is the Cowper Mausoleum. Entrance is obtained through a railed door. It is very small and dimly lighted, and contains only two monuments. These are both executed in marble; the largest came from Italy in 1764. The principal figure is an Angel pointing to a halo surrounded by cherubims, while on one side a boy with wings is weeping and holding a medallion bust of the Earl William. Very little time need be spent on this piece of sculpture, which is of a very different character to its neighbour. To say that this

latter is by Roubillac, is to prepare the beholder for something worth the pausing. It is a small group, but one of high merit, and will reward an attentive examination of its details. It was erected by Theodora, the second and surviving wife of Spencer Cowper, Esq. justice of the Court of Common Pleas. It represents the judge in his official costume, in the attitude of listening to a cause; on one side stands Truth with a mirror; on the other, Justice, blindfolded, holding a sword and scales. The countenance of the chief figure is very fine: the forefinger raised to the cheek, indicates sufficiently the deliberate weighing of evidence, that seems to be dwelling in the very expressive features. The robes are remarkably easy and flowing. The intricacies of some lace-work are most exquisitely real, and look as fragile as the reality. The monument is placed rather too high, and loses somewhat of its beauty in consequence. The darkness of the place militates much against its general effect. It may be remembered, that it was from this branch of the family that the poet Cowper sprang.

Leaving the church, and a very picturesque carpenter's yard, the way to Panshanger lies completely through the village, passing the water-mill and arriving at a small lodge, and so on up an eminence bordered by a hedge-row full of forest trees, and looking down on the windings of the Maran, and every now and then obtaining glimpses of the spire, embosomed in lofty elms. The park abounds in game; and the pheasants, which appear to be of all hues, are met with at every step; very tame, and enjoying to the utmost their sweet liberty.

The garden nearest the house is called the winter-garden, and is laid out in a fantastic manner. There are beds of various forms; some, in shape, heraldic, each of which contains some coloured substance,—coals, red brick, etc., and is bordered with box, in the usual way. The effect is, probably, more singular than pleasing. The American shrubs, interspersed in borders on the grass beyond with the tazas, vases, etc., are much more tasteful, and suggestive of many sweet summer mornings in my lady's pleasure. The other side of the mansion has its Italian garden, and a dairy abounding in antique china. Beyond this, in a mossy declivity, the giant oak rears its majestic limbs. At first sight not realising the full extent of its dimensions, or its grandeur, but gradually, as the eye gets accustomed to its vastness, to the solidity of its trunk, to the healthy aspect it bears, to its wide-spreading branches—many being fully as large as the main body of an ordinary tree—due appreciation of its renown is sure to follow. Through many a new-world wilderness, or carefully-tended plantation, may man's curiosity lead him; but surely he will never stay to shelter from summer's sun, or autumn shower, beneath a loftier or more noble specimen of the forest tribe. Looking as if it had long ago defied all time, it is still vigorous enough to brave the pitiless storm for an hundred years to come. It would be an improvement if the surrounding brushwood and growing trees were diverted from their increasing proximity. At present they form too dense and close a background, visibly interfering with the light and shade that should fall around, in uninterrupted harmony.

The house is a modern edifice, half Gothic, castellated, with nothing particular in its exterior to call for any eulogium; but within most conveniently and comfortably arranged. Nothing sacrificed to grandeur or show, but all disposed in elegant order, and indicative of a tasteful owner. The Library is rich in the possession of a large painting by Vandyke. Like the large spread canvass at Wilton, it is a family group. The Count John of Nassau, his countess, and children, confront the spectator, as if they were on the eve of addressing him. This picture is in the best preservation. There are the usual suite of rooms, ending in a small boudoir, whose walls are hung with miniatures and portraits of

various members of the noble houses of Cowper and De Grey. A head, by Willeborts, Lord Bacon, by Vansomer and a trio of the Lamb family, from the pencil of the classical Sir Joshua, are especially to be commended. Nor is the poet overlooked, being here portrayed in a pose fraught with melancholy meaning. Hoppner's portrait of the present Viscountess Palmerston is graceful and striking. A head, said to be by Lely, is life-like and real.

The late earl, by Lawrence, is in the artist's usual style. Venice has its painter in Canaletti, whose brush must have been dipped in one of its lagoons, so cool the water, and so stately and sharp the piazzas and columns. A curious musical party, by Zoffany, hangs near, and recalls the days of hoops and ruffles, and "the nice conduct of a clouded cane." To pass from all these, however, and to enter the sanctum of the house, will require small effort. The Picture Gallery is admirably adapted for its uses, is lighted from above, and is conveniently fitted up with all sorts of settees, chairs, luxurious appliances, for the quiet enjoyment of the glorious creations of art adorning the apartment. The principal and the most captivating of the entire collection is the "Holy Family," by Fra Bartolomeo. The wonderful repose which characterizes this production, is only equalled by the high religious sentiment which pervades every part of it. Not the least striking merit is the extreme vividness of the colouring, so charmingly modulated and toned down. The face of the Virgin is full of sweet expression, and is regarding the Child in her lap with a half-consciousness of the Divine sufferings.

The background is appropriate to the subject, and helps, with the able management of the shadows, to give an artistic completion to the whole. This master is almost unknown in this country, and indeed has few evidences of his skill out of Italy. It is to his former profession of monk, that we are indebted doubtless to that absence of all mere worldly excellencies in his pictures where sacred subjects are introduced, producing thereby a solemn devotional effect.

The transition from this beautiful gem to its neighbour, a "Madonna and Child," by Raffaele, is easy. The Virgin is beaming with heavenly grace, and the Child seems rapt in the plenitude of enjoyment. This is one of the finest works of the master in this country. It has been noticed by Waagen in terms of the highest possible eulogium. There is a softness and delicacy about the entire composition, that positively makes an adjoining head of Correggio's look coarse and feeble in comparison. To understand the full meaning of that Italian expression, "the Divine Raffaele," this picture should be seen, studied, and ineffaceably remembered. The latter will be attended with no difficulty to those whose admiration of art leads them to seek its highest beauties at the shrines of its chief priests. Close to this Madonna is the portrait of a "Young Student," by Andrea del Sarto; something very powerful in the expression, a manliness in the bearing, and a total absence of all meretricious ornament, will take the visitor again and again to this picture. On the other side of the central painting, hang two more portraits by the same artist, one of himself; he is in the act of looking up from the perusal of a letter, which has conveyed no pleasant tidings to the reader, if the sorrowful face is to tell its tale. The other portrait is of a lady, who might be taken as a model for Cleopatra. Neither of these are so admirable as the student; the simplicity and refinement there exhibited, certainly excel them.

These five paintings are the focus of attraction for all eyes artistical. Not to confine our attention to these only, words of high praise are demanded for another example of Raffaele's best style. Equally lovely is the face of this Madonna, equally perfect in point of grace, to the one before mentioned.

The attitude of the Child, who is seen caressing his Mother, contrasts excellently with the placid quietude

of the Virgin, who looks as if she combined all of meek motherly gentleness with a dignified sense of her glorious possession. Salvator Rosa claims notice in right of a woody ravine, which looms in mysterious blackness in a corner by itself. There is too a sea-piece of his, with mountains, and fishermen, as lastly disposed as the aspect of the air can make them. Carlo Dolce is in full force; the Nativity being a clear and comprehensive composition, full of truth and vigour. The portrait of his wife will arrest the spectator by its earnest expression.

Correggio's head of "Christ crowned with thorns," though a fine painting, is seen to every disadvantage when so near to the chef d'œuvre of the collection. It is kept in a glass case with a small silk curtain before it. "The Return of the Prodigal Son," by Guercino, is deservedly praised by all connoisseurs, for the boldness of the drawing; and the same meed of praise may be allotted to Vandyke's unfinished sketch of the "Rape of the Sabines." In this, he seems to have followed closely the manner of his master. In the disposition of many of the female figures, it is very obvious, and the grouping of the scenes of violence will bring Rubens forcibly to remembrance. There is a Cupid, which has been fathered upon as many masters, as the urchin had arrows in his quiver. Why Annibale Caracci should be selected is difficult to say! It does not possess any of the ordinary attributes of that distinguished man; on the contrary, it bears many evidences of the most opposite qualities to his. The representation of Marshal Turenne on a horse, whose impatience to proceed is strikingly manifest, fills a large space of the wall opposite the bay window, which constitutes the end of the gallery. It is by Rembrandt, and in his boldest manner. The shadows are wrought as he only could treat him. It is a fine picture, and fills its post of honour appropriately and well.

On each side is a pedestal, bearing a bust of two juvenile branches of the family. There are two tables of mosaic work, with landscapes, of the highest state of finish; these bijoux are Italian. But distracted or disturbed from the real beauties of this spot, no true artist, or poet, ever can or will be. Again and again will the "Holy Family" of Fra Bartolomeo, and the Madonnas of Raffaele, appeal for more attention, and well will they pass the ordeal of repeated inspections, each time revealing fresh aims of the grandest artistic finish. Amid the trials and toils of this world of activities, it is a privilege to snatch a few hours of quiet, and enjoy the repose, the sense of all-refreshing rest, that the view of these paintings affords. In no other gallery is so much to be met with, typical of rest. The solitude of the mansion, the beautiful stillness of the woods and lawns outside, unbroken by any fountain's fall or voice of speaking Time, add greatly to the profound impression of repose within.

There is a great comfort attached to the place, and worthy to be noted as a pattern for all the possessors of pictorial value. The visitor is not hurried at a remorseless rate through and past the rooms and gallery; but is allowed to take his own leisure, and behold the treasures calmly, and without fear of interruption. The value of thus witnessing the paintings is enhanced threefold, and enables the memory to digest, as it were, at its own opportunities, all that it has stored up of the beautiful and the sublime. It is difficult indeed to take leave of Panshanger, where Nature and Art go so charmingly in unison; and where so great an amount of liberty and concession is so freely granted.

To those who can afford the time, or who are not travelling by the railroad, having too a horse or carriage of any description for their accommodation, it is recommended to take a ride through the domain; astounding as it does in picturesque forest views, there is much to enjoy. In June, the foliage of the oaks is here intensely green, and the murmurings of the streams, "fretted with their frothy foam," inausibly recall memories of

Creswick, the draughtsman of Nature's "greenest wastes"—subjects for his pencil lie on either hand. The extremity of the park is ornamented with two sensible looking lodges, and the Essendon road is speedily attained. From thence the way to the Hatfield and London road is through lanes redolent of beauty; hedges laden with the wild rose, blooming in graceful festoons, cottages of very trim and orderly aspect, greet the eye, suggesting thoughts of the regular lives of their inhabitants. The nightingale too is in high repute in this part of Hertfordshire, and may be heard singing the summer day through, as if its music were the voice of the Spirit of the villages, hymning their praises, and attesting, in its sweet and mellifluous cadences, "the pleasures of the plains."

Few persons disposed to linger in the footsteps of the ideal, and pass from one of Nature's noblest creations—the mighty oak—to the works of men, glorious masters in their calling, and realising all that men's power and capacity can afford them, will find their day's pleasure wearisome, if that day be spent in and about Panahanger.

Not to lose sight altogether of creature consolations, the White Horse at Hertingfordbury may be conscientiously recommended, where they may take their ease in an inn, whose landlord and landlady are obliging, civil, and moderate in their demands.

NUREMBERG.¹

THE windows of the church are adorned with the arms of various noble families of the city, who were patrons of the edifice—a decoration very characteristic of Nuremberg, than which there is no town the citizens of which had a deeper or more enthusiastic love of their birthplace (another point of resemblance, by the way, to Venice): nothing gave them higher delight than in some way to amalgamate themselves with the being of their city, and Nuremberg was in all respects the best and the most inimitable of all towns. This feeling still exists: every Nuremberger is an optimist so far as his own town is concerned, and the affection he bears it is unbounded. I had a curious instance of this in a girl whom I met in the north of Germany, and who, though she had been absent from her native town but a few months, almost went into hysterics with delight, on finding that we had but lately been in Nuremberg, and could discuss its beauties with her. The best example of this sentiment, however, is the legend which is related here of the pillars of the castle chapel, and which I may tell you as we walk home towards your hotel, which by my advice should be the "Red Horse." It is not the crack inn of the place; and, had I been guided by Murray alone, I should have gone to another, the name of which I forget, but that we luckily heard that a royal personage was staying there. Now, there is but one person for whom I feel greater respect than towards the royalty of England, and that person is myself. This respect led me most carefully to eschew a hotel favoured by any such exalted individual, and I repaired to the "Red Horse," which I can safely recommend as one of the most comfortable inns in Germany, and that is no small praise. But to our story.

Little Father Gregory, the officiating curate of the castle chapel, was a man in whom the peculiarity of the Nuremberg mind which I have alluded to was developed to its fullest extent. His forefathers had for centuries been enrolled amongst the burghers of that city; he himself had been born and bred in it, and his faith in its perfection was unbounded. He believed it to be the cream of all the towns of Europe; whatever was in it was perfect in its kind, and no other place possessed

what Nuremberg had not. It was even said that he carried this opinion to the length of heresy, and believed either that a citizen of Nuremberg could do no wrong, or, at any rate, that his position as such would save him from the condign punishment awarded to inferior mortals; like the French lady under the old régime, who, when a preacher was endeavouring to warn his congregation by reflections on the recent death of a libertine nobleman of very old family, exclaimed, with a dissenting shake of the head, "Ah! depend upon it, God Almighty thinks twice before he dooms a man of such high quality." With these opinions of the unparalleled merits of his own city, it may easily be imagined that the good father frequently got himself into a scrape, when arguing with those who had seen more of the world than himself: the honest monk, having never been a traveller, could only oppose his own assertions to the arguments of strangers; and, though generally favoured with a most partial audience, was very often beaten on his own ground. These defeats, however, only served to root Father Gregory the more firmly in his opinion, so that it at length became a perfect idiosyncrasy with him, and he would sooner have laid down his life than have allowed the inferiority of Nuremberg in any one point, however insignificant. With such sentiments, it may be believed that the curate was not a little annoyed at meeting, one evening, in a village a short distance from the town, a stranger merchant, who announced himself to have recently arrived from Rome, and would by no means concede such unqualified admiration.

"I grant," said he, taking a huge sip of beer, "that your city is a pretty and thriving place enough, and that you brew very good beer; but I have tasted as good liquor elsewhere, and I have seen cities to which this is not to be compared in regard of magnificence of building and extent."

"What cities may you speak of?" replied the monk, drumming on the table with an air of determination not to be satisfied—"what cities, good friend?"

"Nay, then," answered the stranger, "I could name several; but I will give only one—Rome, for instance."

"Rome!" exclaimed Father Gregory, with an expression of disdain: "I do not talk of ruins, but of existing edifices. Some thousand years ago, Rome might have been matched with Nuremberg, but not now."

"Good, now," returned the other, "we will leave the ruins out of the question, although, methinks, you give me but hard measure in requiring that of me; but we will take the newer buildings. What say you to the grand cathedral of St. Peter?"

"We have no cathedral here," returned the monk, "because we have no bishop. Whether in that respect Rome may claim an advantage over us or no, I shall leave it to yourself to decide. But for churches and chapels, we have those may match with any in the imperial city."

"There, now, I cannot agree with you, good father," answered the other. "I leave for the north in an hour, and I was in your town this very day, and have seen most of the finer edifices with which it is adorned. Amongst others I saw your own little chapel, which I dare swear is a neat, old fashioned thing enough; but I saw one, the very model of it, at Rome, which has the advantage over yours."

"In what point, if I may ask?" said the monk drily.

"It requires the four pillars which are in the chapel at Rome," replied his antagonist.

"Pillars!" returned the monk; "you must have had but sorry eyes, if you saw them not in our chapel as well as at Rome."

The stranger stared.

"Do you affirm," said he, "that there are such to be seen in the castle chapel?"

"Of a verity I do so," returned Father Gregory, pertinaciously, whilst the gestures of those around him

(1) Concluded from page 264.

showed their astonishment at his folly, in thus asserting what they knew to be a falsehood.

"Well, then," exclaimed the stranger, rising, "the matter will be easily determined. I had intended to have pursued my journey hence without returning to your city, but since this question has arisen, I will even conclude some business which will detain me here an hour or two, and then proceed straight to the chapel, so that it shall at once be seen whether I am wrong, or whether this assertion of yours be not the offspring of that self-conceit, for which you citizens of Nuremberg are so notorious."

So saying, he departed, leaving the good father in no very enviable state of mind; his companions crowded around, consoling him, as is usual on such occasions, by showing him the extreme folly of which he had been guilty; whilst, to all their arguments, the poor monk could only reply by groans and asseverations, that he had but done his best to maintain the honour of his native town, since he had understood from the beginning that the stranger was not to be in Nuremberg again. Recrimination and repentance, however, were now of no avail, and Father Gregory, who was in no mood for company, set out on his solitary walk to the city. On the road he turned over in his mind all the possible and impossible modes of preventing the dire disgrace which would fall on his beloved Nuremberg, when the insolent traveller should discover his triumph. At times he even thought of waylaying the stranger, and assassinating him; again of burning down the chapel, ere he arrived to see the want of pillars. He called every saint in the calendar to his assistance, and finally, in the bitterness of his soul, exclaimed, that were the devil to proffer him aid, he would accept of it rather than the honour of Nuremberg should be tarnished. Help from the latter quarter was nearer than Father Gregory deemed, when this assertion escaped his lips. As he approached the heathen tower of the castle, on his way to the chapel which was the source of all his tribulation, the monk perceived a figure seated beneath one of the rude figures from which the tower derives its name, and its incontrovertible reputation of being haunted. As he passed, the figure arose, and a tall and very gentlemanly looking man in black, addressed the monk most courteously by name. "You wished for my assistance," said he, "in this little difficulty which you have fallen into, and I shall be most happy to accommodate you."

"I beg your pardon," replied the astonished monk, "I do not quite understand you."

"Pooh, pooh!" returned the other, "I wonder that you should be so slow of apprehension. It was but this moment you were saying, that were I to offer to extricate you from this dilemma, with regard to the pillars, or rather the no pillars of the chapel, you would accept of my aid. Now I both can, and will assist you, for not only shall the chapel be furnished with pillars, but I will fetch for that purpose the identical pillars from Rome, which were the origin of your dispute."

"I am to understand, then," said Gregory, "that you are —?"

"Exactly so," interrupted his new acquaintance, with a graceful wave of the hand, "exactly so; amongst friends there is no necessity for naming names."

The monk was silent for a while. He was neither so much surprised nor terrified as might have been expected, for visits from the angels of darkness were in those days, if we may credit history, not nearly so few and far between as from the inhabitants of a higher sphere; and besides, being a priest, it was all in the way of his profession. Still he paused, not so much to consider whether he should accept the offer, for that in his desperate circumstances he had already determined on, but to reflect on the means of driving the best bargain for himself.

"In case I were to incline to deal with you," said he, at length, "the price of your services would, I suppose, be the same that you usually demand?"

"Certainly!" was the reply, "no other terms can be listened to. Agree to the little transference which I invariably adhere to, and the pillars shall be brought from Rome at once."

"But," persisted the monk, "this plaguy traveller, whom may the saints confound!" his friend winced a little, "will be here immediately; now it is a long way to Rome, and these pillars will be a heavy weight; are you sure that you will be able to bring them here in time?"

"Make your mind easy on that score," returned the other, "the pillars shall be here before you can say a score of litanies, read as fast as you choose, or the bargain shall be no bargain."

"Say you so?" cried the father, eagerly, who being noted for a fast reader, saw in this proposal an opening for escape on his own part, as well as for triumph over the traveller; "then I agree to your terms. Bring the pillars from Rome, ere I can say a score of litanies, and I shall not grumble at your terms."

"Agreed!" cried the gentleman in black, and vanished, as did the monk—the one to Rome, and the other to his chapel to commence his litanies. The devil flew straight to his destination, rested a minute or two to take breath, and then neatly unpacking the pillars, set out on his return to Nuremberg. Meanwhile the monk, now that he had time to reflect on the terms of his bargain, felt anything but comfortable. In a moment of anxiety, and even despair, he had no doubt ratified the contract, but the more he thought of his conduct, the more he repented of his rashness. Rome no doubt was a long way off, and the time allowed to his sable friend was, comparatively speaking, a very short one; but the monk well knew both the surprising powers, and the caution of him with whom he had bargained, and reflecting on the confidence with which he had mentioned the time for the accomplishment of his task, felt that he would never have agreed to it, had he not been certain that it would suffice. These considerations, so far from expediting poor Father Gregory in his litanies, impeded him, for so great was his terror and anxiety, that each sentence, as he stumbled it over, cost him thrice the time it would have required under other circumstances: he stammered, he mistook, repeated unnecessarily, and grew worse and worse, till at length he came to a dead stop, from sheer inability to articulate. At this moment casting a look through the open door of the chapel, he heard a loud rustling sound, and perceived his friend, who, with a grin of satisfaction, was easing his shoulders of the weight of the pillars. The monk was paralysed; his knees shook under him; and he all but fell to the ground;—his own task was not half accomplished, and yet here were the pillars already brought from Rome, and only requiring to be stationed in the chapel. Father Gregory was in despair, and was about to yield himself up to his fate, when a bright thought suddenly struck him. He knew the potency with many persons of a thumping falsehood; and if it be right in the general case to tell truth and shame the devil, he felt that there could be no harm in the present, in telling one to confound the father of lies himself. Snapping his fingers, therefore, with an air of triumph, he rushed out of the chapel, exclaiming, "I have won,—won hollow!"

"How!" inquired his friend, in no small astonishment, "what mean you by this turbulent joy?"

"In good sooth," returned the monk, "simply that I have triumphed! for you have yet to fasten me up these pillars, and I have finished my part of our contract."

"How!" exclaimed the other, "have you finished?"

"Sure enough!" returned Gregory, "the last litany is just at an end: so be quick, I pray you, and conclude your work."

"That," cried the baffled demon, "you may do for yourself, and thank me for having been fool enough to help you half way!" and so saying, he disappeared, with a yell of rage.

The little monk chuckled, and rubbed his hands with delight, and then, to make all sure, retreated again into the chapel, and finished his litanies; thus actually fulfilling his share of the contract first, inasmuch as the pillars had not been set up. They were put up, however, by the monk in a day or two, but the traveller never came to see them, and, indeed, never was heard of more; and the general opinion was, that he was no mortal traveller, but the devil himself, who had assumed this shape with a deep-laid design of tarnishing the honour of Nuremberg, and kidnapping Father Gregory, by means of his well-known foible, in both of which projects he was foiled by the address of the good monk.

Such is the tale of the pillars in the castle chapel, very much as related by our guide. I give it as a specimen of the innumerable legends connected with Nuremberg, over the greater number of which it has this advantage, that there can be no doubt of its truth; for if you require proof before believing, there are the pillars themselves, and what better evidence can you have.

No one should leave Nuremberg without visiting the Rosenau, which is the principal beer and tea garden of the town. It is a great improvement on the usual pleasure gardens of Germany, which in general are anything but distinguished for beauty; whilst the Rosenau is a very pretty little spot, neatly laid out with trees and flowering shrubs, and adorned with a Chinese pavilion, glittering in all the glories of tinsel and bright paint, which the citizens look on as a triumph of picturesque art; but its principal attraction to the tourist is that, in the company to be found there, you see not only the burghers of the present day, but the identical beings who flourished in their stead some centuries back. For in Nuremberg, as I hinted before, it is not only the houses which retain their ancient character, although many of these have been for hundreds of years devoted to the same purposes, (as, for instance, that of Behaim, the chart-maker and navigator, who claims the honour of having discovered America, which house is still a chart manufactory; so that if a Nuremberg Rip van Winkle were to arise, he would have no difficulty in recognising his old haunts,) but the people themselves are unchanged. Many of them reside in the same houses which have been occupied by their families from time immemorial, and follow the same trades as their forefathers in the sixteenth century. Here, in the Rosenau, you have the best opportunity of seeing these original personages collectively, and an interesting sight it is; they converse, and drink, and smoke, with a most characteristic gravity, and their whole appearance and demeanour is as old-fashioned as you would wish: there are staid sober-looking fathers of families, of portly and agreeable mien; smooth, simple-looking young men, and uncommonly pleasant matrons, smiling and tidy; the very children have an air of correctness, which one seldom sees; and the young ladies, sly and coquettish as they are, have a look of simple ingenuousness which renders them ten times more attractive. The amusements are much the same as are to be found in all German gardens; that is to say, the company listen to a band of thumping music, whilst the men smoke, and drink beer, and the women coffee deluged with milk, and sweetened to syrup. In addition to these exhilarating entertainments, there is the still more exciting diversion of paddling about in small punts in the greasy water which surrounds the garden. This appears to be considered a peculiarly delightful recreation,—persons of all ages and sexes engage in it; and I particularly remarked one smart and smiling young lady, who was evidently proud of her dexterity at the paddle, and who glanced at us with *water coquetry*, as she rowed along a young man, evidently a favoured swimmer, in their little tub. Indeed to persons of whom not one in ten thousand has seen the sea, nor one in a thousand a river larger than the Pegnitz, this navigation must appear quite hazardous enough to be delightful. After all, that

which especially pleased me in the company in the Rosenau, as, indeed, in all Nuremberg, is this primitive simplicity of mind and demeanour which pervades the whole. You will say this is the general characteristic of Germany; but the peculiar charm of Nuremberg is, that this spirit is developed heres much more thoroughly than anywhere else. The Rosenau, however, is the resort of the aristocracy only, but if you wander about the town of an evening, you will find many a retreat for pleasure, of a humbler, but equally interesting character;—there are little *al fresco* taverns situated in green arbours, adorned with variegated lamps, and redolent of cheese and sausages; above all there is one most picturesque spot, the name of which I forget, a little green grove by the water side, where booths are pitched for the cooking and vending of mysterious viands, of a coarse, but most savoury nature. In all of them reigns the same spirit of unpretending comfort and decent enjoyment. Talking of these evening amusements, I would advise every one who has the opportunity, to see Nuremberg by night as well as by day; every city should be so seen,—but this one, the principal feature of which is its antiquity, more than any other. On the last night of our stay there, we walked through at a late hour. There was a bright moonlight, and the scene was peculiarly impressive—whether gazing on the worn-out rampart, where the crumbling walls are overhung with creepers, and the massive towers cast gigantic shadows of inky darkness across the deep fosse, or glancing up at the lofty graceful spires of the noble churches, looking down from the silent bridges into the black waters of the Pegnitz, or straying amongst the tall spectral houses, the effect is entirely distinct from, and superior to that of the same objects seen in daylight, amidst the busy traffic of men; there is a congeniality between the place and the hour and atmosphere. The town, unlike our modern cities, is perfectly still; and, as you roam about in that wizard light through the ghostly streets, the full impress of their antiquity comes upon you, and you feel yourself transported to another and unknown age.

And now, reader, we have had enough of Nuremberg. I have not attempted any regular description of it, because it is exactly one of those places of which it is impossible to give a satisfactory description. I have merely attempted to give an idea of the feelings produced in my own mind by my visit to this, to me one of the most interesting of German towns. But it is a place which must be seen to be understood; and to every one who wishes to know what the German burgher life was in olden times, and to view, perhaps, the most uncontaminated German life of the present day, I would say, go to Nuremberg: it is luckily out of the general route of sight-seers, and has, therefore, retained far more of its original simplicity than other cities, with not half the same attractions; but the day will soon come, when its citizens will value their curiosities, not from an honest pride in their excellence, but for the money they will bring, and then the real attraction of their town, the inward spirit of primitiveness, which vivifies the outward aspect of its antiquity, will have departed.

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The Butler's Fright on Halloween.

FROM A DRAWING IN THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION, BY W. D. SCOTT, ESQ.

THE FASCINATING POWER OF SERPENTS.

In the infancy of science the simplicity of truth was warped by superstition, and imagination frequently supplied that which observation failed to detect. From the time of Bacon it has been quite as much the business of philosophy to eradicate error as to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, and, although the garden of science is becoming every year more and more flourishing and fair, it is still disfigured by many weeds which the multitude esteem as healthful plants. The belief in omens, in weather prognostics, in the preternatural attributes of certain animals, still forms part of the intellectual creed of many educated persons; they have aversions and antipathies which they are not ashamed to own, and they turn with dread or disgust from some of the most interesting of God's creatures.

It is this very dread or disgust which has caused the mind to invest certain animals with attributes which do not belong to them. Thus it has long been supposed that the serpent possesses the power of fascinating its prey, of exciting a certain magical influence, which renders it impossible for the animal to escape when once the reptile has fixed its eyes upon it.

This superstition, for such we must call it, has been adopted by many distinguished naturalists, who hold as it were the book of nature in their hands; by men of learning and genius; by classical scholars grown old in the disbelief of similar fables, heightened and embellished by the charms of poetry; and by the common people in general. In the rural districts of America there is scarcely a man or woman that will not relate some wonderful story as a proof of this fascinating power; they teach their children to believe it, and thus it forms one of the earliest prejudices of the infant mind.

It is remarkable that among the many superstitions attached by the ancients to the actions of animals the reputed fascinating power of serpents should not have occurred to them. It is said to have originated among the North American Indians; this, however, is doubtful, for they only speak of the great ingenuity of the serpent in catching birds, squirrels, &c. A Mohican Indian told Dr. Barton that his countrymen entertained the opinion that the rattle-snake had the power to charm or bewitch squirrels and birds, and that it did so with its rattle, which it shook, thereby inviting the animals to descend from the trees, when they became an easy conquest. A Choctah Indian bore a similar testimony as to the fascinating power of the rattle-snake, but knew nothing respecting the means employed.

Linnaeus in his *Systema Nature* gives credit to this fascinating power of serpents. He says—"Whoever is wounded by the hooded serpent expires in a few minutes; nor can he escape with life who is bitten by the rattle-snake in any part near a great vein. But the merciful God has distinguished these pests by peculiar signs, and has created them most inveterate enemies; for, as he has appointed cats to destroy mice, so has he provided the ichneumon against the former serpent, and the hog to persecute the latter. He has, moreover, given the crocalus a very slow motion, and has annexed a kind of rattle to its tail, by the motion of which it gives notice of its approach; but, lest this slowness should be too great a disadvantage to the animal itself, he has favoured it with a certain power of fascinating squirrels from high trees, and birds from the air into its throat, in the same manner as flies are precipitated into the jaws of the lazy toad."

Linnaeus received his account from some of his many pupils travelling in different parts of the world, probably from Kalm, in whose *Travels in North America* the following details on the subject are given:—

"The snake, whatever its species may be, lying at the bottom of the tree or bush upon which the bird or squirrel sits, fixes its eyes upon the animal which it designs to fascinate or enchant. No sooner is this done

than the unhappy animal is unable to escape. It utters a piteous cry; and, if it is a squirrel, runs up the tree for a short distance, comes down again, then runs up, and lastly comes lower down again. On that occasion," says the Professor, "it has been observed that the squirrel always goes down more than it goes up. The snake still continues at the root of the tree, with its eyes fixed on the squirrel, with which its attention is so entirely taken up that a person accidentally approaching may make a considerable noise without the snake's so much as turning about. The squirrel, as before mentioned, comes always lower, and at last leaps down to the snake, whose mouth is already wide open for its reception. The poor little animal then, with a piteous cry, runs into the snake's jaws, and is swallowed at once, if it be not too big; but, if its size will not allow it to be swallowed at once, the snake licks it several times with its tongue, and smoothes it, and by that means makes it fit for swallowing."

The celebrated comparative anatomist, Blumenbach, also admits, "that squirrels, small birds, &c., voluntarily falling from trees into the jaws of the rattle-snake lying under them, is certainly founded in fact; nor is this much to be wondered at, as similar phenomena have been observed in other species of serpents, and even in toads, hawks, and in cats, all of which to appearance can, under particular circumstances, entice other small animals by more stealthy looks. Thus the rattles of this snake are of peculiar service; for their hissing noise causes the squirrels, whether impelled by a kind of curiosity, misunderstanding, or dreadful fear, to follow it, as it would seem, of their own accord. At least I know from well informed eye-witnesses that it is one of the common practices among the younger savages to hide themselves in the woods, and by counterfeiting the hissing of the rattle-snake to allure and catch the squirrels."

Mr. Barker, in his *Travels in North and South Carolina*, speaking of rattle-snakes, says:—

"They are supposed to have the power of fascination in an eminent degree, so as to enthrall their prey. It is generally believed that they charm birds, rabbits, squirrels, and other animals, and by steadfastly looking at them, possess them with infatuation: be the cause what it may, the miserable creatures undoubtedly strive by every possible means to escape, but alas! their endeavours are in vain, they at last lose the power of resistance, and flatter or move slowly, but reluctantly, towards the yawning jaws of their devourers, and creep into their mouths, or lie down and suffer themselves to be taken and swallowed."

In considering the value of these, and many similar statements which might be cited, it is important to remark that not one of the writers speaks on his own personal testimony. Kalm even admits that he never saw an instance of fascination, but he gives a list of more than twenty persons, "among whom are some of the most creditable people, who have all unanimously, though living far distant from each other, asserted the same thing."

A distinguished scientific writer on serpents, M. de la Cépède, assuming the description of Kalm to be founded in truth, thinks it probable that when an animal has been seen to precipitate itself from the top of a tree into the jaws of a rattle-snake, it has been already bitten; that, after escaping, it manifested by its cries and agitation the violent action of the poison left in its blood, and diffused by the envenomed inoculation of the reptile's tooth; that, its strength gradually decaying, it would fly or leap from branch to branch, till, finally, exhausted, it would fall before the serpent, which, with inflamed eyes and eager looks, would watch attentively every motion, and then dart on his prey when it retained but a small portion of life.

Other writers who are not disposed to admit the fascinating power of the serpent's eyes, adopt the opinion, which was formerly not uncommon, that serpents have the power of diffusing an infectious odour around them,

capable of stupifying small animals, and preventing their escape. On this subject there is much difference of opinion, for, while some contend that serpents have absolutely no odour at all, others contend that they give out a most offensive odour from every part of the body, similar to that of flesh in the last stage of putrefaction, and extending to a considerable distance. It has also been said that horses are sensible of, and greatly agitated by, this odour at the distance of forty or fifty yards from the place where the snake is concealed, and show their abhorrence by snorting and starting from the road, endeavouring to throw their riders in order to make their escape.

In Dr. Barton's memoir on the fascinating power of serpents, published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, the experiments of Vosmaer are quoted; several birds and mice were thrown into a cage where a rattle-snake was confined; the little animals immediately endeavoured to squat in a corner, and soon after, as if seized with deadly anguish, ran towards their enemy, who continually shook his rattles.

Any one looking at this experiment with his mind preoccupied with the theory of fascination, would say that the little animals were fascinated by the serpent; others, who had no particular theory to advocate, would say they were impelled by the strong instinct of fear, first to secrete themselves in corners, and finding these unsafe, would run or fly across the cage in search of a more secure retreat, when they would fall victims to their enemy. So necessary is it, in order to observe facts properly, to keep the mind free from prejudice. Dr. Barton well observes, "Perhaps facts are never related in all their unadulterated purity except by those who, intent upon the discovery of truth, keep system at a distance, regardless of its claims. The strong democracy of facts should exert its wholesome sway."

Experiments similar to those of Vosmaer have been made with different results. Birds put into a cage with a rattle-snake, flew or ran from the reptile as though sensible of their danger. The snake made many attempts to catch them but seldom succeeded. When a dead bird was thrown in he devoured it immediately. He also soon caught and devoured a living mole, an animal much more sluggish than the bird. Dr. Barton confined during several hours a small snow-bird with a large rattle-snake. It exhibited no signs of fear, but hopped about from the door of the cage to its perch, and frequently hopped about on the snake's back. Its chirp was in no way tremulous, but perfectly natural, and it ate the seed put in for it. The snake, it is true, was languid, and had not eaten for a long time, and it was somewhat early in the season for snakes. This experiment proves at least the absence of any mephitic vapour; indeed, if such existed, the natural haunts of serpents would be fatal to other animals which frequent them, such as frogs and many species of birds. The rattle-snake is often known to lurk for days together at the bottom of a tree, or near a small bush, upon the branches of which the thrush or the cat-bird are rearing their young. Birds of the eagle and hawk kind will hover over the spot, and at length dart down upon the reptile, and carry it off to their young. If the animal had the power of generating any mephitic vapour, it would surely do so for its own protection in such a case as this. Persons who have kept rattle-snakes in confinement for months at a time have been quite unable to detect any odour in them.

Some writers suppose the instrument of fascination in the rattlesnake to be the crepitaculum, or set of bells,¹ which the animal rings at dinner-time, and then its prey comes running towards the reptile, as if to say, "eat me!" "eat me!" It is unfortunate for this theory, that most writers state, that the rattle-snake in the supposed act of charming keeps its rattles perfectly still. There

also seems to be some mistake about Blumenbach's statement, that an imitation of the hissing of serpents will lure rabbits, &c. to their destruction. Those best acquainted with the habits of the Indians know nothing of this practice; but they speak of one, which is likely to have originated the idea. The young Indians put arrows across their mouths, and by the quivering motion of their lips, imitate the noise of young birds, thus bringing the old ones near them, so that they can be readily shot at. In like manner the great sharks, lolling in a thicket, and imitating the cry of a young bird, often succeeds in seizing the old ones, which have been solicited by the counterfeited noise to the assistance of their young. It is also said that the titmouse will make a noise, by night, at the entrance of the bee hive; and when a bee comes out to see what is the matter, will seize and devour it. In this way he will secure a dozen in succession.

In endeavouring to trace to its source the origin of this supposed mysterious power in serpents, Dr. Barton was led to inquire, 1. What species of birds are most frequently observed to be enchanted by serpents; and, 2. At what season of the year has any particular species been most commonly seen under this wonderful influence?

Some birds build on the summits of lofty trees; others hang their nests from the extremity of a branch, or even on a leaf; others on the lower branches, among bushes, and in the hollows of decayed and other trees. Some species build on the ground, in cavities in stones, or holes in the earth, among the grass of fields and meadows, in fields of wheat, &c. Now, of all these varieties, those most liable to the attacks of serpents are ground nests, and nests built on the lower branches of trees and on low bushes, especially on the sides of rivers, creeks, and other waters, that are frequented by different kinds of serpents; and, on opening the stomachs of serpents, birds which build in the manner just mentioned are most frequently found in them.

The rattle-snake seldom or never climbs trees; it is found about their roots in wet situations. Upon the lower branches of such a tree, it is very likely a bird or squirrel may have been seen exhibiting symptoms of fear and distress. Is this a matter of wonder? Nature has taught different animals what are their enemies; and, although the principal food of the rattle-snake is the peat frog, yet, as he occasionally devours birds and squirrels, he is to these animals an object of fear. That the terrified creature will sometimes run towards the serpent, then retire and return again, is not denied; but that it is irresistibly drawn into the jaws of the serpent is denied. On the contrary, it is not uncommon for a bird to attack a serpent and chase it away, in doing which, it may get a fatal bite from its enemy. The black snake, whose bite is harmless, has the power of climbing trees, and feasts on the eggs and young of birds. Audubon has given a vivid description of a Baltimore oriole attacking the black snake, which sought to plunder her nest.

In general, serpents attack birds at the seasons of incubation, and of hatching and rearing the young brood, while the latter are defenceless. The cries and fears of birds, supposed to be under the influence of fascination, are but a strong expression of maternal solicitude for their young. So also, when the parent bird is teaching her young to fly, there is great danger from the attacks of serpents. Their flights are awkward and broken by fatigue, and falling to the ground, they often become victims to their lurking enemy. The mother, attempting to save them, will dart upon the serpent, but fear compels her to retire; she returns again, attacks him with wing and beak and claws. Should the serpent succeed in capturing the young, the mother is in less danger, for while engaged in swallowing them, the serpent has no power to seize the old bird; but the appetite of the serpent tribe being great, and the capacity of the stomach not less so, the snake having devoured the young, attempts to seize the parent bird, and in doing

(1) *Serpent à sonnette* is the French term for rattlesnake.

so completes the catastrophe, which crowns the tale of fascination.

An anecdote, related by Mr. Rittenhouse, will further illustrate this view of the subject. This gentleman, walking out in the country, had his attention excited by the peculiar melancholy cry of the swamp black-bird, which led him to suppose that a snake was near, and that the bird was in distress. He threw a stone at the place from whence the cry proceeded, which had the effect of driving the bird away. The poor animal, however, immediately returned to the same spot. Mr. R. now went to the place where the bird alighted, and to his great astonishment, he found it perched upon the back of a large black snake, and pecking it with its beak. The serpent was in the act of swallowing a young bird; and from the enlarged size of the reptile's belly, it was evident that it had already swallowed two or three other young birds. After the snake was killed, the old bird flew away.

These, and similar instances by careful observers, illustrate the method adopted by these reptiles in procuring food, and indeed they often find it very difficult to do so. The rattle-snake lies insidiously in wait for his prey at the water's edge, employing no machinery of enchantment, but trusting entirely to his cunning and his strength. The black snake, which is much more active than the rattle-snake, will ascend the loftiest trees in search of its prey. If gifted with the power of fascination, why take so much trouble? why not remain at the bottom of the tree and practise its enchantments? A trustworthy observer describes a black snake climbing a tree, in order to get at the young of a Baltimore bird in a nest at the extremity of a branch, which was so slender that the serpent found it impossible to come at the nest by crawling along it; he therefore took advantage of another branch which hung above the nest, and, twisting a portion of his tail round it, was able, by stretching the remainder of the body, to reach the nest, into which he insinuated his head, and thus glutted his appetite with the young birds. There is evidently no fascination here, for we see the reptile exerting all his ingenuity to obtain his prey.

If the serpent really possessed this fascinating power, how does it happen that all the American serpents are the food of different kinds of birds? Even the rattle-snake, whose poison produces such alarming symptoms in man and other animals, is frequently devoured by some of the stronger and more courageous birds, such as the swallow-tailed hawk and the larger kinds of owl. Even the hen has been known to leave her affrighted chickens and attack with her beak a rattle-snake, kill it, and devour the greater part of the reptile's body. Nor is this surprising, when it is considered how very small a stroke upon any part of its body disables it from running, and a slight shock on the top of its head is followed by instant death. The skull-bone is so remarkably thin and brittle, that a stroke from the wing of the thrush or robin is sufficient to break it.

In conclusion, we trust enough has been said to show the absurdity of this common superstition. The progress of science and the cause of truth are sadly impeded by the many superstitious notions which prevail in natural history. "Under their influence we fall from our dignity, and are often rendered unhappy. It should be one of the principal objects of science to rear and prop the dignity of the mind, and to smooth its way to comfort and to happiness. The ills and infirmities of our earthly state of being are numerous enough. It is folly, if not vice, to increase them. He who seriously believes that a hideous reptile is gifted from the sacred Source of universal life and good with the power of fascinating birds, squirrels, and other animals, will hardly step here. He may, and probably will, believe much more. He will not, perhaps, think himself entirely exempted from this wonderful influence. He may suppose that the property belongs to other beings besides the serpents; and he will, perhaps, imagine that

it forms a part of a more extensive plan; the effects of which, he will assert, are prominent and unequivocal, though its ways, he will confess, are incomprehensible to mortal minds."

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAPTER XI.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

THE place of meeting appointed by Peter Barnett was easily discovered, and having tied my horse up under a shed, which served the double purpose of stable and coach-house, I took possession of a small room with a sanded floor, and, throwing myself back in a most uneasy easy chair, began to think over the interview I had just had, and endeavour to devise some practicable plan for the future. The first thing was to establish free means of communication with Clara, and this I hoped to accomplish by the assistance of Peter Barnett. I should thus learn Mr. Vernon's proceedings, and be able to regulate my conduct accordingly. If, as I dreaded, he should attempt to force on the marriage immediately, would Clara, alone and unassisted, have sufficient courage and strength of purpose to resist him? I feared not; and how was I effectually to aid her? The question was more easily asked than answered. It was clear that her fortune was the thing aimed at, for I could not believe either Mr. Vernon or his nephew likely to be actuated by disinterested motives; and it was to their avarice then that Clara was to be sacrificed—had she been portionless she would have been free to marry whom she pleased. Of all sources of evil and misery money appears to be the most prolific; in the present case its action was twofold,—Clara was rendered wretched in consequence of possessing it, while the want of it incapacitated me from boldly claiming her hand at once, which appeared to be the only effectual method of assisting her.

My meditations were at this point interrupted by the arrival of my future privy counsellor, Peter Barnett, who marched solemnly into the room, drew himself up to his full height, which very nearly equalled that of the room, brought his hand to his forehead in a military salute, and then, closing the door cautiously, and with an air of mystery, stood at ease, evidently intending me to open the conversation.

"Well, Peter," began I, by way of something to say, for I felt the greatest difficulty in entering on the subject which then occupied my thoughts before such an auditor. "Well, Peter, you have not kept me waiting long; I scarcely expected to see you so soon: do you imagine that Mr. Vernon will remark your absence?"

"He knows it already," was the reply. "Why, bless ye, Sir, he ordered me to go out himself."

"Indeed, how was that?"

"Why, as soon as you was gone, Sir, he pulled the bell like mad. 'Send Mr. Richard here,' says he. 'Yes, Sir,' says I, 'certainly, only he's not at home, Sir.' When he heard this he grumbled out an oath, or sumthin' of that natur, and I was going to take myself off, for I see he wasn't altogether safe, when he roars out 'Stop!' ('You'd a said "halt" if you'd a been a officer or a gentleman, which you ain't neither,' thinks I.) 'What do you mean by letting people in when I have given orders to the contrary?' says he. 'Who was it as blowed me up for sending away a gent, as said he wanted to see you on partiklar business, only yesterday?' says I. That bothered him nicely, and he didn't know how to be down upon me, but at last he thought he'd serve me one of his old tricks. So he says, 'Peter, what are you doing to-day?' I see what he was at, and I thought I'd catch him in his own trap. 'Very busy a cleaning plate, Sir,' says I. This was enough for him: if I was a cleaning plate, in course I shouldn't like to be sent out,

so says he 'Go down to Barnaley, and see whether Mr. Cumberland is there.' 'But the plate, Sir?' 'Never mind the plate.' 'But it won't never look as it ought to do if I'm sent about in this way,' says I. 'Do as you're ordered, and leave the room instantly,' says he, grinding his teeth reg'lar savage-like. So I took him at his word, and come away to see you as hard as I could pelt; but you've put him into a sweet temper, Mr. Fairloagh."

"Why, that I'm afraid was scarcely to be avoided," replied I, "as my business was to inform him that I considered his nephew an unfit person to marry his ward."

"Oh! did you tho?—did you tell him that?" cried my companion, with a chuckle of delight; "that was right: I wonder how he liked it!"

"As he did not exactly agree with me in this opinion, but, on the contrary, plainly declared his intention of proceeding with his scheme in spite of me, it is necessary for me to consider what means I can best use to prevent him from accomplishing his object; it is in doing this that I shall require your assistance."

"And what does Miss Clara say about it, young gentleman?" inquired the old man, fixing his eyes on me with a scrutinizing glance.

"Miss Saville dislikes Richard Cumberland, and dreads the idea of being forced to marry him above everything."

"Ah! I know she does, poor lamb; and well she may, for there ain't a more dissipated young scoundrel to be found nowhere than Mr. Vernon's precious 'nephew,' as he calls him, tho' it's my belief he might call him 'son' without telling a lie."

"Indeed! I was not aware that Mr. Vernon had ever been married."

"No; I never heard that he was reg'lar downright married; but he may be his son for all that. Howsum-ever, praps it is so, or praps it ain't; I'm only a tellin' you what I fancies, Sir," was the reply. "But what I wanted to know," he continued, again fixing his eyes on my face, "is, what does Miss Clara say to you? eh?"

"You put home questions, my friend," replied I, colouring slightly, "however, as Miss Saville tells me you are faithful and trustworthy, and as half-confidences are never of any use, I suppose you must hear all about it." I then told him as concisely as possible of my love for Clara, and my hopes of one day calling her my own; pointing out to him the difficulties that stood in the way, and explaining to him that the only one which appeared to me insurmountable, was the probability of Mr. Vernon's attempting to force Clara into an immediate marriage with Cumberland; being thus situated, I showed him the necessity of establishing some means of communication between Clara and myself, as it was essential that I should receive the earliest possible information in regard to Mr. Vernon's proceedings.

"I understand, Sir," interrupted Peter, "you want to be able to write to each other without the old 'un getting hold of your letters; well, that's very easily managed; only you direct to Mr. Barnett, to be left at the Pig and Pony, at Barstone, and anything you send for Miss Clara I'll take care and give her when nobody won't be none the wiser for it; and any letters she writes, I'll put into the Post myself. I'd do anything rather than let that young villain Cumberland have her, and make her miserable, which his wife is safe to be if ever he gets one; and, if you likes her, and she likes you, as seems wery probable, considering you saved her from being burnt to death, as they tell me, and is werry good-looking into the bargain,—which goes a great way with young ladies, if you'll excuse the liberty I takes in mentioning of it,—why, the best thing as you can do, is to get married as soon as you can."

"Very pleasant advice, friend Peter," returned I, "but not so easily acted upon; people cannot marry now-a-days without something to live upon."

"Well, ain't Miss Clara got Barstone Priory, and

plenty of money to keep it up with? won't that do to live upon?"

"And do you imagine I could ever feel content to be the creature of my wife's bounty? prove myself a needy fortune-hunter, as that old man dared to term me!" exclaimed I, forgetting the character of my auditor.

"Barstone Priory to live in, and more money than you know what to do with, ain't to be sneezed at, neither," was the answer, "though I likes your independent spirit too, Sir; but how do you mean to manage, then?"

"Why, Mr. Vernon hinted that if his ward married without his consent, her fortune was to be forfeited."

"Ah! I believe there was something of that nature in the will; my poor master was so wrapped up in old Vernon, that he wrote just wot he told him; if he'd only a lived to see how he was going to use Miss Clara, he'd a ordered me to kick him out of the house, instead."

"Perhaps that pleasure may be yet in store for you, Peter," replied I, laughing at the zest with which he uttered the last few words, and an involuntary motion of the foot by which they were accompanied; "but this power, which it seems Mr. Vernon really possesses, of depriving Miss Saville of her fortune, removes my greatest difficulty; for in that case, if he should attempt to urge on this match, I can at least make her the offer of sharing my poverty: there is my mother's roof to shelter her, and, if her guardian refuses his consent to our marriage, why, we must contrive to do without it, that is all. And now, Peter, if you will wait a few minutes, I will give you a note for your young mistress, and then get to horse without further loss of time;" and, calling for pen, ink, and paper, I hastily scribbled a few lines to Clara, informing her of the events of the morning, and of my unalterable determination to save her from a union with Cumberland, begging her at the same time to continue firm in her opposition, to acquaint me with everything that might occur, and to rely upon me for protection in the event of anything like force being resorted to. I then entrusted my note to old Peter, begged him to watch master Richard Cumberland closely, told him that upon his care and vigilance depended in great measure the happiness of his young mistress's life; tipped him handsomely, though I had some trouble in making him take the money, and, mounting my ill-disposed horse, rode back to Hillingford, on the whole tolerably well satisfied with my morning's work.

I found two letters awaiting my return: one from my mother, to say that she should be at Heathfield Cottage on the following day, and begging me to meet her; the other from Ellis, telling me that at length he hoped Oaklands was in a fair way to recover, it having been ascertained that a piece of the wadding of the pistol had remained behind when the ball was extracted; this had now come away, and the wound was healing rapidly.

As his strength returned, Harry was growing extremely impatient to get back to Heathfield, and Ellis concluded by saying that they might be expected any day, and begging me at the same time to remember, that from the first he had always declared, in regard to his patient, that it would have killed any other man, but that it *could* not kill him.

Days gilded by the absentees returned, and matters fell so completely into their old train again, that the occurrences of the last eight months seemed like the unreal creations of some fevered dream, and there were times when I could scarcely bring myself to believe them true.

Harry Oaklands had recovered sufficiently to resume his usual habits, and, except that he was strictly forbidden to over-exert or fatigue himself, (an injunction he appeared only too willing to obey,) he was nearly emancipated from medical control. Fanny had in great measure recovered her good looks again; a slight delicacy of appearance, however, still remained, giving a tone of spirituality to the expression of her features, which was

not before observable, and which to my mind rendered her prettier than ever: the listlessness of manner which had made me uneasy about her in the autumn had vanished, and her spirits seemed good; still she was in a degree altered, and one felt in talking to her that she was a child no longer. Like Undine, that graceful creation of La Motte Fouqué's genius, she appeared to have changed from a "tricksy sprite," into a thinking and feeling woman.

One morning Oaklands and Ellis came to the cottage together, the latter in a great state of joy and excitement, produced by a most kind and judicious exercise of liberality on the part of Sir John. About a month before, the grave and pompous Dr. Probehurt had been seized with an illness, from which in all probability he would have recovered had he not steadily refused to allow a rival practitioner to be called in, in order that he might test a favourite theory of his own, embodying a totally novel mode of treatment for the complaint with which he was attacked. Unfortunately, the experiment failed, and the doctor died. Sir John, who had been long anxious to evince his gratitude to Ellis for the skill and attention he had bestowed upon his patient, the moment he heard of the event, determined to purchase the business: he had that morning completed the negotiation, and offered the practice to Ellis, stating that he should consider his accepting it in the light of a personal favour, as in that case he would be always at hand, should Harry feel any lasting ill effects from the wound. Ellis's joy was most amusing to witness.

"I tell you what, Sir," he exclaimed, seizing me by a button of the coat, "I'm a made man, Sir! there isn't a better practice in the county. Why, poor Probehurt told me himself, old Mrs. Croaker Crawley alone was worth 100*l.* per annum to him:—four draughts and two pills every day—prescription very simple—*R. Pil. panis compos. ij. nocte sum.—haust. aqua vitæ ʒ, aqua puræ ʒ, sacchar. viij. grs. pro re nata.* She's a strong old girl, and on brandy-and-water draughts and French-roll pills may last for the next twenty years. Noble thing of Sir John, very; pon my word it has quite upset me—it's a fact, Sir, that when Mr. Oaklands told me of it, I sat down and cried like a child; I'm not over tender-hearted, either; when I was at Guy's, I amputated the left-leg of a shocking accident, and dissected the porter's mother-in-law (whom he sold us cheap for old acquaintance sake) before breakfast one morning, without finding my appetite in the slightest degree affected; but, when I learned what Sir John had done, I positively cried, Sir."

"I say, Ellis," interrupted Harry, "I am telling Miss Fairleigh I shall make you take her in hand—she has grown so pale and thin I am afraid she has never recovered all the trouble and inconvenience we caused her."

"If Miss Fairleigh would allow me, I should recommend a little more air and exercise," replied Ellis: "are you fond of riding on horseback?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Fanny, smiling, and blushing slightly at thus suddenly becoming the topic of conversation, "that is, I used to delight in riding Frank's pony in days of yore, but he has not kept a pony lately."

"That is easily remedied," returned Harry; "I am certain some of our horses will carry a lady. I shall speak to Harris about it directly, and we'll have some rides together, Fanny; it was only this morning that I obtained my tyrant's permission to cross a horse once more," he added, shaking his fist playfully at Ellis.

"The tyrant will agree to that more willingly than to your first request. What do you think, Fairleigh," continued Ellis, appealing to me, "of his positively wanting to go out hunting?"

"And a very natural thing to want, too, I conceive," replied Harry, "but what do you think of his declaring that, if I did not faithfully promise not to hunt this season, he would go into the stables, and divide, what he

called in his doctor's lingo, the *flexor metatarsi* of every animal he found there, which, being interpreted, means neither more nor less than hamstringing all the hunters."

"Well, that would be better than allowing you to do any thing which might disturb the beautiful process of granulation going on in your side—I remember when I was a student at Guy's—"

"Come, Doctor, we positively cannot stand any more of your 'Chronicles of the Charnel House' this morning; you have horrified Miss Fairleigh already to such a degree that she is going to run away. If I should stroll down here again in the afternoon, Fanny, will you take compassion on me so far as to indulge me with a game of chess? I am going to send Frank on an expedition, and my father and Ellis are off to settle preliminaries with poor Mrs. Probehurt, so that I shall positively not have a creature to speak to. Reading excites me too much, and produces a state of — what is it you call it, Doctor?"

"I told you yesterday, I thought you were going into a state of coma, when you fell asleep over that interesting paper of mine in the *Lancet*, 'Recollections of the Knife,' if that's what you call excitement," returned Ellis, laughing.

"Nonsense, Ellis, how absurd you are," rejoined Oaklands, half-amused and half-annoyed at Ellis's remark; "but you have not granted my request yet, Fanny."

"I do not think we have any engagement—mamma will, I am sure, be very happy,"—began Fanny, with a degree of hesitation for which I could not account, but, as I was afraid Oaklands might notice it, and attribute it to a want of cordiality, I hastened to interrupt her by exclaiming, "Mamma will be very happy—of course she will—and each and all of us are always only too happy to get you here, old fellow—it does one's heart good to see you beginning to look a little more like yourself again. If Fanny's too idle to play chess, I'll take compassion upon you, and give you a thorough beating myself."

"There are two good and sufficient reasons why you will not do any thing of the kind," replied Oaklands,—"in the first place, while you have been reading mathematics, I have been studying chess, and I think that I may, without conceit, venture to pronounce myself the better player of the two—and, in the second place, as I told your sister just now, I am going to send you out on an expedition."

"To send me on an expedition," repeated I, "may I be allowed to inquire its nature—where I am to go—when I am to start—and all other equally essential particulars?"

"They are soon told," returned Oaklands, "I wrote a few days since to Lawless, asking him to come down for a week's hunting before the season should be over, and this morning I received the following characteristic answer:—'Dear Oaklands, a man who refuses a good offer is an ass, (unless he happens to get a better one), now, your's being the best offer down in my book at present, I say "done, along with you, old fellow," thereby clearly proving that I am no ass. Q. E. D.—eh? that's about the thing, isn't it? Now look here, Jack Bassett has asked me down to Storley Wood for a day's pheasant shooting, on Tuesday: if you could contrive to send any kind of trap over about lunch-time, on Wednesday, I could have a second pop at the long-tails, and be with you in time for a half-past six o'clock feed, as it is not more than ten miles from Storley to Heathfield. I wouldn't have troubled you to send for me, only the tandem's *hors de combat*—I was fool enough to lend it to Muffington Spoffkins, to go and see his aunt, one fine day. The horses finding a fresh hand on the reins, began pulling like steam engines—Muffington could not hold them—consequently they bolted—and after running over two infant schools, and upsetting a retired grocer, they knocked the cart into "immortal smash" against a turnpike-gate, pitching Spoffkins into a horse-pond, with Shrimp a-top of him. It was a regular

sell for all parties: I got my cart broken to pieces, Shrimp was all but drowned, and Muffington's aunt cut him off with a shilling, because the extirpated squadron of sucklings turned out, unfortunately, to have been composed of the picked infants of her own village. If you could send to meet me at the Feathers' public house, which is just at the bottom of Storley great wood, it would be a mercy, for walking in cover doesn't suit my short legs, and I'm safe to be sown up.—Remember us to Fairleigh, and all inquiring friends, and believe me to remain, very heartily, yours, George Lawless."

"I comprehend," said I, as Oaklands finished reading the note, "you want me to drive over this afternoon and fetch him; it will be a great deal better than merely sending a servant."

"Why, I had thought of going myself, but, 'pon my word, these sort of things are so much trouble, at least to me, I mean,—and, though Lawless is a capital excellent fellow, and I like him extremely, yet I know he'll talk about nothing but horses all the way home—and not being quite strong again yet, you've no notion how that kind of thing worries and tires me."

"Don't say another word about it, my dear Harry; I shall enjoy the drive uncommonly. What vehicle had I better take?"

"The phaeton, I think," replied Oaklands, "and then you can bring his luggage, and Shrimp, or any of his people he may have with him."

"So be it," returned I, "I'll walk back with you to the Hall, and then start as soon as you please."

THE DRAMA IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In a recent notice on this subject, we briefly sketched the history of the drama down to the fourteenth century, illustrated by a few specimens of the religious plays, or *Mysterica*. In the present article, we propose to show the further changes which the drama underwent until it finally merged into the historical plays of the Elizabethan period. With the progress of language, and the spread of intelligence, the people began to grow tired of the grave and tedious *Mysterica*, and a new kind of dramas, called *Moralities*, made their appearance; which, although frequently of a tragic character, were generally interspersed with scenes of gallantry or satire; and, notwithstanding the decrees of the Councils forbidding the employment of any but the Latin language in dramas at all related to sacred subjects, they were written in the popular idiom, and performed on temporary stages, erected wherever an audience could be brought together. The *jongleurs* and minstrels began to take a part in the performances which became the chief attraction at the festivals, and plenary courts of the nobles; and, as the popular element increased in power, and the knowledge of Latin was lost, so did the populace at markets and fairs delight in plays written in the vulgar idiom.

The minstrels and players began to find it as profitable to amuse the rising class of artisans as to divert the nobles. They lent themselves to the growing spirit of the age, and their plays were the vehicle by means of which the lower orders vented their grievances, or satirized the vices and tyranny of their superiors. The laxity of manners among the clergy was made a standard subject of reproach and ridicule: the popular eye was quick to detect any dereliction of principle, and the popular tongue to speak its rebuke. That, in many instances, the public sarcasm was not unmerited, may be inferred from a description of the ceremonial to take place on Easter Sunday, by Father Isla, one of the clerical fraternity. "The Sermon of Pleasantries," he says, "will be preached at 5 o'clock in the morning. In this sermon, it is necessary for the preacher to have all the merry tales, droll fancies, jests, jokes, and witticisms;

all the quips, cranks, bams, busters, and buffoonery he can rake together, to divert the immense concourse who come to hear him. He has no need to be nice and squeamish, let them be of what kind they will, however filthy, beastly, or indecent; for it is well known that every thing passes upon this day.... The Father Preachers who have brought a droll lay-brother with them for their companion (for some have brought such an one) have ordered the lay-brother to get up in the pulpit and preach a burlesque sermon, with all manner of Merry-Andrew tricks. In general, these sermons end with a mock act of contrition, and instead of a crucifix, the lay-brother brings out from under his habit a pye, a hock of bacon, or a bottle of wine, which he addresses with a thousand amorous expressions in the tone of repentant sorrow, making the audience ready to die with laughter."

From this specimen of the character of the clergy, as described by one of themselves, we may well imagine that the popular writers of the period would be unsparing in their burlesque and satire upon the priesthood. The *trouwerre*, a portion of the minstrel class, who composed their poems and plays, as well as sung them, laughed at the edicts issued to prevent the degradation of the Latin language, and wrote numerous pieces, full of life and originality, abounding in bitter personalities and cutting sarcasm. Leaving grave subjects to the erudite, they threw their whole genius with singular exuberance into their plays. These plays were, in fact, what popular lectures are now, a means of communicating information to large numbers of hearers at once, but relieved and highly seasoned with the author's wit. So great was the number of saints' days and holidays in the period of which we write, that it would, perhaps, have been difficult to keep the turbulent population in good humour, without some such recreation as that afforded by the half-serious, half-comic dramas. The holidays were not unfrequently made the subject of complaint: all work being forbidden on those occasions, some of the artisans remonstrated that the loss of so many days' work was a serious injury to them. Voltaire has left on record a curious account of a gentleman-farmer, ruined by the priest for preferring to plough his fields on a saints' day to drinking in a tavern. "The prodigious number of holidays," it was said, "in the contrivance of tavern-keepers: the religion of peasants and artisans consists in intoxicating themselves on the festival of a saint whom they know only by this means. It is on these days of idleness and debauchery that all sorts of crimes are committed: it is the holidays which fill the prisons, and support the guards, notaries, criminal officers, and executioners. Catholic fields are scarcely tilled; while those of the heretics, cultivated every day, produce abundant harvests."

Plays of the character above described, were frequently acted at the festivals of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children and scholars. This was one of the occasions on which the church relaxed a little of her discipline. From the sixth century downwards, St. Nicholas had been celebrated by songs and games, sometimes of a dramatic character, held either within the convents to which schools were attached, or in their immediate neighbourhood, by the schoolmaster and his scholars. One of these, written by Hilary, is—"Concerning saint Nicholas and a certain Jew." The latter had confided his treasure to the keeping of the statue of the saint; during the absence of the over-confident Israelite, a party of robbers found and carried off the deposit. The Jew on his return, enraged at his loss, lays violent hands on the statue, and overwhelms it with the most opprobrious insults. The saint, to avenge his compromised honour, appears to the thief at night, and forces them to return the money.

The *Jeu de Saint Nicolas*, or Play of Saint Nicholas, is a piece full of life and movement, and boisterous gaiety. The discourse, intermingled with gibes and jests of gamblers and drunkards, now very obscure,

doubtless afforded the greatest amusement to the populace of the day. The following specimen reminds us of the cries of the London apprentices in the reigns of the Edwards and Henrys. The tavern-crier Raoulet, is standing at the door of his master's tap, proclaiming, as was then the custom, the goodness of the wine:—"Here," he cries, "is wine newly-tapped. Full pint, full barrel. Honest wine, drinkable, mellow and full. Lively as a squirrel in the wood. Not rotten, or sour after taste. Wine dry and light, running fair from the lees. Clear as a sinner's tear. Fit for the throat of a jolly fellow, and no other ought to drink it. See how it devours its foam; how it mounts, sparkles, and hisses. Ever so little on the tongue, gives the taste of a famous wine in the heart."

Adam de la Halle, known as the hunchback of Arras, was one of the most popular French dramatists of the fourteenth century. His works, which were written in the Norman dialect, abound in quaint fancies, and display much frankish cunning, and fantastic gaiety, intermingled with simple and graceful pastorals. Among these *Robin and Marion*; and the *Marriage of Adam, or, the Bower*; were the delight of the good citizens of Arras. The characters of this piece are seventeen in number: Adam de la Halle, the author, Maistre Henry, his father, a mercer, physician, innkeeper, monk, fool, and some portly merchants of the city, with women, fairies, and the common people. It is the month of May, the season in which the fairies make their annual visit. A bower, whence the name of the play, has been built for their reception outside the gates of the town, where a knot of citizens are waiting the arrival of the sprightly visitors.¹ The piece opens with a malicious verbal castigation of the most notable inhabitants of Arras, by the author, who enters, dressed as a travelling student, in brown cape and cassock, and approaching the group of bourgeois collected near the bower. "Do ye know, sirs," he asks, "why I have changed my garb? I took a wife; but now I return to the clergy; I am going to revive my ancient dreams, but first wish to take leave of ye all. Don't laugh: I am not so much taken with Arras and its pleasures as to desire to renounce study for them. Since heaven has given me some genius, it is time to set myself to work; I have too long emptied my purse in this place."

Here one of the bystanders inquires what is to become of his young wife Marie, and reminds him that his reflections should have been made before marriage. "By my faith," replies Adam, "that is talking like an oracle; but who can be wise in youth? Love seized me in the first heat; just in the green and ardent season, when it has the most lively season. No one, now-a-days, thinks of what is best, but of what best answers his desires. The summer was sweet and serene, green and flowery, gladdened by the song of little birds; I was seated beneath the branches of tall trees in the wood, near a fountain flowing over pearly sand, when the vision of her who is now my wife, appeared to me; now she seems pale and yellow." He then gives a long and minute description of his Marie, as she first charmed him. Such was the effect of her presence, that he confesses: "I lost all empire over my reason, and was happy only when, instead of clerk, I became husband." He concludes with a farewell to the city. "Arras, Arras, city of lawsuits, hatred and treasons. Farewell, a hundred thousand times and more. I go elsewhere to study the evangel."

As Adam is about to go, comes his old father, Maistre Henry, and greatly applauds his resolution: "Good son," he says, "I pity thee for having lost thy time for a wife; now be wise and depart." But the young man reminds his father that he cannot live in the metropolis unless provided with money. "One can't live at Paris for nothing." The father replies, that he has no money,

and is besides, old, infirm, and full of aches and pains. A physician, who hears these complaints exclaims, "Well know I of what you are ill; it is a disease called avarice," and goes on unsparingly to enumerate all the citizens of Arras afflicted with the same malady. Other personages enter and take part in a dispute that arises out of the physician's censorious remarks, and in the midst of it comes a priest bearing the relics of St. Acarius, on which the disputants cease their quarrel, and join in doing homage, and paying their contributions to the sacred remains. Among others, an idiot presses forward; but, after he has touched the bones, utters greater follies than before, under which, however, are concealed a series of sarcasms against the loose manners of the clergy. The fairies next make their appearance, followed by Hellequin, the prototype of the modern Harlequin. Riquet, a citizen, and Adam, prepare a table for the three fairy queens, Arsile, Maglore, and Morgane; but, unfortunately, no knife has been laid for Maglore, whose anger is greatly excited by the neglect. Morgane, on the contrary, well satisfied, proposes to reward the preparers of the feast; for Riquet she wishes plenty of money, and for Adam, that he may be the most amorous clerk in the world. Arsile promises that the latter shall be jovial, and a good writer of songs, and that Riquet shall buy all his merchandize cheap, and at good profit. But Maglore has not forgotten her anger; she wishes that Riquet may never have a hair on the crown of his head, and for Adam, who boasts of going to the schools at Paris, that he may do nothing but stay in Arras, and forget himself in the arms of his young and loving wife.

The fairies then give a specimen of their supernatural skill, and take their departure, singing a motet, and followed by Hellequin chanting "Say, fits my hat well?" A drinking scene, without which no drama at that period would have been complete, ensues—the monk, with his saintly relics, is unmercifully jeered, and the sitting terminates in a boisterous chorus, "Aia sat on a high tower." After which the crowd disperses; each one returns to his own home: and thus ends this first specimen of early French comedy.

In London, the company of parish clerks were for a long period the only performers. They acted before Richard II. and his queen in 1390; and, as recorded by Maitland, again in 1409, "with great applause, for eight days successively, at Skinner's Well, near Clerkenwell, a play concerning the Creation of the World, at which were present most of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom." We have already instanced some of the mutations of the dramatic art: pageants, morrice-dances, mimes, mummeries, and Christmas carols, are among the more prominent changes. The readers of Scott's novels are acquainted with his description of the Abbot of Unreason and his revels. Of a similar character were the festivals of the Boy Bishop in England, and of the Ass in France. In 1539 Sir David Lyndsay wrote his famous play, *The Thre Estates*, in which the ceremonies and superstitions of the Church are severely criticised and condemned. Religious plays, however, had not ceased to be represented in Scotland so late as 1600; in which year, by the exertions of the Presbyterians, they were forbidden at Perth as a "dishonour of the hault town."

In the sixteenth century the dramatic art made further progress. The first regular English tragedy, *Ferrex and Porrex*, was written in 1561; it contains several passages of great power and beauty. In 1575 appeared, what was long considered to be the first comedy, entitled, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*: late researches, however, give the precedence, by some years, to another play, *Ralph Roister Doister*; a piece full of point and humour, which remains the earliest specimen of English comedy. From this we pass by a succession of writers to the historical plays by which Shakspeare rendered his name immortal—and bring our remarks to a close.

(1) A similar custom prevailed in this country: in many parishes Robin Hood's Bowers were set up on certain holidays in the spring.

A LAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.¹

AFTER observing the various matters of interest in the Indian territory, Sir George Simpson passed into the Oregon district, or, as it may be called, the Columbia region. Most of the critical debates between Great Britain and the United States have been terminated since the voyage of our traveller; and we must, therefore, pass over the arguments bearing upon the claims of the two countries to this territory. It may, however, be observed, that the region was brought under the influence of English civilisation by the North-western Fur Company, which coalesced in 1821 with the Hudson's Bay association, and thus the whole district came under the control of the latter body. It is a singular illustration of the influence of commerce, that the greater part of North America has been laid open to civilisation by the fur-trade. That the sale of the skins of certain small animals should be the means of changing the destinies of half a continent, does not seem surprising to us, who know the mighty results accomplished by the merchant's footstep in other regions; but it is, nevertheless, a wonderful fact in the history of the world.

Sir George, at last, reached Fort Vancouver, a station on the Columbia, after a journey of five thousand miles across the widest part of the American continent, through lakes and up rapid rivers, in which twelve weeks of constant labour tested the physical powers and patience of the party. Vancouver was an important point in this journey, as from it the governor made first a trip to the Russian settlement at Sitka, and next to the coast of California; after which the determined tourist sailed for the Sandwich Islands; and, having satisfied his curiosity in these fair isles, again returned to Sitka. These voyages to and fro may not seem to be comprehended in the plan of a journey round the world, being rather a deflection from the direct course; but, as more than half the first volume is occupied in these trips, we must not omit some notice of the important places brought before us by this portion of Sir George Simpson's work. The journey to Sitka, we may be certain, was not the result of mere curiosity, for that settlement being the head-quarters of the Russian fur-trade in America, was a place of importance in the eyes of the governor of the great British Company, especially as he holds the opinion, that England and Russia are destined to absorb the whole power of the world. If the reader will examine the north-west coast of America in lat. 57°, he will see a small island forming one of the group once known as George the Third's Archipelago, but now called Sitka, or, New Archangel. The settlement was founded in 1804, by the Russian Baranoff, and is now the centre of the Czar's influence along that coast. Thousands of seals, otters, beavers, and sea-horses, are annually slaughtered to support the constant demand for furs and ivory; and, as twenty thousand teeth of the sea-horse are required yearly, and each horse produces but two, ten thousand of these large animals die yearly to supply the ivory trade alone in these remote seas. The surprise manifested at the sight of a steam-vessel, and the superstitious awe in which a piece of writing is held, prove how little the natives of these regions are conversant with the resources of that civilized world, now pressing upon their most secluded homes.

After the arrival of the emigrants from Red River, their guide, a Cree of the name of Bras Croche, took a short trip in the Beaver. When asked what he thought of her, "Don't ask me," was his reply; "I cannot speak; my friends will say that I tell lies when I let

them know what I have seen; Indians are fools, and know nothing. I can see that the iron machinery makes the ship to go, but I cannot see what makes the iron machinery itself to go."

Bras Croche, though very intelligent, and like all the Crees, partially civilized, was, nevertheless, so full of doubt and wonder, that he would not leave the vessel till he got a certificate to the effect, that he had been on board a ship which needed neither paddlers nor sails. Though not one of his countrymen would understand a word of what was written, yet the most sceptical among them would not dare to question the truth of a story which had a document in its favour. A savage stands nearly as much in awe of paper, pen, and ink, as of steam itself; and, if he once puts his cross to any writing, he has rarely been known to violate the engagement which such writing is supposed to embody or to sanction. To him, the very look of black and white is a powerful medicine.

We must now bear in mind that the Russian government has not expended all its care on the development of trade, but has also provided for the spiritual interests of its people; a bishop, with fifteen priests and other clergy being placed in this remote spot. When the governor had completed his examination of Sitka and its resources, he returned to Vancouver, and, immediately set sail for St. Francisco, on the coast of California. To follow him through this route, would require an undue extension of these articles; but, we cannot help noticing the agreement between the prediction of Sir George Simpson on the fate of California, and its seizure by the forces of the United States, during the present war against Mexico. "English, in some sense or other of the word," says he, "the richest portions of California must become; either Great Britain will introduce her well-regulated freedom of all classes and colours, or the people of the United States will inundate the country with their own peculiar mixture of helpless bondage and lawless insubordination." The corruption of the government, the rapacity of the officials, and the general insubordination of all classes, were forced upon the traveller's attention at every step, and displayed themselves amidst the symbols of republicanism. With such proofs of national demoralization, it was impossible not to see the gloomy issue lowering over the light-hearted, indolent Californians.

Leaving this country the governor sailed for the famed Sandwich islands, memorable for the death of Cook, and remarkable for the indications they afford of fierce volcanic agencies once working in those homes of the Pacific. One fact, mentioned by Sir George Simpson, suggests the probable origin of the term *Pacific*, as applied to that vast ocean which stretches for ten thousand miles across the globe. During a run of two thousand three hundred miles the breeze blew with so gentle and agreeable a force that neither studding nor sky sails were once taken in. "If it was under similar circumstances, as is said to have been the case, that Magellan, the first European that traversed this ocean, and probably the first navigator that spanned it at a stretch, made his way from South America to the Philippines, he could not probably have bestowed upon it a name more appropriate and expressive than that of the Pacific. Nor did his individual experience differ from the general fact. Excepting in its most northern and more southern latitudes, this boundless sea is ordinarily so calm that open boats may cross it with safety, and in fact, its least sheltered portion, lying between the Polynesian islands and Spanish America, and almost equalling the breadth of the Atlantic, has actually been so traversed, Captain Hinckley having carried a number of horses, (rather ugly customers by-the-by, for the occasion), in an undecked vessel from California to Woatool, one of the Sandwich Islands. It is doubtless this characteristic tranquillity of the Pacific Ocean which has been the means, under Providence, of peopling almost every islet that floats on its bosom." Four of

(1) Concluded from page 268.

the Sandwich Islands send up high peaks which are seen far off at sea by the distant mariner; two of these volcanic mountains rise from the island of Elawaii to the height of thirteen thousand feet, being visible at a distance of more than fifty leagues. This strengthens the supposition that the whole group must have been seen by the Spaniards who navigated those seas in the 16th and 17th centuries; indeed *proofs exist* of an intercourse between the natives and the Spaniards at a distant period.

The once active craters of the Sandwich group are all extinct, save one on Mount Loa, which still utters most significant hints of the powers once raging in these beautiful seas. Civilisation may now be said to have fixed her home firmly in these islands; whither science, commerce, and christianity have entered from Europe. A regular government is established, consisting of what we call king, lords, and commons, the nobles being fifteen chiefs selected by the king, forming therefore a species of elective peerage; whilst the commons consist of seven representatives chosen by *all* the inhabitants of Hawaii. Those, then, who are enamoured of universal suffrage might find some gratification from a residence in Hawaii. For the satisfaction of some ambitious ladies in England we must add, that nearly one half of the Hawaiian house of lords consists of the lady peeresses. In the whole group are thirteen islands, of which four alone claim the attention of the navigator, either from their population or the convenient position of their harbours. Hawaii, formerly called Owhyhee, where Cook perished, is the largest, measuring a hundred miles in length and about eighty in breadth where widest; the remains of an extinct crater, or rather volcanic lake, twenty-four miles in circumference, are visible in this former home of subterranean fires. The inhabitants are estimated at about 40,000, being chiefly found on the narrow girdle of land round the coast, for the dry lava-like interior presents few attractions to settlers. Mowee, the island next in size, is about forty-eight miles long, and twenty-eight miles wide. Woahoo, having a surface nearly equal to that of Mowee, is important to the navigator on account of being the seat of government, and possessing the most important harbour called Honolulu, whither numerous whaling ships repair for provisions and repairs. This place, the centre of civilisation for these islands, has a population of nine thousand, of which one thousand are probably English and Americans, or descended from these. Thus have been linked to Europe, by a system of commerce and christianity, these remote lands, the discovery of which, toward the close of the last century, excited the curiosity of our fathers, and may yet draw within the circle of civilisation the far-stretching groups of Polynesia. One fact in the history of these islands is rather startling, and suggests the possibility that, at some future period, the whole native population may become *extinct*. The number on every island *appears to diminish*. Vancouver, the companion of Cook, conjectured that the population had much diminished in the short period of thirteen years which had elapsed between the time of Cook and his own visit; and later observations confirm this melancholy fact in the statistics of these fair islands. A census was taken in 1832, when the population returns amounted to 130,000; four years later another enumeration was made, when the numbers were only 109,000, presenting a most singular instance of decrease, and almost forcing us to suspect some blundering in taking the census. But the same dark item is again presented by the enumeration in 1840, when the whole population was reckoned at 88,000. Even if we distrust these returns, which we have no just reason for doing, there are other circumstances pointing in the same ominous direction. The disproportion in some districts between the births and deaths, in a given period, is so great, that nothing but destruction awaits the people should the same state of things continue.

Thus, in a certain part of Woahoo, the most fertile in

the island, the births for a year were but sixty-one, whilst the deaths in the same period were 132. In the most cultivated part of another island it was found that among 5,541 adults there were only "sixty-eight men and sixty-five women who had more than two children each." Some ascribe this diminution to the trade in sandalwood, which was sold to the idolaters at China to burn as a fragrant offering in their temples. The labours undergone in procuring this from the almost inaccessible mountain heights on which it grew, destroyed hundreds of the natives, unaccustomed to the changes of temperature consequent upon such pursuits. But this cause cannot be operating *now*, for the divinities of the Chinese have long since consumed the fragrant wood; the natives, therefore, no longer die in the wild solitudes of the sandal mountains. Two other causes of depopulation are still at work; one the emigration of the men to other regions, a thousand being supposed to leave the islands every year for the coasts of South America, and in the whaling ships. This, by itself, would sufficiently explain the decrease in the population; some, however, bring in another agency, and ascribe to the Sandwich Islands' women so heinous a neglect of their children as must fearfully increase the waste of infant life. The language of Sir George Simpson is severe on this head. "Speaking of the mass, the females of the Sandwich Islands are worthy representatives of those of their own sex, who, after Cook's death, witnessed with indifference from the ships the slaughter of their countrymen and friends. To say nothing of such things as infanticide, the mothers of the Sandwich Islands indulge in the lesser abominations of *exchanging* children, and of allowing pet puppies to share Nature's food with their own offspring. So far from wondering at the numerical deficiency of the rising generation, we ought rather to be surprised that there is a rising generation at all in a country where women regard their own infants and those of others with equal affection, and lavish on either far less of their fondness than on the progeny of one of the lower animals." What a terrible picture is this for us to contemplate, who have been in the habit of regarding those islands as the most favoured scenes of the Christian missionaries' labour! We cannot avoid suspecting that Sir George Simpson is far too sweeping in his assertions respecting the *present* moral state of the women, and that he has rather drawn his description from things as *they were* twenty years ago. If his account be true with respect to the existing condition of the Sandwich Islands, then have our congratulations been too early and indiscriminate. Our author does, however, intimate his hope of the rising of better times. "The woman have exhibited," he says, "far brighter and more numerous proofs of that change of heart which is the single end and aim of pure Christianity." Still, he cannot help sounding again the knell of the whole population at some approaching period. "Viewed *by itself*, civilisation has been, and still continues to be, a canker worm to prey on the population of the group. There is something truly deplorable in the reflection that in this Archipelago civilisation is sweeping the aborigines from the land of their fathers, without placing in their stead others better than themselves. If there be any truth in the preceding paragraphs, the principal measure for preserving the native population appears to be the elevation of the female character. Now, there are only two instruments by which this elevation can possibly be effected—Christianity and public opinion." It is a sad scene in the history of human progress when a newly discovered people, instead of being added to the old family of nations, is gradually annihilated by a host of sinister influences. We may hope, however, that the natives will soon become so completely identified with the English race, that their decay may be arrested before it passes the critical point.

This amalgamation has proceeded to a great extent, and the increasing prevalence of our language must

tend to bind the natives more firmly to us. English is destined ere long to be the vernacular tongue of the group. It must advance as civilisation advances, and the more rapidly the better; for nothing else is so likely to promote that amalgamation of the European and Polynesian races, which can alone prevent the aborigines—if they are at all rescued from the decay that threatens them—from sinking into the condition of “hewers of wood, and drawers of water.”

Sir George Simpson blames the missionaries for continuing to support the use of the Hawaiian language, and so raising up a barrier to a freer intercourse with the knowledge and civilisation of England. His objections seem sound; but into this point we cannot enter. Perhaps it may receive some attention from the directors of the Sandwich Island Mission. The old native dress has been in most cases laid aside, and the reader who remembers the accounts of the former savage dress—the *malo*, the *pau*, the *kapa*, and the war-cloaks—would be rather surprised were he to arrive suddenly in Honolulu on a Sunday, and see not only shoes and stockings, but a crowd of bonnets and parasols on their way to church. These brown ladies have a decided liking for gay attire,—a satin bonnet trimmed with lace, or a bright coloured silk dress, being especially coveted. This tendency gives the missionaries no small trouble, as they feel bound to oppose the indulgence of such luxuries. The preceding remarks, he it observed, refer principally to the dress of the women; as to the men, many of them keep to the garb of their ancestors. Some of the qualities of these Sandwich Islanders are highly estimated by those who know the people best, and Sir George Simpson, speaking of their courage, says: “They are, without exception, the most valiant of the Polynesians, being perfect heroes, for instance, in comparison with the natives of the Society Islands. In short, with their fidelity and courage combined, the Sandwich Islanders, if officered like our Eastern sepoys, would make the finest soldiers of colour in the world.”

The love of the natives for excitement, finery, and show, is thus hit off:—“In promenading, certain days of the week take the shine out of others. For instance, Tuesday, as every body washes every thing on Monday, brings out the belles like so many new pins, with gowns as clean, and smooth, and stiff, as starch, and irons, and soap, can make them; while the fair wearers, that all things may be of a piece, generally embrace the same occasion of making their fresh wreaths and garlands. For these reasons, Tuesday is a stranger's best opportunity for obtaining a full and complete view of the beauties of Honolulu, for, though never very prudish, yet they are now peculiarly ready to appreciate and return the compliment of being the observed of all observers. Saturday, again, has its own proper merit, inferior to Tuesday in point of show and ceremony, but superior to it in variety and intensity of excitement. On this day, little or no work is done; and all those who can get horses, gallop about from morning till dusk, in the town and neighbourhood, to the danger of such as are poor enough, or unfashionable enough, to walk.”

The reader will not, perhaps, be surprised to find this Polynesian state possessed both of a navy and army; the former consisting, not of the old fashioned canoes beheld by Cook, but of armed decked schooners, manned by native seamen; and the latter of a militia, trained in the European system. Civilisation has also taught the kings the art of extracting a fixed revenue, one item of which is a poll-tax on all above fourteen, at the rate of a dollar for a man, of half a dollar for a woman, of a quarter of a dollar for a boy, and of the eighth of a dollar for a girl. Besides this, a labour poll-tax is exacted from all the men, at the rate of six days' labour on the public works in every month.

The old paganism of these islands was formally abolished in 1819, by the king Lilo Lilo, without, strange as it may seem, adopting another system. This

is a singular instance of a nation of pagans discarding their ancient gods from a pure disbelief, caused by intercourse with civilized people, who laughed the idolaters out of their old religion without creating a belief in a fresh system. Thus, the missionaries, on their arrival, found the land open for their operations.

Into the disputes between the French government, the Protestant missionaries, and the natives, we cannot enter: it must, however, be noted, that Sir George Simpson found three Romish priests in Honolulu, where a bishop was shortly expected. He blames the missionaries for this result. “It was they who introduced secular authority as an instrument of conversion, and sanctioned its merciless abuse. It is chiefly their inflexible austerity that has filled the (Roman) Catholic ranks;—it is their unrelenting code of manners and morals, as enforced by pecuniary penalties, that has driven the people to embrace a new faith.” We must remark, in concluding this article, that the situation of the Sandwich Isles fits them to become the centre of Polynesian commerce, being on the direct route from Cape Horn to the northern parts of the Pacific, and in the path from Mexico to China, accessible to both Chinese and Japanese traders, whether going or returning; whilst their secluded position in the midst of the ocean, prevents the possibility of a rival to their prosperity. The group is also so placed as to be in the centre of the three great whaling grounds, that on the Equator, the one near Japan, and the Russian station. From 1836 to 1839, two hundred and fifty-five whalers entered the harbour of Honolulu, of which all, except five, were American or British.

We must now follow Sir George Simpson through a journey across the Old Continent, a track over which Mr. Murray's hand-books of travel would be of little use. When about to plunge into the wilds of Asiatic Russia, our traveller still feels perfectly at home, having no more consciousness of strangeness than if about to take a summer's trip through Cumberland. He scarcely, indeed, looks upon the Russians as foreigners, bidding us see in the Normans the common origin of the people of Queen Victoria and the subjects of the Czar. Russia and England are, therefore, according to Sir George Simpson, two brothers, or, if the grammarians please, two sisters, who, having gone in opposite directions to make their fortunes, meet, with surprise, on the other side of the globe. The importance of the view here suggested will fully justify the citation of the following passage:—

“Before plunging into that colossal empire, whose length is to occupy an almost uninterrupted flight—for journey I cannot call it—of about five months, let me indulge in a brief retrospect of such portion of my wanderings as I have happily accomplished.

“I have threaded my way round nearly half the globe, traversing about two hundred and twenty degrees of longitude, and upwards of a hundred of latitude; and in this circuitous course I have spent more than a year, fully three-fourths on the land, and barely one-fourth on the ocean.

“Notwithstanding all this, I have uniformly felt more at home, with the exception of my first sojourn at Sitra, than I should have felt in Calais. To say nothing of having always found kindred society, I have everywhere seen our race, under a great variety of circumstances, either actually or virtually invested with the attributes of sovereignty. I have seen the English citizens of a young republic, which has already doubled its original territory, without any visible or conceivable obstacle in the way of its indefinite extension; I have seen the English colonists of a conquered province, while the descendants of the first possessors, however inferior in wealth and influence, have reason to rejoice in the defeat of their fathers; I have seen the English poets that stud the wilderness from the Canadian lakes to the Pacific Ocean; I have seen the English adventurers, with that innate power which makes every indi-

vidual, whether Briton or American, a real representative of his country, monopolising the trade, and influencing the destinies, of Spanish California; and, lastly, I have seen the English merchants and English missionaries of a barbarian Archipelago, which promises, under their care and guidance, to become the centre of the traffic of the east and west, of the new world and the old. In seeing all this, I have seen less than the half of the grandeur of the English race.

"How insignificant, in comparison, are all the other nations of the earth, one nation alone excepted! With the paltry reservation of the Swedish Peninsula, Russia and Great Britain literally gird the globe, where either continent has the greatest breadth, a fact which, when taken in connexion with their early annals, can scarcely fail to be regarded as the work of an especial Providence. Hardly was the Western Empire trodden under foot by the tribes that were commissioned for the task, from the Rhine to the Amoor, when He, who systematically vindicates his own glory by the employment of the feeblest instruments, found in the unknown wilds of Scandinavia the germ of a northern hive, of wider range and loftier aim. At once, as if by a miracle, a scanty and obscure people burst on the west and the east as the dominant race of the times; one swarm of *Normans* was finding its way through France to England, while another was establishing its supremacy over the Slavonians of the Borysthenes; the two being to meet in opposite directions at the end of a thousand years.

"It is in this view of the matter that I have in these pages preferred the epithet *English*, as comprising both British and American, to the more sonorous form of Anglo-Saxon. The latter not only excludes the true objects of Divine preference, but, also, in excluding the Normans, it loses sight of the co-operation of Russia as the appointed auxiliary of England in promoting, perhaps by different means, the grand cause of commerce and civilisation, of truth and peace. Even the very difference of language, while it practically makes me a stranger, serves to confirm my deductions.

"In addition to the permanent conquests already mentioned, the Normans, as a mere episode in their history, rivalled Grecian and Italian fame on the soil of Italy and Greece, and yet, though uniformly victorious in all the climes of Europe, they were never numerous enough to engraft their own speech on that of those whom they subdued. This unparalleled success cannot be otherwise explained than by believing that the Normans were everywhere strengthened by the Almighty to accomplish the universal purposes of his omniscience."

Sir George Simpson arrived at Sittra, from the Sandwich Islands, on Easter Sunday, the 18th of April, according to the Russians, who obstinately keep to the old style, thus being always twelve days behind the rest of Europe. Easter is a great festival throughout Christendom, but the Russians are perhaps the most determined, if not the most refined, in their hilarity; a result which doubtless arises from the exceeding rigour of the six weeks' fast preceding the celebration of the Resurrection. There is sometimes a coarseness in the mere animal festivities attending such festivals amongst a rude people, though in this respect the Russians do not stand alone. "From morning to night, we had to run a gauntlet of kisses. When two persons met, one said, 'Christ has risen,' while the other replied, 'Yes, surely he has risen,' and then came the salutations, some of them certainly pleasant enough, but many of them, even when the performers were of the fair sex, perhaps too highly flavoured for perfect comfort. In plain truth, most of the dames of the village had been more liberal of some other liquids than of clean water."

The grandeur of the event commemorated on such a day is certainly in strange contrast with the intoxication of the celebrants; but we must not exult on this point; our Easter wakes and Whitenside revels might furnish similar cases for the animadversion of a foreigner. The

rigour of the Lent fast, and the consequent natural excesses, are thus described.

"With respect to Lent in particular, not only the priesthood, but also the laity, exhibited the greatest strictness, not *shamming* on beef, like the Californians, but really fasting according to rule." Of the *superior* Russian clergy placed in this remote part of the world, Sir George Simpson held a high opinion, attributable, doubtless, to his intercourse with the Bishop of Sittra, of whom he thus speaks. "On taking leave of this worthy prelate, I cannot refrain from rendering a small tribute of praise to his character and qualifications; and, as he is still in the prime of life, I trust that his widely-scattered flock may long enjoy the benefit of those powers of mind and body which combine to fit him for his important and arduous charge. His appearance impresses a stranger with something of awe, while, on farther intercourse, the gentleness which characterises his every word and deed insensibly moulds reverence into love; and, at the same time, his talents and attainments are such as to be worthy of his exalted station. With all this, the bishop is sufficiently a man of the world to disdain anything like cant. His conversation, on the contrary, teems with amusement and instruction, and his company is much prized by all who have the honour of his acquaintance."

The policy of the Russian government in religious matters shames our statesmen, who have so frequently neglected the spiritual interests of the most important colonies, thus weakening the ties which should ever link remote dependencies to the mother state.

"The presence of a bishop, and a complete body of ecclesiastics in this corner of the empire, is merely in accordance with the long tried policy which has amalgamated so many uncongenial tribes into a compact people, by means of one law, one language, one faith,—a policy which England, perhaps through the freedom of her institutions, has too much neglected. Through this policy, Russia, though apparently the most unwieldy state on earth, is yet more decidedly one and indivisible than any other dominion in existence, as is more than proved by the fact, that a single one of the three principles of cohesion which cement her parts into a whole, vests in her an almost direct sway over the foreign professors of her creed."

The religion of the vast majority of the Russians is more surrounded with ceremony than that of the Roman Catholics, and the highest veneration is always manifested towards every symbol of an ecclesiastical character. A circumstance of this kind led Sir George Simpson and one of his friends into a laughable mistake. A female servant was always observed, when she entered the sitting room, "to bow down to the ground at every step, crossing herself reverentially. Whether she meant to exorcise him, or worship him, or, in default of a cap, to set her rosy cheeks at him, he could not tell; but by means of signs he kept entreating her not to trouble herself on his account. In spite of my maturer years, the pretty maiden behaved towards me in the same extraordinary way; and, what was far more mysterious, she still continued, when I slipped away to try her, to rehearse her obeisances before the empty chair."

"While I was speculating on her proceedings, I happened to cast my eyes on the grim visage of an image which occupied a niche in a dark corner of the room, behind the position which I had just left. The bubble was now burst, and my young predecessor was, of course, mortified to find on my return to head quarters, that the maid's conspicuous attentions had been directed over his head to a musty old saint."

Such reverence for the externals of religion may be of great service in the management of a rude people, whose feelings would be little affected by a higher species of teaching.

Leaving Sittra, the traveller sailed direct for the southern point of Kamtschatka, which, though it possesses an area as extensive as the surface of the British

Iales, and lies in the same latitude, can but just feed its miserable population of four thousand persons. Keeping on through the land-locked and shallow sea of Ochotsk, Sir George Simpson reached the town which gives a name to this sea. This is a station of the Russian Fur Company, and was a few years since a penal settlement. The eight hundred inhabitants of Ochotsk, have, it must be admitted, few facilities for studying the beauties of the landscapes, for "a more dreary scene can scarcely be conceived. Not a tree, and hardly a green blade, is to be seen within miles of the town; and in the midst of the disorderly collection of huts, is a stagnant marsh, which, unless when frozen, must be a nursery of all sorts of malaria and pestilence. The climate is at least on a par with the soil. Summer consists of three months of damp and chilly weather, during great part of which the snow still covers the hills, and the ice chokes the harbour; and this is succeeded by nine months of dreary winter, in which the cold, unlike that of more inland spots, is as raw as it is intense. In summer, in fact, nobody goes out of the house without necessity. If the weather be fine, then the noxious vapours of the stagnant marsh are to be dreaded; and if the weather be not fine, then the rain and wind are to be avoided. In winter, again, the cold is too severe for much exposure, being of that raw, damp, disagreeable kind, which no clothes can keep out."

At Ochotsk, the long overland journey to St. Petersburg begins, being performed partly on horseback, and partly in the boats of the Lena. Neither four-horse coaches nor railway engines offer their services to convey the traveller; but the richer natives keep large caravans of horses, and with one of those drovers named Jacob, a petty prince of the Yakuti tribe, Sir George Simpson contracted for a conveyance to Yakutsk in eighteen days. Some of these caravans present a singular spectacle, when six hundred horses, laden with valuable merchandize, pass in long file over the solitary wastes. The horse may indeed be said to be the life of the Yakuti. "The horse is to the Yakuti, what the walrus is to the Aleutians, their best friend in a great variety of ways. Besides being sold for a price, his labour earns money for his owner; his flesh is used as food; the hides of the inner part of his thigh make water-proof boots, while the rest of his skin is formed into cap, shirt, and trousers; and lastly, as we have just seen, his mane and tail become the means of drawing fish out of the water."

The traveller found his title of "Governor," the highest in those regions, of essential use. "Our military guardian, who rode on a-hed, had represented us as very great men indeed, in spite of our plain clothes; everybody was more obsequious than words could tell. The commissary, who met us in full uniform, talked to us for half an hour, uncovered in the open air, while all the subordinates doffed their caps at least a hundred yards before they reached us." At length, after seventeen days hard riding, the party entered Yakutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, and the monument of Cossack valour and perseverance,—for Russia owes Siberia to the daring courage of a Cossack chief in the sixteenth century. This rude soldier of the Don, who thus opened Western Asia to Europe, was named Yermac, and a monument in the ancient city of Tobolsk preserves the memory of his deeds. Far around Yakutsk stretches a lonely region, the dreary monotony of which is only broken by the footsteps of the hunters and ivory seekers. Whence does this ivory come? no animal is destroyed to enrich civilized man with the precious substance, for the bones of huge fossil creatures, of the extinct mammoth species, cover the plains of Eastern Siberia.

"Providence had seen fit, in some distant age, to deposit in the very coldest region on the face of the globe, an inexhaustible supply of an organic substance, which all previous experience would have expected to discover only in tropical climes. The bones of the

mammoth were found in the greatest abundance throughout all the north-western parts of Eastern Siberia. Spring after spring, the alluvial banks of the lakes and rivers, crumbling under the thaw, give up, as it were, their dead; and beyond the very verge of the inhabited world, the islands lying opposite to the mouth of the Yana, and, as there was reason for believing, even the bed of the ocean itself, literally teemed with these most mysterious memorials of antiquity." How such bones were scattered over these wastes we cannot stop to inquire, for such a course would lead us within the fascinating circle of geological speculation. Yakutsk is a striking illustration of the effects produced by human wants and human industry; for this city of the waste is wholly dependent on the trade in ivory and fur, which are sold at a vast annual fair, whither troops of dealers flock from all parts of Siberia and Russia.

From Yakutsk Sir George Simpson departed for Irkutsk, the party being conveyed in boats up the magnificent river Lena, which is six miles wide at Yakutsk, though it is there eight hundred miles from the sea. The route ran through the countries of the Yakuti and the Tungust, two Siberian tribes, of which the latter are the most determined and courageous race. The total number of the Yakuti is estimated at somewhat less than 250,000, which, being spread over an immense tract, are but lonely dwellers in a desolate land.

In Yakutsk are about four hundred houses, seven churches, a monastery, an hospital, and a barrack. The varieties of the temperature in different seasons at this place are astonishing. "The extreme temperature of either season is almost incredible. The thermometer has stood in the shade at thirty-three degrees of Reaumur or one hundred and six degrees of Fahrenheit, while it has fallen in due time to fifty-one degrees of Reaumur or eighty-three degrees of Fahrenheit below zero, the difference being one hundred and eighty-nine degrees of the latter standard, or nine degrees more than the whole distance between the freezing and the boiling points of water." The sub-soil is subjected to an eternal frost. "During the whole year the cellars are said to be in a frozen state, and the wells to send up newly formed ice, for the heat of the summer, excessive as it is, never lasts long enough to dissipate the effects of winter, to a depth of more than two or three feet." "There is, on the whole, little reason for doubting that the ground is frozen to an immense depth; for under the uppermost yard, the frost never loses in summer what it has gained in winter; even the ice of the sea, subjected as it is, every summer to the action of the sun and the water, grows thicker from year to year, the first winter producing about ten feet, the second about five, and so on."

The Cossacks are the great people—the nobility, in fact, of these regions—one of whom it is generally necessary for a traveller to have in his train, to rouse the indolence of the natives, or quicken the zeal of postmasters. This the Cossack is always ready to do by the summary application of his whip to the offender's body, a chastisement which the victim receives with due contrition, calling the castigator "his worship." The following little scene on the banks of the Lena, will illustrate the above remarks.

"Next day, being our seventh from Bostach, our Cossack gave us a specimen of his summary discipline. As the progress of the boat was not equal to the desirability of his temper, the man of office went ashore in a small canoe to quicken the pace; and having made six of the miserable drivers, Russians and Yakuti, dismount at the word of command, he belaboured them in turn with a thick stick, apparently distributing his favours with impartiality. The unresisting wretches seemed to feel the wanton outrage far less than ourselves; they took the whole thing, in fact, as a matter of course. They were, perhaps, conscious of having in some degree deserved what they got; and I certainly

found, as Captain Cochrane had found before, that, under the system of corporal chastisement, the people had become so degraded as hardly to appreciate, at least within the limits of a traveller's patience, the force of any other motive." After a twenty days' voyage up the stream, Sir George Simpson found carriages waiting for him at a place bearing the musical name of Figolofskaya, whence he travelled to Irkutsk, over the Bratsky stoppe along a "whirling, jolting, thumping road." This city, though presenting signs of magnificence and wealth, and having a population of 20,000, gave, nevertheless, proofs of decay; the wide streets being almost deserted, and many of the houses tumbling into ruins." Want of space prevents us from following the governor to Lake Baikal, to which vast inland sea he made a visit before leaving Irkutsk, and for the same reason, we can but glance at his journey of 4,000 miles, from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg. He was now accompanied by an officer of police, to secure all necessaries for the journey, and therefore dashed along to Tomsk, a flourishing town on the Tom, having a population of about 20,000. Thence he crossed the vast Barabinsky steppe with the utmost speed, fearful of being caught, like Napoleon, by the winter. So rapidly did he advance, and so readily were horses provided at the post-houses, that he was amazed at the unusual alacrity of the people. "The secret soon oozed out; our friends a-head, as much, perhaps, for their own convenience as for our glory, had insinuated that I was an ambassador from the Emperor of China to the Czar; while the simple peasants, according to the natural growth of all marvellous stories, had, of their own accord, pronounced me to be the brother of the sun and moon himself, pushing on to the capital with my interpreter and mandarins, in order to implore the assistance of the Russians against the English. Private accommodations were prepared for us at every station, and we were decidedly the greatest men that had ever been seen to the east of the Uralian mountains. As the roads were excellent, we enjoyed the joke, whirling at the rate of twelve or fifteen versts an hour."

With such helter skelter driving, the whole party reached Tobolsk in nineteen days from leaving Irkutsk. The author here takes a review of the history of Russia in Asia, the deeds of the Cossacks, the trade with China, and the gold mines of Siberia, which are the richest in the world. But, for all these digressions, we must, unwillingly, refer our readers to the book itself.

Moscow and St. Petersburg, through which his journey now lay, are too well known to need remark here; it is only necessary to say, that Sir George Simpson reached England in safety, having performed his voyage round the world in nineteen months and twenty-six days.

Such travels undertaken by judicious and influential men, like Sir George Simpson, would soon open channels for that intercourse of nation with nation, which would, in the end, unite the world in one great family, and promote the civilisation of all people.

W. D."

HENRI DE NEMOURS;

OR,
FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

THE French people having in 1789 taken possession of the Bastille, that ancient state prison, where so many political crimes had been committed, where such fearful vengeance had been summarily and secretly executed, the whole edifice was ransacked, and totally destroyed. On that occasion, a great iron cage was found, which proved to be that in which the Cardinal de Baluc, minister of Louis XI., had expiated for eleven years the atrocious guilt of being the inventor, but for other victims, of the instrument which thus served for his own punishment. In another dungeon was discovered a second iron cage, smaller, in the shape of a bowl, wide at

top, and terminating at the bottom in a point so narrow, that any one shut up in it could neither sit nor lie nor stand upright. The last mentioned cage was the only one now remaining, of two, which had served, three centuries before, as the prison of two young princes, Henri and François de Nemours, sons of Jacques d'Armagnac, who in the reign of Louis XI. was Constable of France. It is well known to any who have read French History, that d'Armagnac had leagued with the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany (Bretagne) to deliver up France to the English. This plot, which would have snatched the sceptre from the hands of the French monarch, was discovered to Louis when just ripe for execution, and Jacques d'Armagnac was instantly arrested, and sentenced to be beheaded. He had two sons so young at the time of his treason and its punishment, that when these poor children were asked if they had not been the accomplices of their father, they might have answered with the lamb in the fable: "How could I, when I was not born?" Nevertheless, by a refinement of cruelty, which even the barbarism of the age cannot palliate, much less justify, Louis XI. ordered white robes to be put on the two boys, and thus attired, they were placed under the scaffold on which their father was standing, and when he received the fatal blow, the executioner sprinkled the white robes and their innocent heads with the blood of the criminal. Nor was the vengeance of Louis satiated by the punishment of the Constable. The two orphans, dyed in a father's blood, were taken to the Bastille, dragged to the subterranean dungeons, and there put into the two iron cages described before. Henri de Nemours was then eight years old, and his brother François very nearly seven.

The unhappy children, thus condemned to continual torture, had no other consolation but putting their hands through the bars of the cages to grasp each that of the other. And all day long, and all night long the young brothers were hand in hand.

François, the younger of the two, was the most desponding. "I am so much hurt here," said he, "surely we cannot live long this way." And he wept.

"Come, come," replied Henri, "a pretty fellow to cry at your age; besides you know papa never liked that we should cry. You see they are treating us like men of whom they are afraid, so we must not behave like children. Instead of crying, let us talk of poor dear mamma."

And then the poor victims of the cruel policy of Louis XI. talked of days gone by, and of the beautiful domain of Loctour, where they had passed the first years of infancy. Once again did they climb their own hills of Armagnac, once more wander in its thick woods, once more run races in the broad walks of the baronial park. But alas! it was only in imagination—yet the young prisoners found a momentary oblivion of their sufferings in that blessed magic of memory which makes the present cease to exist for us, by bringing us back into the past.

One other slight alleviation to their wretchedness was afforded to these infant martyrs by a very little mouse, which, having crept out of its hole one day, was at first so terrified by the sight of the young princes, that it ran back as fast as possible to its hiding-place. In vain did the children try to coax it; it was not till the next day that, pressed by hunger, she ventured out to pick up some of the crumbs which they had purposely let fall from the cages. By degrees, however, she became accustomed to the voices of the children, and a few days after her first appearance, she grew so tame, that she climbed up to the cages of her patrons, and at length used to go from one to the other, and eat out of their hands.

But it was a small thing to the vindictive Louis that the blood of d'Armagnac had stained the fair hair and white robe of his children. He heard that the two little prisoners of the Bastille were enduring their

sufferings with fortitude, that, through custom's wandrous power they had learned to sleep soundly in their iron cage, nay, even to awake with an almost cheerful "good morrow" on their lips. He heard it—can any heart that responds to one human feeling believe that it but impelled him to devise fresh torture for them? He issued orders that a tooth should be extracted every week from each of the children.

When the person appointed to this office, a man too long accustomed, as the minister of the king's savage cruelty, to the sight of suffering, to shrink from inflicting it, was introduced into the dungeon, he could not suppress an exclamation of pity at the spectacle of the two unhappy, yet patient little creatures. He was, however, obliged to tell the object of his visit, and when the brutal order of the king was announced, the little François uttered piercing cries, and Henri endeavoured to plead with the executioner. "Mamma," said he, "would die of grief if she heard of my little brother suffering so much. Oh! pray, Sir, spare him—I entreat of you not to put him to such pain; you see how weak and ill he is already."

The executioner of the king's cruel purpose could no longer restrain his tears. "There is no alternative," he said, but he sobbed as he spoke, "I must obey; I risk my life even by delay. My orders are to hand the two teeth to the governor of the Bastille, in order that he may lay them before the king."

"In that case," said Henri, "you must only take two from me. I am strong and can bear it, but the least additional suffering would kill my brother."

And now a long and touching contest arose between the children as to which should suffer for the other. Surprised and affected, the man hesitated for a few moments, and might, perhaps, have finally yielded to the dictates of pity, and have shrunk from executing his revolting office, had not a messenger come from the governor to inquire the cause of his dilatoriness. The messenger knew that longer delay would be regarded as a crime—he approached Henri and extracted a tooth: the child repressed every expression of pain, and seeing the man moving towards his brother's cage, he cried, "Stay, you are to take another from me—you know I am to pay for us both." And the heroic child obtained his wish, and his self sacrifice gave to the governor of the Bastille the two teeth he was required to lay before the king.

The cruel order was executed in its utmost rigour; every week the minister of his barbarous will repaired to the dungeon, and every week Henri paid his own tax and that of his brother. But the strength of the noble boy was at last exhausted; a violent fever raged in his young veins; he gradually grew weaker, and his legs being unable to support him he was obliged to kneel in the cage. At length a day came when he felt that he had only a few minutes to live, and making a feeble effort to extend his hand once more to his brother, he said, "All is over, François, I shall never see mamma again, but, perhaps, you may yet be taken out of this horrible place. Tell my darling mother that I often spoke of her, and that I never loved her so much as now that I am dying. Farewell, François," gasped he, as his breath failed him, "you will give our poor little white mouse her crumbs every day. I depend upon you to take care of her; will you not, dear François?"

He heard not the answer of his brother, death snatched him from his sufferings, and he passed into that place "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." It may be presumed that Louis was softened in favour of the last of the Nemours, for, after the death of Henri, François was released from his iron cage and transferred to one of the ordinary dungeons.

At length the soul of the cruel monarch was required of him, and the reign of Charles VIII. began. His first act was to set at liberty all the victims of the suspicious and hateful policy of Louis XI. Among the rest, François de Nemours was released, permitted once

more to behold the sun, once more to lay his drooping head on the bosom of his mother; but the torture he had undergone in the horrible cage left him all his life lame and deformed.

AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

For the first few days our voyage was remarkably prosperous; our ship, the barque *Robert*, of some 800 tons, was well found; her captain, an experienced hand, had been in the West Indian trade for upwards of twenty years, and the crew were as fine a set of men as could be desired; all hardy and thorough-going seamen. It was towards the end of February, and the weather had been for some days dry and open, with the wind at due east. We had a famous run down the channel, and were well clear of the Bay of Biscay on the fifth day, fully calculating to make Madeira on the twelfth.

However, the rapid falling of the glass, and certain atmospherical indications, led us soon to expect a change in these prospects, nor was it long before it was realized. Every thing had been done, in anticipation, to make the ship snug, by lowering our lighter spars, reducing the sails, and by shaping our course so as to have an abundance of sea room, so that, in fact, we were well prepared for the worst. The wind had entirely dropped, and the sails flapped heavily against the masts, as the ship rolled and pitched under the influence of a long and uneasy ground swell; the sun set angrily, and a low moaning sound, as of wind, created a feeling of discomfort, which was not allayed by an observation of the captain, that we should "catch it before morning."

I had retired to my berth, but I could not sleep, and so much from positive apprehension as from that fever of doubt which is more distressing. I soon felt that the captain's prognostication was about to be realized; the whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funeral wailings; the creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of the bulk-heads, as the ship laboured in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the side of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if death were raging round the floating prison, seeking for his prey; the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance. Suddenly I was alarmed by the loud cry of the watch, "A sail ahead!" I was on deck in a moment, and saw distinctly a small schooner close a head of us, with her broadside towards us; escape was hopeless, we struck her just a mid-ships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves, we passed over her, and were hurried on our course. As the cracking wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three wretched-looking beings, who, with frantic gestures for help, and shriek of terror, were swallowed by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind, as the blast that bore it to my ear swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such head way. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the schooner had gone down; we cruised about for some time, and fired several guns, listening through the gale if we might hear the halloo of some survivor, but all was silent; we never saw nor heard any thing more of them.

The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times the black volumes of cloud over head seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning, that quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunder boomed and bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain wave. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among those rearing caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained

her balance, or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water; her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

Morning at length broke, but the gale was unabated, and, with the exception of a mere storm stay-sail, we were scudding under bare poles. Heavy, leaden clouds hung like a dome over us, while a lighter fleecy scud was borne, as if on wings, beneath them. The aspect without was not cheering, and within it presented nothing but discomfort; the dead lights had been shipped, making the cabin, wet and slimy from the seas we had shipped, still more cheerless. For three days did this state of things continue, and we were driven helplessly along, our bulwarks stove in, our boats dashed to pieces, and leaving mere fragments hanging to the davits; the caboose gone, and the decks completely cleared. On the morning of the fourth day the weather moderated slightly, and the captain ventured to get a trysail set; but we were occasionally struck by some frightful seas, and many a time were the men saved by a life line.

I was, however, less fortunate, for a mountain wave striking us abaft the mizzenmast, knocked down the man at the wheel and carried me overboard with resistless force. Fortunately, I was immediately missed, and as I rose on the top of a sea, on which I was labouring, after having recovered from the first plunge, I was caught sight of. My shoes were soon kicked off, but my jacket, clinging to me from the wet it had imbibed, resisted all my efforts to strip it off. I felt that my chance was a small one, though not hopeless, for I had ingratiated myself with the men, and the captain was a fellow-townsmen, and, therefore, I was persuaded that they would use every effort to save me; but, at the same time, I feared that they might not dare to wear the ship amidst so much danger. A moment's reflection convinced me that it would be useless to fatigue myself by swimming, and that my only chance lay in husbanding my power, by keeping myself collected, and by floating with the least possible exertion. I was soon far, far astern, anxiously watching the receding ship, when, borne to the crest of a giant wave, I caught a momentary glimpse of her; and I must confess, that when I was carried down again into the deep trough of the waves, I was assailed with the most painful qualms as to the possibility of succour being afforded to me in such a sea. Minutes seemed lengthened into interminable hours, but still I floated on, sometimes "carried up to heaven, and down again to the deep; my soul melting away because of the trouble." The sight of the ship always cheered me, and I waited anxiously for the wave that would bear me up and bring her within view, as it dispelled for the instant the dreadful feeling of desolation which oppressed me as I lay in the hollow seas. These snatches of her were so momentary that I could form no idea whether any change had taken place in her position, yet once I thought I saw her broadside to me, and my heart bounded with delight; I hugged the idea, although the next glance at her did not bear out my hopes. Yes! it was no mistake; the distance between us was lessening, and they had succeeded in wearing the ship. But fresh doubts grew upon me; our positions were altered by the course she was forced to take to bear down upon me, and as I was sure that they could not have seen me for some time, they could neither tell where I was, whether I survived; and then I thought they might miss me, and I knew my voice could not be heard; and then I began to calculate as to the utility of further exertion on my own part, and how much longer I could keep myself afloat. The look-out was, however, most vigilant, and a couple of men had stationed themselves in the fore-top to gain a wider field, and by them I was discovered. The course of the ship was shaped to me, and as she passed within a few yards,

a plank with a line attached to it was thrown overboard. I soon reached it; and, clinging with difficulty to it as it pitched and rolled, I succeeded in making the line fast beneath my shoulders. A loud shout from the ship proclaimed the delight of the crew, who began hauling me towards them with a good will that left me little to complain of beyond the stifling sensation of being dragged rapidly through the water, and the pain of the rope across my chest. Luckily they understood my signal, as the two latter causes prevented my speaking, and hauled me in over the stern, for in their zeal they would have pulled me up the side of the ship, against which, as she rolled and surged, I must infallibly have been killed. The congratulations of all the hands were most sincere; they refused all rewards, and would accept nothing but my thanks; they said they had given me up, being certain that no man could have kept himself afloat amidst such heavy seas for the hour and a half I had been exposed to them. We had a glass of grog all round; and, after I had changed my clothes and spent a short time in my cabin, I could have fancied the whole had been a dream, but for a painful stricture across the chest, which lasted for some days. In a week we were at Madaira, where we refitted before we proceeded on our voyage to the West Indies. E. P. T.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

THE SUMMER IS OVER.

[* * * * *]

THE Summer is over,
Too soon it is sped,
Its joys scarce returning
Before they are fled.
The leaves that once shaded
Our pathway, are o'er,
And the flower that is faded
Will blossom no more.

But past joys in remembrance
Still dwell in the heart,
Like the scent of sweet flowers,
They do not depart;
And the Robin is singing
Still on the bare bough,
A glad message bringing
Of joy even now.

Though the lost sun no longer
Shines through the long day,
And the leaves and the flowers
Are faded away:
Though the warm winds of even
No longer blow soft,
And the bright stars of heaven
Look cold from aloft:

Still, still in the bosom
Shall joy find a home,
And the heart shall look forward
To pleasures to come,
And the soul shall still cherish
Glad hopes of the Spring,
When the flowers shall all flourish
The birds shall all sing.

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My Mistress's Bonnet.

VOL. IV.

DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS, ENGRAVED BY DALY.

THE MEANING OF UNDINE.

"THE meaning of Undine!" We fancy we can see the air of scornful disgust wherewith some readers will close the book when this obnoxious title meets their eyes. It is strange with what a natural antipathy to the allegorical some persons are born; it is unto them as "a gaping pig, or a harmless, necessary cat;" they scent it at the distance of miles, and close their doors hastily, lest their thresholds should be polluted by its passage. They resist its interpretations as a species of torture, a *peine forte et dure* inflicted upon helpless authors by inquisitorial critics, constraining them at length, however innocent, to confess themselves guilty of the meaning imputed to them. And truly, when we recall the afflicting exercises of senseless ingenuity which have annoyed this country under the name of allegory and allegorical interpretation, we cannot be greatly surprised at the horror of a reader of ordinary humanity when he encounters the word. We are a people whose nature it is to speak plainly; we deal not in hidden meanings; symbolism in its higher grades and finer texture is a mystery we care not to penetrate. Our literature, when it does venture to commit an allegory, generally works it out in a practical, business-like manner, regularly personifying a certain number of qualities good and bad, carrying them steadily through an appropriate series of evolutions, and setting them finally, with an unobjectionable moral, to live "happy ever afterwards," or miserable, as the case may be. The allegorical meaning, and the story which thinly veils it, are thus kept comfortably distinct, and the reader may occupy himself with either, as the humour takes him, without being obtrusively annoyed by the other. Thus, since the genius of our land seldom assumes the garb, or, assuming it, wears it not easily, it has come under the treatment of a lower class of minds, and fallen into disgrace among us. The inquisitive critic who hunts for a meaning and a message in the poetry of the day (in truth often a hopeless search!) is reckoned, perhaps not unfairly, with the gossip of daily life, who spends his time in attributing motives to his neighbours which it never entered their heads to conceive,—and the judicious reader turns from his "fantastic tricks" with contempt, and never admitting the idea that the absurdities of the monkey counterfeit the dignity of the man, which is, when it can be found, a real, genuine dignity, takes to himself the common, and most attainable comfort of looking down upon that which he cannot understand. He forgets that the heaven which seems to him to lie beneath his feet, is as much heaven—impenetrable, unattainable, incomprehensible heaven—as that which stretches visibly above his head. Nocturnal we can understand; and there is no mistake about the darkness of midnight; but for the pale, shadow-haunted twilight, where the seen is for ever passing into the unseen, where the distance is thronged with phantoms, and the air voluble with sounds that are in the voice of a spirit, speaking to us in no articulate language, yet awakening thoughts by every note of its low music, we have neither eyes nor ears; yet in this strange cloud-land do the Germans live, move, and have their being. We say not that in this they are better off than ourselves; we pronounce no sentence whatever upon the matter; but admitting the fact, (and we believe that, whether in scorn or in love, the fact will generally be admitted,) we ask the candid reader whether there be any hope of his forming a just estimate of the scenery of the spiritual region, if he persists in denying that such a region exists? whether, in short, it is a fair mode of proceeding, to make up your mind in your closet that the Germans shall speak English, and then go out into the street and quarrel with the first *Deutschlander* you meet because he accosts you with a polite "Guten morgen?"

For, let us consider a little. Who, and what, is this

Fouqué, whose writings are now so widely read, so generally admired, and (we beg the public's pardon) so little understood among us? Was he a man who looked only at the outsides of things? receiving them in their external bearings into his mind, and reproducing them in like manner in his art? sometimes hitting by accident upon a truth, resident in the eternal form, and, indeed, inalienable from it; but scarcely perceived, and by no means appreciated by him? Or was he not rather in very deed a poet,—that is to say, (be the word received as it is spoken, in reverence!) in some sense a priest of the Invisible;—a man on whose soul a charge has been laid, in whose heart a word has been spoken, and who must needs acquit himself of that charge, and give utterance to that message as he best could, at all hazards? For this is the true definition of the poet,—though few, very few, attain, or even approach to mastery over their mysterious gift. For the most part they labour and tremble beneath the burthen; speaking, half unconsciously, words which they scarcely apprehend themselves; troubled, dubious, wondering; often absolutely powerless in practice, needing help, guidance, and counsel at every moment; but enabled by a most inexplicable law to shed that light on others which their own darkened and wandering steps need, and cannot find, and grateful with a gratitude which no eloquence can express to those stronger minds on whom they are sometimes permitted to lean for a little while, and by whose aid they are enabled to give body to the vague and vivid ideas which are for ever floating before them! Not of this stamp, however, was Fouqué. He had attained to that higher elevation at which clouds and vapours are a spectacle beneath the feet, and not a difficulty in the path. He had, or believed that he had, the truth within him,—distinct, tangible, imperative. How could he choose but give voice to it? Yet, not as a preacher, observe;—the difference is great and important. His vocation was to teach truth by means of beauty; not dogmatically, and as it is in itself. That beauty became his art, and the very element of his life; but while sporting in it with the buoyancy of a child,—while studying the picturesque and wooing the graceful with his whole heart,—these all became to him, and must become to us, if we would understand him rightly, symbolical;—and were for ever converting themselves, sometimes, perhaps, even to his own surprise, into vehicles for the message which it was given him to utter. It was not that, like common allegory-manufacturers, he wanted to teach one particular doctrine, and set himself to make an allegory to fit it; but that his soul was thrilling and quivering with intense convictions, and that the romance, the fairy tale, the chivalrous adventure, beautiful as they were in themselves, and complete and independent, were but as shadows and garments of the sublimity of Truth. If this view of him be correct, two conclusions must at once be admitted. First, that it would be absurd to expect to find in "Undine" a kind of "Pilgrim's Progress," where every particle has its distinct and unmistakable office, right or wrong, in the working out of the intention of the writer; secondly, that it would be equally absurd (and this is speaking mildly) to consider it as a mere fairy-tale, valuable only for its exquisite originality, and the ethereal beauty of its conceptions,—destitute of deeper meaning, and higher aim. This would be simply impossible to such a man as we have attempted to describe Fouqué. Without, therefore, distorting or degrading this loveliest of fictions, we may allowably look for a living soul to animate the movements of its matchless form. We may expect to find that its general outline is symbolical, and in many of its minor touches we may hope to discover a significance, real and not to be disputed, but appreciable only by the loving student. And it is only to the loving student that these pages are addressed. Him we fearlessly invite to endeavour with us so to tune his heart in accordance with the heart of the great

minstrel, that the notes of this delicious harmony may not speak to thankless silence, but may awaken an echo and an answer, feeble, indeed, but still in unison with themselves.

Far be it from us to attempt anything so rash as a sketch of the great temple which Truth had reared for herself in the mind of Fouqué. Our business is with one little cool and solemn chapel, with its delicate sculptures, and mellow many-tinted light; bearing, doubtless, its relation to the whole fabric, and echoing, ever and anon, the choral harmony which swells along the distant nave; and rich in ornaments, whose meaning can be but dimly perceived by one who knows not the symbolism of the entire structure;—but still exquisite and perfect in itself, and capable of being considered separately and for itself. We shall pre-suppose a knowledge of the story of Undine in our readers, which will enable them to follow us through the few remarks which we are about to offer; and, ere we begin, we would once more earnestly entreat them not to object to us the very fact on which our whole theory of the German genius rests—namely, that there are scenes and parts of scenes which cannot be fitted into one plan, and that the various characters frequently talk and act inconsistently with the principles which we suppose that they are intended to embody. The personality wherewith Fouqué invests his ideas is a real living personality, not an unsubstantial vapour—his story is framed artistically *as a story*—but the prophet-voices from time to time, speak through it, and to these we are about to listen. We protest vehemently against that captious and flimsy judgment, which, when you assert that the child is like its mother, shall answer you by pointing out a difference in the curve of the nostril, or the line of the eyebrow, as though resemblance could not exist unless every line and feature were strictly copied—as though, indeed, it did not really exist rather in expression, gesture, and character, than in bones and muscles.

Nevertheless, we are afraid. Were we to tell the patient reader who has followed us thus far, what the lesson is which we believe that Undine teaches, we assuredly think that he would follow us no farther. We will defer it therefore—we will not announce it at the beginning, but will rather lead to it through the progress of the tale, buoying ourselves up with the fallacious hope that some one or two may perhaps then anticipate us, and utter of themselves the words which we have not courage to speak.

In Huldbrand then—the character for whose especial benefit the story appears to have been constructed, for whose happiness or misery the other personages seem to have been called into existence, we have at starting a mind of great capacities and generous feelings, but utterly undisciplined, moulded and sullied by the world to which it has abandoned itself; without faith, and unconscious of the miserable want. This man knows nothing of the reality of life—he has hitherto done nothing in earnest—he has existed among stage lights and painted pasteboard, and he cares not even to contrast them with the holy moonbeams and majestic forests whereof they are the ineffectual mimicry. He lives in willing and perpetual subjection to the pride of Intellect, and the frivolous enjoyments of the world, (symbolized as we believe by Bertalda,) and he has not, as yet, made one effort to escape from them—nay rather he defies them, and considers them the only good. Suddenly, for the first time, he awakens to a desire after Truth, and begins to seek for it. Not indeed as a penitent, striving humbly, tearfully, and laboriously to return, if it may be, to the bosom of a scorned and forsaken mother, but gaily, and in a spirit of bravado. He has been piqued into making the effort, and he undertakes it without a doubt of victory. Like the French girl in the memoirs of Madame de Staël, he can talk very well of other things, and he will now talk a little of religion.

What befalls him? how does the insulted divinity avenge herself? We shall see. He withdraws for a while from the world, and begins his study in earnest. The act is good, be the motive what it may, and the fruits are immediately apparent. The light, scoffing, satisfied spirit which has hitherto lived only in the present and the visible, wakes up in a moment to a perception of the mystery of life, and the wonders of the world. A finer nature would be appalled and saddened—a higher temper would be transformed and inspired; he is neither the one nor the other. *In pride, not in humility*, he began his task, and in the same spirit he continues,—puzzled, bewildered, it is true, nay, sometimes well-nigh frightened, but still in nowise discouraged. He falls under the scourge of superstition—fit punisher of unbelief: a thousand grotesque and mocking forms crowd around him; a thousand inconsistencies, inexplicable but real, torment him. Evil in her myriad shapes, from the terrible to the disgusting, the mean, or the simply ludicrous, besets him on every hand, and he has no key to her riddles—no defence against her attacks. He cannot escape from her by returning—he cannot become what he was; he has plunged into the dark forest, and he must needs go on ward, till he arrives at light of some sort, whether true or illusory;—he has once discovered that the world is not made up of money, food, and clothing, and there is no rest for him till he has found out, or fancied that he has found out, of what it is really made.

He takes refuge in the religion of nature, and the simplicity of country life. (Now, pray, reader, do not imagine that the dear old fisherman and his wife are purely allegorical; they have a meaning, it is true, in the history of this mind, whose perplexed wanderings we are trying to unravel. But they are in themselves genuine and substantial—simple, untaught, but kindly characters, with whose doings and sayings we may fairly delight ourselves, without straining our eyes to discover in them a mystical double sense which we shall often have to invent for ourselves before we can pretend to detect it.) For a little while the wandering Huldbrand believes that he has found rest; and truly, the merest glimmer of natural religion falling upon the heart, is a relief from the dark, dreary, practical scepticism of the worldling. For the image of God is everywhere, though, alas! defaced and disguised, and it is, if we mistake not, one of the offices of grace to discern that glorious image in all things, and release it from the fetters of sin and garments of falsehood wherewith Satan has been permitted to encumber it. Therefore, to the mere lover of nature, for her own sake, a path is open, if he would but see—a guide ready if he would but follow. Upon this path Huldbrand is beginning to enter, and the first vision which he encounters there is Beauty—the most eloquent of all the voices wherewith God has gifted the earth, that it may utter his praises. But he has now less chance of rest than ever. The bewitching phantom beckons him a thousand ways, and eludes his grasp at every turn, now mocking, now coming, for ever attracting, and for ever unintelligible. He is enamoured of the form, but for him it has no soul; he knows not whence it is; he can discover no rule, and obtain no guidance, but he is subjected to an irresistible fascination, and he knows not whether it is for good or evil. In the system of an undisciplined mind Beauty has neither place, office, nor purpose, but is simply an influence to which he submits for the sake of the pleasure which it bestows upon him; nevertheless this Beauty is of a very different class from that of his former enjoyments—they were sensual, she is spiritual, and the more incomprehensible for that very reason—he cannot recall them while communing with her, little as he is able to understand her, without a sharp and sudden pang, telling him that he must not have both together.

Strange and mysterious is this soulless shape of Beauty to him. He cannot follow her movements, or

guess at her designs: she seems to him wayward and lawless as she is lovely, and when she is loveliest in outward aspect, he is least able to guess what manner of spirit she may be of. Strange is it ever, when the eternal form is the subject of our contemplation, while the spirit which evolved it has passed away, and is undiscoverable. We are reminded of the sentence fearlessly passed, not many years since, upon the grandest of all the shapes which the true spirit of beauty has ever assumed on earth—gothic architecture. That, too, was a form, from which the soul, alas! was absent, and therefore, the men who gazed upon it could discover neither rule whereby to judge, nor principle wherefrom to deduce it. They were oppressed by its vastness—they were offended at its mystery: if the idea was grand, said they, the details were grotesque, meaningless, unpardonable; so they rejected the testimony of their senses, and decided that it was nought.

And it is at this epoch of a man's mental history that he is in danger of falling into the spirit of the Puritans. Angry with this perverse and unintelligible Beauty, he is tempted to ask with the old fisherman, "whether she has really been baptized or not?" whether she be not in fact a fair ambassador from the Evil One?—and then he flings her away altogether, and sets himself to lead a dreary, miserable half-life without her, which would be simply pitiable if it were not the result of pride and impatience. There was no such danger for Huldbrand, though his safeguard lay in his weakness, rather than in his strength. He was not sufficiently in love with Truth to make a sacrifice in the hope of obtaining her; on the contrary, had he made that unhappy, but common mistake of supposing himself called on to decide between Beauty and Truth, (oh, most unnatural divorcement!) he would assuredly have forsaken the latter, that he might cleave to the former. Therefore, he continued to woo, and to chase the enchanting vision without attempting to understand her, without advancing to grasp her, till there came a change,—and here we will begin a new paragraph, and counsel our readers in all charity to part company with us here, unless they be men of mettle, for we intend to go very deep indeed before we have done.

Let us for a moment, refer to the story itself, which in the reader's mind has, we trust, kept pace with our observations. Huldbrand has achieved a certain mastery over the wilful and captivating Undine, without even approaching to a right comprehension of her. The old man and his wife, who, in so far as they influence the mind of Huldbrand, may, perhaps, symbolize nature and prejudice, are as little able to manage her as he is; they are perpetually in trouble about her, endeavouring to restrain her,—indignant at her frolics, yet perpetually returning to love her by an impulse which they cannot explain. There is a great storm. All the elements are in commotion, they cannot agree with each other, or with mankind. Suddenly, there is a low knock at the door,—it is opened, and "they behold an aged priest."

The seeker encounters for the first time the Idea of the Church of Christ,—of the only system wherein Truth is able to reside without parting with some of her lustre; of the only power which conquers all things, not by crushing and annihilating, but by subduing and transforming them. What follows? The place and rule of Beauty is at once found—her form receives a soul, and her union with the soul of man is sanctified. Huldbrand may clasp her fearlessly to his heart; she is now his guardian angel, pure, placid, lofty, and submissive; not mocking him by her caprices, but rather soothing and ennobling him by her constancy: not disdaining the details, and shunning the trials of daily life; but rather leading him among them, and softening them into harmony with herself, as even the hard substantial rock grows transparent in the purple light of sunset. It is true that, for the wayward heart of man, the soulless Undine, with her sweet petulances and

graceful lawlessness, may sometimes be more captivating than the same Undine when the burden of a soul causes her to tremble, to walk warily and softly, and to hide her exuberant fancies under the mantle of a holy reserve; but, though this be true and natural, no one will contend that it is right. It is an illustration of the same law which operates in actual life, making the frank, light, joyous character, which neither seeks nor needs concealment of its emotions, so attractive—the quiet, withdrawing, sensitive temper which lacks the power and the will to express its secret enthusiasm, so repulsive, even to a refined and penetrating observer. But, nevertheless, Undine and Huldbrand have found their home and their rest together, and "whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder."

And here the tale might end: but does it end here? Not so! The *lesson* is yet to come; the wonderful truth and beauty of the conception are yet to be vindicated. Smooth and easy indeed would be the passage from darkness to light, were it such as has been here described. But we are to be taught that the soul which has forsaken truth, and lived among vain shows, and delighted in false and sensual pleasures, finds not Beauty as the appointed angel to lead it softly back to the old path, but must rather seek that way, if haply it may be found, in toil, and tears, and penitence. Beauty is no guide to truth, except for the comparatively innocent: she opens not the gate of the temple, but stands within, ready to bless the faithful and fervent worshipper. The faith which Huldbrand has obtained is indeed pure and lovely, but powerless to influence his conduct; a sweet melancholy voice, full of loving reproof, for ever whispering in his ear,—but the whisper is unheeded, and the voice grows fainter and more mournful, till it dies into a silence yet more reproachful than its words. "This is an 'aesthetic religion,' living in the imagination and the intellect, not in the heart and the life. Pure, spiritual vision of beauty! How camest thou to be wedded to this earthly and trivial soul? Alas, for thee! Thou must needs droop and fade, speaking only a few times through the conscience which thou hast awakened, withdrawing thyself further and further from an intercourse in which every word is a wound, and departing at last, wronged, helpless, and weary—departing, not to return till thou shalt be sought for aright!"

Our space will not allow us to follow out the idea (or what we believe to be the idea) of this latter half of the story, into its minuter expressions. If the reader accept our key, he can use it for himself, and we think that he will wonder not a little to find how exactly it fits, and how many are the treasures which it is able to unlock. A few only of these can we indicate ere we conclude.

How pathetic is the haste with which Fouqué passes over the wrongs of Undine, omitting the details as if too painful to be dwelt upon—lingering upon the feeling which they awaken, in sentences of which every word is pregnant with exquisite meaning. The fickle Huldbrand goes quickly back to his old love, and his old life, carrying with him the bride whom he wooed and won so strangely, but whose presence, lovely as she is, becomes gradually a burden and a reproach. He yields once more to the blandishments of Bertalda,—the pride of life and of intellect, the gross and earthly part of his nature resumes its sway, the pure and imaginative part is shunned and resisted. "Huldbrand and Bertalda," say Fouqué, "were afraid of the gentle Undine, and ashamed before her!" We need not do more than point to the application. But they are not at rest in their sin, so long as that fair and speechless vision stands beside them; strange fears and spectral thoughts encounter them at every turning,—"such," observes Fouqué, "as they had never seen before!" How indeed should they have seen them before? We know not the hideousness of sin till we have begun to see, however dimly, the beauty of holiness. The sad history of degradation proceeds; lower and lower does the unhappy

Huldbrand sink, till Undine herself closes the stream, and sets her seal upon it. Strange and most mysterious state, where the feeble remnant of good within a man leads him to flee from privileges which he knows that he shall abuse, and so convert into judgments! Bertalda resists this; the pride of intellect is not content to be divorced from faith and imagination; she sees not, in her blind self-confidence, that they contain that which will destroy her, but strives to use them as servants, and convert them to her own purposes, and fails, as she ever must fail, in so unhallowed an effort. After this, however, the guilty pair are, for a time, happier; one step more has been taken in the hardening of the heart, which seems not far from its final and hopeless induration. How shall we interpret Undine's piteous entreaty, "that he will not chide her upon the water?" What is that last little safeguard, which, when withdrawn, leaves the sinner to pursue his course unchecked by warning, untroubled by remorse? May it not, perhaps, signify reverence,—that instinctive shame of the soul in the presence of truth, which has in it the germ of repentance and the hope of restoration? However this may be, the final offence is committed—the cup is full—and the guardian angel departs! Undine leaves the faithless Huldbrand, with love and grief in her last farewell.

The loud, uncanny revel of guilt succeeds; and on this we need not dwell. Neither shall we attempt to describe in words the awful beauty of the conclusion, when the rash Bertalda causes the stone to be removed—when some sin more atrocious, some profaneness more glaring, than the habitual sins and profanenesses of the soul, startles the conscience into activity—and Undine returns; returns in her beauty, her sadness, and her holiness; returns in her love, to slay the penitent by tears! So only could they be reunited, so only can we admit a trembling hope for the miserable Huldbrand. But the subject is too solemn to be dwelt on here, or by us.

In conclusion we would say one word upon a part of the story which seems to us deeply significant, but the interpretation of which we offer with some doubt—the origin of Undine, and that of Bertalda. Yet surely it can scarcely be accidental, that Bertalda, whom we have supposed to typify the human part of man's soul, the intellect and passions, is born of nature, and has her natural home upon earth, while the origin of Undine, the pure, the spiritual, the imaginative, is wrapped in mystery. She is no natural product of the heart of man; she is a gift and a revelation, and she is born of water!

And now, reader, if you be weary and indignant, we beseech you to call to mind that couplet of Burns—

"What's done ye partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted!"

For every conjectural interpretation of our author's meaning wherein we have indulged ourselves, we might easily have presented you with ten, and, when you contemplate the alternative, we think you will, on the whole, be disposed to regard us with gratitude.

S. M.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAP. XII.

LAWLESS'S MATINEE MUSICALE.

I SCARCELY know any excitement more agreeable than driving, on a fine cold day, a pair of spirited horses, which demand the exercise of all one's coolness and skill to keep their fiery natures under proper control. Some accident had happened to one of Sir John's old phaeton horses, and Harry, who fancied, as he was not

allowed to use any violent exercise, that driving would be an amusement to him, had taken the opportunity of replacing them by a magnificent pair of young nearly thorough-bred chestnuts; and these were the steeds now entrusted to my guidance. Not being anxious, however, to emulate the fate of the unfortunate Muffington Spoffkins, I held them well in hand for the first three or four miles, and as they became used to their work, gradually allowed them to quicken their pace, till we were bowling along merrily at the rate of ten miles an hour.

A drive of about an hour and a quarter brought me within sight of the little roadside public-house appointed for my rendezvous with Lawless. As I drew sufficiently near to distinguish figures, I perceived the gentleman in question scientifically and picturosqully attired in what might with great propriety be termed *an end* of a shooting jacket, inasmuch as its waist, being prolonged to a strange and unaccountable extent, had, as a necessary consequence, invaded the region of the skirt to a degree which reduced that appendage to the most absurd and infinitesimal proportions. This wonderful garment was composed of a fabric which Freddy Coleman, when he made its acquaintance some few days later, denominated the Mac Ommbus plaid, a gaudy repertoire of colours embracing all the tints of the rainbow, and a few more besides, and was further embellished by a plentiful supply of gent's sporting buttons, which latter articles were not quite so large as choisee plates, and represented in bas-relief a series of moving incidents by flood and field. His nether man exhibited a complicated arrangement of corduroys, leather gaiters, and waterproof boots, which were, of course, wet through; while, to crown the whole, his head was adorned with one of those round felt hats which exactly resemble a boiled apple pudding, and are known by the sobriquet of "wide-awakes," "cos they avn't got no nap about 'em." A stout shooting pony was standing at the door of the ale-house, with a pair of panniers, containing a portmanteau and a gun-case, slung across its back, upon which was seated in triumph the mighty Shrimp, who seemed to possess the singular property of growing older, and nothing else; for, as well as one could judge by appearances, he had not increased an inch in stature since the first day of our acquaintance. His attitude, as I drove up, was one which I must would have delighted in perpetuating. Perched on a kind of pack-saddle, his legs stretched so widely apart, by reason of the stout proportions of the pony, as to be nearly at right angles with his upper man, he held aloft (not a "snowy scarf" but) a pewter pot nearly as large as himself, the contents of which he was transferring to his own throat with an air of relish and *savoir-faire*, which would have done credit to a seven-foot-high coalheaver. The group was completed by a game-keeper, who, seated on a low wooden bench, was dividing some bread and cheese with a magnificent black retriever.

"By Jove! what splendid steppers!" was Lawless's exclamation, as I drove up. "Now, that's what I call perfect action; high enough to look well, without battering the feet to pieces—the leg a little arched, and thrown out boldly—no fear of their putting down their pins in the same place they pick them up from. Ah!" he continued, for the first time observing me, "Fairleigh, how are you, old fellow? Slap up cattle you've got there, and no mistake—belong to Sir John Oaklands, I suppose. Do you happen to know where they got hold of them?"

"Harry wanted a pair of phaeton horses, and the coachman recommended these," replied I; "but I've no idea where he heard of them."

"Rising five and six," continued Lawless, examining their mouths with deep interest; "no do there—the tush well up in one, and nicely through in the other, and the mark in the nippers just as it should be to correspond: own brothers I'll bet 100!—good full eyes,

(1) Continued from p. 279.

small heads well set on, slanting shoulders, legs as clean as a colt's—feet are a *leetle* small, but that's the breed—whereabouts was the figure, did you hear?—five fifties never bought them, unless they were as cheap as dirt, eh?"

"That was about their price, if I remember correctly," replied I. "Harry thought it was too much to give, but Sir John, the moment he saw his son would like to have them, wrote the cheque, and paid for them on the spot."

"Well, I'll give him all the money any day, if he's tired of his bargain," rejoined Lawless, "but we won't keep them standing now they're warm—here, Shrimp, my great coat—get off that pony this instant, you luxurious young vagabond. Never saw such a boy in my life to ride as that is—if there is any thing that can by possibility carry him, not a step will he stir on foot—doesn't believe legs were meant to walk with, it's my opinion—why, this very morning, before they brought out the shooting pony, he got on the retriever, and he has such a seat too, that the dog could not throw him off, till Bassett thought of sending him into the water: he slipped off in double-quick time then, for he has had a regular hydrophobia upon him ever since his adventure in the horse-pond. What, not down yet? I shall take a horse-whip to you, Sir, directly."

Thus admonished, Shrimp, who had taken advantage of his master's pre-occupation to finish the contents of the pewter pot, tossed the utensil to the game-keeper, having previously attracted that individual's attention by exclaiming in a tone of easy familiarity—"Look out, Leggings,"—then, as the man, taken by surprise, and having some difficulty in saving himself from a blow on the nose, allowed the pot to slip through his hands, Shrimp continued, "Catch it, clumsy! well, I never—now mind, if you've gone and bumped it, it's your own doing, and you pays for dilapidations, as we calls 'em at Cambridge. Coming, Sir—d'rec'ly, Sir—yes, Sir!" So saying, he slipped down the pony's shoulder, shook himself to set his dress in order as soon as he reached terra firma, and unbuckling Lawless's driving coat, which was fastened round his waist by a broad strap, jumped upon a horse-block, and held out the garment at arm's length for his master to put on. The gun case and carpet bag were then transferred from the pony to the phaeton, and resigning the reins to Lawless, who I knew would be miserable unless he were allowed to drive, we started, Shrimp being installed in the hind seat, where, folding his arms, he leaned back, favouring us with a glance which seemed to say, "you may proceed, I am quite comfortable."

"It was about time for me to take an affectionate farewell of Alma Mater," observed Lawless, after he had criticised and admired the horses afresh, and at such length that I could not help smiling at the fulfilment of Oakland's prediction,—"it was about time for me to be off, for the duos were becoming rather too particular in their attentions. I was in a regular state of alarm the other day, I can tell you—I was fool enough to pay two or three bills, and that gave the rest of the fellows a notion that I was about to bolt, I suppose; for one morning, I was regularly besieged by them. I taught them a trick or two, though, before I had done with them: they won't forget me in a hurry, I expect."

"Indeed! and how did you contrive to fix yourself so indelibly in their recollections?" asked I.

"Eh! 'though lost to sight to memory dear,'—rather that style of thing, you know. So you want to hear all about it, eh? well, it was a good lark, I must say; I was telling it to Bassett last night, and it nearly killed him. I don't know whether you've seen him lately, but he's grown horridly fat. He has taken to keeping prize bullocks, and I think he has caught it of 'em; rides sixteen stone if he rides a pound. I tell him he'll break his neck some of these days, if he chooses to go on hunting—the horses can't stand it. However, he went into such fits of laughter, when I told him about it, that he

got quite black in the face, and I rang the bell and swore he was in an apoplexy, but the servant seemed used to the sort of thing, and brought him a jug o' beer, which resuscitated him. Well, to return to my mutton, as the Mounseers have it—the very day I intended to leave Cambridge, Shrimp came in while I was breakfasting, with a great coarse-looking letter in his hand.

"Please, Sir, Mr. Pigskin has called with his little account, and would be very glad if you would let him have the money."

"Pleasant, thinks I. 'Here, boy, let's have a look at this precious little account—hum! ha! hunting saddle, gag-bit for Lamplighter, head-piece and reins to ditto, racing saddle for chestnut mare,' &c., &c., &c.; a horrid affair as long as my arm—total, 96*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.*; and the blackguard had charged every thing half as much again as he had told me when I ordered it. Still I thought I'd pay the fellow, and have done with him, if I had got tin enough left; so I told Shrimp to show him into the rooms of a man who lived over me, but was away at the time, and there let him wait. Lo! and behold! when I came to look about the tin, I found that, instead of having ninety pounds at the banker's, I had overdrawn my account some hundred pounds or more; so that paying was quite out of the question, and I was just going to ring the bell, and beg Mr. Pigskin to call again in a day or two, by which time I should have been 'over the hills and far away,' when Shrimp made his appearance.

"Please Sir, there's ever so many more gents called for their money. There's Mr. Flanker, the whip-maker, and Mr. Smokem, from the cigar shop, and Trotter, the boot-maker, and—yes, Sir, there's a young man from Mr. Tinsel, the jeweller; and, oh! a load more of 'em, if you please, Sir!"

"This was agreeable, certainly; what to be at I didn't know, when suddenly a bright idea came across me.

"What have you done with 'em?" asked I.

"Put 'em all into Mr. Skulker's rooms, Sir."

"That's the ticket," said I. "Now, listen to me. Look out, and see if there are any more coming;—if there are, show 'em up to the others; take up a couple of bottles of wine and some glasses, and tell them I must beg them to wait a quarter of an hour or so before I shall be quite ready to settle with them, and as soon as the room is full, come and tell me."

"In about ten minutes Shrimp reported that he could not see any more coming, and that he thought 'all the gents I dealt with, was up-stairs.'

"That's the time of day!" exclaimed I, and taking out the key of the room, which Skulker had left with me, in case I might like to put a friend to sleep there, I slipped off my shoes, and creeping up-stairs as softly as possible, I locked the door. 'Now then, Shrimp,' said I, 'run and fetch me some good stout screws and a screw-driver.' He was not long getting them, and in less than five minutes I had them all screwed in as fast as if they had been in their coffins, for they were kicking up such a row over their wine that they never heard me. Well, as soon as I had bagged my game, I set Shrimp to work; we packed up the traps, and sent them to the coach-office,—found a coach about to start in half an hour, booked myself for the box, and then strolled back to see how the caged birds were getting on. By this time they had come to a sense of their situation, and were hammering away, and swearing, and going on like troopers; but all to no purpose, for the door was a famous strong one, and they had no means of breaking it open. Well, after I had had a good laugh at the row they were making, I tapped at the door, and 'discoorsed' 'em, as Paddy calls it. I told them that I was so much shocked by the want of refinement and proper feeling and all that sort of thing which they had shown, in coming and besieging me as they had done, that I felt it was a duty I owed to society at large, and to themselves in particular, to read them a severe lesson; therefore, on mature deliberation, I

had sentenced them to imprisonment for the term of one hour, and to wait for their money till such time as I should further decree, which I begged to assure them would not be until I might find it perfectly convenient to myself to pay them; and I wound up by telling them to make themselves quite at home, entreating them not to fatigue themselves by trying to get out, for that they had not a chance of succeeding; inquiring whether they had any commands for London, and wishing them a very affectionate farewell for some time to come. And then down I ran, leaving them roaring and bellowing like so many mad bulls,—got to the office just in time, and tipping the coachman, drove three parts of the way to town, feeling as jolly as if I had won a thousand pounds on the Derby."

"And what became of the locked-up tradesmen?" inquired I.

"Oh! why they stayed there above two hours before anybody let them out, amusing themselves by smashing the windows, breaking the furniture to pieces, (one of them was an upholsterer, and had an eye to business, I dare say,) and kicking all the paint off the door—However, I have written to Skulker, to get it all set to rights, and send me the bill, so no harm's done,—it will teach those fellows a lesson they won't forget in a hurry, and the next time they wish to bully a Cantab, they'll recollect my little 'matinée musicale,' as I call it.—Oh! they made a sweet row, I can assure you, Sir."

The chestnuts trotted merrily on their homeward journey, and the noble oaks of Heathfield Park, their leafless branches pointing like giant arms to the cold blue sky above them, soon came in sight.

"You are a great deal too early for dinner, Lawless," said I, as we drove up; "suppose you walk down to our cottage, and let me introduce you to my mother and sister; you'll find Oaklands there, most likely, for he talked of going to play chess."

"Eh! your mother and sister! by Jove I never thought of them; I declare I had forgotten there were any ladies in the case—I can't go near them in this pickle, I'm all over mud and pleasant feathers, they'll take me for a native of the Sandwich Islands, one of the boys that ate Captain Cook,—precious tough work it must have been, too, for he was no chicken; I wonder how they trussed him—No! I'll make myself a little more like a christian, and then I'll come down and be introduced to them if it's necessary, but I shall not be able to say half-a-dozen words to them: it's a fact, I never can talk to a woman, except that girl at old Coleman's hop, Di Clapperton; she went the pace with me, no end. By the way, how's the other young woman, Miss Clara Sav—"

"If you really want to dress before you come to the cottage," interrupted I hastily, "you have no time to lose."

"Hav'n't I! off we go then," cried my companion; "here, you lazy young imp," he continued, seizing Shrimp by the collar of his coat, and dropping him to the ground, as one would a kitten, "find my room, and get out my things directly—brush along."

So saying, he sprang from the phaeton, and rushed into the hall, pushing Shrimp before him, to the utter consternation of the dignified old butler, who, accustomed to the graceful indolence which characterised his young master's every movement, was quite unprepared for such an energetic mode of proceeding.

Forgetting that politeness required me to wait for my companion, I threw the reins to a groom, and started off at a quick pace in the direction of the cottage.

Lawless's concluding words had aroused a train of thought sufficiently interesting to banish every other recollection. Sweet Clara! it was quite a month since I had parted from her, but the soft tones of her silvery voice still lingered on my ear,—the trustful expression of her bright eyes—the appealing sadness of that mournful smile, more touching in its quiet melancholy

than many a deeper sign of woe, still presented themselves to my imagination with a vividness which was almost painful. I had received a note from her about a week before, in which she told me that Cumberland had been absent from the Priory for some days, and as long as this was the case, she was comparatively free from annoyance, but that Mr. Vernon's mind was evidently as much set upon the match as ever; nothing, however, she assured me, should induce her to consent, for much as she had always disliked the scheme, she now felt that death were far preferable to a union with a man she despised; and she ended by saying, that whenever she felt inclined to give way to despair, the remembrance of my affection came across her like a sunbeam, and rendered her happy even in the midst of her distress.—Oh! what would I not have given, to have possessed the dear privilege of consoling her, to have told her that she had nothing to fear, that my love should surround and protect her, and that under the hallowing influence of sympathy our happiness for the future would be increased twofold, while sorrow shared between us would be deprived of half its bitterness. In fact, long before I arrived at the cottage I had worked myself up into a great state of excitement, and had originated more romantic nonsense than is promulgated in a "seminary for young ladies," in the interval between the time when the French teacher has put out the candle, and the fair pupils have talked themselves to sleep, which if report does not belie them, is not until they have forfeited all chance of adding to their attractions by getting a little beauty-sleep before twelve o'clock.

"Ah, Frank! back already! what have you done with Lawless?" exclaimed Oaklands, raising his eyes from the chessboard as I entered our little drawing room.

"He will be here shortly," replied I, "but he positively refused to face the ladies till he had changed his shooting costume, so I left him up at the Hall to do so; but how goes the game? who is winning?"

"As was certain to be the case, I am losing," answered Fanny.

"Well, I won't disturb you," returned I, "and perhaps you will have finished before Lawless makes his appearance; where is my mother, by the bye?"

"She only left the room just as you returned," replied Fanny quickly, "she has been sitting here ever since Mr. Oaklands came."

"I do not wish to know where she has been, but where she is," rejoined I, "I want to tell her that Lawless is coming to be introduced to her;—is she up-stairs?"

"I believe she is," was the reply, "but you will only worry her if you disturb her; mamma particularly dislikes being hunted about, you know; you had better sit still, and she will be down again in a few minutes."

"There is no such thing as free will in this world, I believe," exclaimed I, throwing myself back in an easy chair; "however, as you do not very often play the tyrant, you shall have your own way this time. Harry, the chestnuts did their work to admiration, Lawless was delighted with them, and talked of nothing else half the way home."

"I don't doubt it—your queen's in danger, Fanny," was the answer.

Seeing that my companions appeared entirely engrossed by their game, I occupied myself with a book till I heard the ominous sounds. "Check! excuse me, the knight commands that square; you have but one move—checkmate!" "Who has won! though I need not ask. How dare you beat my sister, master Harry?"

"I had some trouble in doing it, I can tell you," replied Oaklands, then turning to Fanny he continued, "had you but moved differently when I called my king to get out of your way, the game would have been entirely in your own hands, for I was so stupid, that up to that moment I never perceived the attack you were making upon me."

"Really I don't think I had a chance of beating you; Frank must take you in hand next, he is a much better player than I am."

"Indeed I am not going to be handed over to Frank, or any one else, in that summary way, I can assure you; I intend to have another game of chess with you to-morrow, after we come in from our ride.—I forgot to tell you that Harris says the little grey Arab carries a lady beautifully—however, I left orders for one of the boys to exercise her well this afternoon, with a side-saddle and a horse-cloth, to enact the part of a lady. At what hour shall we ride to-morrow? it is generally fine before luncheon at this time of year, I think."

"Oh! you are very kind," replied Fanny, hurriedly, "but I am afraid I cannot ride to-morrow."

"Why not? what are you going to do?" inquired Oaklands.

"I am not going to do anything particularly," returned Fanny, hesitating, "but I don't know whether my habit is in wearable order, and—well I will talk to mamma about it—by the bye, I really must go and see what has become of her all this time," she continued, rising to leave the apartment.

"I thought there was nothing my mother disliked so much as being hunted about," rejoined I; "I wonder you can think of disturbing her."

A playful shake of the head was her only reply, and she quitted the room.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE GULF OF FINLAND.

MIDWINTER in the higher latitudes has not only its beauties but its enjoyments, and certainly, in many particulars, a residence in the north of Europe during that season is infinitely more agreeable than in the more southern parts, where rain, wind, damp and fog constitute so great a portion of the winter months. Cold, however intense, when unaccompanied with wind, is far more bearable than a higher temperature with a searching blast, penetrating to the very bones, and the humid air which hangs heavily around. Within doors in the north the whole house is warmed to an agreeable and even temperature, and the inclemency without is defied, but here we find drafts assailing us from every crevice, ill-constructed fire-places which convey no warmth to the rooms, and sleeping rooms which make bed a penance and rising an ordeal, and to say nothing of the injury of those chilly chambers to the health.

We occasionally, but not often, see in miniature some of the glorious winter days of the north, which exhilarate the spirits, brace the nerves, and fill us with enjoyment. A bright sun tinges the whitened surface of the ground with a thousand prismatic colours, sparkling and glittering like the jewelled gardens of the fabled east; the window panes, as if touched by the wand of enchantment, exhibit in a thousand different devices of the most delicate tracery the graceful foliage and vegetation of the tropics, imprinted by the power whose breath would blight and destroy the beautiful realities in nature, while here it brings new wonders to our view. The heretofore dark and barren-looking trees, naked and harsh in their outlines, glance in the sun with every minute spray and shoot, alivered over with the most exquisite frost-work. Every thing is bright and cheerful: the fresh snow, crisped with the severe frost, lies on the ground, glittering radiantly like silver sand, piled sometimes in tiny waves, like the sea shore when the rippling waters of the ebb tide have left it dry, and sometimes heaped in drift beneath the hedges in wreaths and billows arched as if prone to fall, but arrested in their course. The stillness of the air, the absence of all sound, the noiseless tread of the feet, and

the visible glow of the breath, realizing in itself, as it settled on the hair and clothing, the beautiful phenomenon which envelop the trees and shrubs, create sensations which such a moment alone can produce.

It was on such a morning, with the sun shining brightly as in midsummer, but clear and cold, that I left St. Petersburg with a few friends, with the intention of skaiting down to Cronstadt. The frozen surface of the Neva was passable by carriages, and the ice on the Gulf of Finland was said to extend unbroken for ninety miles; thus we apprehended no danger, and started on our expedition in the highest spirits. The ice on the Neva, and at its mouth, where it expands as it enters the Gulf, is not formed in an uniform surface by the action of the frost, but is rough, and piled up by being composed of the vast masses, which floating from the Ladoga lake become arrested by some turn or angle in the shores, and packing together remain firmly united, leaving at intervals little pools, or open places, which freeze subsequently with a smooth transparent face. Among these obstructions it is necessary to pick the way, and select the most favourable course.

For several miles we careered gaily along, and already the distance, and the grey neutral tint with which extreme frost envelops remote objects had dimmed the glittering steeples of the city behind us, when a catastrophe occurred, which mercifully was not fatal in its effects.

We had passed over so many of these transparent frozen pools that we had no misgivings as to the treachery of their surface, but rather sought them out as affording the clearest field for our progress. One of larger extent than usual lay in my path, and I dashed fearlessly on it, but I felt the ice bend beneath me, and long star-like cracks, splitting with a sharp report, marked my progress. I perceived my danger, and endeavoured to propel myself without striking out or allowing my weight to become stationary for a moment, but my precautions were fruitless. The ice was giving way beneath me, and I immediately threw myself flat on my face, hoping that by distributing my weight over the surface I might yet save myself; such was not, however, my good fortune, for after bearing me up for an instant, it gave way on all sides, and I was floating in the water entangled with the broken fragments. The intense cold cut me through the middle as with a knife, depriving me of breath, but there was not a moment to lose. I saw my companions tie their handkerchiefs together, and endeavour to slide them to me with a stick, but I felt that the attempt was hopeless, and that my safety must be gained by my own exertions. I was collected enough to know that I must face the stream to avoid being sucked under the ice, so I struck out with my feet to swim, and clutched the margin of the ice with my hands, which broke and splintered before me as I bore upon it, cutting and tearing them most severely, a circumstance which I was not aware of till afterwards. At last, after the most violent and exhausting exertions, I succeeded in reaching the thick and solid body of the ice, and with the assistance of my companions gained its surface. The thermometer stood at twelve degrees below zero, and in a moment my wet garments encased me as if in armour. We were far from the shore, and farther from any human dwelling, and thus, as assistance was out of the question, there was nothing left but to hasten homewards with all possible speed. A few gymnastic-like movements of the limbs restored the clothing around the joints to a more supple state, so that I was able to move without difficulty, and the natural warmth of the body returned by the exertion of skaiting. I soon reached my home, thankful indeed for my preservation, and not the less so that I did not even suffer the inconvenience of a cold.

E. P. T.

READINGS IN HISTORY.

THE COURT OF STAR CHAMBER.

It has been observed that the tide of research in the present day flows towards the investigation of mediæval history and customs; and some of the brightest names of our literature have stirred the waters of early English history, laying open many a time-fostered prejudice, and bringing forth from the dark mud of party misrepresentation many a bright gem of neglected fact. It is well occasionally to look back to the times in which the foundations were laid, or the superstructure raised of our present state: to endeavour to understand, not merely how the passions of men worked upon the unceasing stream of events, but how that stream also fashioned forth the men who were to control and direct its force. Thus, also, with our laws. They were framed not only in furtherance of the views of their makers, but in accordance with the spirit of the age; it is not the laws which have made the people, but the people who have made the laws, or at least the necessity for them. We have been struck with this while studying that period of our history in which the government first took the semblance of an hereditary monarchy; for till Henry VII. laid the foundation of the Tudor power, our sovereigns were in truth elective; and even at the death of Edward VI. the ambitious Northumberland was undecided to which of the royal heiresses he should present the crown of England. The pretensions of Henry could not be legal, on account of the illegitimacy of his grandfather, John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset: and though his own instruments claim an hereditary right, the Act of his parliament ordaining "that the inheritance of the crowns of England and France, and all dominions appertaining to them, should remain in Henry VII. and the heirs of his body for ever," merely asserted that right for the future; it did not claim it for the past; seeming rather intended to create a parliamentary gift of the crown, and place Henry as the revolutionary founder of a new dynasty.

The period from Henry VII. to James I. forms, perhaps, the most suggestive portion of our history; the seed was sown, and was then beginning to spring, which afterwards shed so baleful a poison over the land: in the selfish rapacity of Henry we behold the germ of his son's tyranny, whence grew the bright flower of Protestantism in England; and in the venal corruption of his court we see the gathering clouds of that tempest which broke upon the unhappy Charles I. When Henry planted his blood-soiled foot upon the throne of England, the kingdom was prostrated by the ruinous waste of the civil wars; her nobles were destroyed or impoverished; her cities were ruined; her fields devastated; but in the midst of this ruin, and greatly caused by it, there was steadily rising into notice and influence, if not to power, that numerous class, the burghers, whose dominion over events,—and through them, over sovereigns—never again waned. Nor were the people deficient in a constitutional spirit, which showed itself in combinations and associations to resent, more frequently than to repel, injustice; but the nobles, decimated by the field and the scaffold, and impoverished by attainders, were but too glad to purchase safety by the sacrifice of what it would have been difficult to retain. Henry could scarcely be termed his people's choice; he could not have held his crown in safety had he not at length yielded to their demands, and associated Elizabeth of York with himself in the regal dignity. His first policy obviously was, to reduce the power of those nobles whose intimate connexion with the crown by marriage or descent had been one great moving spring of the wars of the "Roses." Enough of feudality still remained to render these nobles equally formidable in peace as in war, by means

of their large number of retainers, wearing the livery or badge of their lord; by the power given by the feudal laws of redressing private grievances, and by the disrepute into which the tribunals of the country had fallen through civil war and party oppression, thereby giving rise to those associations among the people which set law at defiance. In fact, the intimate connexion which still existed between lord and tenant, left the sovereign scarcely more than a choice of evils as to the method of combating so many difficulties.

Hallam says, that the policy of Henry VII. has been overrated. That as changing the line of descent, and as coinciding with the commencement of what is termed modern history, his accession is an *æra*; but that he did not carry the authority of the crown much beyond the point at which Edward IV. had left it. His statute giving the power of alienating entailed lands,—a permission evidently tending to weaken and impoverish the aristocracy,—is, with little variation, a transcript of a statute of Richard III. By it, entailed estates were rendered liable to forfeiture by treason or felony;—an important matter to the crown in times when the frequent revolutions and changes of rulers laid in turn almost every noble of the kingdom under the ban of treason and forfeiture. Under these circumstances, and remembering Henry's disposition, it is not surprising that in his reign we should find an irresponsible tribunal, exercising a hated and dreadful, but unopposed, despotism. Such was the Court of Star Chamber, which meets us at every turn in our civil wars, whether of the Roses, or the Stuarts; standing in its shadowy terror, not only as an alarm to evil doers, but as an instrument by which the innocent man was robbed of his fortune, while the guilty rich one bought indemnity for crime. The term "shadowy terror" does not intimate that the inflictions of the Court of Star Chamber were unreal or nominal; but that, though not recognised by the law of England, this tribunal—by constant usage, and gradually assuming fresh power—had so strengthened its usurped authority as to become an efficient instrument of royal rapacity. To understand the growth of this jurisdiction, we must look back to an earlier period of our history.

The *consilium ordinarium* was a court held before the king in his palace; it was composed of the members of his privy council, with the spiritual and temporal peers; it was a court of jurisdiction, and the members of it were not necessarily members of the privy council; while the latter were the advisers of the Crown, and had a right to sit in the ordinary council. We constantly find traces of the interference of the king and his council in the litigations of the people, and from the latter all our superior courts of justice originated. Press of business, convenience, and other causes led to the establishment of separate tribunals, each having its judicial office; hence arose the courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer; but the king's council still remained, as a court of appeal from inferior tribunals, exercising the authority of supervision over writs and proceedings in common law; determining matters not thus cognisable, and cases which seemed to demand special interference. According to Lord Bacon the Star Chamber took notice of "middle acts towards crimes, capital or heinous, not actually committed or perpetrated." Sir T. Smith specifies scandalous reports of persons in power, and seditious news, as offences which it was accustomed to punish. This was in violation of many ancient laws, statutes against the jurisdiction of the *consilium ordinarium* having been frequently enacted. Here was truly a broad basis whereon to build arbitrary power; but even so early as Edward II. we find the equitable jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery growing out of the wide surveillance of the king's council; a custom having then sprung up of referring the petitions of suitors aggrieved at common law to the Chancellor. In the reign of Edward III. the people, or rather the Commons, were

beginning to feel their own weight; as an evidence of which, the parliament of Northampton, in 1328, laid the foundation of the resolution of the Long Parliament, and the act of George II. which forbade the presence of the military at an election, by prohibiting in the writ of summons the tumultuous retinues of armed men which usually attended upon these occasions. This declaration of independence was followed by the enactment of the first statute of Northampton, in which provision was made for the better administration of justice both in criminal and civil cases, and restricting the jurisdiction of the king's council to cases not determinable by common law. The influence of the nobles was checked and limited; the rights of the people were declared and guarded, especially with respect to commercial monopolies, which were abolished by this statute. In the same reign the power of the king's council to issue special commissions was petitioned against by the Commons, and gradually relinquished; but the point was combated by Richard II. Henry IV. and Henry V.; and in the reign of Henry VI. regulations were passed for the management of causes before the council, allowing its decision in cases where the complaint was against a man of great influence, or where the suitor was too poor to prosecute in the inferior courts, or in which the council saw "other reasonable cause." This seems most excellent; as in those unsettled times, when might often prevailed over right, even without a struggle, and when the poor man often possessed neither pecuniary means nor legal opportunity of confronting his oppressor, a court to which the people might fly for relief, and obtain it without paying money, was needful, and likely to be of great utility; we shall see presently how it was abused.

In the reigns of Henry VI. and Henry VII. the business before the council increased; the old restrictions upon its power were more and more disregarded; and the latter king passed an Act, giving the council authority over cases which might be determined at common law, a usurpation which afterwards hastened the downfall of the Court of Star Chamber. The council held their sittings in a chamber of the palace at Westminster, known as "the council chamber near the Exchequer," and the "Chambre des Estoilles;" which chamber is said to have been situated in the outermost quadrangle of the palace, next the bank of the river, and was consequently easily accessible to the suitors. The name is supposed to have arisen from the coiling of the apartment being anciently gilded with stars, perhaps in imitation of the old Jewish and oriental practice of dispensing justice under the canopy of Heaven only. However this may have been, in the reign of Henry VII. we find the phrase "The Council in the Star Chamber" merged in the designation "Court of Star Chamber." The course of its jurisdiction was either by personal summons, or by bill; the former often arose from secret information given to the council; or "by the curious eye of the State and King's council prying into the inconveniences and mischiefs which abound in the commonwealth." The accused, or suspected person was apprehended, dragged from home in ignorance of the charge against him, and, without friend or counsel, subjected to a rigorous examination "before the members of a tribunal which was bound by no law, and which itself created and defined the offences it punished." There was no previously declared accusation against which the defendant might prepare himself; he was confronted with no accuser, but "in the presence of a secret assembly, comprehending some of the most dignified persons of the realm,—an assembly calculated to overawe the boldest offender, and utterly confound a person of any timidity, he was interrogated upon points of his conduct, respecting which the council had received information through the trustworthy channels of common rumour, or secret intelligence." If the accused would not confess, he was detained in custody while the council proceeded against him by bill; and

if, dreading such confinement, he submitted to examination, he was liable to hear his ignorant and careless words misconstrued, or tortured to suit the preconceived ideas of his judges. This was indeed an "exuberancy of prerogative," as Hudson terms it. A striking feature of the time was that the process of the Star Chamber might be served any where, and the church was frequently the place chosen for this purpose. The nature and manner of the interrogatories put to the accused person by this inquisitorial tribunal may be imagined, when we read, that Lord Chancellor Ellesmere forbade any interrogation respecting any crime not charged; —; as whether a man be honest? or of a knight, "whether he had not hedged and ditched in his time? to disgrace him;" but the examination was still secret, and no assistance or advice allowed to the defendant, he being obliged to answer each question separately without knowing its nature before hand. The examination of witnesses for the prosecution was likewise taken privately; they were not allowed to be questioned by the defendant as being "for the king," and it was alleged that, were they allowed to be so examined, they would be fearful of coming forward in such cases; this with the fact of such witnesses being richly rewarded, shows very clearly the system upon which the court proceeded.

The court sat for the hearing of causes twice, and sometimes thrice, a week; and after the sitting, the lords dined at the public expense: the number of those judges in the reign of Henry VII., and Henry VIII., was nearly forty; in the time of Elizabeth, about thirty; but afterwards, the Peers who were not Privy Counsellors desisted from attendance, thus lessening the number still more. The Chancellor proceeded to the sittings of the court in great state, with his mace and seal carried before him; he was the supreme judge, and alone sat with his head covered. Every punishment except death was claimed by the court, which generally imposed a heavier punishment than was authorized by the statute which the accused person had violated;—fines, whippings, were added to the punishments ordained by the common law; and often the inflictions were as absurd and degrading as they were tyrannical.

During the reign of Henry VII. the Court of Star Chamber comes prominently into notice, that monarch himself preading at no less than twelve sessions in the court within the first two years of his reign. Henry was clear-sighted in perceiving the low state of consideration and respect into which the ordinary courts of justice had fallen; while the combinations of the nobles increasing their power at the expense of the crown, could not be tolerated by a king of so despotic and jealous a temperament. The first act of his reign was calculated and intended to lessen the power of the barons. He administered an oath to his first parliament, that they should not receive or aid any felon, give any livery or token contrary to law, nor assent to any unlawful assembly. At a time when laws were so vaguely defined as at this period, such an oath as the above, even if conscientiously kept, could scarcely answer the purpose intended. But rapacity was a still stronger feature than the love of power in the character of Henry; and the Court of Star Chamber was made the instrument by which he accomplished his nefarious purposes. Was a man a partizan of the White Rose? — was he suspected of favouring the unfortunate Earl of Warwick? — was his spirit thought too independent? — or was he reputed rich? Some long forgotten statute, "like a sword long rusty," was put in force against him, and his purse paid for his pardon. After the death of Elizabeth, the only link which bound Henry to the house of York, innumerable penal statutes were put into execution by Empson and Dudley; and these "ravaging wolves had such a guard of false perjured persons belonging to them, that the king was sure to win, whoever lost. And at this unreasonable and extort doing, noble men grudged, mean men kicked, poor men lamented, preachers openly at Paul's

cross and other places exclaimed, rebuked and detested, but yet they would never amend." The king might legally require excessive fines from his wards, on granting them liveries when they attained their majority; but, besides this source of revenue, which explains one reason why our early monarchs so eagerly claimed guardianship of the children of the nobility, Henry fined the Earl of Oxford 15,000*l.* for keeping his retainers in livery; an illegal custom certainly, but too general to be punished hitherto. Every place at court, and under the government, was also made the subject of regal barter, and even bishopricks were sold by this usurper, for such he undoubtedly was.

In the *Lausdowne MSS.*, and quoted by Mr. Bruce in the *Archæologia*, is an account of sums which were received as fines from persons who had compounded with the king; many of these receipts being by Dudley. Among the persons named are many of the first nobility of the land, with other persons of note and official position. Sir William Capel, alderman of London, and Giles his son, were repeatedly "in trouble;" their fines amount to upwards of 3,000*l.* At length Sir W. Capel refused all composition, and "after prysonnement in the Countour and sheriff's house, was by the king's counsell commanded to the Tower, where he remained until the king died, and shortly after was delivered with many others." Among these others whom Henry's death released from unjust and lingering imprisonment was Sir Laurence Aylmer, mayor of London in 1508, he also having refused to compound with the king's rapacious myrmidons. Citizens of London, mayors, sheriffs, all were prosecuted in like manner. Not only did this respectable monarch take every occasion and pretext of exacting fines from his faithful subjects in office, but he took double advantage of them by first selling their appointments to them, and then severely scrutinising their conduct with a view to extorting as heavy sums as they could possibly bear in the shape of fines. From the following items it appears that besides this fertile source of profit to the king's treasury, he assumed the power of withdrawing causes from the jurisdiction of other courts, upon the accused person making a pecuniary arrangement with his tools; in Star-chamber phrase this was expressed by "the king took the matter into his own hands."

The following are some of the items before mentioned, forming a curious commentary upon the provision of *Magna Charta*, that "right and justice are not to be sold."

"For the discharge of an indictment of murder, found in Lincolnshire, against Jo. Cutlare, clerk, 300 marks.

"For Sir David Owen, for a pardon for hunting, 300 marks.

"For the discharge of the Earl of Devon for exchequers, 1000 marks.

"Of Jo. Montgomery, knt., to have the king's favour in traversing an indictment of murder in Staffordshire, 40*l.*

"For Rode of Pawles, for his discharge of, and for a letter by him sent to Rome against the Archbishop of Canterbury, 50 marks.

"For the Earl of Derby for his pardon 6,000*l.*

"For the pardon of the Earl of Northumberland 10,000*l.*

"For the king's most gracious favour to Swan and other certain persons of Kent, to be discharged of all attain sued against them by the Earl of Essex, and Sir Will. Say, 800*l.*

"For the general pardon of the Bishop of Sarum 1,000*l.*"

What a testimony to the state of religion, morality, and law in that age! A pardon for murder bought on the same terms as one for killing the king's deer! Thus, as it has been well said, "Henry converted offences into a source of revenue, and was not anxious to carry into effect the spirit of the law, but to make money out

of the breach of the mere letter of the statutes." We see how much more highly he rated a pardon for offences against himself, than for those against the law of God.

(To be continued.)

A JOURNEY TO DAMASCUS.*

We confess it was with feelings of no little hesitation we took up these volumes; not that we feared the noble author's capability for the task, but simply because the countries of which they treat have been so continually brought before the public by the various writers on the subject, that we really felt little new could be detailed. Most agreeably disappointed have we been. Lord Castlereagh has described the scenes in the various countries through which he traversed, with a freshness and vigour that speedily removed any fears we might have had on the subject. We cannot do better than recommend our readers to peruse the volumes themselves, and are satisfied they will find it a most amusing and entertaining task.

Not the least amusing description in the book, is the mode in which business is transacted by the Turkish tradesmen of Cairo, who waste more time in one *day* for the sake of "smoke," than our merchants do in the space of a *week*. Our author went with Sir G. Wilkinson to order some clothes "from a venerable Turk named Hafiz, whom we found smoking at the bazaar in placid repose, and every now and then carressing his beard, or speaking to a passing acquaintance. We were invited to sit down, and he handed his pipe to Ismael Effendi, by which name Sir Gardiner Wilkinson is known here. My business was explained to him, after which he rose, put his feet into his papooshes, tucked up his long caftan, and departed; but he soon returned, bringing with him another Turk. At least a quarter of an hour was spent by them in animated discussion. The second Turk then left us, and, after a long time, returned with a small piece of cloth. New discussion arose, and fresh pipes were called for, with coffee and sherbet. Then there was some silk to buy. Hafiz got into his papooshes again. Another quarter of an hour elapsed, and then a new consultation began. Then came the measuring, and a great row arose upon a declaration from Turk No. 2, that he wished to see a part of my dress as a pattern. We tried to get him to terms without this, but in vain. After two weary hours, we had only succeeded in buying the silk and cloth, and left Hafiz, promising to revisit him another time. This is an exact and faithful picture of the dealings and business of this country. The merchant goes through the form of pipes, coffee, and rignarole with you, but then you must wait, while he proceeds to another stall, where he gets a pipe and more rignarole; and if he returns again to you, the same farce is repeated, so that the whole affair of cloth, silk, buttons, lining, lace, measuring, fixing, time, and fashion, may occupy half a day, and yet the work may be unfinished. Dawdling through life is their passion; and as great a discussion is made about a para or two, more or less, in their price, as we should make about ten pounds. If you want a sword, you must first buy the blade; the handle is sold by one man, and ornamented by another, a third polishes and cleans it, a fourth makes the scabbard, a fifth the belt or cord, and so on; thus the business becomes endless. The dealers have no idea of time, and had rather not dispose of their wares at all than sell them without the whole ceremony of talk, smoke, and coffee."

And with a short, amusing, but not very flattering

* *A Journey to Damascus, through Egypt, Nubia, Arabia, Petra, and Syria, by Viscount Castlereagh.*—London: Colburn.

description of an inn at Cairo, we must, for the present, be content:—

"Such a scene I never saw as the inn-yard. Imagine a small court containing a half-starved ostrich, looking like a spectre, a monkey, a lynx, donkeys innumerable, camels, dromedaries, Arabs, couriers, dragomen, waiting to be hired; and, in the midst of all, various specimens of the John Bull tribe, starting for India by way of Suez, in Mackintoshes, straw hats, pea-jackets, and every variety of costume. I must not forget a bevy of ladies in green veils and poke bonnets, waiting to be shut into boxes like diminutive sedans, to be jolted across the Suez desert, or looking in utter despair at the broken-down donkeys on which they were to trust themselves, if they preferred a quadruped to a packing-case. In spite of all the noise, crowd, and scramble, we found capital rooms and good accommodations for this country, where, in general, you have four walls, a stone floor, and a divan as your stock of furniture."

MORAL REFLECTIONS; OR, ESSAYS ON MEN, MANNERS, &c.

BY MADAME GUIZOT.

On Man and Human Life.

ON SYMPATHY BETWEEN MAN AND MAN.

VANVENARGUES has said:—"Our enjoyments are derived from mankind; all else is nought." It is, in fact, human nature that attracts and interests us, even in those pleasures which seem to arise from things. A work of art strikes our attention; we seek in it the genius of the artist, we seek the artist himself. A book pleases us: who would not regret, being ignorant of the author? Who would not be glad to see his portrait, still more so to see himself, to enjoy his conversation, to become acquainted with his character and his mind? There is among us all as it were a family secret, a sort of mark by which we acknowledge one another, and which we wish to perceive, in order to be assured of the relationship. Until then, we hold ourselves in reserve; we watch one another with anxious curiosity. A celebrated man enters a circle in which he is only known by name: see how every one examines him, how they study his features, his movements; it seems as though he would do well to prove that he is not an animal of a peculiar kind. As soon as he opens his mouth people are tempted to exclaim with astonishment—"He speaks!" His words and actions are collected and related to prove that he is made like others, that he is a man. If he be surprised in any of those simple occupations common to every one, in which the least skilful will take quite as much pleasure as he, the enchantment is at its height; people almost thank him, at least they love him for it. This is because they have discovered that he belongs to the family. This tie of relationship delights us in the commonest as well as in the most distinguished beings. Let a man be inferior in station, in education, in appearance, if we perceive in him a sentiment which assimilates him to us, we are as much delighted as we should be at getting a glimpse of that in a superior man, which places him within our reach. What pleasure, in reading the works of distant ages, to meet with I know not what affinity of sentiments or opinions which makes us recognise a relation in Cicero, or some other, much more ancient than he! Indian, Chinese, Laplander, Hottentot, however obscure your name may be to us, however foreign to us may be your destiny, let but a movement, a gesture, a sign from you, make us feel

some affinity of this kind, and a sudden and lively joy will seize us; and if, by some glimpse of mind or understanding, the savage of New South Wales or Kamschatka proves to us that he belongs in any degree to the class, we shall be delighted to be able to acknowledge him.

Mankind is so truly that which pleases us, that we desire to see him everywhere; we everywhere require to have united, sympathetic beings, who reveal to us our own nature, and interest us in ourselves. What matters it to us that the tree lives the life of a tree, that it fulfils its vegetable destiny? Man has had need to take a more intimate share in that destiny; he has attached to it a being capable of feeling its changes, as he would himself have felt them; and because he has experienced some grief at seeing the young stem fall, and the young shoots fade, it has appeared to him that there should be in the stem a sorrow similar to his own, and which could alone justify it in his sight. If he has made the stones come out of their immovable and senseless state, it is to lend them the language, the feelings, and the reason of man. If that reason prohibits his seeking for human mind and understanding in the animal he cherishes, still it is by attributing to it affections and almost ideas similar to his own, that he becomes attached to it, makes it a companion, and at length persuades himself that he has made it a friend.

Yet more; never did the imagination of man create fanciful beings, never has it lent to real, but insensible or irrational beings, either feeling or reason, unless it were to make them a part in his own destiny. Man never separates himself from these creations of his mind, he has never found them indifferent to his fate, and forsaking him in the moment that he had given them being: he has animated them either for or against himself. Enemies, or protectors, they have been to him a means of extending his existence, of multiplying in time and space the opportunities in which he could have something to love or to fear, some hope to cherish, some interest to guard; in short, some portion of life to display beyond himself; so true is it, that man dwells not entirely in the visible individual, but that he feels himself existing wherever he can carry and unite his mind and his thought. Wherever you are, whatever may be your ambition and your career, do not give yourself entirely up to society; contrive to cultivate in yourself a taste for solitude, and the scenes of nature; there is in it a language which we must never fail to comprehend, supplies for which we should hold ourselves in reserve. Some day perhaps a clear sky, a beautiful sun, alone will bring peace to the troubled mind, or restore it to that firmness which leads to peace. It is in the country that the return of spring will restore a mind, dejected and weakened from long protracted sufferings, or a heart withered by bitter regrets. It is there that the diversified activity of nature destroys the monotony of a retired life, that the hopes of every year amuse the imagination, and sometimes deceive the heart, under the disappointments of life. He who can be instructed in his flowers, his fruits, or his crops, will never be without a wish and a hope; the old man, even to his latest day, will smile at the thought of a pleasure which may yet bloom again for him; and amid those passing, but soon returning enjoyments, amid those flowers which are incessantly falling and renewing, the dreadful idea of the instability of happiness and life fading never to revive, will disappear.

There are degrees of misfortune which we cannot get out of, but by an extraordinary degree of virtue. A common distress will only admit of common efforts. To astonish others by our firmness and resolution, we must at the same time astonish them by our misfortunes.

The property of genius is to make up for experience.

The finest privilege that glory gives, is to be able to acknowledge its weaknesses.

There are a thousand ways of nobly receiving a favour; I do not know of one in which it could be expected with dignity.

In order to be happy in this world, people should never expect all that they think they merit.

ON WOMAN.

Of all tyrants, custom is that which to sustain itself stands most in need of the opinion which is entertained of its power; its only strength lies in that which is attributed to it. A single attempt to break the yoke soon shows us its fragility. But the chief property of custom is to contract our ideas, like our movements, within the circle it has traced for us; it governs us by the terror it inspires for any new and untried condition. It shows us the walls of the prison within which we are inclosed, as the boundary of the world; beyond that, all is undefined, confusion, chaos; it almost seems as though we should not have air to breathe. Women especially, liable to that fear which springs from ignorance, rather than from knowledge of what one has to fear, easily allow themselves to be governed by custom; but when once broken, they also as easily forget it. A man has less trouble in making up his mind to a change of condition; a woman has less in supporting it; she accustoms herself to it for the same reason that she has hitherto done so, and will still continue to do so.

In the total overthrow which has produced so many changes of fortune among us, we have seen men extricate themselves by their courage and industry; and some, by unremitting exertion, have been able to return to nearly their former position; but nearly all the women, almost without exception, accommodated themselves to their new situation, and they have been quite astonished to learn so quickly and so easily, that what one woman has done, another is able to do also.

ON CHARACTER.—THE COMPLAINER.

The man who is fond of complaining, likes to remain amidst the objects of his vexation; it is at the moment that he declares them insupportable, that he will most strongly revolt against every means which could be proposed for his deliverance. Indecision is in his character, and the misfortune of having to decide would be to him the greatest of all; for a choice always supposes a preference for some advantage, or an inconvenience to be shunned; and this man would not wish it to be supposed, or to suppose himself, that there is a single circumstance in his life in which he is able to follow his inclinations, or meet with an advantage: that there is even one in which he is not obliged to have the greatest possible inconvenience. He therefore increases misfortune, he wishes for mishaps; the fatal influence of his destiny is his favourite topic. A power against which no act can set him free, which compels him to suffer, without being able to protect himself, and permits him to complain without the fear of obtaining justice, —this is what suits him: he asks nothing better than to sigh over his position, and to remain in it.

Fickleness of conduct ought to be the consequence of impetuosity alone: but in frivolous characters, it is the inclination that becomes exhausted, and which, incapable of any long effort, lazily lets fall that which it had at first seized with avidity. In the zeal of steady characters, it is the object alone which eludes the vigour of their grasp; it is the soap bubble that vanishes, not their ardour in the pursuit of it. Show them an object capable of supporting the opinion they have attached to it, and then they are fixed.

MORAL SENTIMENTS.

The truly good, noble, and virtuous mind, acquires with age a sort of agreement between his inclinations, and his principles, which seems to bring it to its true point of maturity and perfection. Be it generous, it was taught from its youth, that forgetfulness of self, which is the spring of every virtue; but passions arose,

and gave it in some sort a new being, to which it was compelled to unite.

Freed from passions, it felt the power of circumstances; a situation of difficulty; an existence on which the existence of others depended, oblige the most disinterested man to make his own concerns his first consideration; to protect incessantly that which his character would most incline him to part with. At length, the old man becomes more independent; those whom he used to support, are now able to provide for themselves; delivered from the weight of management, he sees his expenses are too contracted, and he disposes of his income more freely. All his sacrifices will be personal; he can enjoy them without constraint, and without scruple, and there remains abundance for him to do. "In youth," says Madame de Lambert, "people think of you; in old age, you must think of others." This, which is an active duty with women, who are usually burthened with the details of life for those who are around them, is generally passive with men, and is considered a merit in those who perform them. But to women, the active exercise of kindness can give a charm and an interest to the latest portion of their life. For men, to whom these little details are unsuited, to whom great emotions are not more suited, kindness can hardly ever be any thing but indulgence, privation, renouncement. Those regards, those cares, those deferences due to his age, he will not know how to exact, and are yielded with much more pleasure for not being demanded as a tribute; he can smile at a forgotten duty which had only himself for its object, he can enjoy the jokes of others made upon himself, as well as those upon his acquaintances.

But this indulgence, this forbearance of the old man, does it proceed from his age? certainly not; it is in spring that the buds shoot forth of that fruit which we see ripen in autumn for the winter provision. The virtues of the old man would not have been so affecting, so venerable, had they not been the result of the efforts of his whole life. In the veneration which he inspires, he appears to place before our view a picture of the different ages he has travelled through with honour: every thing about him wears an imposing aspect, even to that long life, even to that remainder of health and strength, of which the old man is so justly entitled to feel proud.

THE WORLD.—ON CONVERSATION.

Observe two children of the same age meeting and entering into conversation: they will talk of their dolls, if they are little girls; of their balls and their tricks, if they are little boys; they understand one another admirably, and do not grow weary of being together. Observe the lower class of women: one speaks, another answers, their chatter does not flag for an instant: they talk and listen by turns with so much interest, with so much ardour; if there be a moment's pause, it is filled up with exclamations which prove the deep interest that is felt in the subject they are discussing; every one present appears to be equally pleased. Is it that those persons have ever learned the art of conversation?

Enter into a circle of the higher class, who have probably been told how to make themselves agreeable in conversation: one yawns inwardly, because he is well educated; another holds a newspaper in his hand, which he has read; some one speaks, another, to make it appear that he had been listening, answers by a yes, or a smile, which excuses him from having heard, and they again fall back into silence. But what is there surprising in this? Of those persons thus brought together, one passes his time at his estate, which he must improve, and can only talk about hay, the price of corn, and the roguery of the timber merchants; this one knows nothing except of the theatre, the fashions, or a new novel; that one lives in his study with Homer, commentators, or ages; this one is a politician; that one a lawyer. What point of contact can they have?

what would be the bond of common conversation among them?

The lower class of people, like children, are contracted within nearly the same circle of interests, limited within the same degree of understanding, equally affected by the same things, and, their thoughts bent upon the same objects, understand and answer one another without requiring any other bond than that of the interest they all equally feel in the subject of their discourse. They can always talk to each other, because they have but few subjects of conversation. The higher class, between whom many subjects can be discussed, are silent, whenever one is chosen which may not be interesting to another. People talk in the chamber of a man in power, surrounded by his dependents, because every one is agreed upon the subject of conversation which is suited to a man in power; people talk around a pretty woman, whom they are anxious to please, because she gives the lead to what is agreeable to herself; people talk whenever their common interests or feelings engage the one to speak, and the other to listen, upon the same subject. It is not sufficient for them to have similar ideas, for he who has ideas only wants to communicate them; but a feeling wishes to be responded to, and requires to answer. Be it self-love, it wants approval, just as complaisance wishes to approve, and approbation stimulates to merit it again. The wish to please desires to be encouraged, is redoubled by encouragement, and communicates itself to him or to her who inspires it; it is the electric spark; it runs through the circle, loosens every tongue, and excites conversation. The wish to oblige, to make every one happy, supports it still more freely. Look at the mistress of a house, who wishes to make every one comfortable about her, and feel at their ease, how well she can make people talk! If she be young, it will be about herself; if she be old, it will be about others. The young might, in her anxiety, show some preferences, because she also wishes to be pleased; she will keep up a conversation with much more sprightliness with him who pleases her. The old woman will wish people to love her, she will endeavour to give to each person a share in the conversation, and to make them feel satisfied; she will choose the subject in which each can take the greatest pleasure, and which will unite the greatest number of people in a common feeling. She will not forget herself, and she will be right; for to make conversation agreeable, we must be interested in it,—we must enjoy it ourselves, and not merely talk to amuse others, who will feel little satisfied with the pleasure you afford them, if they perceive that they afford none to you.

What, then, is required to bring us within the reach of this knowledge, this art of conversation? Nothing but the precept of God's commandments, "to love our neighbour as ourselves." Seek your neighbour's pleasure equally with your own, be pleased with what he does for you, as well as what you do for him; this is the secret of what forms the pleasure and the happiness of every relation of life.

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSE WHERE SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN.

IF, in the annals of any clime or age, there ever existed a man to whose memory and greatness the greatest amount of veneration should be displayed by his countrymen, surely that man is Shakspeare. Every trace of the whereabouts or haunt of such a man should be preserved and retained in its pristine integrity. There is no land in the universe that has ever produced his equal. Not for an age, but for all time he wrote; aye, living in advance of his age, he will live for ever after it. Where are the homelies that contain more exqui-

sitely truthful and more solemn moral sentiments than are to be found scattered with no niggardly hand through his varied pages? Where is there wit more refined; humour more poignant, and more devoid of venomous sting? What more masterly delineator of character, and searcher into the old human heart, than honest Will Shakspeare! The sweet subtlety of his finer fancies—how beautiful they are, how spontaneous the descriptions of natural scenery and natural life! It is less the poet than the man and christian who speaks so wisely and so well. Hear him in the woods and fields, by river brink, and meadow gay, how eloquently he discourses on the theme of Nature; showing, in his profound knowledge of flowers and all fair things beside, how true and vivid were his perceptions of her secret workings. Not a word passing from his cunning brain but is redolent of some poetic adaptation of the realities of life to the ideal realms of beauty and the beautiful. In the creations of his fancy we witness the very masterpieces of man's imagining,—the delicate Ariel, the loving fairies, the weird sisters three, the melancholy ghost; how grand their conception, how perfect the elaboration of their ends and aims! So, too, in the majesty and depth of his tragedies,—what part of all that man could dare to say, or think, or do, is left unsaid, or coldly shown to the imagination of the reader? How we tremble, and are a-cold with the wandering and crazed Lear! how our sympathies are kindled and enlisted on the side of the gentle Desdemona, and Verona's sad lovers! How we moralise with poor Hamlet; and follow Macbeth, as, step by step, he progresses in crime! And, to turn to fairer and brighter scenes,—in the forest of Ardennes, how we love to linger with Rosalind and the satirist Jacques, inhaling new tastes for a sylvan life, where it is so merry in the greenwood! In the comedies, how we revel in the hilarity of Falstaff; how joyously the laugh of Beatrice rings in our ears; how delightedly we see the discomfiture of the vain Malvolio, and witness the taming of the shrewish Katharine! And these things never tire,—read them often as we may, there is ever some new charm to be discovered, some new beauty to be found. In a company composed almost entirely of foreigners, the writer of this article once heard a German gentleman say, that he considered an Englishman to possess one privilege greater than that bestowed on any native of his own, or any other country; and that one was to be the countryman of William Shakspeare. This noble and spirit-stirring sentiment was echoed by every one present; and it may be conceived how pleasingly on an English ear so elegant a tribute to our gifted poet fell. Although it may, indeed, be said, that he belongs to no one country, so universal is his genius, so elevating the tendency of his works; yet it is a privilege and an honour to claim him as our own. No man has probably ever done more to elevate the mind, and lift it above the levelling and harassing cares of life. If he is not to be honoured, whom shall we honour? Are we for ever and a day to be looked upon as a commercial race only,—a nation of shopkeepers, unable alike to appreciate genius when it lives amongst us, speaking our language, and uttering our thoughts, to a music more beautiful than our mere household words can lend us, and unwilling to venerate it when the voice that addressed us is heard no more; when its silver sounds are staid, and it passes into the darksome grave, and is listened to no more amongst men? Shall we for ever and aye be a reproach and a scoff for our neighbours' tongues to wag at? Go to, it is all too monstrous; we are living in a century of intellect, when he who runs may read, when the race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong, when high Art is making his rapid and gigantic strides around and about us, and all things tell of progress and improvement throughout the length and breadth of the land. We have a feeling above buttons. Ye may laugh at us, denizens of sunny France, and fairer Italy, but have your jest, an ye may;

we are an improving people, and are giving our idle money to our Tennysons, our Leigh Hunts, our Sheridan Knowleses, and others, who are yet breathing and thinking creatures in this vast community. Shall we be derided, forsooth, because of the faults and follies of our predecessors? Is the flower that blossoms so freely and so sweetly to-day, to smell only of the earth from whence it sprang? Shall it not, in rising upwards, catch something of the spiritual fragrance of heaven? Are the airs that surround it so heavy with blight and all noxious vapours, that it can waft no gentle sweetness of its own to purify and fill the world it lives in?

Oh! it may be well to call us a mercantile people, plodders and workers in base metal; but we have our intellectualities about us, and can boast of our vigorous and inflexible Carlyles, our classic and far-seeing Macaulays; and rejoicing in the chaste outpourings of a sweet army of literary penwomen, who, in prose and in verse, are constantly on the alert to gladden us with their lofty aspirings, can truly testify that the empire of mind is extending its sway in all directions o'er our path. Yet stay, countrymen, I beseech you to have patience, and give an attentive ear to the public crier.

Rumour—that same Rumour whom our own loved Shakspeare has employed to so good a purpose—hath spoken in no mysterious manner within these few weeks past, and hath proclaimed to all whom it may concern, that the HOUSE and HOME of SHAKSPEARE (the very walls where first he saw the light) is in the market, and will be sold, *mal gré bon gré*, ere the summer leaves have passed to their place of nothingness and dust. And Rumour adds, that our Government will not make it public property; still further reporting, that some speculative Americans are on the watch to make it their own, and by some contrivance carry it out of the country, and plant in their own home this trophy of their enterprise and England's everlasting shame. Now this concerns us much, and well shall we deserve the opprobrium of all nations if an indignity like this is to be suffered. Readers of Shakspeare, think of it; fathers, who have, as English fathers ought, turned down page after page of the plays of our history, for your sons to read and strive to learn the spirit of the heroes that therein fought and fell; mothers, who have beside your knitting and your calm domestic occupations read to your heedless lazzos of the faith and virtue of Imogen, of the justice and judgment of Portia, and spoken of the friendship even unto death of Beatrice, the merry hearted but womanly Beatrice; men, poets, philosophers, ye whose life has been ever moving with the sun, or ye whose progress onward has been marked with the briars and thorns of life's sad sorrows and reverses, one and all I call on you to prevent this tasteless desecration. To Shakspeare you all must owe much—more than you can ever in a lifetime pay in other coin than by homage to his genius and his excellence. Prevent it by all possible means, strive by some method

“to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.”

Do not allow such a transaction to become the by-word of the many enlightened foreign tourists who annually visit this island. Be assured, my countrymen, the eyes of Europe will be upon you. In such a case, why seek for evidence to support and sustain it?

“Ma che cerco, argomentì? Il cielo giuro,
Il ciel che n'ode, e ch'ingannar non fice;
Ch'allorchè si rischiara il mondo oscurò
Spirito errante il vidi ed infelice,
Che spettacolo, oimè, crudele e duro!”

It is useless, it would be unavailing, here to sum up the extraordinary merits of this great man. His works, are they not met with from one end of the world to the other? are they not the companion of every student who seeks to master the knowledge of mankind, and the various impulses and motives that regulate the

movements of men in all states and conditions of society, from the peasant to the peer? And the birth place of this man, this high priest of Nature, is to be converted into a travelling show! Imagine an Englishman being requested to walk up, as he would to Richardson's caravan, or some itinerant Mrs. Jarley's wax-work, where, for the low price of twopence, he may see the room where Shakspeare was born! Let the mind of an Englishman carry him to this exhibition, and suppose, as a fitting pendant to this profanation, he should hear the showman, wearied and exhausted with the labours of his calling, reply to the question of an urchin, anxious for information and intelligence as to the precise apartment, in some such country-fair fashion as the often quoted and familiar phrase, “Whichover you please, my little dear.” It is too much; so gross an outrage on all good taste, on all proper feeling, will surely never be submitted to. Yet what more likely to happen, if the humble dwelling be transported across the wide Atlantic, and carried on wheels from New York to Boston, and so as occasion serves through all the United States, the latest novelty from England, and the immediate successor in attractiveness to the little general light Tom Thumb? And this insult is to be offered to the fame and name of William Shakspeare, the man that all the world hath delighted to honour, the man of whom a German critic has said, “Hat doch auch Shakspeare's Ruhm den Weg zu allen Brülleihen gefunden, wohin nur Britanniens Dreizack godrunge ist.” If the sum required to purchase that which ought to be exclusively the property of the British nation, be so large as to become a serious matter to one individual, why may not a committee of gentlemen associate and act together, so that by subscriptions we shall retain in its only proper place a habitation so remarkable, so every way worthy men's honour and respect.

It is to be regretted that when Shakspeare wrote his memorable epitaph, in which he threatens the disturber of his mortal remains with his potent malediction, he did not extend the curse upon those who should do similar violence to the roof that sheltered his earliest years. Within a very short period Schiller's house was disposed of; in that instance, the town council met as one man, and buying what they justly considered as the town's own, presented it as the freehold for ever and aye of the town. Shall Englishmen be laggards, and refuse to follow so noble an example?—shall we not rather strive to effect so desirable a consummation, and be happy in our well doing? Yes! let us prove ourselves as sincere in our estimation of the most wonderful of minds, as was his friend, rare Ben Jonson, who, mourning his untimely death, spake of him thus:—

“But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despaired day, but for thy volume's light.”

Yes! I think of the spoliation of a poet's home, ye who have travelled so often through the manifold scenes he has depicted; think of Stratford-upon-Avon deprived of the house where Shakspeare was born.—think of it, and prevent it. Let not Brother Jonathan exult in the possession of a relic so inestimable, so priceless. Let genius have its dues. Let the mighty English Magician be your watchword, to hinder the contemplated sacrilege, and so let us keep every remnant that belongs to his history, as a treasure the most costly of our world of Art. The biography of him is but a meagre and unsatisfactory affair. Let us not then part with the little we do possess, that helps to enlighten us of his actual life and manner of living.

Countrymen of Shakspeare! attend to this matter, and leave to your children, and your children's children, a glorious legacy—the power of appreciating the worth of the mightiest intellect that ever swayed the hearts and minds of men.

Poetry.

In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.

THE LAY OF THE SWORD.

[Translation of a poem by Theodor Körner, composed a few hours before the battle in which he fell.]

PHILOGERMANUS.

SWORD, on my left side beaming,
What means thy blitheasome gleaming?
So kindly shows thy light,
Thou gladst my joyous sight.
Hurrah!

"A gallant warrior bears me:
'Tis this that joys and cheers me;
A freeman's brand am I,
So beam I gladsomely."
Hurrah!

Yes! freeman am I truly,
And love thee dearly, duly,
As thou wert mine allied,
My lov'd and loving bride.
Hurrah!

"And I to thee, full tender,
Mine iron life surrender.
Ah! would we were allied!
When fetchest thou thy bride?"
Hurrah!

The trumpet's festal warning
Proclaims our bridal morning:
When brays the artillery's din,
Bring I my true love in.
Hurrah!

"Blest hour, when shall we marry?
In longing love I tarry.
O bridegroom, summon me!
My bridewreath waits for thee."
Hurrah!

Why in thy sheath thus sounding,
My iron love? why bounding
So wild against the foe?
My sword, why bound'st thou so?
Hurrah!

"Good cause have I to rattle;
I bound me for the battle,
Right fierce against the foe,
'Tis therefore bound I so."
Hurrah!

Rest in thy narrow mew, love,
What would'st thou here, my true love?
Still in thy chamber be;
Wait till I call for thee.
Hurrah!

"Let me no longer tarry!
Blest garden, where we marry!
With roses bloody red,
And blossoming with dead!"
Hurrah!

Forth then, my iron beauty!
Forth to thy deathful duty!
Out, out, my good sword, come!
Come to thy bridal home!
Hurrah!

"O goodly 'tis, when, glancing
O'er bridal squadrons prancing,
In the broad noon-tide beams
The wedded falchion gleams!"
Hurrah!

Up, then, nor slumber coldly!
Up, German warriors, boldly!
Take each, his heart to warm,
His true love in his arm!
Hurrah!

Late on his left, all lonely,
She stole shy glances only;
Proud in his right hand, now,
She plights the bridal vow!
Hurrah!

Then each, his spouse caressing,
Her iron lip be pressing;
And wo the wretch betide
Whoe'er deserts his bride!
Hurrah!

Now be my true love singing!
Now the bright sparks be springing!
Stern dawns the bridal day!
My iron bride, away!
Hurrah!

THE DEAF GIRL.

ANNE A. FREMONT.

He speaks to them God's word,
For all are fix'd in mute attention now,
And not a lip is stirr'd,
But joy sits smiling on each gentle brow,
And o'er each cheek has stol'n a brighter hue—
Oh! that I could but hear those glad words too.

A mournful fate is mine;
To live in this fair world, to see, to feel
How all things are divine—
A deathless and pervading spirit steals
Throughout all Nature—a deep soul, a voice—
But I can never hear earth's things rejoice.

And, when young children bring
Bright buds and flowers from the sunny dell,
Where the cool fountains spring,
And of their wand'rings in the green woods tell,
I try upon their brow each word to trace—
I can but know them by the speaking face.

I bow my head down low,
E'en to the beautiful and quiv'ring lip,
With a vain hope: ah, no!
The rock hears not the sunny waters drip.
I turn away heart-sick with grief, to sigh—
Unheard by me the joyful melody.

My mother bends to speak,
I see her moving lip, I feel her breath
Come warm against my cheek—
How yearns my soul, but all is still as death;
With moist uplifted eye she turns away—
Alas! I cannot even hear her pray.

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Pop Gathering.

HOP-GATHERING.

THE elegant Illustration of Hop Gathering which adorns our pages this week, was taken from a scene in Kent last autumn, by that eminent Artist, Mr. WEIGALL, and for the spirited and faithful manner in which it has been engraved, we are not less indebted to the able workmanship of Mr. JAMES COOPER. The Original Painting was exhibited in the Collection of the New British Water Colour Society of this year. During the season of hop-picking, two distinct classes may be found employed;—the one consisting of persons who usually arrive from Ireland, and other parts of our own country, in fact, emigrate into Kent and Sussex for that purpose; and the other—of which the present engraving is descriptive—the small farmers and cottagers of the adjacent villages, who, during the season, shut up their houses, and adjourn, men, women, and children, including even the babies, to the neighbouring gardens, where, forming themselves into companies, they toil together the whole day, and in the evening divide the produce of their earnings amongst the different families employed in each group.

MEMOIR OF JOHN WALTER, ESQ.

ALTHOUGH it has not been our custom to occupy the pages of this Magazine with obituary notices, (such articles, however gratifying they may be to the feelings of a few individuals, seldom possessing much general interest,) we feel sure our readers will forgive us for departing from this rule on the present occasion, when the event to which we are about to call their attention is one which we should conceive no member of the reading public can regard with indifference. We allude to the death of John Walter, Esq., for four-and-forty years editor, and part proprietor of *The Times* newspaper, a journal which has attained a degree of celebrity and an extent of circulation wholly unprecedented, and which may, in great measure, be attributed to the active zeal, indomitable perseverance, and well directed enterprise of the chief director of this mighty engine. The triumphant success which has attended these efforts may not be considered a fair proof, though, practically, we believe it to be a tolerably certain one, of the skill and judgment by which they were directed; but if any further clue be wanted to the secret of this success, it may be found in the steady power which a consistent adherence to the principles of strict justice, and high integrity, will always obtain over the minds of men. We are indebted to the columns of *The Times*, of the 29th July, for the following sketch of his early political career, given in an article written (by himself we imagine) in reply to an intemperate attack made by Mr. Wyndham, in the year 1810, upon the press and its conductors:—

“The joint proprietor and exclusive manager of this paper became so in the beginning of the year 1803. On his commencing the business, he gave his conscientious and disinterested support to the existing administration—that of Lord Sidmouth. The paper continued that support of the men in power, but without suffering them to repay its partiality by contributions calculated to produce any redaction whatsoever in the expense of managing the concern; because, by such admission, the editor was conscious he should have sacrificed the right of condemning any act which he might esteem detrimental to the public welfare. That administration, therefore, had, as he before stated, his disinterested support, because he believed it then, as he believes it now, to have been a virtuous and upright administra-

tion; but not knowing how long it might continue so, he did not choose to surrender his right of free judgment by accepting of obligations, though offered in the most unexceptionable manner.

“This Ministry was dissolved in the spring of 1804, when the places of Lord Sidmouth, Lord St. Vincent, &c., were supplied by Mr. Pitt, Lord Melville, &c. It was not long before the Catamaran expedition was undertaken by Lord Melville; and again, at a subsequent period, his Lordship's practices in the Navy Department were brought to light by the 10th Report of the Commissioners of Naval Inquiry. The editor's father held at that time, and had held for eighteen years before, the situation of printer to the Customs. The editor knew the disposition of the man whose conduct he found himself obliged to condemn; yet he never refrained a moment, on that account, from speaking of the Catamaran expedition as it merited, or from bestowing on the practices disclosed in the 10th Report the terms of reprobation with which they were greeted by the general sense of the country. The result was as he had apprehended. Without the allegation of a single complaint, his family was deprived of the business, which had been so long discharged by it, of printing for the Customs—a business which was performed by contract, and which, he will venture to say, was executed with an economy and a precision that have not since been exceeded. The Government advertisements were at the same time withdrawn.

“On the death of Mr. Pitt, in January, 1806, an administration was formed, containing a portion of that preceding ministry which the editor had so disinterestedly supported on his undertaking the management of the paper. It was by one of these that he was directed to state the injustice that had been sustained in the loss of the Custom-house business. Various plans were proposed for the recovery of it; at last, in the following July, a copy of a memorial, to be presented to the Treasury, was submitted to the editor for his signature; but believing, for certain reasons, that this bare reparation of an injury was likely to be considered as a favour entitling those who granted it to a certain degree of influence over the politics of the journal, the editor refused to sign, or to have any concern in presenting the memorial. But he did more than even this; for, finding that a memorial was still likely to be presented, he wrote to those from whom the restoration of the employment was to spring, disavowing on his part (with whom the sole conducting of the paper remained) all share in an application which he conceived was meant to fetter the freedom of that paper. The printing business to the Customs has, as may perhaps be anticipated, never been restored.

“The editor will now speak of the oppression which he has sustained while pursuing this independent line of conduct. Since the war of 1805, between Austria and France, his arrangements to obtain foreign intelligence were of a magnitude to create no ordinary anxiety in his mind respecting their result; yet, from the period of the Sidmouth administration, Government from time to time employed every means in its power to counteract his designs, and he is indebted for his success only to professional exertion, and the private friendship of persons unconnected with politics. First, in relation to the war of 1805, the editor's packages from abroad were always stopped by Government at the outposts, while those for the Ministerial journals were allowed to pass. The foreign captains were always asked by a Government officer at Gravesend, if they had papers for *The Times*. These, when acknowledged, were as regularly stopped. The Gravesend officer, on being spoken to on the subject, replied, that he would transmit to the editor his papers with the same punctuality as he did those belonging to the publishers of the journals just alluded to, but that he was not allowed. This led to a complaint at the Home Secretary's office, where the editor, after repeated delays, was informed by

the Under Secretary that the matter did not rest with him, but that it was even then in discussion, whether Government should throw the whole open, or reserve an exclusive channel for the favoured journals; yet was the editor informed that he might receive his foreign papers as a *favour* from Government. This, of course, implying the expectation of a corresponding favour from him in the spirit and tone of his publication, was firmly rejected; and he, in consequence, suffered for a time (by the loss or delay of important packets) for this resolution to maintain, at all hazards, his independence.

"The same practices were resorted to at a subsequent period. They produced the same complaints on the part of the editor; and a redress was then offered to his grievances, provided it could be known what party in politics he meant to support. This, too, was again declined, as pledging the independence of his paper; and, be it observed, respecting the whole period during which the present conductor has now spoken, that it was from no determinate spirit of opposition to Government that he rejected the proposals made to him. On the contrary, he has on several, and those very important occasions, afforded those men his best support, whose offers, nevertheless, at any time, to purchase, or whose attempts to compel that support, he has deemed himself obliged to reject and resist. Nay, he can with great truth add, that advantages in the most desirable forms have been offered him, and that he has refused them."

"This extract will suffice to show the arduous position in which the manager of such a journal as *The Times* is placed, and the difficulties and temptations with which he has to contend—difficulties which nothing but the highest mental qualifications could enable him to overcome. Of Mr. Walter's later political career we need say but little; with its leading feature, his unyielding crusade against the New Poor Law, and the indefatigable perseverance with which he hurled article after article at the devoted heads of the Somerset House Commissioners, and those who had set them in authority, our readers are not now to be made acquainted; suffice it to say, while the ranks of its defenders were daily thinned, those of its opponents increased in like proportion, until in the chamber of sickness Mr. Walter had the satisfaction of learning that there was scarcely a parliamentary candidate who did not pledge himself to oppose the inhumanities of that law, against which he had so long waged war single-handed. Before we quit the subject, we cannot forbear calling the attention of our readers to a fact which in memory throws us back to the bright old days of chivalry, when a dead Douglas won the field—we allude to the unprecedented way in which the mere *prestige* of his father's name has gained for Mr. J. Walter the election of Nottingham."

We offer no apology to our readers for presenting them with another extract from the same source, as the account of the manner in which Mr. Walter introduced the stupendous invention of the steam printing-press is in itself so interesting as to render such a proceeding superfluous. After telling how he obtained news of the capitulation of Flushing forty-eight hours before the government of the day, *The Times* proceeds:—

"But one achievement alone is sufficient to place Mr. Walter high in that list which the world, as it grows older and wiser, will more and more appreciate—

"*Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.*"

He first brought the steam-engine to the assistance of the public press. Familiar as the discovery is now, there was a time when it seemed fraught with difficulties as great as those which Fulton has overcome on one element and Stevenson on another. To take off 5,000 impressions in an hour was once as ridiculous a conception as to paddle a ship fifteen miles against wind and tide, or to drag in that time a train of carriages weighing 100 tons fifty miles. Mr. Walter, who,

without being a visionary, may be said to have thought nothing impossible that was useful and good, was early resolved that there should be no impossibility in printing by steam. It took a long time in those days to strike off the 3,000 or 4,000 copies of *The Times*. Mr. Walter could not brook the tedium of the manual process. As early as the year 1804 an ingenious compositor, named Thomas Martyn, had invented a self-acting machine for working the press, and had produced a model which satisfied Mr. Walter of the feasibility of the scheme. Being assisted by Mr. Walter with the necessary funds, he made considerable progress towards the completion of his work, in the course of which he was exposed to much personal danger from the hostility of the pressmen, who vowed vengeance against the man whose innovations threatened destruction to their craft. To such a length was their opposition carried, that it was found necessary to introduce the various pieces of the machine into the premises with the utmost possible secrecy, while Martyn himself was obliged to shelter himself under various disguises in order to escape their fury. Mr. Walter, however, was not yet permitted to reap the fruits of his enterprise. On the very eve of success he was doomed to bitter disappointment. He had exhausted his own funds in the attempt, and his father, who had hitherto assisted him, became disheartened, and refused him any further aid. The project was therefore for the time abandoned.

"Mr. Walter, however, was not the man to be deterred from what he had once resolved to do. He gave his mind incessantly to the subject, and courted aid from all quarters, with his usual munificence. In the year 1814 he was induced by a clerical friend, in whose judgment he confided, to make a fresh experiment; and accordingly the machinery of the amiable and ingenious Koenig, assisted by his young friend Bauer, was introduced—not, indeed, at first into *The Times* office, but into the adjoining premises, such caution being thought necessary from the threatened violence of the pressmen. Here the work advanced, under the frequent inspection and advice of the friend alluded to. At one period these two able mechanics suspended their anxious toil, and left the premises in disgust. After the lapse, however, of about three days, the same gentleman discovered their retreat, induced them to return, showed them to their surprise their difficulty conquered, and the work still in progress. The night on which this curious machine was first brought into use in its new abode was one of great anxiety, and even alarm. The suspicious pressmen had threatened destruction to any one whose inventions might suspend their employment—'destruction to him and his traps.' They were directed to wait for expected news from the continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning when Mr. Walter went into the press-room, and astonished its occupants by telling them that '*The Times* was already printed by steam! That if they attempted violence there was a force ready to suppress it; but if that they were peaceable, their wages should be continued to every one of them till similar employment could be procured;—a promise which was, no doubt, faithfully performed; and, having so said, he distributed several copies among them. Thus was this most hazardous enterprise undertaken and successfully carried through, and printing by steam on an almost gigantic scale given to the world. On that memorable day, the 29th of November, 1814, the following announcement appeared in *The Times*:—

"Our journal of this day presents to the public the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself. The reader of this paragraph now holds in his hand one of the many thousand impressions of *The Times* newspaper, which were taken off last night by a mechanical apparatus. A system of machinery almost organic has been devised and arranged, which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts in printing,

far exceeds all human powers in rapidity and despatch. That the magnitude of the invention may be justly appreciated by its effects, we shall inform the public, that after the letters are placed by the compositors and enclosed in what is called the form, little more remains for man to do than to attend upon and watch this unconscious agent in its operations. The machine is then merely supplied with paper—itself places the form, inks it, adjusts the paper to the form newly inked, stamps the sheet, and gives it forth to the hands of the attendant, at the same time withdrawing the form for a fresh coat of ink, which itself again distributes, to meet the ensuing sheet, now advancing for impression; and the whole of these complicated acts is performed with such a velocity and simultaneousness of movement that no less than 1,100 sheets are impressed in one hour.

“That the completion of an invention of this kind, not the effect of chance, but the result of mechanical combinations methodically arranged in the mind of the artist, should be attended with many obstructions and much delay, may be readily admitted. Our share in the event has indeed only been the application of the discovery under an agreement with the patentees to our own particular business; yet few can conceive—even with this limited interest—the various disappointments and deep anxiety to which we have for a long course of time been subjected.”

“From that day to the end of his life Mr. Walter never ceased to improve on the original plan; and if we should soon be able to accelerate the press considerably but safely beyond its present speed, we shall be indebted to him and those whom he employed, for that result.

“As a step in the progress of civilization, the steam press can only be compared to the original discovery of printing itself. Had it not been for that timely invention, literature and information must have been restricted in their growth, and still more in their extent, by the labour, expense, and delay incident to the multiplication of copies; and that at a time when the human mind was preparing for its mightiest efforts. When one copy of even a small book was the work of many days, it is evident that the mass of mankind must be strangers to all novelty in literature. Forty years since the world had come again to exactly the same sort of stand-still. If the pressmen of the daily journals had continued their labours till one day's ‘form’ was replaced by the next, they could only have supplied the wants of a certain limited class. Steam gave wings to the press, enlarging its powers to the scale of the world. It has enabled the metropolitan press to issue an adequate supply for all England, even before the inhabitants of the metropolis itself have assembled at the breakfast table. By this potent aid we printed and circulated fifty thousand copies of our paper, containing Sir Robert Peel's celebrated speech announcing the repeal of the Corn Laws, in the course of the following morning.

“We have little more to add. About a year since, Mr. Walter became aware of the first symptoms of the painful complaint which was destined to end the career of one whose life had proved so eminently useful to the country which had given him birth. After many months of suffering, he expired at his residence in Printing-house-square, on Wednesday, the 28th of July.”

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—No. IV.

CHAP. I.

“BEAUTIFUL!—yes, there can be no doubt that she is very beautiful; her face is absolutely faultless, and her figure magnificent. But it gives me no pleasure to look at her;—her manifest self-consciousness destroys the charm at once. It is always so with perfect beauties;—you may be forced to *admire*, but you are not

fascinated. They are like Pope's poetry;—all possible care seems to have been lavished on the form, but the soul has evaporated during the process.”

A common-place observation enough, reader. Can you guess the sex of the speaker? According to all conventional rules,—and it is by those that the world walks,—it ought to be a lady. The prime article in the creed of that great complex, hollow-hearted rationalist, Society, is a belief that women love delicately to detract from each other's merits. Not a man in the world, who has outlived the noble credulousness of his youth, (which, trust me, comes ever nearer to the truth than the shallow unbelief of after years,—just as the man who walks blindfold towards a tree is more likely to reach it than he who goes in an opposite direction, with his eyes wide open,) but thinks that his safest mode of recommending himself to any woman is to proclaim his indifference to the attractions of another. And what do the ladies all the while? They tolerate it, as an attempt to please, however mistaken, and they laugh inwardly to think how little the mystery of their hearts is comprehended by those who seek to win them.

Exactly thus felt Mrs. Dalton, while listening to the observation which we have just recorded;—perhaps a secret consciousness that she herself possessed, in the highest degree, the species of fascination alluded to, rendered her peculiarly alive to its meaning. The speaker was Sir Mark Wyvil, a middle-aged baronet, of unimpeachable fashion, laboriously attractive, and resolutely youthful. The subject of his criticism was Edith Kinnaird.

Her third season had just drawn to a close, having consisted, like the two which preceded it, of a series of uninterrupted triumphs, a perpetual incense of admiration. She was now staying at Selcombe Park, the noble owners of which had assembled a large circle of guests, to beguile the tediousness of a magnificent autumn in a beautiful country. Lord and Lady Selcombe were amiable, respectable, and moderately pleasant people; they had great wealth, of which they duly expended a reputable fraction in charities, public and private; the gentleman was a regular attendant in the House, a most affable president of agricultural meetings, a hearty Tory, a steady church-goer, (on Sundays,) and a profound hater of “the Oxford theology,”—in short, the popular ideal of a country gentleman could scarce have found anywhere a better embodiment. The lady was *passée*, but elegant—of toilette studious and elaborate; she patronised district societies and charity bazaars; was frequently heard to lament that she lived in such a whirl of engagements that she had no leisure for any serious pursuit; kept a first-rate governess for her daughters; worked a pair of slippers annually for her husband; and was esteemed by all her acquaintance “a pattern wife and mother.” The other members of the party at Selcombe Park shall speak for themselves as they are introduced to the reader. Yet we must bestow one word on Mrs. Dalton ere we proceed to record her answer to Sir Mark Wyvil's observation. She was, by some, considered a *little too blue to be feminine*—Heaven forbid that we should unravel all the meaning of that phrase, or develop all the consequences which it involves!—but even this worst sin in woman was tolerated, for the sake of the fascinations which accompanied it. She might perhaps have seen thirty summers, but her attraction depended not on feature or complexion, and was rather increased than impaired by time. Its elements consisted in the singular gracefulness of her figure, movements, and manners, the varying expression of her large dark eyes, the only really fine feature which she possessed, the ready, ringing laugh, musical as that of childhood, and that rarest, and perhaps most winning of all gifts—perfect melody of voice. For these she was forgiven if she presumed to discourse of literature at a dinner party, and to know a little more of art than most of the men who devoted themselves to her. Yet, even these would

scarcely have preserved her from the danger of being secretly voted a bore, had she not added to them the charm of a vanity sufficiently under discipline to avoid offensiveness, sufficiently evident to save her friends from the painful necessity of compelled respect. She was accessible to delicate flattery, capable of refined coquetry, pleased with attention, and always ready to glide from literature to playfulness—from playfulness to sentiment, at least in the social sense of the term. She was therefore charming; and when we add that her voice was as bewitching in singing as in speaking, her talent for music so remarkable as to be recognised even in these days when education labours to bring all students up or down to the same level of undistinguishable but cultivated mediocrity, it will be at once allowed that she was irresistible. We have here sketched the external development of her character—heart, mind, and soul, (if she has them,) must be left for a more gradual discovery. Her husband was a member of Parliament, still engaged with his duties, though it was the second week of August. They had been married several years, but had no children.

With a slightly sarcastic expression in her beautiful eyes, she rejoined,—"A stronger proof of the omnipotence of Miss Kinnaird's claims could scarcely be found than that she has inspired Sir Mark Wyvil with a simile."

The sting of the words was neutralized by the smile with which they were spoken, and Sir Mark, drawing his chair very decidedly forwards, seemed to be preparing himself in a business-like manner for a playful encounter of wits, when he was checked by the entrance of Miss Kinnaird herself.

She came from the garden, laden with flowers. A scarf, hastily substituted for a bonnet, was twisted round her head, the ends falling on her shoulders; her delicate colour flushed into crimson with the exertion of her late employment; her hands full of roses. Since we last saw her, her marvellous beauty has matured into a steadier brilliancy, her step has acquired something of stateliness, her manner something of composure, blended with a more even vivacity; the world admires her ten times as much as it used to do, for the last lingering tint of the glory of childhood has faded away,—and childhood is a mystery and a wonder,—and the world does not like mysteries, and is far too well educated to wonder at anything.

Two gentlemen advanced from opposite sides of the room—the one from a book, the other from a lounge—to relieve her of her fragrant burden. Sir Mark Wyvil lifted his cold critical eyes to her face, and then turned to Mrs. Dalton with an expressive smirk (for such a man cannot smile,—there is heart in a smile). In every gesture and movement of poor Edith,—in the manner in which she resigned her flowers to her two assiduous squires, in the tone with which she declared herself tired, in the careless grace with which she threw herself upon the nearest chair, in the little pause which intervened ere she removed her unwonted head-dress,—he saw only the panoply of conquest, consciously assumed and used for a purpose. His discernment was lost on Mrs. Dalton, however, for she had joined her younger friend at the table, and was helping her to sort the flowers. Few things had more entirely gratified Edith than the manner in which Mrs. Dalton had singled her out from the circle at Selcombe Park, with the apparent resolution of making her a friend. To a girl of intelligence, enthusiasm, and warm affections, the caressing demeanour of the first woman of genius with whom she had ever come in contact, was absolutely irresistible, and she repaid it with a kind of uncalculating idolatry, which effectually secured its continuance. The influence which Mrs. Dalton thus acquired was of somewhat dubious advantage to the character of her admirer; for if the delicious sophistry of love should fail in making all she did and said appear "wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best," the danger was

rather that Edith would learn to undervalue wisdom, virtue, and discretion, than that she would approach to any distrust of the perfection of her idol. Aunt Peggy would have been alarmed, could she have witnessed this period of her darling's mental history; but her alarm would have been groundless. The exercise of hearty love and admiration, if only the object be in the main good and admirable, is, in itself, the most ennobling process to which the spiritual part of man's nature can be subjected. Let all who are around the young, or around those whom any peculiarity of temperament preserves in the youth of their hearts to a later period of life, beware how they shut up this sweet fountain or turn it into bitterness by ridicule, by surprise, by criticism, by contradiction, or by cold withdrawal of sympathy. Lose not the glory of a sunset by seeking to count the spots in the sun. We confess that they are there, if you will force us to the confession; but we are not thinking about them, and we do not mean to look at them;—suffer us to take the beauty and goodness of God's works into our inmost hearts!

"Miss Kinnaird," said one of the two gentlemen who were hovering around the chairs of that lady and Mrs. Dalton, "how does the diary proceed? and when are you going to fulfil your promise, and read us the events of a whole day?"

"When they are written," returned Edith, laughing. "What a gigantic idea you must have of my powers, both bodily and mental, if you think I have strength enough left to make an entry in my diary, after danceling as I have done every night since I came here!"

"Is it a green book with silver clasps?" pursued the questioner.

"Yes," answered Edith, a little puzzled.

"Then I have seen it!" exclaimed he, triumphantly.

"I passed under the window of your room after breakfast this morning: the table was standing in the window, and I saw a green book with silver clasps upon it. It was lying by a pocket-handkerchief with a lace border, and a white kid glove, trimmed with blue, was lying in a heap with it. Yes!" continued he, accumulating the evidence, "there were two roses in a china vase, and a gold vinaigrette, and a sash, checked white and lilac. I said to Vaughan, at the moment, 'I am quite sure that is Miss Kinnaird's diary.' He did not think it was, but I felt quite sure."

The smile with which Edith looked up at Lord Vaughan, as this speech was concluded, proved that, on her side at least, all unpleasant recollections connected with the event of three years ago had passed away. Whether it also betokened a lurking consciousness that her power was undiminished, we will not determine.

"I am not by any means certain that you are right," observed she, gravely addressing the speaker, whose eyes opened to their widest extent, in pure astonishment.

"O! my dear Edith," cried Mrs. Dalton, "you do not know what a dangerous thing it is to contradict Mr. Delamaine. His accuracy is positively unbounded. I don't believe he ever was mistaken in a date, a name, or a number, in his life."

"Well," said Mr. Delamaine, visibly delighted, "I do believe I am tolerably accurate. That is the habit of mind which I have always laboured to acquire. I could tell you some curious traits relative to that very subject,—I mean, the accuracy with which Mrs. Dalton is good enough to say that I remember even the most trivial occurrences. Remind me"—turning to Lord Vaughan—"to tell you a story about a pair of ear-rings, and the way in which I recollected something. It is not exactly *apropos* just now; but I dare say we shall resume the conversation."

Lord Vaughan promised to remind him, with the air of a well-bred victim, and Mr. Delamaine proceeded, "Thornton always used to remark, 'if memory be not accurate, it is worthless.' I remember perfectly

the occasion upon which he said that.—He was saying, that he had painted a hundred and fifteen portraits since he began his career as an artist, out of which there were only three which had satisfied him. I said he had painted a hundred and sixteen, and I offered to recount the names of the sitters. He didn't wish me to do it; but I did, though, after the first twenty or so, I required a little reflection to bring each name to my remembrance. It was at a dinner-party, and, long before I finished, Thornton and I, and our good host, who was dozing in his arm-chair, were left quite alone; however, I went through the whole number, and it was as we crossed the hall to take our leave of the ladies, —for it was getting very late—that he made the remark which I have just now quoted."

"You were correct, then," said Edith, politely.

"Why, no, not exactly—that is to say, I was correct in remembering all the names, which was, after all, the great thing, you know,—but there were only a hundred and fifteen of them; so Thornton was right there."

"That gives a somewhat different colouring to his observation," observed Mrs. Dalton, in a very low tone of voice, to Edith, as she stooped over her flowers.

"I found out afterwards," continued Mr. Delamaine, "how I had added that hundred and sixteenth. He had painted the same portrait twice—you know that was a very satisfactory sort of thing—I must say that it gratified me, for I was altogether at a loss to know how I had contrived to make the confusion. I offered afterwards to give the names in the order in which they had really presented themselves; but Thornton wouldn't take the bet. I suppose he felt sure of losing."

"Time or money," said Mrs. Dalton, with an arch look at Sir Mark Wyvil.

"Ah! time," cried Lord Vaughan; "that brings us back to the diary, you know. Have you much waste of time to chronicle, Miss Kinnaird?"

"That is scarcely a fair question to ask a young lady," interposed Lady Selcombe, who was comfortably ensconced in a bay window, embroidering a spaniel on a footstool in livid and unearthly hues, which suggested that you were setting your feet on the discoloured corpse of a dog, whose profile, moreover, seemed to have been much battered by frequent crushing; "trifles, I am afraid, generally make the sum of human things at that age." And Lady Selcombe glanced with good-natured condemnation at the group round the table, and then looked complacently down upon her work, feeling convinced that embroidering dogs was a much fitter occupation for an immortal soul than contemplating flowers.

"I fear I must plead guilty," said Edith, looking from one of her admirers to the other with a playful ease very unlike penitence. "But before I begin my confession, do tell me who Mr. Thornton is, and whether it is the same Mr. Thornton who is coming here to-day."

"Thornton! coming here!" cried Mr. Delamaine; "Good heavens, how extraordinary! My dear Miss Kinnaird, you could not have applied to a better person than myself to tell you all about Thornton; for I think I may venture to say that he is one of the most intimate friends I have in the world. If you will allow me, I will tell you his whole history."

Edith looked imploringly at Mrs. Dalton, who instantly came to her rescue.

"I protest against this!" cried she to Mr. Delamaine. "You are not to speak on the subject at all. Mr. Thornton is my cousin, and I claim the right of kindred as giving me precedence in the matter."

"But, my dear lady—" cried the rebuked orator.

Edith playfully held a rose against his lips, so as to stop the torrent of words. He accepted the flower with a bow and a gratified smile, as though he felt that the favour accorded was so great as to pledge him to observance of the terms on which it was granted; and Mrs. Dalton commenced her history at once, as fearing that the pause would not be of long duration.

"My cousin Godfrey Thornton," said she, "is young, rich, of good family, handsome, and a genius."

"And coming here!" added Edith; "that completes the list of his attractions. I heard Lord Selcombe tell Mr. Davis so, as they passed to the stables, while I was gathering my flowers."

"But if he is rich and of good family," inquired Lord Vaughan, "how comes he to be an artist?"

Mrs. Dalton's eyes kindled into more than common brilliancy. "Oh, what an *English* observation!" exclaimed she. "He is an artist because God made him one, and he has neither the power nor the will to unmake himself."

"Then he lives for art!" cried Edith, with a sudden burst of her old romance; "and has given up the world's life, though, with all the attractions which you have enumerated, it would have been to him nothing but triumph and enjoyment. He ought to have a tower like Balta's in *Minstrel Love*, where, in the midst of the grandeur and beauty of nature, he might be a true artist-hermit, and forget men and women altogether. How delightful! He must be quite an ideal character."

"Quite!" responded Sir Mark Wyvil, coolly. "He 'lives for art' at No. 15, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, and studies nature from his drawing-room windows."

"My dearest Edith," said Mrs. Dalton, a little impatiently, "that is one of your pretty heresies of which I have not yet been quite able to cure you. You seem to have a sort of vague, unpractical idea, that a man must needs withdraw from the world in order to achieve anything really great. Now I, on the contrary, believe that society is the very food and stimulus of genius, which droops without it, grows morbid, and loses both the creative power and the power of self-measurement."

"Long may the idea continue unpractical," exclaimed Lord Vaughan, answering the only part of Mrs. Dalton's speech which was within the limits of his comprehension, "if Miss Kinnaird meditates achieving greatness in her own person!"

"Why, yes," replied Edith, "I confess I have no inclination to shut myself up in a hermitage. That would be rather too high a price to pay for any sort of greatness."

She did not speak exactly as she *felt*—but there was no discrepancy between the words and the manner in which she *lived*. How long would the world, which had already divorced the outer life from the inner thought, leave the thought unmolested?

"There is only this difference," said Sir Mark, with studious sportiveness; "to shut Mr. Thornton up in a hermitage would be an act of cruelty to an individual, but to immure Miss Kinnaird would be punishing the world."

(To be continued.)

MORAL REFLECTIONS; OR, ESSAYS ON MEN, MANNERS, &c.¹

BY MADAME GUIZOT.

On Man and Human Life

ON EDUCATION.

"We have all been brought up without that," say the greater number of those who hear of any plan that will simplify or facilitate education. It is precisely because you have been brought up with means that were less easy and less advantageous that you should believe that in point of education every means are good to those who know how to make use of them. Methods of education are instruments in the hands of a good

workman; and what workman will complain of seeing the instruments of his trade increase, were it only that he might make a choice of them? It would, nevertheless, be a strange idea, to desire that the instruments should work by themselves; it is, however, what is expected by the greater number of inventors of methods. As soon as they have discovered one, the work of education is, in their opinion, completely finished, or rather is rendered useless. They look upon a child, armed with their method, as a machine which, once set in motion, will never stop until it has fulfilled the object of its destination, and would be tempted to say to the teacher who sought to aid the movement, "What business have you to interfere?" I certainly would interfere,—it would concern me to consider a little before I would put a pack of mythological cards into the hands of a child, in which they are taught the history of Venus and Adonis, and some other adventures of the mother of Love. I will not believe that with a pack of historical cards they can by themselves learn the New Testament; for I will look, for instance, at the card which gives an account of the Sermon on the Mount, for some observation on those words so calculated to strike the minds of children,—“If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.” And in place of that, I shall simply find that in this sermon Jesus Christ recommends union and reconciliation. When I should see in the cards of Roman history, on the subject of the marriage of Tarquin and Tullia, that “from this monstrous alliance nothing but monsters could be born,” I would endeavour to let the minds of my little readers dwell as shortly as possible on expressions of this kind, which, containing only ideas beyond their capacity, would present them with words without ideas; but by scarcely ever adopting the explanatory passages contained in those cards, I would take advantage of them to explain to the children what I wished them to know; they should be an itinerary of my route, in which I should reserve to myself the right of walking at what pace I pleased, without prohibition of either resting or rambling. A game, however simple it may be, can be made profitable in the hands of those who know how to make use of it; but I confess that it is thereto that, in my opinion, the pretensions of the greater number of the best combined methods should be limited. If they facilitate instruction, it is by pointing out the method of teaching rather than the method of learning; their object should be to assist the master rather than the pupil; if they assist the latter, it is by supporting the arm which leads him; and they will assist the former by affording him the means of doing better,—not of doing less. It is not to the mind,—it is not to the feelings of children that we should first apply; their imagination is the only one of their faculties of which you can really dispose; the others perpetually escape you by their inconstancy and tenuity.

It is even to the unsteadiness of the imaginations of children that you are indebted for the power of directing them; nevertheless, without continual attention, what will indicate the point at which it is ready to escape you? What will teach you the right idea at which to stop and fix his attention, if an intimacy with every moment of the child's life, with his plays, his pleasures, his troubles, and all the little events of his day, does not enable you to seize that fit opportunity which the wisest method will not supply, but which the least skilful mother can turn to advantage? Of all the theories of education, I do not believe there is one that can be equivalent to the continual action of that gentle power, ever intent upon rectifying the wanderings before they become too difficult to repress, in proportioning the object that it may not be too difficult to attain, in assisting the little successes which en-

courage, in anticipating even to the fear of a fall, so that the pupil, supported before he feels himself in danger, learns to lean with confidence upon his guide, without being aware of all the weakness which renders the support so necessary. But in those cases which relate more especially to early childhood, the most vigilant mother requires to be guided, or, at least, to be assisted. Should her heart not require to be guarded, or her judgment to be enlightened, her mind will require to be aided, in order to furnish her with means to satisfy the multiplicity of ideas which consume childhood. If the duration of time be measured to us by the number of our ideas, if a fixed idea render this duration almost insensible, while, on the contrary, a variety and rapidity of ideas give it sometimes an intolerable length, then certainly nothing can appear longer than a child's day. Weak in comprehending ideas, quick in exhausting them, in a very few hours he has run through the whole circle of his employments; new ones must be incessantly provided for him; we must incessantly labour to repel the weariness which produces impatience, caprice, and uneasiness, and weakens the bodily strength, by destroying the energy of the mind. Those who have never brought up children cannot comprehend of what importance it is to those who are engaged in such cares to be able to invent a quarter of an hour's additional amusement; but the importance is doubled, if from the amusement some instruction can be drawn. It has often been said that we ought not to make the lessons of children a play to them, and that of all the lessons they can be taught, the most important is that they should submit to necessity, and give up their will to that of others. As to that, we may make ourselves easy; opportunities enough will never be wanting. But if the lesson may not be a play, where would be the disadvantage of allowing the play to be a lesson, so that children might learn to attach to their amusements some serious idea? The danger of regular lessons is, that it places a wall of separation between the ideas of employment and pleasure, and attaches to the latter exclusively the idea of idleness, so that for children, the important time of their life—the only one that they can really call their own, is the time in which they do nothing; this is the only time to which they attach any interest,—the rest belongs to others,—they allow it to go as it will, and endeavour especially to lose it. We ought, on the contrary, to accustom children to look upon all their time as important to them, by forming them early to a regular course of life, to which recreation is an exception, and of which the customary pleasures are composed of more or less serious employments. A child should always be believed to be doing something useful, that he may imbibe the idea that it ought not to be otherwise; and nothing is more easy than to give him this idea. Seem to associate him with your employments, by sometimes joining in his; you will have done much to secure his attention when you have given him yours. That lack of ideas which continually torments him draws him incessantly towards those who are able to furnish him with new ones, and every point of contact between their mind and his, every employment which can be made mutual, is a benefit to both parties; but, it must be owned, that, as in many other cases, this aid is especially useful to those who are best qualified to dispense with it.

COUNTRY SKETCHES.

No. IV.

AN AUTUMN MORNING AT HAMPTON.

THERE are many passages in English history which create vivid impressions, not easily to be forgotten, in the minds and hearts of true Englishmen. It is not too much to say, that the perusal of these stirring occurrences has wrought many a wavering purpose

into stability, and excited the reader of our national chronicles to emulate our glorious predecessors in their path of fame and well-doing. Who does not feel proud of his countrymen when the brave deeds of days gone by rise up before him? Who can look back on many of those noble scenes, and not exult that England is his country? Not few nor far between, but constantly present in the annals of our ancestors, they present examples for all successive generations, and afford national illustrations of a people, ever recognised in the oldest traditions as courageous, and of a free and liberal spirit.

Happily for these our later days, wars and rumours of wars are becoming less and less heard of. Peace reigns around us; and an increase of civilization has brought in the train of its many blessings one scarcely yet sufficiently esteemed, the power of settling all differences by gentler means than the destruction and desolation of inimical interests. With what feelings of gratitude and happiness so tranquil a consummation should be viewed, let those attest whose avocations have enlisted them in some foreign clime for their country's cause; or those who have made mankind their study, and traced the springs and aims of human actions to their starting point, from thence downwards to their end. Public opinion no longer speaks by the aid of fisticuffs; we have done with such things, and a new and happier era has come. In days gone by, let us hope for ever, a different feeling prevailed; the sword and the strong arm too frequently by their might overcame the justice of a good cause. Might and power then constituted right; as the old song expresses it—

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

So were manners and matters in those times. Gradually, but surely, however, came a change; and when in later years, Charles I. attempted to obtain an impost, alike odious to peasant and peer, and endeavoured to use his royal prerogative to enforce his demands, England took its boldest step to resist the unwarrantable encroachment on a people's rights. The particulars of that contest are familiar to all. Amid the many admirable histories of the period, an impartial mind may glean the truth, and casting aside the broad and vague assertions of one class of writers, and the equally unfounded hypotheses of another, soon arrive at a just and satisfactory conclusion. The history of the Civil War, unlike that of many other struggles, stands out clearly and distinctly in the pages of almost every narrator and essayist on the subject. There is not much mystery in the great transaction. A monarch and his people ranged on opposite sides, and a people ultimately victorious. It is not too much to say, that of all the men who lived and moved in that eventful epoch, Hampden appears to have been influenced by feelings of the most patriotic nature, and to have acted with a vigour and determination, ever tempered with gentleness and forbearance. Had he lived, what a different ending would have closed that drama! Listen to his dying words; do they not breathe of loyalty and homage to his misguided king! Who can say that such a man would have consented or suffered Charles to have closed his career on the block? Hear him as the last words come feebly and falteringly forth! How well they attest the integrity and purity of his motives! "O Lord God of Hosts, great is thy mercy; just and holy are thy dealings unto us, sinful men. Save me, O Lord, if it be thy good will, from the jaws of death. Pardon my manifold transgressions. O Lord, save my bleeding country: have these realms in thy especial keeping. Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the king see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellors from the malice and wickedness of their designs. Lord Jesu, receive my

soul." His death took place a few days after the battle of Chalgrove Field, in which engagement he was mortally wounded.

The spot where the battle was fought has been recently indicated by a memorial, erected through the instrumentality of Lord Nugent and other of his admirers.

That all the memories of this great man will come crowding round the brain of him who wanders and who thinks in the leafy shades and woodlands of his last home, who muses in the old church of Hampden, in Buckinghamshire, or who treads the halls where Hampden lived and died, is but natural, and harmonises well with the ancient spirit of the place. It is truly a fair spot. The house, originally built in the Plantagenet fashion, has been altered and repaired from time to time. It stands on a fine eminence; is surrounded with lofty and noble trees, and adjoins the church, which is part and parcel of the domain. On one side are the Chiltern Hills, and the fields assessed for ship-money, which Hampden refused to pay. The view of the house opens through a vista, a mile and a quarter long. On either hand, stand elm, beech, and Spanish chestnut trees, of high dimensions. The estate comprises a boundary of nearly 5,000 acres; of this, there is a vast extent of arable land, and some beautiful woods, whose richness of foliage, seen in the fading autumn season, is suggestive of the life of a gentleman of old, whose amusement and occupations alternated in an agreeable succession. Books and running brooks, the cares of a farmer, the duties of a magistrate, the pleasures of field-sports, the higher gratifications of taste, and the activities of charity; in this wise did the patriot pass a pleasant life for eleven years,—a happy existence broken only by the death of his wife. The stirring events which so soon after happened roused the spirit of this enthusiastic man, who could not witness his countrymen bearing the wrongs that pressed them down tamely and unmoved. It may be very easily believed that the whole surrounding scenery is associated with the name and fame of Hampden. The mansion itself has a peculiar character of its own, and, though almost deserted by its present proprietor, bears striking impress of its ancient greatness. The hall is gloomy, and disfigured by several paintings, which are not only of indifferent execution, but are totally inconsistent with the place. The suite of rooms consists of a library, two dining-rooms, drawing-room, presence chamber, and state bed-room, on the ground-floor. They are handsomely furnished, and contain a few pictures of merit, but most of them in a sad state of neglect. A view of Venice, by Canaletti, has suffered grievous damage at the hands of the cleaner, and an exquisite head of Lely's seems to have become much affected by damp. In the drawing-room there is a chimney-piece of white marble, with figures of rustics, executed in alto-relievo; this, which deserves more than a hasty glance, was the production of an Italian artist, and was brought from Rome by Viscount Hampden.

In one of the apartments a large quarto Bible is shown as having been the property of Philip Cromwell, uncle of Oliver. It contains detailed entries of the names and births of many members of the Cromwell family. Elizabeth Cromwell, the Protector's aunt, married one of the ancestors of the patriot. The father of that Hampden was Griffith, high sheriff of Buckinghamshire, who entertained Queen Elizabeth in all costly style and splendour at Hampden, not only fitting up a room purposely for her reception, but employing an immense number of workmen to cut a passage through some very dense woods to allow her majesty to pass in the nearest possible direction. Such was the loyal homage and courtly devotion of the days of Queen Bess, who appears to have commanded respect, if she did not find love from all her subjects. This opening is still to be seen, and is known to all the neighbourhood as the Queen's Gap.

There are a great many family portraits scattered through the mansion. On the staircase is a whole-length of Oliver Cromwell; he is accoutred in armour, with helmet and truncheon. There is no mistaking who the artist meant. The stern determination of purpose, the calm forethought, and the hard-lined features, are unmistakable. It is to be regretted that the picture is in parts greatly injured by the damp. At no great distance is a fine portrait of one of the family, who is said to have destroyed himself in an adjoining chamber. This circumstance is alluded to in terms and tones of such solemn awe by the attending domestic, that the visitor is not surprised to be told afterwards that the room is believed to be haunted. In one of the principal apartments hangs a picture of a man about five or six-and-thirty, which was always said, though on assumption only, to be the resemblance of the great hero of his house. Some years back, Lord Nugent, when preparing his memorials of Hampden for the press, being in doubt upon a disputed point, caused the body of the patriot to be exhumed in his presence, permission having been accorded by the noble proprietor of this property. On unclothing the face, which was in fair preservation, two or three persons present were instantly struck with its resemblance to the picture in question. The grave has thus settled the identity, and it is therefore invariably looked upon as the likeness of Hampden.

Roaming through the forsaken old hall, which seems to be drooping in its faded splendour, all things about serve to testify of a past age; and the melancholy feeling is heightened if the visit be made on an autumn day, when the wind blows through every cranny and crevice, and the leaves of the stately trees without, half golden and half sere, fall one by one on the dewy grass, to mingle with the remnants of the passing season.

Strange to say, there are no papers or documents of any interest relating to Hampden to be found in the precincts of his dwelling-place,—nothing to assist in the elucidation of any one point in his history. So, passing to the church where he lies, there is there, too, no indication of the spot. No tablet, no effigy, no monumental stone, or marble of any kind. There is a memorial to the last John Hampden. It is profusely decorated with armorial bearings. On an oval medallion is a representation of Hampden falling from his horse at the battle of Chalgrove Field. There is a morion with the Hampden crest, and an inscription setting forth the relationship of the deceased to the Trevor family. Far more to our purpose, infinitely more interesting, is the epitaph written by Hampden to the memory of his beloved wife. It is upon a black marble tablet, placed between the windows of the chancel, underneath a coat-of-arms. As it is fair to presume that this is the composition of the regretful husband himself, the gentle record acquires a twofold attraction. It runs thus:—

"To the eternal Memory of the truly vertuous and pious Elisabeth Hampden, wife of John Hampden, of Great Hampden, Esq., sole daughter and heire of Edmund Symeon, of Pynton, in the county of Oxon, Esq. The tender mother of an happy offspring in 9 hopeful children.

In her pilgrimage

The state and comfort of her neighbours,
The love and glory of a well ordered family,
The delight and happiness of tender parents,
But a crowne of blessing to a husband

In a wife: to all an eternall patterne of
Goodness and cause of Joy; whilst shee was

In her dissolution

a loss unvaluable to each, yet herself blest, and they fully recompensed, in her translation from a tabernacle of claye and fellowship with Mortalls to a Celestiall Mansion and Communion with a Deity, the 20th day of August, 1634.

"John Hampden, her sorrowful husband, in perpetuall testimony of his conjugall love, hath erected this Monument."

The church, like the house, is embosomed in trees, and is seldom visited by any beside its seventh-day occupants. The locality is perfectly secluded, lying some distance from the two principal roads, and about equidistant from the Great Northern and Western railways. The Tring station is the nearest, and even that is twelve miles off. All the adjacent lanes and villages, not to say towns, are of the most rural description, and convey the impression of a rich agricultural district. In the quietude of such a scene, it is well to have nothing to break the contemplation of its former lord, and the occurrences in which he took so active a part. It has been truly observed by one of the greatest writers of our time, that the history of Hampden's life is the history of England during the period in which he lived. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the effects of his memorable opposition to the increasing encroachments of the crown, there can be none to the conviction that he was actuated by an honest love for the welfare of his country, the prosperity and happiness of his fellow-countrymen, and an ardent love for the blessings of liberty and social progress. To think of him amidst the groves where he wandered, in the halls where so often his footsteps fell, or in the hallowed fane where he lies, unconotaphed but not forgotten, is indeed a pleasure and a privilege. And few votaries ever sought a shrine more worthy of their seeking than the grave of this upright, conscientious man. Few excursions containing more of profit and pleasure combined can be taken than this, so picturesquely situated in one of the most retired districts of the county.

THE TEMPERATURE OF INSECTS.

In two former articles, on the temperature of the beehive in winter and in summer, it was shown, that bees maintain a degree of heat in their dwellings considerably above that of the external air. The same fact has been observed by Mr. Newport in the nest of the humble-bee in its natural haunts. The nest examined was situated in a shaded chalk bank, near the ground, and about eight inches from the surface. At ten o'clock, A.M., the temperature of the air in the shade, four feet from the ground, was nearly sixty-nine degrees; that of the exterior of the chalk bank, near the entrance to the nest, sixty-six degrees. On introducing a small thermometer very carefully into the nest, without disturbing the inmates, a temperature of eighty-three degrees was indicated, and this in a few minutes rose to eighty five degrees. Another nest, containing forty or fifty bees, was removed from the earth to Mr. Newport's residence, and placed in a small breeding cage. The bees were at first very irritable, and were therefore kept in close confinement, and fed with moistened sugar; but on the third day they became accustomed to their new abode, and were placed on a table in the sitting-room, near the window, which was left open, as was also the door of the cage, so that the bees might go abroad and return at pleasure, which they did with as much regularity as if the nest had been in its natural locality. The temperature of this nest varied considerably at different times, but was highest when the bees were excited. In a third nest, which was caged like the second, the bees were at first greatly affected and agitated by the slightest noise, such as the removal of a chair, or a footstep in the room, or the passing of a carriage along the road, thirty feet distant; but they were not in the slightest degree affected by persons talking loudly in the room, whilst a tap with the finger on the table put them immediately into a state of the greatest agitation. In two or three days they became accustomed to their situation, and were not disturbed by slight noises. When the temperature of the air was seventy and a half degrees, that of the box and nest was seventy-three degrees; but

when they were excited it rose to seventy-seven, but gradually subsided to seventy-three degrees as the bees became quiet. On another occasion, when greatly excited, a temperature of nearly twelve degrees above that of the air was observed.

An ants' nest, examined in its natural haunts, afforded still more remarkable results. The temperature of the air in the shade at eleven o'clock, A.M., was seventy-six degrees; when the thermometer was passed into the nest to the depth of five inches, it rose to eighty-four degrees, and remained steadily at that point; but in about six or eight minutes, the insects becoming excited, and running about in every direction in a state of great agitation, the temperature of the nest rose to ninety-three degrees: and soon after, when the insects were still more excited, to ninety-five and a half degrees, and a little nearer the surface, where the commotion was greatest, to ninety-eight and a half degrees. During these observations the ant-hill was carefully shaded from the sun; but when exposed to its influence, the thermometer rose to 108 degrees. This was a temperature much too great for the insects to bear; they all retired beneath the covering of the nest, and scarcely a single ant was to be seen. These observations, which were made on a fine day in July, were repeated on a gloomy, wet day in September, when the temperature of the air at eleven o'clock, A.M., was only fifty-four degrees, that of the nest at the depth of one inch was sixty-five, at two inches, sixty-six degrees, below which it gradually diminished. In another nest, twice the size of the first, observed at the same time, the thermometer stood twenty degrees above the temperature of the air, when the insects were a little excited.

It appears, then, that these communities of insects maintain a degree of heat in their dwellings considerably above that of the external air; such being the case, it would seem to follow, that every individual insect must maintain a separate temperature of body, higher than that of the surrounding atmosphere. In order to determine this point, Mr. Newport made an immense number of experiments upon insects in their different states and under various circumstances. The thermometers used in determining their temperature were of small size, with cylindrical bulbs, about half an inch in length. The method of taking the temperature of an insect was either by allowing it to remain with the soft ventral surface of the abdomen pressing against the bulb when in a state of rest, or by pressing the thermometer firmly against its body when in a state of excitement; and, in order that the heat of the hand might not interfere with the result, the insect was held during the observation between a pair of forceps covered with woollen, and the hand which held the thermometer was also covered with a glove. The temperature of the insect was always compared with that of the atmosphere at the time of observation. The temperature of active flying insects was taken by enclosing them singly in a small phial. The number of inspirations per second was noted, as was also the degree of activity of the insect, so as to be able to compare the amount of respiration with the heat evolved.

In examining insects in their different states it was found that the larva always evolved less heat than the perfect insect of the same species, supposing both to be similarly healthy and active. The larvæ of humble bees and some others were from two to four degrees above the temperature of the surrounding air, whereas the perfect insects were from three to eight or ten degrees higher, and when much excited the difference was even greater. The larva of the flesh-fly is seldom more than one and a half, and the perfect fly only two and a half degrees above the surrounding medium; but precise observations are difficult to be made on small insects, although easy enough on the large soft-bodied larvæ of sphyngeæ. On applying the bulb to a full-grown larva of the death-head moth, it showed a temperature of seven and a half degrees higher than

that of the air, but the insect was much excited by being disturbed; its general temperature when feeding is not more than three degrees above the air, and, when perfectly quiet and apparently asleep, the temperature is exactly that of the air. From a variety of observations it was evident that individual insects possess a temperature of body above that of the surrounding medium; that the amount of heat is not constant in the same insect, but varies according to certain conditions, which will be noticed presently.

In the nymph, or pupa state, the temperature of the insect is generally lower than at any other period of its existence, and is only equal to, or but very little above that of the surrounding medium; when disturbed their temperature rises somewhat above that of the air. The pupæ part with their natural heat with much greater rapidity than the larvæ, and this seems to be the reason why most hymenopterous insects select for their young those situations which are found to be the worst conductors of heat. This is why the mason-bee encloses its larvæ in cells constructed in the vertical sections of banks of earth which are exposed to the morning sun, and why hive and humble bees crowd over those cells which are about to produce the perfect insect, when the enclosed nymphs are most in need of increased warmth to invigorate them for the change they are about to undergo.

In the imago, or perfect insect state, the insect has a higher temperature than at any other period of its life, and when in a state of activity is not so much influenced by sudden changes of atmospheric temperature as in the larva or pupa state. The imago has also greater power of generating as well as of maintaining heat; but it is not till some time after an insect has assumed a perfect state that it is able to support its full temperature. When a lepidopterous insect leaves its pupa case with its whole body soft and delicate, and its wings undeveloped, and hanging uselessly by its sides, it parts so rapidly with heat, that it appears to have a lower temperature than at the time when it is about to pass from the larva to the pupa state; and it immediately seeks a retired situation where it may suspend itself vertically at rest, and complete the development of what are now to become its most important organs of locomotion. In doing this the insect first begins to breathe very deeply, and continues to do so for a considerable time. The inspired air passes from the large air-sacs in the abdomen into the base of the wings, and while the ramified air-tubes in the wings are becoming elongated and distended, and the wings in consequence developed, the temperature of the insect again begins to increase. But it is not till the wings have become firm and fitted for flight that the insect is enabled to generate its full amount of heat. Thus, in an observation on a puss-moth, half an hour after coming from the pupa, its temperature was only two-tenths of a degree above that of the atmosphere; an hour afterwards three-tenths; in an hour and a half six-tenths, when the insect was moderately active. In two hours and a half's time, when the insect was a little more active, its temperature was nearly one degree and a quarter above that of the atmosphere; and on the following day, when perfectly strong and excited, as during rapid flight, it was seven degrees above the temperature of the atmosphere.

The hymenopterous insects which live in society, such as bees, have their heat increased artificially by the brooding of the nurse-bees over the cocoon or pupa case; but when the young bee comes forth it parts with its temperature most rapidly, unless immediately protected by warmth from the bodies of other individuals. But when the same insect, a few hours afterwards, has become fully able to perform all the duties of its existence, it sometimes has a temperature of perhaps twenty degrees above that of the surrounding air, while its temperature in the larva state is scarcely more than three degrees higher.

The temperature of insects is influenced by various

conditions, such as *abstinence, inactivity, sleep, hybernation, and inordinate excitement.*

1. *Abstinence.*—When long deprived of food, the insect's power of generating and maintaining its natural heat is diminished. When food is supplied the respiration is restored to its original condition, and they again evolve a full amount of heat. The same remarks apply to the larvæ.

2. During *inactivity* the respiration, and consequently the temperature, is diminished. Many insects which have a comparatively high temperature in a state of active exertion in the early part of summer, have their temperature greatly reduced when they become inactive at the end of autumn; and even during summer, when an insect passes from a state of inactivity into that of natural sleep, its temperature subsides even during summer very nearly to that of the surrounding air.

3. *Sleep.*—All insects enjoy a periodical state of repose or natural sleep. They are endowed with this privilege of life in common with other animals for the renovation of their energies. During sleep, respiration, circulation, digestion, and the evolution of animal heat, are all diminished until a fresh amount of voluntary power is again generated, and the animal is aroused to the enjoyment of it either by its superabundance, or through the agency of external stimuli. It is no small amount of this privilege that is enjoyed by insects. Mr. Newport has witnessed sleeping in almost every order of insects, and is satisfied that they enjoy as great a proportion of rest as any other animals. Many insects will remain in a state of rest during ten, twelve, or twenty hours at a time, even in their seasons of activity. "Every one is aware that the common May chaffer (*Melolontha vulgaris*) will often continue sleeping on the leaves of the lime-tree throughout the whole of a fine summer's day, and not become active until near sunset. The case is the same with nearly the whole tribe of sphynges and moths, while many butterflies, which are active during sunshine, will often remain for two or three days, when the weather is gloomy, affixed to the very same spot. The common honey-bee, notwithstanding the bustle and activity of the hive, enjoys its share of repose as well as other insects even amidst the apparent commotion of its own dwelling. Heber observed that his bees often inserted their heads and part of their bodies into the empty combs, and remained there for a considerable time. They were then quietly sleeping in the cell. At other times they appear to sleep for short intervals on the surface of the combs. I have seen them towards the latter end of summer in the cells in great numbers for many hours together. It is there also where many of them pass a portion of their winter, doubtless in a state of hybernation, or most profound sleep; and it is an interesting fact, that this inactivity of the inhabitants of the hive during winter is accompanied by a diminution of heat in their dwelling."

4. *Hybernation* differs from natural rest in some of its exciting causes. "There are reasons for believing that this disposition to pass into a profound sleep bears some relation to the changes which take place at certain periods in the capacity of the respiratory organs, which seem to become oppressed and their full expansion prevented by the remarkable accumulation of fat which always exists in the bodies of insects, before passing into the true hybernating condition."

It is well known to the cottager, that when the flowers have not yielded an abundance of honey in the latter part of the summer, the bees in his hives will have less chance of existing through the winter than when the produce of honey was plentiful. This latter circumstance may, perhaps, be said to arise from a deficiency in the quantity of honey stored up by the bees; but Mr. Newport has strong reasons for believing that it chiefly arises from the bees being in a worse bodily condition, and having but a small quantity of nutriment stored up within their own system, which alone

enables them to pass some portion of the winter in a state of repose.

5. *Inordinate excitement.*—The temperature of a single insect is only a few degrees above the medium in which it is living, and the actual heat of the insect is increased in proportion to the amount of its respiration. When an insect is at rest, its temperature is comparatively low, and it becomes greatly increased during violent activity. Thus a female bee was enclosed in a stopped phial: during five minutes it was very active, and its temperature rose six and a half degrees above that of the air in the bottle previously examined. In another case, a humble bee was put into a phial, and the insect was greatly excited during six or eight minutes. When it had become quiet, the thermometer was carefully introduced without touching the insect, and the mercury rose nearly six degrees above the temperature of the air in the phial at the commencement of the observation. The insect then became excited, and the thermometer was held near enough to touch the tips of its wings. The temperature immediately sunk two and one-fifth degrees. This result was obtained several times, thus showing the interesting fact, that the vibration of the wings tends to cool the body of the insect during flight, and to moderate its temperature.

From the numerous and varied observations of Mr. Newport, it is clear that a very large proportion of heat evolved by insects in all their states passes off into the surrounding medium, and that the amount of heat evolved is in proportion to the degree of excitement and consequent amount of respiration. And since the temperature of insects is higher than that of the surrounding atmosphere, it is clear that they ought not to be considered as cold-blooded animals.

Respecting the temperature of different tribes of insects, it appears that volant insects, in their perfect state, have the highest temperature, while those species which have the lowest are constantly located on the earth. Among the former, those hymenopterous and lepidopterous species have the highest temperature which pass nearly the whole of their active condition on the wing in the open air, either busily engaged in collecting honey, or flitting wantonly from flower to flower, and breathing the largest amount of atmospheric influence. The hive-bee, and numerous insects allied to it, and the elegant and sportive butterflies, have the highest amount of heat. Next to these are probably their predatory enemies, the hornets and wasps, and others of the same order; and, lastly, a tribe which is generally located on the ground, but sometimes winged—the ants. Next below the diurnal insects are the crepuscular, or those which fly in the twilight, the highest of which are the sphynges and moths.

A SKETCH OF DOMESTIC LIFE.¹

CHAP. I.—THE FATHER'S RETURN.

ONE golden evening in June, 1832, a travelling carriage was rolling along the highroad which led to the pleasant valley of Koran. Within the coach sat, with folded arms, a strong and powerfully-built man of sixty, but fresh-looking as if scarcely fifty years had passed over him. He was simply clad in black, with a hunting cap drawn over his forehead. Danielis was the traveller's name: he was an elder of the church, and was returning from a tour which he usually took every summer, either for health or recreation. The country lay before him, bathed in the purple glow of sunset; meadows, woods, and villages, mingled together in

(1) From the German of Heinrich Schöbke.

undulating luxuriance; but Danielis hardly noticed it. His heart was with the scenes he had just quitted; his thoughts hovered over the bare table-lands of the Saubian Alps, or the ruins of the Abbey Kirtchan; and memory conjured up the pleasant conversations he had held in the shady walks of Rippolstan with dear and intimate friends.

Quickly the images of the past melted into thoughts of the present; and his mind turned to those dearest to him, their interests and welfare. He beheld at a short distance, opposite the town of Koran, his modest but happy dwelling. It was built in the Italian style on the slope of a wooded hill. As the carriage drove on, he saw the gigantic willow, planted beside a little stream which bounded his garden; its wide branches stretched over to the opposite meadow, and the pendant stems waved in the evening breeze. Then the poplars by the fountain, and the dove-cot,—his children's delight,—rose before the father's eyes.

He stood up in the carriage, with emotions more of anxiety than pleasure. His eyes wandered right and left, as if asking every passer-by, "Is all well in that house?" Though far from being superstitious, Danielis sometimes allowed his imagination to play him tricks, for which his reason reproached him. He tried to divine from the countenances of the casual passengers who recognised him the welfare of those beloved ones whom he had left behind.

The Elder might well dread any interruption to his felicity. His family, numerous as it was, formed one of those happy households so seldom seen. Riches were not the cause of their happiness; for, possessing but a moderate fortune, they lived as economically as a mechanic or husbandman's family, and yet had more at their command than many a nobleman. The simplicity, piety, and high principle which Danielis had inculcated in each member of his family, his own fatherly kindness, and the tender love of his wife, the best of mothers, combined to render all the household truly happy.

"Most men," said Danielis once, in a letter to a friend, a portion of which we quote to display the character of a man whom his neighbours considered as rather eccentric,—*"most men lead an unreal life because they live only for appearances. In the world there is an equal portion of joy and sorrow; and I would as little part with the one as with the other. Both contribute to beautify existence; both incite us to improvement. Our happiness or misery depends not on chance; for the unseen hand of God, which men call fate, brings neither bliss nor woe but to work out a good end towards us. Riches, power, and honour, are often blessings only in appearance; yet how great sacrifices will men make to obtain them! He who, having been prosperous, is satisfied with an easy competence, and devotes the rest to do good to others; and he who, poor himself, is yet a helping angel to those poorer still; these two depend not on the smile or frown of Fortune. Happiness and peace are theirs. The world obtains no evil influence over them, they are righteous instruments in the hand of God."*

But now let us return to him who thus wrote. The coach stopped at the entrance-gate which led by a side path to the home of Danielis. Joyous sounds from well-known voices arose throughout the garden. A merry troop rushed to meet the father; first the elder children, and after them the merry little ones. Scarcely had he embraced them all, when his loving wife Anna threw herself into his arms, and he fondly kissed her clear open brow, on which forty-five years had not imprinted a single wrinkle. Near her stood Joseph, the eldest son, with his young wife, whom he had lately married. Then came Else, the favourite of the family, a village girl who had been taken into the household. She carried in her arms her young charge, the little Christian, of four years old, who was struggling to reach his father. The happy parent entered his home in the

midst of a body-guard more faithful, loving, and devoted, than ever surrounded a king.

CHAP. II.—IMPORTANT COMMUNICATIONS.

In a few days, the first excitement of joy being over, every thing in the house of the Elder returned to its usual routine, which was so simple, and free alike from display and annoyance, that no habitation within many miles could vie with it. This quiet uniformity was one source of happiness; the history of a day was the history of a year. Before the dwellers in the neighbourhood had shaken off their slumbers, every one in the house of Danielis was up and busy; the father among his books and papers in an upper chamber, or instructing his elder children; the mother in the lower part of the house, superintending her domestics, or teaching the younger branches of the family.

After the morning, which was spent in a cloister-like silence, all assembled round the table to a very simple meal. From that moment merry laughter, noise, and jesting, were heard throughout the house, and resounded in the garden, the meadow, and even to the neighbouring heights, while the parents in summer-time sat in the garden conversing with friends and relatives. At evening time, the children raised their voices in united song, which rung through the stillness of the country all around, and was repeated by the woodland echoes. This uniform life was seldom broken.

One morning as Danielis was seated at the writing-table of the study, Mother Anna entered the room with serious looks. Before she uttered a word, the expression of her face announced to her husband that she had something important to disclose.

"What is the matter, my dear wife?" asked he, laying down his pen.

"You see it now," she said, in a tone that foreboded ill; "you see it now, I was quite right."

"When were you ever wrong?" replied the husband, smiling. "But in what particular thing are you right now?"

"In what I have feared so long, and what you would not believe. Our Jacob and Else have fallen in love with each other, and, I doubt not, are secretly betrothed, or will be soon."

"Secretly betrothed!" repeated Danielis, much astonished; and, though yet doubting the fact, unable to conceal the uneasiness it caused him.

To explain this affair, our readers should be acquainted that "our Jacob" was one of the eldest sons of this worthy couple; he was a young man of twenty, and a curate in the town of Zollingen.

"How and from whom have you learnt this?" asked Danielis, after a momentary silence.

"By mere chance. I went into Else's apartment, and found on the ground an open letter in Jacob's handwriting. Fancying it was one of his, which I had dropped by accident, I took it up and read the contents. It was full of exhortations to piety and obedience to us; and then came a confession of the most tender love for Else herself."

As his wife spoke, the countenance of the Elder softened; because perhaps he had gained much self-command in the course of a life of trial, or perhaps from the confidence he had in his son's pure and manly character. "And Else?" asked he.

"She came into the room, and saw the letter in my hand with apparent indifference. When I advised her in future to be more careful of his papers, and not to leave them about, she coloured deeply, and looked anxious. But when I inquired into the particulars, she confessed all with innocent frankness, though with much timidity; and it was easy to perceive that she saw nothing wrong in the affair. 'Jacob had always been so kind to her—she owed him so much;—it was no wonder that every one loved Jacob, for he deserved

it.' I really doubt whether the girl is even aware of the nature of his affection for her."

A smile passed over the Elder's face. "And Mother Anna—what did she say to all this?"

"I did not reproach her, I could not;—and besides it would only have blown an insignificant spark into a flame. I advised her not to say a word about this circumstance, as it might do her harm. Else knows nothing of the world; she is as inexperienced as it is possible for a girl of sixteen to be; and the more a young maiden is talked about, the more is her fair fame sullied. I told her not to answer Jacob's letter, and promised to reply to it myself."

"Wisely said and wisely done," exclaimed Daniels. "By this means, you keep Else's secret, and we gain time for the future. A word of motherly warning does much. Let there be no secrets between us and our children. I can easily forgive the impetuous boy. Else is lovely and good, enough to set on fire a heart and imagination like our Jacob's."

"Yes, she is certainly pretty," answered the mother; "rather too delicate looking, but modest and humble; and she has made the most of the little education she has received. Let us watch both the young people. Jacob cannot and must not think of marriage yet. It will be some time before he obtains a living, and love affairs like this are soon forgotten."

"Hum! not always, dear child," added Daniels, with a cheerful, meaning smile. "Think of ourselves! Each of my children, like myself, shall be at liberty to make his own choice as soon as he is capable of so doing. In such matters, parents should neither command nor forbid."

"You are quite right, my dear husband; but it is their duty to advise. 'Love,' says the proverb, 'blinds'—"

"True," interrupted the Elder; and pressing his wife's hand, with an affectionate smile, he added, "but you cannot deny that in my case love made me see the clearer. And Else, though inferior in birth, seems one of those rare beings who can not only confer true happiness on a good husband, but even improve a bad one,—praise which I would not bestow on many of our high-born belles."

"I quite agree with you; and I would receive Else as my daughter without any scruple as to her person or mind. But appearances—gossip; think, my dear husband—on one side a clergyman, son of an elder of the church, on the other a village girl!"

Daniels interrupted her, somewhat irritated in his manner, "What! shall we adopt the folly of Cousin Maultasch as our rule of life? Never! Whether princess or beggar, a woman bears no rank in society but what she borrows from her husband. In the eyes of men, peeresses and peasants are alike, while equal in virtue and beauty. They see the woman only, whether clothed in silk or in homespun cotton. This is the sempstress's creation, not God's. Woman is worthy of love for herself; for her loveliness, the gift of nature; for her talent, acquired by education; for her virtuous qualities; rank and wealth are not essential to her. Therefore it is no marvel that a peasant girl became empress of Russia, nor that a queen left the throne for the arms of a soldier. Now, my dear wife, let us drop the subject; only let us watch the conduct of Jacob and Else."

CHAP. III.—THE MOTHER'S LETTER.

AFTER this conversation it was in vain for the Elder to try to resume his occupation when his wife had left the apartment. An event like the preceding is one of deep moment to one to whom domestic ties are dear and holy. Daniels paced the study, gazing abstractedly on the "regiment of his dead," as he was wont to entitle the books arranged along the walls, in different bindings, according to the subjects on which they treated. Then the Elder fixed his eyes on the portraits of friends whom death had taken from him—treasures which he

loved to have above his desk, in his daily sight. But vain were all his attempts to divert his mind from the one engrossing topic. What he had said to his wife was what he really felt. But he had not expressed all his mind, which, if spoken, would have been this:—

"The boy is wrong to think of a wife before he is able to support her. He is wrong, if he seeks to gratify his feelings, and by stealing her affections to destroy the peace of a poor and innocent maiden. He is wrong to be wanting in confidence to his parents. This last, however, I can excuse, for there are two things which are usually closely concealed, and which shun all witnesses but God;—first love and heartfelt religion. No, I will not blame the young man. Did I not do the same in my own youth!"

While these thoughts passed through the Elder's mind, Mother Anna wrote her opinion to her son in the following manner:—

"Chance, my dear Jacob," wrote she, "has thrown into my hands a letter to Else from you. Its contents have not surprised me; but I am grieved that you should have placed yourself and this excellent girl in a painful situation. I spoke immediately to Else; and even if I had not loved her before, she would have gained my affection by her rational, modest, and simple minded conduct on this occasion. The result of our conversation proves to me that she does not fully understand your letter, and is not aware of the seriousness of your intentions. She has allowed me to answer you, for in her simplicity she knows not whether she prefers you to another, and therefore does not write to you herself, but deposes me to do so. The best answer I can give is to repeat, word for word, our conversation."

"Else," said I, "I know Jacob well. He is good—excellent; but so full of impulse that he is frequently led away by his feelings, and a reaction then quickly takes place. I love you too well to suffer you to become the sacrifice of his impetuosity. But I shall not require you to refuse his hand should his affection stand the test of time; especially if you feel for him that love which is necessary to resign yourself and your fate unto a husband, to bear calmly all the changes and trials of life, and to find your own happiness in that of your husband and in his love. Should time enable Jacob to provide for a wife, and he then should ask your hand, you shall be welcomed as a much-loved daughter. That time may be very near or very distant. Jacob was certainly in the wrong to write you this letter, and I think you are wise in not answering it. Behave as though he had not written; continue good, modest, and industrious; I will instruct you in every domestic occupation, and you must cultivate your mind, so as to accommodate yourself to every situation in life."

"Thus, dear Jacob, did I speak to Else. Your father agrees with me in all, and we expect from your filial affection that your conduct towards this young girl will be extremely prudent, though kind. If you wish to become worthy of respect, respect yourself; and to this end, keep a guard over your own heart. Farewell. With most heart-felt love, "YOUR MOTHER."

(To be continued.)

ON THE THEORY OF LIGHT.

FROM the most primitive days of speculative philosophy, the origin and composition of light has been involved in doubtful obscurity, and has given rise in all ages to a vast deal of theoretical controversy and discussion.

The views of the earliest philosophers were so extremely limited, that they could scarcely be said to have entertained any correct ideas upon the subject; their knowledge being restricted to the laws which

govern the phenomena of light when propagated through a vacuum, or uniform uncrystallized medium, with a very slight insight into the laws of reflection. In elucidation of the sensation of sight, they reasoned, that, as in our knowledge of all tangible bodies we arrive at a true perception of their form and qualities by the sense of touch, so it must be with respect to sight; for, assuming that no two distant bodies could communicate without a connecting medium, they directly concluded that rays, or emanations, must be constantly emitted from the eye, and, by their impulse upon distant bodies, cause our perceptions of their colour and form; which proved to be a singularly unfortunate idea, not only on account of the formation of the optic axis, but likewise because it gave no reason why objects should not be equally discernible in the dark.

Although glimpses of more advanced ideas were given forth by Descartes and Hooke in the earliest part of the seventeenth century, it was not until the mighty genius of Newton arose, that anything approaching a comprehensive theory was adduced; but even his hypothesis upon this subject was not marked by that simple majesty of plan, otherwise so highly characteristic of his discoveries; for in the place of comprehensiveness and mathematical arrangement he substituted mere elegance of style. He supposed, that all luminous bodies gave forth particles of an inconceivable minuteness, which, darting along with extreme velocity, fell upon the eye, and were thence depicted upon the retina, thus producing a perception on the system of nerves; that each particle of matter had its pole of attraction and repulsion, and, turning on its centre as it advanced on its course, alternately presented its positive or negative pole; so that, arriving at the surface of a body, it was either repelled (*i. e.* reflected) or attracted, so as to enter the surface, according to the pole in advance.

This, although generally termed the Newtonian Theory, was never positively advanced by him, but was so carefully given forth in such general terms, that, let the real principles be what they may, they will, when discovered, be sure to have many coincident ideas in the theory of Newton; thus showing, that, if we really possess any new or peculiar views on a subject to which we wish to lay an undisputable claim, we should be especially careful in the perspicuity of our language and in the avoidance of all ambiguity of expression.

Contemporaneous with this philosopher was Huyghens, a most rigid mathematician, and one who, by his originality of conception, will always retain a distinguished place in the annals of science. He immediately saw the fallacies of Newton, and in the place of particles of matter, substituted undulatory vibrations of an elastic ether, universally diffused through nature; to illustrate which, nothing can be more fitting than the following extract from one of the elegant memoirs of Sir W. Hamilton:—

"This is the theory of Huyghens, who compared the gradual propagation of light, not to the motion of a projectile, but to the spreading of sound through air, or of waves through water. It was, according to him, no *thing* in the ordinary sense, no *body* which moved from the sun to the earth, or from a visible object to the eye; but a state, a motion, a disturbance, which was first in one place, and then in another, as, when we hear a cannon which has been fired at a distance, no bullet, no particle, even of air, makes its way from the cannon to the ear, but only the aerial motion spreads; the air near the cannon is disturbed first, then that which is a little farther, and, last of all, the air that touches us. Or, like the waves that spread and grow upon some peaceful lake, when a pebble has stirred its surface: the floating waterlilies rise and fall, but scarcely quit their place, while the enlarging wave passes on, and moves them in succession. So that great ocean of ether, which bathes the farthest stars, is ever newly stirred by the waves that spread and grow

from every source of light, till they move and agitate the whole with their minute vibrations; yet, like sounds through air, or waves on water, these multitudinous disturbances make no confusion, but freely mix and cross, while each retains its identity, and keeps the impress of its proper origin."

This, then, is a fundamental view of a theory which has shown itself peculiarly felicitous in its adaptation to the various phenomena of light, and which won from Herschell the observation, that, "if not true, it fully deserved to be so." Still the supposition that light is but a continuous series of ethereal vibrations will scarcely accord with our conceptions of its influence on chemical combinations, or with the manner of its affecting both animal and vegetable life. Up to the present day, the subject has continued to receive the strictest attention and research from men of the highest talent and industry; the whole of Huyghens' theory has been carefully analysed and considered by Young, Fresnel, and Cauchy, who have, in fact, remodelled many of its primary elements, thus causing it to bear upon many important points where it was previously highly defective.

Having thus briefly reviewed the abstract theory of light, from the earliest period to the present time, we conclude with the full impression on our mind, that the real secret has still eluded our search, and that it will be found at a fitting time; possibly as a subtle fluid, pervading all space and matter, bearing a strong similarity in its laws and action to the mysterious electric fluid.

E. G.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE PEASANT-LIFE OF GREECE.

"Here poverty seems actually unknown. Not that the simple Greek peasant is rich, unless it be that negative richness which they may be said to find in their security from all material wants, produced by the benign climate and the abundant nature. In the summer they greatly prefer, as I have said, their couch in the open air to the most sumptuous dwelling which their fancy could picture. They gather beneath the olive-trees, which shed their ready fruits upon their very head, the greater part of their simple food. The light clothing they require is an hereditary possession descending from father to son; and thus having food and raiment, they are therewith abundantly content. The result of this is, that I believe there is no country in the world where beggary is so little known. Systematic begging does actually not exist, excepting in the case of one blind old mendicant, certainly the richest man of my acquaintance, who sits all day in the portico of the Temple of Theseus at Athens, and majestically receives the alms which every one hastens to bestow on him—too happy to find a legitimate object on whom to exercise the duty of charity, so strictly enjoined by their church."—*Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and the Turks. By a Seven Years' Resident in Greece.*

TIGER SHOOTING.

"THE ravine was extensive, and there was a good deal of cleared ground in it, so that we could see up and down it a good way. We were in the act of descending half way down the bank when we heard frequent loud yelps approaching us fast. Jack now told me to drop down, keep close, and the gun ready; he did the same, his dark expressive eyes dancing with half-concealed eagerness. We had not long to wait, for in two or three minutes a beautiful young wild black horse came tearing along the clear part of the ravine, in the direction of our concealment; he was going at his utmost speed, and closely pursued by two splendid tigers that ran much quicker, and whose bounds we could distinctly

perceive were great, as at each they rose several feet from the ground.

"As the poor horse came up nearly to where we now were (for we crawled deeper into the ravine) he seemed to be nearly exhausted, and slipped down on his knees, about thirty yards from where we knelt down ready for them. One of the tigers crouched with all the twisting motion of a huge cat, and made a spring of about twenty feet right on the back of the horse, and seized him by the neck with a fearful growl; the other animal trotted round the horse, lashing his tail about, and roaring with terrific ferocity; they were too busy now with their victim to scent us out. 'Are you ready now?' said Jack. 'I am,' said I. By agreement I covered the tiger on the horse, my guide the other; at a signal both guns went off together.

"The one I had covered rolled kicking off the horse, the other fell down and tumbled about in all directions, evidently badly wounded. 'Now for the knife,' said Jack; and we rushed up to where they lay. Mine was dead, but the other was still active, though unable to move any distance. I went up to him with the intention of firing my second barrel through his head, when my guide insisted upon me letting him alone, and drew his long knife. The tiger had yet great vitality, and I was much alarmed lest he might yet injure the man, and kept the gun ready for an immediate shot.

"Jack went boldly up to him; the infuriated animal grinned horribly and writhed rapidly about, throwing up a good deal of dust from the dry ground. One plunge of the knife, a roar, into him again, a hideous grin and a tumble about, some blood scattered on the ground, at him again, a miss stroke of the knife, try once more, both down, and nearly covered with dust. I was now determined to put an end to this dangerous conflict, if I could; but the rapid motion of both man and beast prevented me firing, lest one should receive what was intended for the other.

"The tiger had now hold of either the Indian or his clothes, as both rolled together; yet the knife was busily at work. At last his arm was raised high up with the red dripping instrument, and, after one more angry plunge of it, the tiger turned on his back, his paws and whole frame quivering, and, with an attempt at a ghastly grin, he fell over on his side and died. Jack then stood up, covered with the blood of the animal, and his first ejaculation was, 'Un diablo,' in English, 'One devil.' I was anxious to ascertain if the man was hurt, and, after washing himself in a pool of water near us, I was delighted to see that he escaped, with the exception of one faint bite on the shoulder, and a few tears of the paws on his arms, which he seemed to care nothing about. He was a brave man, told me he killed many of them, but this one he said died hard."—*Adventures on the Western Coast of South America.* By JOHN COLTER, M.D.

A GREEK BURIAL.

"When a soul departs, their lamentations are terrible, but they sorrow for the survivors only;—as for the dead, they count him in all things a conqueror; so they place the laurel garland on his brow, and in his hand the palm of victory! They uncover the face, that all may see what a majesty of most serene repose is stamped thereon, and they sing a hymn of thanksgiving as they bear him away to his rest. I remember when they buried that bright-eyed Greek maiden, snatched suddenly from earth, when her young heart was light as her face was fair, they arrayed her, so rigid and motionless, in the gay dress she had never worn but for some great fête or gala, as though this more than any were a day of rejoicing for her; and thus attired, with her long hair spread out over her still bosom, all decked with flowers, they laid her uncoffined in her grave. At her feet they placed a small flask of

wine and a basket of corn, in accordance with an ancient Greek superstition, which supposes that for three days and nights the disembodied spirit lingers mournfully round its tenement of clay, the garment of its mortality, wherein, as a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth, it lived and loved, it sinned and suffered! As soon as the first symptom of decay announces that the curse of corruption is at work, they believe that the purer essence departs to purer realms. Before the grave was closed, whilst for the last time the warm radiance of the sunset cast a glow like the mockery of life over the marble face of the poor young girl, her friends, as a last precaution, took measures to ascertain that she was actually dead, and not in a swoon. The means they always take in such instances to ascertain a fact, which elsewhere would be ensured by a doctor's certificate, is touching in the extreme: the person, whom, whilst alive, it was known the deceased loved best, the mother, or it may be the young betrothed, who had hoped to place on her head the gay bridal crown instead of the green laurel garland of death, advances and calls her by her name, repeating after it the word *ella* (come) several times, in a tone of the most passionate entreaty; if she is mute to this appeal, if she is deaf to the voice that was dearest to her on earth, then they no longer doubt that she is dead indeed; they cover up the grave, lift their eyes to the heaven where they believe her to be, for the Greeks do not hold the doctrine of purgatory, and, having made the sign of the cross, they depart in silence to their homes."—*Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks.* By a Seven Years' Resident in Greece.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE EXILES.

BY A. H. J.

A SOUND arose from the golden sea,
From its breast of glittering flame—
The voice of melody, deep and free,
From a stately vessel came;
And the waters whispered in glittering play
With the joyous sound as it died away.

The wanderers from a distant land
Exultingly saw their own;
They marked the gleam of its shining strand,
Where the sunlight broadly shone,
And the shadowy hills stretching far away,
Where the golden glory of evening lay.

They sang how the land they loved so well,
Through many a burning scene,
Would softly circle them, like a spell,
Even with a golden green;
Would show them beneath the still waters clearly
The soft green fields they had loved so dearly—

The soft green fields where they used to lie,
And gaze on the distant sea,
And bury within them the idle sigh
When they thought of what must be.
But the trial is past, and the triumph is come—
One shout! it shall reach to the hearts at home.

The song has ceased; and that happy band
Lie tranced in dreaming sleep,
Wandering still on their own sweet land,
Feeling its loveliness creep
Into their slumbering senses, and stealing
Like music to all their sources of feeling.

Yet still, with that mysterious power
Vaguely felt in a dream,
Of mingling grief with the brightest hour,
Beloved voices would seem—
The dear voices of all they had loved so well—
Would seem but to whisper one word—farewell.

And thus they slumbered—when suddenly
Came a low, a meaning voice,
So undefined, it might almost be
The wail of a human voice;
Till nearer and nearer, with mournful swell,
It smote on the ear like a passing bell,

Calling the waters with sullen breath,
Breaking their placid sleep—
For the hour was come, there must be death;
And from caverns dark and deep,
From desolate chambers, with solemn cry,
Came the sea in its wrath—for all must die.

With a demon's strength, with a thunder shout,
Up gathered the tempest fell,
The voice of the mighty deep rang out
The sufferers' earthly knell;
While still within sight lay the silent shore,—
The land which might echo their tread no more.

No more! no more!—the deep sounding sea,
With its waves of curdling foam,
Their only abiding place must be,
Their vast unfathomed home:
Far above them the hungry waters fall,
The waters black for a funeral pall.

Yet happier far in early sleep,
Like those young hearts, to lie,
Ere the lustrous eye had learned to weep;
They knew but one agony;
They never knew nought of the bitter strife
We must struggle through in this mortal life.

Of pining care—of heart-wasting sin—
They knew not the burden sore;
No grief had darkened their world within,
Even to its inmost core;
They passed from the troubled waves to the sky,
From the troubled waves to eternity.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

DISPUTE OF THE BEDOUINS FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF TRAVELLERS.

At last there was an impetuous rush from the noisiest of the circles towards the spot where we stood, and a party of the new comers attempted to take the camels on which we rode. We resisted for a while amid a torrent of expletives on all sides; the din was terrific, every one speaking at once, and excited to a pitch of frenzy that seemed ungovernable. All the Oulad Said's camels were unloaded, our baggage was taken up and scattered piecemeal over the camp, one fellow carrying a box, another a bed, a third a hamper, to their respective camels. The Oulad Said had yielded to the pressure of circumstances, and we were to submit.

Meantime another attack was made on the dromedaries we rode, the new comers insisting on having the whole cargo, ourselves being as good loads in their opinion as anything else. Poor Mr. Fiske, in a struggle, was thrown from his dromedary, and had a very narrow escape, while the Bedouins were trying to make the beast kneel down in order to change his burden; so matters grew worse and worse. At last, when the scramble was finished, and our baggage heaped on fresh

camels, there being scarcely a rope or a thong to hold the packages among the spoilers, Hussein came and begged us to go on.

We moved forward, accordingly, at a slow pace, surrounded by the mixed multitude—some who had come with us, and others who had joined us at the commencement of the affray. We were still mounted on our own camels, and so were Hussein and Toulleb, but those of the servants had been changed in the first attack. We had not proceeded far before some shots were fired by the Bedouins on the hill before us; not, I believe, with intent to kill, but to produce an effect which certainly was immediate, for the Oulad Said camels, our late conveyance, who had been following the new comers at a small distance, moved off to the left of the road. Hussein joined them; there was another movement, and then an Arab seized the bridle of my dromedary, and brought him upon his knees; our friends, also, were at once dismounted. I must do the aggressors the justice to say that they used no violence, and it appeared as though they were excited to act as they had done from eagerness to have their camels loaded.

In this last rush, while I was in the middle of the Arabs, calling to Hussein to come and recover my dromedary, one of the Bedouins put a belt and powder-horn round my neck. When Hussein returned with my dromedary, after a long discussion, in which I saw for the first time that both he and Toulleb had lost their presence of mind, I followed slowly the wild group that preceded us. So we rode on after this savage-looking escort, with high words and loud disputing. Afterwards came our baggage, hastily and roughly huddled together on the new camels, followed by a host of Bedouins, some without arms, others with long sticks only, the rest with knives and guns; every now and then, as they passed, scowling at us in a manner by no means prepossessing. However, we did not much care, except for our provisions and trunks, which had a very good chance of being carried across the desert, safe from either Pasha or Sultan.—*Lord Castlereagh's Journey to Damascus*.

Few men have done more harm than those who have been thought to be able to do least; and there cannot be a greater error than to believe a man whom we see qualified with too mean parts to do good, to be, therefore, incapable of doing hurt. There is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly, in the meekest, when he sets his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in wickedness.—*Clarendon*.

It is a secret known to few; yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—*Addison*.

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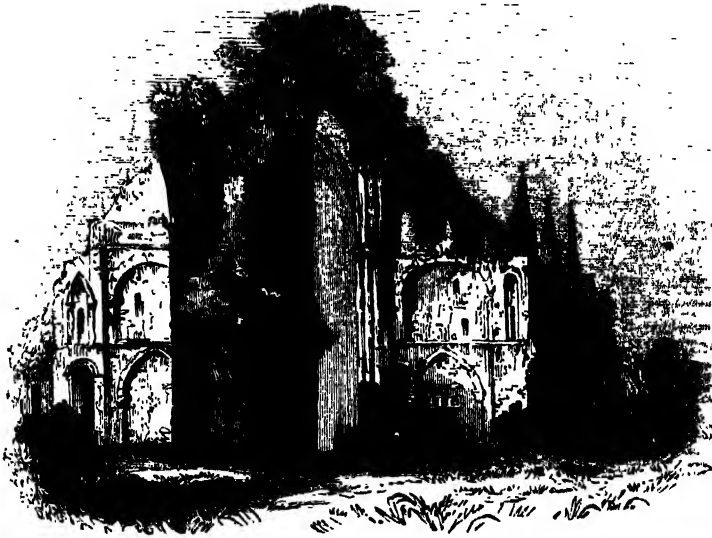
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Remains of Malmesbury Abbey Church.¹

Few, if any, of the monuments or records of the ingenuity of man are so suggestive of reflection and meditation as the architectural piles that have been consecrated, at various periods, to the service of Religion. Of these, "none appears more calculated to inspire the mind with awe and veneration than that peculiar style employed in ecclesiastical edifices during the middle ages, originally invented by the Normans, and carried by their successors to the highest point of perfection. It is true that the classic orders of Greece and Rome have never been surpassed as presenting models of grandeur and beauty in the construction of palaces and public buildings of a merely secular character; but, where is the temple raised by pagan hands, and dedicated to imaginary deities, that can compare with the sacred interior of the christian cathedral of our forefathers, glorious with its many clustered columns and vaulted roofs, long-drawn aisles, and richly storied windows,—fabrics conceived in the loftiest spirit of devotion, and consecrated to the living God!"

In these memorials of the piety and taste of our forefathers, who, in their erection, glorified Religion through Art, England is especially rich; but, probably,

in no part of the island is there a greater store of this archæological wealth than in the county of Wilts, on the north-western extremity of which lies the borough of Malmesbury, rendered famous and flourishing by its abbey, the most considerable monastic institution in the west of England, except that of Hintonbury. The abbey at Malmesbury originated with Maldulf, a Scotch monk, who settled here about A.D. 643, and, gathering together a company, first of scholars, and then of persons disposed to live in regular discipline, began a monastery. It was better established by Aldhelm, who had been educated here under Maldulf; and who, after his master's death, was appointed, A.D. 675, to be abbot, by Eleutherius, Bishop of Winchester. Aldhelm was a native of Malmesbury, and, considering the time in which he lived, was "an eminent scholar, a good writer, a poet of no mean merit, and an excellent musician." He was nephew to Ina, King of Wessex, and from the abbacy of Malmesbury was advanced to the see of Sherburne, and finally canonized. The fame and influence of such a man must have greatly promoted the prosperity of the monastery of Benedictines at Malmesbury; and Eleutherius, on his account, gave the town, &c., to the new foundation.

Thus acquiring celebrity at an early period, the abbey continued to increase in riches and influence

(1) Essay on the Ecclesiastical Architecture of England. By Thomas Poreh, Esq., A.M., appended to "Some Account of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Taunton. 1835."

thenceforth to the period of its dissolution. Many kings and nobles contributed largely to its revenues: among these were the Saxon sovereigns Ina, Athelstan, Edgar, and Edward the Confessor; also, William the Conqueror and his queen Matilda. There is reason to believe the Saxon monarchs to have been, in those dark ages, the passive agents of the monks, by whom they were influenced or intimidated to make and confirm various decrees, grants, deeds, &c., in their favour. In some of these, promises of eternal salvation are held forth to those who would aid and support the monasteries, and everlasting torment denounced against anyone who had the temerity to oppose them. Edward the Confessor, for reverence of St. Aldhelm, whose glorious body in Malmesbury Abbey Church "venerably reposeth, and shines with many miracles," granted, in 1065, a charter of exemption from secular affairs, and confirmation of privileges, concluding thus:—"Whoever, therefore, assists this our donation or liberty, may it lead him to the enjoyment of paradise; but whoever contemns it, may he, with hands and feet bound, be plunged into the depths of hell." In this charter, to be seen in the register book of the abbey, there is an enumeration of all the lands and possessions belonging to it at that time, from which it appears to have been immensely rich; the manors are said to have consisted of 350 hides of land, nearly equal to 40,000 acres.

The charter of William the Conqueror to this monastery also contains heavy anathemas and curses against all persons who should infringe upon or diminish its benefactions, and a blessing to such as should increase or improve the revenues.—*Dugdale's Monasticon*.

The history of the foundation, as related by Mr. Britton in his "Architectural Antiquities," is very interesting. From this valuable work we gather that "the great Athelstan made Aldhelm his tutelary saint; and, for his sake, granted vast immunities to the town, and enriched the monastery with ample gifts. Among these, and which tended most essentially to attract and awe the superstitious of the age, was a part of what was said to be the real cross of Christ and a portion of his crown of thorns, which Athelstan had received as presents, with other similar relics, from Hugh, King of France, and which he gave to this abbey.

"Athelstan also commanded that he should be interred within its walls; and, dying at Gloucester, in 941, his remains were brought to this place, and deposited with great pomp under the high altar.

"In the reign of Edgar, (about A.D. 974,) we find some slight account of the monastic buildings of the time, by which it appears that no part of the present structure could have existed at that period. In a deed relating to Malmesbury Abbey, he declares his resolution to restore the sacred monasteries, which being composed of rotten shingles and worm-eaten boards, divine service was neglected in them, and they were almost deserted! He, therefore, had issued gifts from his treasury, for the repairing of the ruined edifices, and had appointed Alfric, a man eminently skilled and practised in ecclesiastical matters, to preside over the famous Abbey of Malmesbury," &c.

It must not, however, be concluded from the above, that the Saxon monasteries were built entirely of timber; the Rev. D. Ingram, Saxon professor at Oxford, on the contrary, is of opinion that nothing but the roof was composed of timber.

This is the only royal grant or deed extant that alludes to the building, which must, therefore, have been originally of bad construction. Hence, we may safely conclude, that the church, of which the present remains form a part, was not built till after this period: indeed, its architecture is clearly of a later date, as we shall presently see.

"Whether Malmesbury was ever an episcopal seat or not, may admit of a doubt, as Odo, Bishop of Wiltshire, is styled by some writers *Episcopus Malmesburie*. It is pretty certain that, in the reign of Edward

the Confessor, Herman, Bishop of Wiltshire, obtained the royal consent to establish the episcopal seat here, which, at that time, is said to have been at Ramsbury, in this county. The monks, however, opposed this; and, by the influence of Earl Godwin, succeeded in preventing the bishop from effecting his scheme. Bishop Roger, who acquired great power in the kingdom during the reign of Henry I., was very active in this county, and, according to the concurring testimony of many historians, he built castles, or greatly augmented the fortifications at Malmesbury and other places. During his prelacy and power, he deposed Abbot Edulf, who had governed the convent of Malmesbury for twelve years, and usurped his place. He was made by his patron, Henry I., chancellor, and chief justiciary of England, Bishop of Salisbury; and, during the absence of the monarch in Normandy, he was entrusted with the government of the kingdom. Invested with this extraordinary power, being naturally very ambitious, and possessing great wealth, it is extremely probable that he aimed at celebrity by the erection of some large edifice." To him, therefore, or the period in which he lived, Mr. Britton is inclined to look for the origin of the Abbey Church at Malmesbury.

This opinion is opposed to Sir Richard C. Hoare's pamphlet on the "Topography of Wiltshire," (1818), wherein Malmesbury Abbey is referred to as "a specimen of rich Saxon architecture;" but Sir Richard follows the example of John Carter, who represents part of the remains of the west front (the circular entrance arch, &c.) as "founded in 875," upon which Mr. Britton observes, "It is a common practice to refer the oldest parts of monastic buildings to the period of the original foundation: but this practice is of a dangerous tendency, as calculated to deceive the judgment."¹

This conclusion almost receives confirmation from the following passage in the *De Gestis Regum of William of Malmesbury*: "He (Bishop Roger) was a prelate of great mind, and spared no expense towards completing his designs, especially in buildings; which may be seen in other places, but more particularly at Salisbury and at Malmesbury; for there he erected extensive edifices, at vast cost and with surpassing beauty; the courses of stone being so correctly laid that the joint deceives the eye, and leads it to imagine that the whole is composed of a single block. He built anew the church of Salisbury, and beautified it in such a manner that it yields to none in England, but surpasses many: so that he had just cause to say, 'Lord, I have loved the glory of Thy house.'"

Leland, who visited Malmesbury Abbey in the time of Henry VIII., calls it "a right magnificent thing; where were two steeples, one that had a mightie high pyramis, and felle daungerously, in hominum memoria, and sins was not re-edified; it stood in the middle of the Transeptum of the church, and was a marke to all the countre about," &c.

To show the importance of the foundation, we may here mention that the Abbot of Malmesbury was made one of the twenty-five parliamentary abbots by King Edward III., and had episcopal ornaments and authority granted him by Richard II. The abbots of the monastery, from Maidulf to the dissolution, were, in number forty-six; at which time, according to Dugdale, it was valued at 803*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.* per annum. Richard Frampton, who resigned it to King Henry VIII., had an annuity of 200*l.* assigned him for life.

For what remains of the Abbey Church we are indebted to Thomas Stump, a rich clothier of Malmesbury, who bought it soon after the Dissolution, and gave

(1) Sir R. C. Hoare adds to a catalogue, "The fine Saxon abbey at Malmesbury most powerfully excited both my admiration and attention from the very moment I first viewed it. I, therefore, prevailed upon Mr. John Carter to devote a summer to the minute investigation of this fine relic." Sir R. C. Hoare appears to have been perfectly satisfied with the result of the inquiries which he had instituted.—*An Essay on Topographical Literature*. By John Britton, F.S.A. Printed for the Wiltshire Topographical Society.

it to the town. They fitted up the nave, and used it as their parish church; suffering their former parochial church, except the tower and steeple, that stood in the Abbey churchyard, to go to decay.

The remains of the Abbey Church are seated on the brow of a hill, which slopes rapidly to the north, and to the south-west, where two rivulets wind through narrow valleys, and nearly encompass the town. When entire, the Abbey, with all its offices, must have appeared, from every approach, strikingly magnificent as a work of art; and, though the remains are in a lamentable state of dilapidation, enough is left to demonstrate that eminent architectural science and masonic skill must have been requisite to raise so noble a pile.

As an early specimen of large proportion, massive masonry, and elaborate decoration, Malmesbury had few rivals. It appears to have been crected about that period when the circular and pointed arches were both in use; but when the latter was first beginning to be adopted, and the former was declining. The prevailing style in arches and columns is the massive Anglo-Norman, with the introduction of the Pointed or Early English. A series of the latter is used on both sides of the nave, and in the vaulting of the two aisles. "These," says Mr. Britton, "are evidently part of the original design, and were built at the same time as those portions wherein the circular style prevails." The character of the mouldings and ornaments is late Norman; so that the structure would appear to belong to the Semi-Norman or Transition style, "remarkable for the profusion and beauty of its sculptured details, the combination of round and intersecting arches, and the close approach it presents in many points to the succeeding style," as may be seen in the "Norman triforium with semicircular arches, supported by pointed arches, which are enriched with Norman mouldings, and spring from massive cylindrical Norman piers."—*Blocom's Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture*, 8th edit.

We now proceed to the prominent architectural features of the remains, which are the nave with its aisles, parts of the transept, and a large porch on the southern side. In this fragment of a large pile (says Mr. Britton) are displayed three or four different styles, all of which appear to have gradually advanced in lightness of form and elegance of character. The perfect semicircular arch, as the earliest example, is conspicuous in the western front, the southern porch, the original lower tier of windows round the aisles, and in the middle division of the nave. Some of these are plain and simple in their shape and mouldings; others are ornamented with sculptured bassi-relievi; and some have a central mullion, with tracery, &c., the latter, perhaps, the earliest example of the kind. The next variety of feature is the intersecting arch, which formed a sort of ornamental facing round the lower part of the exterior wall of the church. This member of ancient buildings appears to have been used only as a decoration; yet, its column and architrave mouldings, with base, capital, &c., are generally designed with strict regard to symmetry and system. As each arch passed directly over the next column, and intersected its proper architrave, it there formed the most perfect pointed arch. On each side of the nave is a series of pointed arches, which spring from massive columns, and are finished with mouldings and dressings which more properly assimilate with the circular than with the pointed style, i. e., their character is late Norman. Above these is a colonnade of broad round arches, with an open colonnade to the roof of the aisles; and over these is a series of long, narrow, pointed, arched windows, with mullions, tracery, &c. We have abridged these judicious details from Mr. Britton's "Architectural Antiquities," wherein he has bestowed upon the Abbey Church a more than usual portion of illustrative plates.¹

(1) To Mr. Britton's minute illustration of this picturesque archaeological glory of his native county, we are indebted for much

We have engraved, from an original sketch, the north-east view, showing the northern side of the nave, the north aisle, and the ruins of the central tower, with the lofty open arch, bold and grand, though partly mantled with ivy and evergreens, as if Nature were mocking the proud import of man's Art.

The entrance doorways to the church must have been elaborately beautiful: a fragment of the western doorway, with its enriched sculptured mouldings and capitals, remains; but the great decorative boast is the southern porch, the finest piece of Norman architecture and design in England, and believed by Mr. Britton to be "unparalleled in arrangement, in elaborate execution, and in the number and variety of its sculptured ornaments." The exterior portal is composed of eight concentric arches, receding one behind another, and covered to the base with sculptured knot and trellis-work, foliage, and medallions inclosing figures. Along the sides of the interior of this porch are benches; the walls above are partly covered with an arcade of semicircular arches, springing from projecting brackets; and near the top, on each side, was a series of large seated and flying figures, in half-relief. The inner doorway, from the porch to the aisle of the church, is richly dignified with sculpture: it has an impost, or lintel, in the tympanum of which our Saviour is represented within the symbolical figure, the *Fesica picta*; and on the right of this portal is a stoup.

It is much to be regretted that these magnificent ruins have not yet been adequately explored and illustrated. A curious proof of the neglect of the memorials of the abbey, more than two centuries since, occurs in Mr. Britton's valuable "Memoir of John Aubrey," lately published. It appears that when Aubrey, in 1633, "entred into his grammar at the Latin schools at Yatton Keynel, in the church," the fashion was to cover the books with parchment, or old manuscript, which Aubrey says he was too young to understand, but he was pleased with "the elegance of the writing and the coloured initial letters." He continues: "I remember the rector (Mr. William Stump), great gr. son of St. the clothier of Malmesbury, had several manuscripts of the abbey. He was a proper man, and a good fellow; and when he brewed a barrell of special ale, his use was to stop the bung-hole (under the clay) with a sheet of manuscript. He sayd nothing did it so well, which no thought did grieve me then to see." Upon this, Mr. Britton notes: "In 1798 I visited a farmer at Charlton, near Malmesbury, named Stump, who had some curious manuscripts, and several large folio volumes, in an old chest. These were, probably, the remains of the spoil, which passed, with the manor and abbatial edifices of Malmesbury, to his ancestor Stump, the clothier." The rector stopping the bung-hole with an abbey manuscript is almost as great a desecration as stopping a barrel with the dust of Alexander!

The town of Malmesbury is "a fine old place." Its famed market-cross has fared better than the abbey, and has been judiciously restored. It is of octagonal form, with eight open arches, and a pinnacle at each angle, whence springs a flying buttress to a richly ornamented central turret, with eight sculptured figures in niches. Leland quaintly describes this cross as "a right fair and costely peace of worke in the market-place, made all of stone, and curiously vaulted for poore market folkes to stand dry when rayne cometh."

In connexion with the abbey, we must not omit to

elucidation of the history of the Abbey; as well as to access to his collection of drawings of the prominent architectural beauties, original memoranda, notes, &c. With the true enthusiasm of a green old age, he writes of the Abbey, "I wish I could devote a volume to it" (Nov. 24, 1846.)

(1) The *Fesica Picta* is the mystical figure, of a pointed oval form, common in middle-age ornaments, the outline of which is yet retained on the seals of many of our ecclesiastical courts. This symbol originated in the figure of a fish, (*piscis*), afterwards changed to an oval-shaped compartment, pointed at both extremities, bearing the same mystical signification as the fish itself, and formed by two circles intersecting each other in the centre.

mention that William of Malmesbury, one of the most truthful of our old historians, was when a boy placed in the monastery whence he derived his name, where, in due time, he became librarian, and, according to Leland, precentor, and ultimately refused the dignity of abbot. He is said to have been born in Somersetshire about 1095 or 1096: his father was a Norman, his mother an Englishwoman. He is generally supposed to have died about 1143. His diligence was untiring, and his love of truth an excellent feature of his literary character; for, of his own times, he declares that he has recorded nothing that he had not either personally witnessed, or learned from the most credible authority.

Returning to the Abbey ruins, in the loneliness of their decay, we feel the force of the epigraph appended by Hearne to one of his views of the crumbling pile:

"Oh! it pities us,
To see these antique towers, and hallow'd walls,
Split with the winter's frost, or mould'ring down,
Their very ruins ruin'd; the crush'd pavement,
Time's marble register, deep overgrown
With hemlock, or rank fumatory, hides,
Together with their perishable mould,
The brave man's trophies and the good man's praise,
Envyng the worth of buried ancestry."

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAP. XIII.

HOW LAWLESS BECAME A LADY'S MAN.

"FRANK, I am not at all satisfied about your sister," began Oaklands, as the door closed after her. "She does not look well, and she seems entirely to have lost her spirits."

"I thought as you do, before I went up for my degree," replied I; "but since my return, I hoped she was all right again. What makes you imagine her out of spirits?"

"Oh! several things; she never talks and laughs as she used to do. Why, all this afternoon I could scarcely get half a dozen words out of her; and she seems to have no energy to do anything. How unwilling she appeared to enter into my scheme about the riding! She evidently dislikes the idea of exertion of any kind: I know the feeling well; but it is not natural for her; she used to be surprisingly active, and was the life and soul of the party. But what, perhaps, has caused me to notice all this so particularly, and makes me exceedingly uncomfortable, is, that I am afraid it is all owing to me."

"Owing to you, my dear Harry! what can you mean?" inquired I.

"Why, I fear that business of the duel, and the great care she and your mother took of me, (for which,—believing, as I do, that under Providence it saved my life,—I can never be sufficiently grateful,) have been too much for her. Remember, she was quite a girl; and no doubt seeing an old friend brought to the house apparently dying must have been a very severe shock to her, and, depend upon it, her nerves have never recovered their proper tone. However, I shall make it my business to endeavour to interest and amuse her, and you must do everything you can to assist me, Frank; we'll get all the new books down from London, and have a few people to dine at the Hall. She has shut herself up too much; Ellis says she has; I shall make her ride on horseback every day."

"Horseback, eh!" exclaimed Lawless, who had entered the cottage without our perceiving him. "Aye,

that's a prescription better than all your doctor's stuff; clap her on a side-saddle, and a brisk canter for a couple of hours every day across country will set the old lady up again in no time, if it's your mother that's out of condition, Frank. Why, Oaklands, man, you are looking as fresh as paint; getting sound again, wind and limb, eh?"

"I hope so, at last," replied Harry, shaking Lawless warmly by the hand; "but I've had a narrow escape of losing my life, I can assure you."

"No; really, I didn't know it had been as bad as that! By Jove, if he had killed you, I'd have shot that black-hearted villain, Wilford, myself, and chanced about his putting a bullet into me while I was doing it."

"My dear Lawless, I thank you for your kind feeling towards me; but I cannot bear to hear you speak in that light way of duelling," returned Oaklands, gravely; "if men did but know the misery they were entailing on all those who cared for them by their rash acts, independently of all higher considerations, duelling, and its twin-brother, suicide, would be less frequent than they are. When I have seen the tears stealing down my father's grief-worn cheeks, and witnessed the anxious, painful expression in the faces of the kind friends who were nursing me, and have reflected that it was by yielding to my own ungoverned passions that I had brought all this sorrow upon them, my remorse has often been far harder to bear than any pain my wound has caused me."

At this moment, my mother and Fanny making their appearance, I hastened to introduce Lawless, who, being greatly alarmed at the ceremony, grew very red in the face, shuffled my mother into a corner of the room, and upset a chair against her, stumbling over Harry's legs, and knocking down the chess-board in the excess of his penitence. Having with my assistance remedied these disasters, after stigmatizing himself as an awkward dog, and comparing himself to a bull in a china-shop, he turned to Fanny, exclaiming,—

"Delighted to have the pleasure of seeing you at last, Miss Fairleigh; it is several years since I first heard of you. Do you remember the writing-desk at old Mildman's, eh, Frank? no end of a shame of me, spoiling it, I have often thought so since; but boys will be boys, eh, Mrs. Fairleigh?"

My mother acquiesced in this obstinate adherence to their primary formation on the part of the junior members of the nobler sex with so much cordiality, that Lawless was encouraged to proceed.

"Glad to find there's a chance of seeing you out with us some of these days, ma'am; shall we be able to persuade you to accompany us to-morrow?"

"Yes, I think it very likely that I may go," returned my mother, who imagined he was referring to some proposed drive; "in what direction will it be, pray?"

"Direction, eh? Why, that of course depends very much on what line he chooses to take when he breaks cover," returned Lawless. My mother, who had been previously advised of Lawless's sporting metaphors, concluding that the "he" referred to Sir John Oaklands, calmly replied,

"Yes, certainly, I was mentioning the ruins of Saworth Abbey to Sir John, yesterday; do you know them?"

"I should think I did, rather," exclaimed Lawless, forgetting his company manners in the interest of the subject. "Why, I have seen more foxes run into in the fields round Saworth than in any other parish in the country. Whenever the meet is either at Grinder's End, or Chorley Bottom, the fox is safe to head for Saworth. Oh! I see you're up to the whole thing, Mrs. Fairleigh; we shall have you showing us all the way across country in fine style to-morrow. I expect there'll be some pretty stiff fencing though, if he should take the line you imagine, but I suppose you don't mind any thing of that sort; with a steady, well-trained hunter,

(and a lady should never ride one that is not,) there's very little danger—take care to keep out of the crowd when you're getting away; don't check your horse at his fences; have a little mercy on his bellows over the heavy ground; and with a light weight like yours, you might lead the field. Why, Frank, you ought to be proud of Mrs. Fairleigh. I tell you what,—the first time the hounds meet near Leatherly, I'll have my mother out, whether she likes it or not. I'll stand no nonsense about it, you may depend; she shall see a run for once in her life, at all events. Mrs. Fairleigh, ma'am," he continued, rising, and shaking her warmly by the hand, "excuse my saying so, but you're a regular brick,—you are indeed!"

The scene at this moment would not have made a bad study for a painter. Oaklands, having struggled in vain to preserve his gravity, was in fits of laughter. Fanny, who had from the first perceived the equivocal, was very little better, while my mother, completely mystified, sat staring at Lawless, whom she evidently considered a little insane, with an expression of bewildered astonishment, not unmixed with fear. As soon as I could contrive to speak, (for Lawless's face when he had discovered the effect he had produced, completely finished me, and I laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks,) I explained to him that it was my sister, and not my mother, who was thinking of riding, while the notion of hunting originated wholly and solely in his own fertile imagination.

"Eh? What? she doesn't hunt?—ah! I see, put my foot in it pretty deep this time; beg pardon, Mrs. Fairleigh—no offence meant, I assure you. Well, I thought it was a very fast thing for an old—I, that is, for a lady to do. I fancied you were so well up in the whole affair, too: most absurd thing, really; I certainly am not fit for female society. I think, when the hunting season's over, I shall put myself to one of those tip-top boarding-schools, to learn manners for a quarter; the sort of shop, you know, where they teach woman her mission,—(how to get a rich husband, eh, Frank?)—for 300*l.* a-year, washing and church principles extra, and keep a 'Professor' to instruct the young ladies in the art of getting out of a carriage on scientific principles, that is, without showing their ankles. Didn't succeed very well with my sister Julia, though; the girl happens to be particularly clean about the pasterns, so she declared it was infringing on the privileges of a free-born British subject, vowed her ankles were her own property, and she had a right to do what she liked with 'em, and carried out her principles by kicking the Professor's shins for him. Plucky girl is Julia, she puts me very much in mind of what I was when I was her age at Eton, and pinned a detonating cracker to old Botherboy's coat-tail, so that, what between the pin and the explosion, it's my belief he would have found himself more comfortable in the Battle of Waterloo than he did the first time he sat down:—ah! those were happy days!"

Thus running on, Lawless kept us in a roar of laughter, till Oaklands, pulling out his watch, discovered it was time to return to the Hall, and prepare for dinner. It turned out on examination that the habit did require altering; so the ride was put off till the necessary repairs should be executed. As the next day proved too frosty to hunt, Lawless and I, under the auspices of the head keeper, set to work to slaughter the supernumerary pheasants, Sir John and Harry joining us for a couple of hours, though Ellis would not allow the latter to carry a gun. We had a capital day's sport, and got home just in time to dress, and Sir John having contrived in the course of the afternoon to carry off my mother and Fanny, we were a very comfortable little party. Sir John took my mother down to dinner, and Lawless paired off with Fanny, an arrangement which, as his eccentricities evidently afforded her great amusement, I was not sorry for.

"Why, Fanny," whispered I, when we joined the

ladies in the drawing-room, "you are growing quite frisky; what a row you and Lawless were making at dinner-time! I have not heard you talk and laugh so much for many a day."

"Oh! your friend is famous fun," replied Fanny,— "perfectly irresistible; I assure you I am delighted with him,—he is something quite new to me."

"I am so glad you have asked Lawless here," observed I to Oaklands; "do you see how much pleased and amused Fanny is with him: he appears to have aroused her completely—the very thing we were wishing for. He'll be of more use to her than all of us put together."

"He seems to me to talk a vast deal of nonsense," replied Harry, rather crossly, as I fancied.

"And yet I can't help being amused by it," replied I; "I'm like Fanny in that respect."

"I was not aware your sister had a taste for that style of conversation. I confess it's a sort of thing which very soon tires me."

"Splendid old fellow, Sir John," observed Lawless, in an under tone, seating himself by Fanny; "I never look at him without thinking of one of those jolly old Israelites who used to keep knocking about the country with a plurality of wives and families, and an immense stud of camels and donkeys; they read 'em out to us at church, you know,—what do you call 'em, eh?"

"One of the Patriarchs, I suppose you mean," replied Fanny, smiling.

"Eh—yes, that's the thing. Noah was rather in that line before he took a nautical turn, wasn't he? Well, if you can fancy one of these fellows decently dressed now in a blue coat with brass buttons, knee shorts and silk stockings, like a Christian, it's my belief he'd be the very moral (as the old women call it) of Sir John; uncommonly handsome he must have been—better looking than Harry, when he was his age."

"Mr. Oaklands is so pale and thin now," replied Fanny.

"Eh! isn't he just?" was the rejoinder. "Many a man has been booked for an inside place in a hearse for a less hurt than his; and I don't know that he's out of the wood, even yet."

"Why, you don't think him worse?" exclaimed Fanny, anxiously. "Nothing has gone wrong—you have not been told—are they keeping anything from me?"

"Eh! no! 'pon my word; Ellis, who is getting him into condition, says he's all right, and will be as fresh as a colt in a month or two. Why, you look quite frightened."

"You startled me for a moment," replied Fanny, colouring slightly; "any little relapse renders Sir John so uncomfortable, that we are naturally anxious on his account."

"I am sure Lawless is boring your sister," observed Oaklands, who had been sitting quite at the farther end of the drawing-room, cutting open the leaves of a new book. "I know that worried look of hers so well:—I shall go and interpose in her behalf.—Lawless," he continued, crossing over to him, "the billiard-room is lighted up, if you like to challenge Fairleigh to a game."

"Billiards, eh?" returned Lawless; "why, really, if you had walked as many miles to-day as I have, I don't think you'd much fancy trotting round a billiard-table. Besides, I'm very well off where I am," he added, with what was intended for a gallant glance towards Fanny; "here's metal more attractive, as the fellow says in the play."

Oaklands's only reply was a slight curl of the lip, and, turning to Fanny, he said, "Are you at all inclined to take your revenge? We shall have time for a good game if we begin at once; will you come into the music-room, or shall I fetch the chess-men here?"

"Is it not rather late?" replied Fanny, hesitatingly.

"Not if we begin now," returned Oaklands.

"Mr. Lawless offered to show me some tricks with cards; as they will not take so long a time as a game of chess, perhaps that would be most advisable this evening."

"Whichever you prefer, I will ring for cards," replied Oaklands, coldly. He then waited until the servant had executed the order, and as soon as Lawless had attracted public attention to his performance, left the room unobserved.

Wonderful things did the cards effect under Lawless's able management,—very wonderful indeed, until he showed you how they were done; and then the only wonder was that you had not found them out for yourself, and how you could have been stupid enough to be taken in by so simple a trick: and very great was Lawless on the occasion, and greater still was Ellis, who was utterly sceptical as to the possibility of performing any of the tricks beforehand, and quite certain, as soon as he had seen it, that he knew all about it, and could do it easily himself, and on trying, invariably failed; and yet, not profiting one bit by his experience, was just as sceptical and just as confident in regard to the next, which was of course attended by a like result. Very wonderful and very great was it all, and much laughter did it occasion; and the minutes flitted by on rapid wings, until my mother discovered that it was time for us to start on our walk to the cottage, a mode of progression of which Sir John by no means approved, he therefore rang the bell, and ordered the carriage. While they were getting it ready, Harry's absence was for the first time observed, and commented on.

"Did any body see when he left the room?" inquired Sir John.

"Yes," replied I, "he went away just as Lawless began his performances."

"Dear me! I hope he was not feeling ill," said my mother.

"Ill, ma'am!" exclaimed Ellis, "impossible; you don't know Mr. Oaklands's constitution as well as I do, or such an idea could never have occurred to you; besides, you can't for a moment suppose he would think of being taken suddenly ill without having consulted with me on the subject beforehand. I must go and see after him, ma'am, directly, but it's quite impossible that he should be ill," and as he spoke he left the room with hurried steps.

"My dear Fanny, how you made me jump! I hope you haven't done any mischief," exclaimed my mother, as Fanny, moving suddenly, knocked down the card-box, and scattered the contents on the carpet.

"I am sadly awkward," returned Fanny, stooping to pick up the box, "I do not think it is injured."

"My dear child, it does not in the least signify," said Sir John, taking her kindly by the hand, "why, you have quite frightened yourself, you silly little thing; you are actually trembling; sit down, my dear, sit down,—never mind the cards. Frank, if you'll ring the bell, Edmunds will see to that."

"No, no! we'll pick 'em up," exclaimed Lawless, going down on all fours, "don't send for the butler; he's such a pompous old bird, if I were to see him stooping down here, I should be pushing him over, or playing him some trick or other. I shouldn't be able to help it, he's so jolly fat. What a glorious confusion! kings and queens and little fishes all mixed up together!—here's the knave of clubs hail-fellow-well-met with a thing that looks like a salmon with a swelled face! Well, you have been, and gone, and done it this time, Miss Fairleigh—I could not have believed it of you, Miss Fairleigh, oh!"

"Mind you pick them all up properly," retorted Fanny; "if you were really such a conjuror as you pretended to be just now, you would only have to say 'hocus pocus,' and the cards would all jump into the box again in proper order."

"Then I should have lost the pleasure of going on my knees in your service. There's a pretty speech for

you, eh! I'll tell you what—you'll make a lady's man of me now, before you've done with me. I'm polishing rapidly,—I know I am."

"It's all right!" exclaimed Ellis, entering. "I found Mr. Oaklands lying on the sofa in the library; he says he feels a little knocked up by his walk this morning, and desired me to apologize for his absence, and wish every body good night for him. I say, Fairleigh," continued he, drawing me a little on one side, "has any thing happened to annoy him?"

"Nothing particular, that I know of," replied I; "why do you ask?"

"I thought he looked especially cross; and he called our friend Lawless an intolerable puppy, and wondered how any woman of common sense could contrive to put up with him,—that's all," rejoined Ellis.

"Fanny refused to play chess with him, because she thought it too late in the evening;—that cannot have annoyed him?"

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "I see exactly what it is now: since the granulating process has been going on so beautifully in the side, his appetite has returned, and as he must not take any very active exercise just yet, the liver is getting torpid. I must throw in a little blue pill, and he'll be as good-tempered as an angel, again; for naturally there is not a man breathing with a finer disposition, or a more excellent constitution, than Mr. Oaklands. Why, sir, the other day, when I had been relating a professional anecdote to him, he called me a 'blood-thirsty butcher,' and I honoured him for it,—no hypocrisy there, sir."

At this moment the carriage was announced, and we proceeded to take our departure, Lawless handing Fanny in, and then standing chattering at the window, till I was obliged to give him a hint that Sir John would not like to have the horses kept standing in the cold.

"You've made a conquest, Miss Fan," said I, as we drove off; "I never saw Lawless pay such attention to any woman before; even Di Clapperton did not produce nearly so strong an effect, I can assure you."

"I am quite innocent of any intention to captivate," replied Fanny. "Mr. Lawless amuses me, and I laugh sometimes at, and sometimes with him."

"Still, my dear, you should be careful," interposed my mother; "though it's play to you, it may be death to him, poor young man! I got into a terrible scrape once in that way, myself, when I was a girl; laughing and joking with a young gentleman in our neighbourhood, till he made me an offer one morning, and I really believe I should have been persuaded into marrying him, though I did not care a bit about him, if I had not been attached to your poor dear father at the time: now you have nothing of that sort to save you, so as I said before, my dear, mind what you are about."

"I don't think Mr. Lawless's heart will be broken while there is a pack of hounds within reach, mamma dear," replied Fanny, glancing archly at me as she spoke.

As we were about to proceed to our several rooms for the night, I contrived to delay my mother for a moment under pretext of lighting a candle for her, and closing the door, I said,—

"My dear mother, if, by any odd chance, Fanny should be inclined to like Lawless, don't you say any thing against it. Lawless is a good fellow; all his faults lie on the surface, and are none of them serious; he is completely his own master, and might marry any girl he pleased to-morrow, and I need not tell you would be a most excellent match for Fanny. He seems very much taken with her, and no wonder, for she is really excessively pretty; and when she is in spirits, as she was to-night, her manner is most piquant and fascinating."

"Well, my dear Frank," was the reply, "you know your friend, and if he and Fanny choose to take a fancy

to each other, and you approve of it, I shall not say any thing against it."

Whereupon I kissed her, called her a dear, good old mother, and carried up for her, in token of affection, her work-box, her reticule, her candle, and a basket, containing a large bunch of keys, sundry halfpence, and three pairs of my own stockings, which wanted mending, a process which invariably rendered them unwearable ever after.

READINGS IN HISTORY.

THE COURT OF STAR CHAMBER.

THE accession of Henry VIII. changed the appearance of proceedings in the Star Chamber, for being in early life of that jovial disposition which courts power for mere selfishness, not from any desire of doing good, loving money more for the pleasure of expending than of possessing it, and aware of the unpopularity of his father through the proceedings of the Star Chamber, he encouraged the council to inquire into the conduct of the "promoters" of that court—"promoters" they were commonly called because they "promoted many honest men's vexations." The notorious Empson and Dudley, with others, were sent to the Tower immediately after the king had been proclaimed. A general pardon was signified for all offences except murder, felony, and treason; and restitution was promised to all who had wrongfully sustained injury through the nefarious practices of the late king's commissioners of fines and forfeitures. The council was besieged by applicants, some who had not suffered with those who had done so; and the natural result of this clamour was that the council very soon relinquished the promised justice. The "promoters" were fined, set in the pillory, and otherwise punished, in such a manner as to offer opportunity of revenge to the people, of which the latter so heartily took advantage, that three of the offenders died in Newgate, a few days after their exposure, of the injuries received from the populace. The law could not touch Empson and Dudley; but in compliance with the clamours of the people, they were accused of a treasonable conspiracy, convicted, and condemned to death; perhaps they would not have been executed had not Henry in his first "progress" after his accession found himself annoyed by cries against the unpopular ministers, and they were accordingly beheaded. Empson's forfeited mansion, with its orchard and gardens, situated in St. Bride's, Fleet-street, and occupying the portion of ground now Salisbury-square and Dorset-street, was bestowed on Wolsey, 1510.

But the Court of Star Chamber still existed, and under the administration of Wolsey it afforded the latter the opportunity of furthering his own advancement; though it must be remarked that "there prevailed in this court neither the pecuniary meanness which was its prominent vice under his immediate predecessors, nor the cruelty which distinguished it at a later period." Henry VIII. found the juries of the ordinary courts sufficiently submissive to his cruel tyranny, which did not stop at fines and forfeitures; the court of Star Chamber had no power to decree death, and Henry, "who spared no man in his wrath," was obliged to have recourse to common law.

Wolsey exhibited his wonted magnificence in his attendance at the Star Chamber, surrounded by noblemen, and preceded by "cross-bearers and pillar-bearers." He is reported to have been impartial in his judgment of causes, although but too willing to weaken those noble families who opposed themselves to his ambition. He likewise punished both nobles and meaner men for overbearing conduct "in their countreyes;" so that the poor man no longer lived in such

fear as he had done. After his fall little is heard of the Star Chamber in public cases; the following are a few of those which occurred during the reign of Henry VIII.; the first proves how little the private business of the subject was respected when the so-called honour of the king was in question.

Two bills having been published slandering the "King's Highness, and his most honourable council," two aldermen and a knight were appointed in each ward of the city, to go to every merchant and dealer's house, not only to inspect their books of business, but to bring away the last book, seal it, and convey it to Guildhall, there to be duly searched, "whether there be in them any such like hand as is contained in the said bills, or any of them, and thereupon to be re-delivered to the merchants after due search made." It has been well remarked that Guildhall would "see another sight" if the books of the shopkeepers of London could now be gathered together by any such summary proceeding.

Thomas Lucas, a privy councillor, was sent to the Tower for speaking scandalous words of the Lord Cardinal.

Lord Dacres, of the North, acknowledged that he had been negligent in the punishing of thieves, and that he had taken one, called Hootor Carleton, into his house, knowing him to be a thief. His Lordship was committed, but soon released.

The Court of Star Chamber seems to have been, or pretended to be, a careful guardian of private morals; for it desired the principals of the Inns of Court and Chancery not to suffer the gentlemen students to be out of their houses after six o'clock at night, "without very great and necessary causes, nor to wear any kind of weapon."

The Earl of Surrey, Thomas Wyatt, and young Pickering, were summoned for breaking windows, and eating flesh in Lent; all were committed to the Tower, but afterwards discharged.

Slandrous words of the king or council, seditious expressions, prophecies, "talking of the Scripture," were punished with the pillory. An executor was fined for making proclamation that the debts of the deceased person would be paid by him; the making of proclamations being a royal privilege, and one of which the king made royal use, for Cranmer received order from the Star Chamber and the king to declare the marriage of Anne Boleyn illegal, even before she had been brought to trial.

A story quoted from Lord Chancellor Ellesmere will show the state of the law as regarded wills, which were particularly cognisable by the Star Chamber.

"A friar coming to visit a great man in his sickness, and finding him past memory, took opportunity, according to the custom of the times, to make provision for the monastery whereof he was; and finding that the sick man could only speak some one syllable, which was for the most part, 'Yea,' or 'Nay,' in an imperfect voice, forthwith took upon him to make his will, and demanding of him, 'Will you give such a piece of land to our house to pray for your soul?' the dying man sounded, 'Yea.' Then he asked him: 'Will you give such land to the maintenance of lights to our Lady?' The sound was again, 'Yea.' Whereupon he boldly asked him many such questions. The son and heir standing by, and hearing his land going away so fast by his father's word, 'Yea,' thought fit to ask one question as well as the friar, which was, 'Shall I take a cudgel and beat this friar out of the chamber?' The sick man's answer was again 'Yea,' which the son quickly performed, and saved unto himself his father's lands."

We now approach a darker period, which we can but briefly notice. The coronation of Edward VI. marks an important change in the manner of assuming the crown; the people being asked if they would serve him as rightful and undoubted inheritor, by the laws of God and man, to the royal dignity and crown imperial

of the realm ; all recognition of popular choice being thus left in oblivion. The short reign of Edward is now better understood, and the promise of the king's character more correctly read, than in the days when Hume inculcated "the right divine of kings to govern wrong;" we read of fines and imprisonments, in which doubtless the Star Chamber bore its accustomed part, whether for treason or religion; and we find the Commons refusing to concur in some tyrannical cases. So also with Mary, who found the lower house of Parliament very untractable. Here, again, we meet with the Court of Star Chamber imprisoning and fining the jury that acquitted Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who was concerned in Wyatt's rebellion. The unpopular marriage of Mary with Philip of Spain was likewise announced to the people by a Star Chamber proclamation.

In Elizabeth's reign the Star Chamber interfered less than it had formerly done in civil suits, but became an engine of the state as a court of criminal judicature; and Elizabeth seems to have shown her parentage in this as in many other respects. Fuller says, "It was cause and reason enough to bring a sheep to the market, that he be fat." We have more painful cases than mere fines of Star Chamber justice. The court took report of mass being said, the usual penalty being 100 marks; and it was likewise one of the engines used against the Puritans even in this anomalous reign. The story of Lady Catherine Grey and the Earl of Hertford is well known; this was a Star Chamber prosecution. The law of libel was the offspring of this court, which punished "breach of proclamations before they have the strength of an act of parliament." London was now much increased, and to avoid its overgrowth informations were laid in the Star Chamber against persons who built houses. One citizen, having let his rooms to two poor persons who lived by relief from their neighbours, was fined, and the court ordered that the tenants should pay no rent for the rest of their lives; it being thought inconvenient to pull the house down, as had been ordered in other cases. The prohibitions of Elizabeth and James as to the erection of new houses arose partly from a regard to the health of the citizens, but we suspect much more from a dread of the increase of religious and political disaffection. The great crowd of his countrymen who followed James to the metropolis, and the numbers of religious enthusiasts who found their harvest about the court, may well have alarmed that poor burlesque upon royalty, whose reign, were it not for some *intensely dark* shadows upon its motley pages, might be called the comic chapter of English History. In compliance probably with the sovereign's fears, the Star Chamber issued proclamations, enjoining all persons who had residences in the country to quit the capital and repair to them; on failure of obedience many persons were fined, some of them being ladies. The history of James's religious persecutions belongs to a graver subject than the present, but the Star Chamber was here also the engine of tyranny. The discovery of the Gunpowder Plot was but the beginning of executions for treason, religious or political; and the Star Chamber figures throughout in a character of increasing tyranny. The king required money to feed his own favourites and his son's extravagance; people were brought into the Star Chamber on all kinds of accusations, in order that their fines might for a time satisfy the wants of the king; monopolies and privileges were used for the same purpose; and those men who would not contribute to benevolences were enormously fined in the court. It is needless to mention examples, they are read in every page of the reign. The proceeding against Selden is truly said by Mr. Hallam to be "as much the disgrace of England, as that against Galileo, nearly at the same time, is of Italy."

Gladly do we leave the reign of the imbecile James, but unwillingly do we enter upon that of his faithless and misguided son, upon whose devoted head the sins

of centuries poured their accumulated punishments. The odious Star Chamber soon made its voice heard; and the proclamations of this reign are far more numerous than those of the preceding one. The prices of minor articles were thus fixed—even of poultry, butter, and coals—while the general restrictions upon trade were still more vexatious. Upon an alleged breach of charter, the Star Chamber fined the city of London 70,000*l.*, forfeiting the charter to the king; and in this matter the king is said to have personally taken an active share, in order to secure a sentence in his favour. No one was allowed to go beyond seas till he had undergone an examination, and taken an oath of a "very inquisitorial nature." The story of Lord Vaux is well known, and too long to be repeated here; the proceedings of Charles against those members of his third parliament whom he termed the "vipers," Elliot, Hollis, and others, are equally well known. Charles soon after found that the worm, when trampled on, will turn upon its oppressor. Meanwhile, London was increasing, despite Star Chamber fines and the destruction of the new buildings; Puritanism was gaining strength, despite the persecutions of Laud; and the man who was to vindicate the liberties of England was preparing to act his part in the forthcoming tragedy.

The Parliament of 1640 met; Capel delivered a petition from Hertfordshire against ship-money, monopolies, the Star Chamber, Court of High Commission, &c.; the subject of grievances was discussed; the supplies refused or withheld; and the Parliament dissolved. Again it met in November of the same year; Strafford's tragedy followed; and in the following July, the king, after much delay, passed the two bills, putting down for ever the Court of High Commission, instituted by Elizabeth, and the detestable Court of Star Chamber. It may be thought that we have not dwelt with sufficient emphasis upon the last and most tyrannical acts of the subject of our paper, but the events of the reign of Charles I. are familiar to every one; and our object was not to show forth those events even as connected with the Star Chamber, so much as to exhibit the growth of an abuse which, springing from old and neglected statutes, attained a strength incompatible with the health of a government professing itself free, while the people were scarcely aware of its existence. As the Stuarts suffered the consequences of Tudor rapacity and tyranny, the crimes of the Star Chamber are often charged upon Charles only,—it was not so; and this lesson ought to teach the people to watch narrowly a small but increasing evil, while the sovereign learns the wisdom of reforming an abuse while the people will accept such a reform as a boon, not delaying till they demand it as a peace-offering.

F. C. B.

THE NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN.

A FAIRY TALE.

ON the banks of the Neckar, in one of those petty strongholds whose ruins are now so picturesque, there lived about the year 1180 a baron noted for his courage, and who was from his rapacity the terror of all merchants and travellers. He had married the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring feudal lord, who soon made herself as well loved by his vassals, as she had previously been by her father's; and, much as their characters differed, he loved her, and, won by her gentle persuasions, often showed a degree of indulgence his followers had never before experienced from him.

One fine summer evening, about two years after her marriage, the baroness was walking alone in the garden of her castle, thinking sadly of the disappointment her husband continually expressed at their having no children, when, as she passed a fountain, the clear



The Nymph of the Fountain.

sparkling of whose waters had often drawn her attention, she saw a figure sitting beside it. She went nearer, supposing it some poor woman come to ask her help or advice, for she was continually among the sick and needy, and was looked up to by all around the castle when sorrow of any kind visited them. As she approached the figure, it rose and came to meet her, and she saw a beautiful and graceful lady, handsomely dressed, though all in white, and covered from head to foot with a thin white veil, sprinkled with drops of water. The stranger addressed her, saying she was the Nymph of this Fountain, who now made herself visible to console one who had so often brought comfort to others; that she knew the cause of her sadness, and could promise that, before the year was ended, she should hold a little daughter in her arms. "But," continued the nymph, "I foresee that you will not live to complete her education, and that she will be exposed to great dangers;—I wish to be her godmother, that I may protect and guide her." The baroness gladly accepted this offer, and the nymph,—after exacting a promise that she would not tell her husband of the interview, or who the godmother was to be till she herself should inform him at the ceremony, before which event she would no more be seen,—turned towards her fountain, stepped into it, and disappeared. The baroness felt much cheered by the hope thus given her; nor did the prospect of an early death, which accompanied it, materially damp her pleasure, for she had seen suffering and sorrow enough to feel little love for life,—she knew her husband would not lament her long, and the Nymph of the Fountain's offered guidance assured her that, even to her child, her place would be well supplied. Many weeks had not elapsed before the baron was delighted with the hope of soon being, at length, a father. He determined that no expense should be spared in the christening, to prove the importance of his family, and often amused himself with settling all the details. He named a powerful noble of the district, his ally and frequent comrade, as godfather, and was considering whom he should select for the godmother, when his wife said he must leave that to her,—she had a particular fancy to choose for

herself. He asked whom she wished to have, but she smiled and said she must prove to him that she *could* keep a secret, though he had so often asserted that no woman ever did. He was very curious, but she laughed at him for showing a weakness he had often ridiculed as peculiar to women, and assured him that her choice was one which would fully satisfy him, but he was not to know it till the time arrived, when the godmother would announce herself. The baron was ashamed to ask more, but he often tried by indirect questions to find out his wife's plan: however, the baby was born, and the day of christening came without his being the wiser on this point.

One by one the company entered the castle hall, and were led by the baron to his wife and child; each laid some present beside the cradle,—still no godmother appeared, and all began to feel impatient, when, just as the baron was insisting on his wife's telling him whom she expected, the Nymph of the Fountain glided in. To all but the baroness she was a stranger, nor did she make herself known to any but the parents of her intended godchild; but the richness of her dress, the pleasure their hosts evidently felt in receiving her, and the respect they showed her, prevented any other expression among the guests than of wonder who she could be. And this was increased by the contrast between her present—a little brown ball of turned wood, scented with musk—and those of so many friends, and especially of the godfather, who had given a splendid baptismal robe. Even the baroness felt somewhat disappointed at seeing it, and still more her husband, who, on welcoming the fairy godmother, had formed great expectations for his child, and even for himself. But the movement to the castle chapel soon withdrew every one's attention.

The godmother took the baby in her arms, and held her in due form, while she received the name of *Maud*. Then followed the christening feast, at which the Nymph of the Fountain took her appointed place; but early in the evening she departed, unperceived by all except the baroness, to whom she said, as she took her leave,—

"My gift is of more value than it appears to be; three times in your daughter's life it will give her a gift at her choice;—but three times only;—so preserve it carefully, and teach her not to throw away its powers, but to reserve them for moments of real emergency. It has one other property; it will at any time save her from fire; so let it be always about her. I tell you this, because you will see me no more; but I shall watch over you, and when my godchild comes to need my aid, I shall be ready to give it."

With these words she glided from the hall, and, as soon as the baroness could leave her guests, she carefully secured the precious ball in a case, and tied it to her child's cradle.

A few years passed, and little Maud, still an only child, became the constant companion of her mother, who much needed such a comfort; for her husband had gradually neglected her more and more; she found her influence almost gone when she still pleaded for the poor and suffering, and her health, too, declined, slowly but steadily. Maud was hardly six years old when she lost her excellent mother; and though the baron grieved for a time, and felt that he had been unkind and negligent, he soon resumed his old way of living, and the year had hardly elapsed, when he brought home another wife, who soon showed herself the very reverse of her predecessor. Proud and haughty, she cared not for the poor; they were driven away if they dared to come to the castle, as they had been used to do; and, vain of her beauty, she encouraged her husband in all sorts of extravagance, which obliged him to increase his exactions on all within his power, so that he grew more cruel and rapacious every day. The new lady never gave herself much trouble about poor little Maud, who was left to the care of servants, and, in truth, neglected by every one but her old nurse. Even her father soon ceased to notice her, for his new wife brought him a son, and Maud was no longer of the slightest consequence in his eyes. The poor child felt very unhappy, having been used to live entirely with her mother, and to be the constant object of affection. She spent much of her time in the garden; sometimes playing by herself, sometimes talking to her old nurse, or sitting by the fountain, on a stone which had been a favourite seat of her mother's. She had no new playthings given her now; indeed, her stepmother took away from her all that was worth keeping to give to her own children. But the little wooden ball was thought too shabby for any one else, and Maud always kept it from habit; because her mother had so often warned her not to lose it, though she was too young to understand its value.

One day she was rolling it along a gravel walk, running after it, when it turned a little aside, and dropped into the fountain. Poor Maud sprang to the water's edge, but the pool was too deep,—she could see nothing of her ball; and she began to cry. Suddenly the water moved, and a lady, covered with a silvery gauze veil, rose from the midst, holding the ball in her hand. Maud was a good deal frightened, but the sight of her ball prevented her from running away. She stood doubting, and the lady slowly came towards her, smiling sweetly, and addressed her in a very kind voice. She told her she was her godmother, and a friend who had much loved her departed mother; that the ball was her gift, and she now restored it; but it must be more carefully kept; not used as a plaything, but secured to her dress, and never parted with: the reason of this she said Maud should know when she was older. Meanwhile, she questioned her about her lessons, and found that since her mother's death the child had had no teaching, and was likely to have none, but was quite willing to learn as her mother had accustomed her to do. The Nymph regretted that her duties at the court of the Naiad Queen had detained her so long from her charge, but now she had returned home, and resolved at once to fulfil her promise to the late baroness. So she desired Maud to come every day to

the fountain, and to throw a little pebble into it, saying she would come whenever she thus summoned her, and teach her all she ought to know. Maud was delighted at the idea; and every day she contrived to spend two or three hours with her kind godmother, in the little arbour beside the fountain, without anyone's knowing or caring where she passed her time; for her old nurse had been dismissed just about the time of the loss of the ball in the well; and the new baroness was too much taken up with company and visiting to go much into the quiet garden.

Years rolled on, and Maud grew into a beautiful girl, full of sense and energy, and well versed in every accomplishment of the age,—from spinning and sewing, and the humblest household economy, to such learning as was not then common, even in the highest ranks. Nor had her good godmother neglected religious instruction and the guidance of her heart. She had taught her to excuse and pardon the harshness of her stepmother, to yield to all the tyranny of her half-brothers and sisters, and to follow her mother's example in visiting and comforting the poor by every means in her power; showing her, that though she had little or nothing to give, yet sympathy and advice were often more valuable than money, and that she could always do good, by instructing the children, and encouraging the sick and unhappy to see God's merciful hand, even in their worst sufferings. Such visits as these were the only pleasures of Maud; for her step-mother had no idea of bringing into society one whose innocent, youthful beauty must have thrown her quite into the shade. But, even in these, Maud found a source of much anxiety, in the daily increasing conviction of her father's unpopularity among his vassals, and the rumours she heard of the neighbouring towns becoming tired of his exactions, while his brother nobles were little likely to support him, many having been affronted by himself or his wife in various ways. Poor Maud several times attempted to warn him, and to persuade him to greater mildness, but without success. He cared not for her, and his wife's influence always more than counteracted hers.

At last, one night she was roused from sleep by sudden shrieks of "Fire! fire!" She sprang from her bed, partly dressed herself, and ran towards her father's room. But the galleries were full of armed men! The castle had been surprised, and set on fire by the neighbouring peasants, helped by the soldiers of a city which had long complained of the interruption to their commerce caused by the baron's rapacity, and of the usage he had given some of their people, who fell into his hands. She heard their cries of vengeance, and soon saw that it was too late to attempt warning or defence; for such of the garrison as remained alive had joined the attacking party, and their shouts told her that her father had already perished! She next tried to join her half-brother,—a boy now nearly twelve years old;—but before she could reach his chamber, his dead body was dragged past her, and she herself was seized by some of the town-soldiers, who did not know her except as belonging to the hated family. She took her musk-ball from the pocket she always carried it in, hurriedly unscrewed it half,—for her godmother had long ago taught her how to use it,—and repeated in a whisper,—

"Before me night, behind me day;
That none observe my secret way."

and immediately she was surrounded by a cool mist, and found herself free from the grasp of the soldiers. She quitted the castle, but lingered about, hoping that some at least of her family might escape, till she saw the invaders one by one driven off by the flames, and heard, from their exclamations of triumph, that she was alone in the world—an orphan without a friend! Her godfather had been dead some time; nor was he a character she could have sought protection from if he had been alive. She knew not whither to turn: she ran to the

fountain in the garden, to seek her kind godmother's advice, but no lady appeared, though she threw in pebble after pebble, and begged her most earnestly to speak to her. At last, poor Maud turned away in despair.

Without money, almost without clothes, of a name so hated in the district that she dared not make herself known, as her best safety lay in the idea that she had perished with the rest of her family, her very beauty was a fresh danger. She determined to disguise herself, and go to a distance, where she might, perhaps, earn her bread, even it were as a hired servant. So she went to the cottage of her old nurse's family, where she knew they would not betray her, and exchanged her clothes for some of her foster-sister's; she next stained her face, hands and arms with herbs, and put a hump of rags upon her shoulder, thus disfiguring herself as much as possible. In her hand she carried a bundle of tidier clothes, still those of a peasant girl, and began her journey. She wandered on for several days, till she thought herself safe alike from pursuit and from detection, begging her food and lodging, after she had consumed the small provision her foster-sister had forced her to accept; but when she found herself in a totally strange country, and among people who evidently knew nothing of her or of her family, she determined to seek a service. She applied at various houses in vain; some did not want a maid; other would not take a complete stranger, and one who acknowledged she had never been in place before. At last, she came to a large desolate-looking castle; in the village near it she learned that the owner was in Palestine, and that the castle had been for several years inhabited only by an old housekeeper, who had grown more and more capricious, till she could not keep even one servant long, having driven away all the retainers in succession, except, of course, the small garrison who guarded the fortifications, and with whom she had nothing to do. No one from the neighbourhood would accept the place, and she was now vainly seeking for a helper; perhaps she might take the stranger, but the villagers were sure no one could remain with her a week. Maud was too anxious to be independent of charity to feel daunted at this account. She went up to the castle, passed easily through the open wicket into a court-yard overgrown with grass, and lifted the heavy knocker of the hall door. The sound echoed through the empty apartments, and, after some minutes, an old woman opened a lattice beside the door, put out her head, and asked, in a very cross voice, who was there. Maud answered timidly that she heard a servant was wanted, and she came to offer herself. The old woman cross-questioned her minutely and sharply; she replied always by the simple truth, that she was an orphan from a considerable distance off, whose father and family had all perished in a late skirmish; that she had escaped by flight, had wandered for many days, and now sought to earn her bread in any respectable place, willing to work hard for it. The housekeeper objected a good deal, commenting on her appearance of delicate health, (for she was worn with fatigue and grief,) and on her never having been at service; but Maud assured her that her health was good, and unimpaired by her crookedness; that she perfectly understood most household work, and would gladly learn any thing she might be found deficient in. So the old woman, who was tired of serving herself,—for she had been two or three days without any one,—and pleased besides with Maud's simplicity and sweet temper, agreed to take her on trial. She withdrew the heavy bolts of the door, grumbling all the time,—and Maud entered her new home.

What a change for her, born and educated on a level with its master, to find herself taken, as a favour, for a servant-of-all-work to the old grumbler! But she determined to submit cheerfully, remembering that the heaviest misfortunes are sent for our good, and that there is no lot which has not its bright side, if we

will but seek it, instead of shutting our eyes, as so many do, to all that lightens our trial, and fixing them only on the most painful side. True, she was an orphan, reduced suddenly from affluence to absolute poverty; highly educated, yet forced to mix with the most ignorant; nobly born, yet obliged to seek a menial station, and with no prospect of any change for the better. But she had health and a cheerful temper; she was sure of food and protection while she remained here, and she had seen and heard enough of the sufferings of the poor to prize these highly. Then she knew that God, who had seen fit so to afflict her, could, in his own good time, restore her to all she had lost, if he should so please; and if not, that she could save her soul as securely, and probably more so, than if she had remained in her father's castle.

As these thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, she reached the kitchen, following the steps of Dame Gottfried, who had been preparing her supper when summoned away by the knock at the hall door. Maud immediately set about cooking it, with so much neatness and quickness, that the old woman added, without grumbling, as much as made a good meal for the new comer. When they had finished eating, Maud put every thing away, washed the plates and dishes, put fresh wood on the fire, swept the hearth, and asked the housekeeper for some work for the evening. This readiness pleased her new mistress exceedingly, and she replied, "No, child; you must be tired with your journey; you shall rest yourself this evening, and tell me more about yourself; to-morrow, I have plenty for you to do." So, as they sat before the fire, she continued her questioning, but far less sharply than at first, and Maud began to hope that the dame was not so ill-natured as people said, and that she might, perhaps, remain permanently here. To all the old woman's queries she replied much as she had done before, even giving her real name, though, of course, without any designation of rank; for, at such a distance from home, she thought there was no danger in this. She told how her mother had died when she was young, and her father had married again, and her godmother had educated her; and, suppressing any circumstances that might betray her real rank, she described the enemy breaking into her home at night, the fire, the death of her father and brother, and her own flight, not mentioning the fairy-ball, which she carefully kept about her.

When it grew rather late, the old woman showed her where she was to sleep, and charged her to be up with daylight,—a thing she declared she could never get the lazy creature who had run away the other day to do. Maud promised, and soon fell fast asleep, but not without saying her prayers, and earnestly begging help to bear well all that might happen to her, resigning herself cheerfully into God's hands, to remain in her present lowly station as long as he pleased,—for life, if he should require it; and only imploring of him that she might never offend him, and that he would have mercy on the souls of her parents and relations.

With the first ray of light she awoke, much refreshed, dressed herself quickly, said a few short but fervent prayers, and hurried to Dame Gottfried's bed-side. She found her just getting up, and much pleased with the new maid's diligence; though she muttered, at the same time, a hope that it would last, and an observation that new brooms always sweep clean. Before the housekeeper was dressed, Maud had lighted the kitchen fire, and began to prepare the breakfast. She got through that day very well,—not without some scoldings to be sure, but she soon found that, if the old dame was obeyed without an answer, she would not grumble long; and that, in truth, much of her crossness arose from her sufferings, for she was infirm and rheumatic. She got every day fonder of Maud, who gradually felt some attachment to her, from habit and pity, and even a degree of gratitude, though in truth Dame Gottfried gave her much to bear, and often very little thanks.

When she had been nearly a year at this castle, there came news of the death of its lord in Palestine; and some months after came orders to prepare for the reception of its new master, his brother, a Knight Templar, who had distinguished himself much in the Holy Land. The old housekeeper had grieved a good deal for her young lord, who had died unmarried, and the more because, his only brother being a Templar, she feared that the family, of whose antiquity she was very proud, would be extinct. But with the news of his intended return came a rumour that, in consideration of his being the last of an ancient and noble line, he had been released from his vows, and came home to seek a wife, and establish himself in the castle of his ancestors. This almost reconciled the old dame to seeing herself surrounded by the new domestics who crowded the long-solitary halls, and partly superseded by the steward, who had accompanied his lord to Jerusalem, and now resumed his post in the new household. She found her authority over the maids still undisputed, and would have given Maud an easier place, but she preferred remaining in the kitchen, saying she was more used to it, but in reality because she thought she should be there most safe from suspicion; and, notwithstanding her disguise, she feared discovery of either her rank or her beauty. She had never removed the hump, or permitted her hands and face to resume their natural colour, and Dame Gottfried had not the smallest idea that she was any thing but what she seemed—an active, intelligent, sweet-tempered, but crooked peasant girl. Maud was not so certain that the younger eyes of the new inmates might not pierce her disguise, and she resolved to mix as little as possible with the other servants, and attend solely to her work and to the housekeeper, who kept her a good deal with herself, liking her assistance better than that of strangers or new comers.

(To be continued.)

A SKETCH OF DOMESTIC LIFE¹

CHAP. IV.—EXPLANATIONS.

To make our good Jacob appear less faulty, we now communicate to the reader the origin of his love, and also many circumstances which had contributed to its growth, of which even his parents were not aware.

One day he went with a young companion to take a stroll through the fields. Conversing cheerfully, and allowing their minds to wander in the charming regions of ideal fancy, the two young men contrived to lose their way. Fortunately, a good angel appeared, to save them from perplexity; a beautiful girl, in the garb of a peasant. Our lost travellers hastened towards the lovely apparition, who seemed more charming still when she gave them a clue to retrace their path. After repeated thanks they took leave of her, saying to themselves that such an angel might well allure poor souls from one labyrinth into another. However, such was not the case now, and the two friends soon forgot their adventure.

The neighbouring village of Waldensen was under the pastoral care of Jacob; its inhabitants attended the church in the town on Sundays, and Jacob in the week gave instruction to the young people of both sexes, fitting them to join in the communion. Among the village girls was the heroine of the labyrinth. Her name was Else, and she was the daughter of a sawyer in middling circumstances. Jacob's instruction was given, not only as a duty, but with an earnest zeal which elevated the minds of his young pupils. He was no common priest; he supported schools, was an active friend to the needy and suffering, and besides, as a preacher, he spoke

from the fulness of his own heart to the hearts of his hearers.

The attention which Else gave, her talents, and pure religious feeling, interested her teacher deeply. Even after his instructions were ended, Jacob took a lively interest in the welfare of his youthful flock. It was his custom to visit the parents, and give good advice, and assistance on various occasions. Thus when the sawyer of Waldensen determined to place his daughter at a school, at some distance, to study French, needlework, and other feminine accomplishments, the young curate procured her introductions to respectable families in the neighbourhood. Jacob was not like many of his clerical brethren, who when they have strewed the seed, as is the duty of their calling, care nothing for its future growth.

About a year after this, Jacob saw Else among his congregation. She had returned home, a beautiful and blooming young woman. Her appearance delighted him; he seemed raised above all earthly things. He had never before preached so well. Else fixed her eyes on the young preacher with devotion. He, her teacher and benefactor, appeared a being sent to bless the world, for whom all must feel love and veneration. Jacob was much alarmed, when, a few days after, he heard of the sawyer's intention to send his daughter to be maid at an inn. The young clergyman begged him to desist, and pointed out the rudeness to which Else might be exposed, at such a place, the resort of idle travellers, dissolute soldiers, loiterers, and adventurers. Jacob used every effort to place his young pupil in some respectable family. At last, an attendant and first instructress being wanted for the Elder's youngest children, Mother Anna assented to the earnest wishes of her son, and thus Else became an inmate in the family of Danielis.

CHAP. V.—MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

Her new situation was indeed a blessing to the young girl; for in the Elder's patriarchal household all the domestics, high and low, were treated with attentive kindness. They were regarded as part of the family, they shared every joy and sorrow, and were encouraged in all good by Danielis and his excellent wife. No complaints of unworthy and idle domestics were ever heard in this family. It was a frequent saying of the Elder, that if a wife is worthless, it is often the husband's fault; if children grow up ill, it is the parents' fault; and if the servants are bad, it is the fault of the master and mistress, especially if the latter is incessantly scolding and reproving, or lowers herself by vulgar familiarity. The Elder's wife did not think it beneath her dignity to interest her servants in the proceedings of the family, to instruct in domestic affairs, and in all that might be useful and improving to their minds. Also, when, in the evening, Danielis told his children of the riches and products of the earth, and the wonders it contains, related adventures of travellers, or showed the heavenly bodies through his telescope, some of the household were always present. Else, in particular, never failed to attend earnestly to all she heard, and was never missing from the circle when she had disposed of her young charges.

The neighbours of Danielis thought all these proceedings very ridiculous, even dangerous. One cousin Maultasch, who paid frequent visits to the Elder's family, and wished to rule every thing, was quite indignant. She was an excellent specimen of a certain class; a stout, fidgety dame, by no means a bad woman in reality; affable, fond of society and of talking much; always trying hard to have the last word. Her hawk's eye discovered at a glance the slightest irregularity in any one's dress, and penetrated into every corner in any house she entered. In youth, her affections had been generally bestowed; in age, she atoned for this,—by going assiduously to church, and by displaying her active piety at the tea-tables of her acquaintance, in

(1) Continued from p. 317.

sharp-tongued, malicious observations upon every one she knew. One day, the good dame surprised her cousin in the act of explaining to his domestic circle, by means of an electrical machine, the aurora borealis, the cause of storms, and the use of lightning conductors. Else, as well as the children, was attentively taking notes.

"Is it possible?" cried she, as soon as she was alone with Danielis,—and we quote the conversation, as it expresses the public's opinion of the Elder's conduct,— "is it possible?" exclaimed she, clasping her hands in amazement. "What can you be going to make of Else—a female professor? I beg, my dear cousin, that you will consider what you are doing."

"I have considered," answered Danielis; "as this young girl belongs to my household, I wish to make her as good and intelligent a creature as God has willed her to be."

"But, cousin, with your permission, are you not carrying matters too far? When we engage a domestic, we want no science and learning beyond what is their duty, and we give them maintenance and wages, as—"

"Mules, oxen, and asses," quietly observed the old man.

"Let me speak!" exclaimed cousin Mautasch, in some ill-humour. "To give the common people knowledge which they can never use, is encouraging an obscurity of ideas, of which they have already too much. Really, my good cousin, this is strange; as if there were not schools enough to teach poor people all that they need to know."

"Yes! there are schools where children are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and are left in the grossest ignorance concerning every-day occurrences: yes! of even what is most necessary for their future life. What are girls taught of the aims and management of domestic life?—what instruction does the village lad gain in husbandry? The workman leaves school ignorant of the commonest knowledge of nature; the mechanic is totally unacquainted with the powers and qualities of bodies on which his labour is to be bestowed. From this cause arises the helplessness of the people, and the increasing poverty of the lower classes."

"Cousin, that is no concern of ours; it is the business of the government to remedy such things."

"No;—it is our concern; for we also belong to the people; and the improvement of the people must spring from themselves. Government have other things to attend to. Each man should try to improve those in his immediate circle."

"Cousin Danielis, I really am not able to understand you."

"There is the misfortune. Well, we will turn to another subject,—the state of religion among the people,—mankind are educated in outside devotion; they go to church, hear sermons, learn prayers; and yet, few of those who consider themselves Christians ever really know God."

Frau Mautasch opened her eyes wide, exclaiming, "Good heavens! you cannot mean that we are heathens in spite of our churches and schools?"

"Very nearly so, I fear. Our youth know the forms of religion, but not the christianity of the heart. I lead my children and my household, not only to the church built of stone, but to a temple formed by the Almighty's hand, where he shows himself through his works in all nature; in the infinity of suns and revolving stars, between which our earth hovers like a grain of sand; in the great world of animalcules, among which we breathe; in the mysterious government of the wonderful powers of nature. See, my good cousin, this is God's temple, to which I guide my children,—where they learn to become pious and sincere Christians."

Cousin Mautasch shook her head. The conversation lasted some time; but these fragments are sufficient to give an idea of it.

CHAP. VI.—ANOTHER VISIT.

The mother's tender and earnest letter made a deep impression on her son. She had said to him exactly what he, as a teacher and friend, would have said to another under like circumstances; and Jacob was conscientious enough to demand from himself what he would have required from another,—obedience to the dictates of reason and duty.

Our daily experience proves how much easier it is for a clergyman to shine in the pulpit, than to be always true and faithful in his intercourse with mankind, and just and honest in his own heart. Jacob would have blushed to become an actor in the priestly garb: he used strong efforts to command his passions and feelings. He could not banish from his soul the beloved image; but when it rose up before him in all its beauty, he fixed his mind on some engrossing subject, which diverted his thoughts, in a measure, from his love. He denied himself the pleasure of frequent visits to his home; and when occasionally he allowed himself that gratification, it was only for a short space; he never spoke to Else, and scarcely ventured a glance towards her. She, on her part, seemed to look calmly at his coming or going, and tried neither to meet nor avoid him. But the mother, with a woman's delicate perception, thought she could trace a faint glow on Else's fair cheek when, by any chance, she and Jacob met. The anxiety of the parents ceased by degrees, as they witnessed the prudent conduct of their son, and they fancied they had made the affair of too much moment.

The threatened outbreak of war, in consequence of the Revolution of 1830 in Paris, excited and alarmed every one. Italy, Belgium, and Poland, were in a disturbed state, striving against their rulers, who, proud of their restoration to power, mistook the spirit and the just desires of the people which they professed to govern.

These stirring times made Danielis, like most others, an eager newspaper reader; but he often threw the gazette aside, disgusted at its servile party spirit. One day he stepped to the open window of his room, which looked out on a smooth lawn, surrounded by gay flower-beds; his eyes wandered over fields, meadows, the river, and through the neighbouring town, as though he sought to calm his mind, now ruffled by thoughts of the malignant barbarity of his fellow-creatures.

"One could almost imagine," said the Elder, giving utterance to his thoughts aloud, "that this beautiful world was destined as a place of correction for fallen spirits."

"Not for all! not for all!" answered a gentle female voice. It was Else, who was in the garden with little Christian, chasing him in play up and down the gravel walk, as if seeming anxious to take from the laughing child his basket of flowers which he had gathered for his brothers.

"She is right," thought Danielis, looking down at the play-fellows with silent pleasure. "Not for all! Your innocent souls have heaven only around them. Oh! forsake not your God." And, pursuing his reflections, he added, "Why do we love our children so tenderly? Is it only through a blind impulse of nature? No! It must be something higher. It is because we feel their innocent bliss, which we have in a great measure lost; it is because we know how much purer they are than ourselves."

Else knelt down before the little one, played with him, and held fast his tiny hands, while she sang a baby-song, "*Ainsi jout, jout, jout, les petites Marionnettes.*" The fair-haired Christian jumped up and down, in imitation of his pet play-things, and then threw himself, laughing, upon Else, who kissed him fondly, and carried him away in her arms. The young girl's movements were full of grace. Her rustic dress, far from disfiguring her slender form, heightened its

beauty. The dark, violet-coloured jacket, fitting close to the figure, the scarlet-bound petticoat, scarcely covering the delicate ankles and small feet; the black velvet neck-band, with silver spangles, setting off the exquisite whiteness of her graceful throat; all exhibited Elsie's beauty as much as the richest attire could have done. Her dark eyes, glistening with playful mirth; her cheeks and lips glowing with health; her hair falling in thick curls over her snowy forehead, made diamonds and pearls useless.

"The boy has not bad taste," said the old man, as he thought of his son. "Even the caprices of Fortune show the infinite wisdom of the Creator. In the lowest of mankind we sometimes perceive the greatest intelligence,—a Socrates, a Phocion, a Cincinnatus, a Franklin, or a Washington Irving, often stands unknown with his brilliant talents behind the plough or the loom, while mediocre spirits rule at the head of the government, the army, and the church. So also we find among women many who, fitted by nature to be princesses, live in obscurity: while others, whom she has treated like a cruel step-mother, move in the highest ranks. Yes, indeed," mused the Elder, "the boy has not chosen ill; strange, that he should so lightly have given up his fancy."

A noise behind him interrupted his meditations, and in a moment Danielis was embraced by the son who was uppermost in his thoughts.

"What brings you here so unexpectedly, my dear Jacob?" asked the father, after the first welcome, with an anxious expression of feature.

"An affair very near my heart, dear father; and a most important one. I want your advice and consent," answered the young man earnestly.

"An affair of the heart—an important one," repeated the Elder, scarcely able to conceal a smile; "I know it already; I understand you."

"No, father, you do not understand me,—it is impossible you could," Jacob eagerly said, colouring deeply the while. "But are you at leisure? May I lay the whole matter before you?"

"Let me hear it, my dear son; I am quite curious to know what it is."

(To be continued.)

TRAP-DOOR SPIDERS.

Should a traveller, newly arrived from some far-off land, and well supplied with tales of wonder and of interest, proceed to relate the history of some formidable member of the brute creation, endued with sufficient address and ingenuity to contrive a dwelling with a door set on hinges, and closing with a spring of its own making, so as to be inaccessible from without during the owner's pleasure; and if, moreover, he were to state that this animal, careful of his own safety, no sooner finds any attempt made to open the door, than he holds fast on the inner side, and pulls with all his might, just as a human being might do—such a traveller would be indebted to his own character for veracity rather than to the probability of his story, for the degree of belief he might gain from his hearers.

Now this, which would appear marvellous if recorded of one of the larger animals, is the constant mode of working of the trap-door spiders, whose small size and comparative insignificance have caused their extraordinary performances to be little noticed except by professed entomologists. These creatures, inhabitants of tropical climates, are patient and laborious miners, hollowing out for themselves in the ground a cylindrical dwelling, sometimes as much as nine inches deep, and an inch and a quarter in diameter. This dwelling they line with silken web, of a beautifully fine and smooth texture, numerous layers of which are placed one over the other, until the thickness is about that of

strong cartridge paper. This beautiful lining is yet further strengthened in any part of the nest which seems liable to injury, whether from the pressure or the dampness of the surrounding earth. But the greatest amount of skill and labour seems to be bestowed upon the lid or trap-door, which the spider forms as the mode of ingress and egress. This door is about the eighth of an inch thick, and is composed of alternate layers of silken web and of earth; having also a strong silken hinge, of sufficient elastic force to close of itself immediately on being opened.

Among English observers, those who have given the most curious accounts of these insects are Mr. Sells and Mr. Saunders, whose elaborate notices enrich the pages of the *Entomological Transactions*. Divesting their papers of scientific and technical details, we gather the following particulars. The former of these gentlemen describes the species found in Jamaica, which island he inhabited for more than twenty years. It appears that large districts of the central parts of that island consist of a reddish argillaceous earth upon a limestone honeycomb rock, and the country is so hilly as to be termed mountainous; the red dirt, as it is commonly called, occupies the valleys, and more scantily covers the hills, where it is mixed with vegetable mould, and nodules of the rock; the latter is in vast masses, and sometimes appears in large isolated portions, with perpendicular surfaces of from ten to thirty feet square. Under the rocks or trees, in sheltered situations, the spider constructs its nest, finding there a soil well adapted to its labours, being little exposed to the extremes of either heat or moisture. The spider is of a very robust and compact shape, well adapted to its business as a miner, but there is considerable difficulty in watching the progress of his work. Nests were, however, dug up in different stages of forwardness, and these exhibited the skill of the architect. They also showed that the spider begins at the top of the nest, and works downwards, for occasionally only the lid and an inch or two of the tube were completed. In this state the delicate texture and unfinished appearance of the specimen reminded the observer of one of those skeletons of houses, which require to be plastered and lined in order to strengthen and finish them, before they are fit to be inhabited. Those parts of the ingeniously contrived fabric which called for more particular admiration were the lid and a valvular apparatus found inside and immediately below the hinge.

The lid or trap-door is not much unlike the upper shell of an oyster, inasmuch as it is on the upper surface rough, laminated, thick and strong near the hinge, and becoming thinner towards the surrounding edges. The elastic force by which the lid, on being opened, closes of itself, is principally accomplished by a fold or duplicature of the webbing, at each end or angle of the hinge, so that upon raising the hinge, which cannot be done without violence, much beyond a right angle with the aperture, this fold is also opened, and the threads of the webbing are put upon the stretch in proportion to the extent to which the lid is elevated, and which, doubtless, in its proper use, by its lawful owner, never exceeds the insect's requirements. The internal underside of the door is exceedingly firm and smooth, well fitted to resist friction and resistance, and to facilitate at all times the expeditious exit and entrance of the insect. In some cases there was observed a beautiful and curious apparatus of valves, one placed immediately beneath the hinge, the other about three quarters of an inch lower down. It appears very improbable that this additional apparatus can be without its appropriate use, and yet the fact that some of the nests are unprovided with it shows that it is not universally necessary. Mr. Sells suggests the following explanation. In newly constructed nests the reacting elastic power of the hinge may be all-sufficient, and continue so for a considerable time; but from long-continued use, the effect of weather, or other incidental causes, it may lose its

spring, when the superadded construction of the valves may effectually restore its efficiency; as it is evident, upon close inspection, that the opening of the lid acts first upon the upper one, and this again upon the lower, which again sends out numerous elastic threads downwards. If this explanation be correct, as Mr. Sells justly remarks, "It is calculated to double our admiration of this creature's workmanship; proving, as it does, that the great Architect of all has gifted this interesting insect with such a measure of accommodating instinct."

Another species of trap-door spider is that found in the Ionian islands. During a short excursion to Zante, Mr. Saunders noticed a number of the nests, and took up several for the purpose of examination. These nests were found close round the roots of the olive-trees, in a somewhat elevated situation, and were generally observed two or three together, about the same tree. The soil was a sort of sandy clay, of a light ochraceous colour. The upper portion of the nests was partially raised above the surface of the ground, but this might have arisen from the washing away of the surrounding earth during the heavy autumnal rains, the more especially as a coating of moss on the upper surface of the lid showed, in many cases, that the nest could not be of very recent construction.

There was a very remarkable peculiarity about the nests of this species, consisting of a projecting portion of the lid, directly above the hinge, to the extent, in some instances, of one-third of the diameter of the lid. The object of this projection is supposed to be to supply a lever, on the slightest touch of which the lid should be raised, just as in some heavy tankards we find a projection near the hinge, which enables us to raise the ponderous cover with facility. The spider appears to have produced this lever by simply extending in that direction the respective layers of which the lid is composed. The readiness with which the opening of the lid is effected by this ingenious contrivance of a lever might lead one to suppose that an extra degree of care would be displayed in regard to the means of firmly closing the same from within, in the event of an outward attack, but no such provision appears to have been made in the case of this species; although in some others there are little hollows into which the insect inserts its claws when holding the door together. Another peculiarity in this species was, that the extreme end of the nest within the ground was not unfrequently constructed somewhat upon the same model as the top, being provided with a second door, smaller in size, but otherwise similar to that at the top. This second door was long a puzzle to the discoverer, no apparent use for such an opening being found. But on a second visit to the Mediterranean, a more extended research into the habits of these creatures gave a greater insight into this, as well as other points of their history.

Several nests were taken from the ground in the month of October, and incased in some of their natural earth within a small box, the top of which was closed with bars of wood. This box remained in a balcony, neglected and unopened, until the month of April following, when the spiders were all found alive and well, clinging to their trap-doors in order to prevent the same from being opened. For this purpose they firmly grasped, with the four anterior feet and palpi, the bulb of the coverlid, the other feet resting low down upon the posterior walls of the nest, while the sharp mandibles were firmly inserted into the front part of the tube, near the top. Thus fixed they offered a powerful resistance to the opening of the door. The upper portions of two of these nests, which had been accidentally broken in the process of extraction, were then placed in an open flower-pot, with a sufficient quantity of the same earth, well moistened and compressed, so as to form a compact body in imitation of the soil itself, the spiders clinging all the while to the trap-door, without regard to their temporary exposure

through the broken part of the tube. Thus imbedded, it remained to be seen whether they would construct a new bottom to their nests, and whether such bottom would be closed where the tube now terminated, or be carried farther down into the earth to the usual depth. A third spider was placed in the same pot, with his nest purposely reversed, the trap-door being buried to the depth of about three inches, and the open end, where broken off, being placed on a level with the surface, in order that the insect might be tempted to adapt a new door to this part. But lest the spider should escape before the necessary steps could be taken to cover the pot with some transparent substance to observe the work, Mr. Saunders fixed a strong paper stopper in the tube of the nest, intending it to remain until the following day. But in the morning he found the paper stopper taken out, and laid aside, and the open end of the nest covered in with a single layer of web and earth, offering but slight resistance to the touch, although by no means transparent, and presenting the rudiment of a hinge, formed by the web of silk being here in a straight line, instead of rounded. The side near the hinge was also on a level with the surrounding earth, while the opposite side, where the door would open, was a little depressed. No attempt was made to open this new door, for fear of disturbing the spider; but in order to see whether he worked from without or within, a little flour was shaken over the lid to whiten it. The next morning, to the surprise of the observer, the new door was entirely cut away, and was lying by the side of the nest, while in its place was now found a strong texture of whitish web. This remained in the same state from the 26th of April to the 2d of May, when it occurred to Mr. Saunders that the spider had been obliged to leave off work in consequence of the earth not being any longer sufficiently moist for his purpose; he therefore gave the soil a good watering, allowing a few drops to fall on the silken door, by way of signal. The next morning a new door was found, quite complete, and constructed according to the usual manner. Thus this nest, when extracted from the ground, presented a trap-door at each end with elastic hinges, and every other requisite. This singular fact seemed to explain the circumstance, otherwise so unaccountable, of nests being found with doors at each extremity, and there is very little doubt, but that in turning up the ground around the roots of the olive-trees (which is done every year), some of these nests are upset and broken, and the spiders, as in the case of this one, immediately set to work to form a new door at the open end. The circumstance of the lower opening being smaller than the upper one would naturally occur in a nest so reversed, since the nests are often more capacious towards the bottom, so that, when inverted and broken off, the new door would be larger than the old one.

In the course of watching these spiders, it was found that some of them, annoyed perhaps by the frequent forcible opening of their doors, found out a new method of fastening them, and this was no other than weaving over them a firm texture of web, so that the door could not be moved without tearing away the strong silken fabric. By cutting off the top of one of the nests thus closed, it was seen that this fastening was not a mere bundle of threads near the opening, but a complete tapestry over the whole orifice of the nest, shaped like the interior of a thimble, and forming a texture of the most delicate whiteness.

The most remarkable circumstance affecting the insects themselves was, that all those subjected to examination appeared wholly to abstain from food, and made no visible efforts to entrap their prey. At the end of six months they appeared plump and healthy, and up to the time when Mr. Saunders closed his communication they were apparently well, although, from the situation of the box on a balcony on the first floor, the supply of food, if any, must have been exceedingly limited.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author is printed in Small Capitals, under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

VILLAGE LYRICS.

No. III.—THE CHURCHYARD.

W. BRAILSFORD.

THE wanton wind that scattereth
The fairest leaves of June,
That often in the night-time wails
A melancholy tune;
All around the latticed windows
Will its defying voice
Over Nature's drooping moments
Triumphantly rejoice.

Aye, ever while the moonlight shows
The honeysuckle's bloom,
A hollow moan will interrupt
The stillness of the room,—
Bringing sad thoughts of withered flowers,
Buds that must bend and die,
Trees that must lose their leafy charms,
Sweet summer's livery.

But about the churchyard dreary,
Where weeds and nettles grow,
Where the costly sculptured marble
Mocks pauper graves below;
Over tomb and humble hillock
Trembles its weary breath,
As if it claimed affinity
With the solemn place of death.

Heavily sounds the passing bell;
All sadly rocks the tree;
Sighs will come from the laden heart,
All tranced thoughts to free;
Groves will lack their summer songs;
Bees will find no flowers;
Streams will lose their gentle tones,
And death will lessen ours.

Weep not, maiden! weep not, Time
Hath brighter days in store;
The seaman from his well-lov'd sea
Will break his vows no more.

Aye, weep not, though that reckless one
Lie buried fathoms deep,
Thy heart hath faith too pure and fond
For one so wild to keep.

Nay, weep not, mother! she who lay
So dead beneath thy feet,
Now mingles with her hymns of praise
A supplication sweet—
That thou may'st meet her in the realms
Of everlasting light:
So take thy thoughts from this dim spot,
And gaze upon the night.

The stars that glitter all so fair
Shall symbolize her worth,
And thou in their bright orbs shalt read
A message sent to earth;
A calm, glad meaning, left for thee,
To welcome and to prize;
So leave the dross to moulder here—
The treasure upward flies.

'Tis we, we bow and bend beneath
All woes of earthly form;
We shrink, and close our loving hearts,—
Poor martyrs in a storm.

Few pausings in our griefs we make,
But let the eyelids press
Fresh tears adown our palmed cheeks,
And court new wretchedness.

And thus we hold sad memories
Beneath the cypress-tree,
Clinging to shadows of the past
For very sympathy;

Thus shapen to funeral types
Our thoughts beside each tomb;
So wander in this place of death,
As we would share its gloom.

Miscellaneous.

SAILORS' FRANKS.

DURING the night, some of those on deck would come below to light a pipe or take a mouthful of beef and biscuit. Sometimes they fell asleep; and, being missed directly that anything was to be done, their shipmates often amused themselves by running them aloft with a pulley dropt down the scuttle from the fore-top. One night, when all was perfectly still, I lay awake in the fore-castle. The lamp was burning low and thick, and swinging from its blackened beam; and with the uniform motion of the ship the men in the bunks rolled slowly from side to side, the hammocks swaying in unison. Presently I heard a foot upon the ladder, and, looking up, saw a wide trousers leg. Immediately, Navy Bob, a stout old Triton, stealthily descended, and at once went to groping in the locker after something to eat. Supper ended, he proceeded to load his pipe. Now, for a good, comfortable smoke at sea, there never was a better place than the *Julia's* fore-castle at midnight. To enjoy the luxury, one wants to fall into a kind of dreamy reverie, known only to the children of the weed. And the very atmosphere of the place, laden as it was with the snores of the sleepers, was inductive of this. No wonder, then, that after a while Bob's head sank upon his breast. Presently his hat fell off, the extinguished pipe dropped from his mouth, and the next moment he lay out on the chest as tranquil as an infant. Suddenly an order was heard on deck, followed by the trampling of feet and the hauling of rigging. The yards were being braced, and soon after the sleeper was missed, for there was a whispered conference over the scuttle. Directly a shadow glided across the fore-castle, and noiselessly approached the unsuspecting Bob. It was one of the watch, with the end of a rope leading out of sight up the scuttle. Pausing an instant, the sailor pressed softly the chest of his victim, sounding his slumbers, and then, hitching the cord to his ankle, returned to the deck. Hardly was his back turned when a long limb was thrust from a hammock opposite, and Doctor Long Ghost, leaping forth warily, whipped the rope from Bob's ankle and fastened it like lightning to a great lumbering chest, the property of the man who had just disappeared. Scarcely was the thing done, when, lo! with a thundering bound, the clumsy box was torn from its fastenings, and, banging from side to side, flew towards the scuttle. Here it jammed; and, thinking that Bob, who was as strong as a windlass, was grappling a beam and trying to cut the line, the jokers on deck strained away furiously. On a sudden the chest went aloft, and, striking against the mast, flew open, raining down on the heads of the party a merciless shower of things too numerous to mention. Of course the uproar roused all hands, and, when we hurried on deck, there was the owner of the box, looking aghast at its scattered contents, and with one wandering hand taking the altitude of a bump on his head.—*Adventures in the South Seas.*

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SEPTEMBER 25, 1847.

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The Castle of Godrici de Bouillon.

THE CASTLE OF GODEFROI DE BOUILLON.

THE castle which our engraving illustrates is well known to all travellers in Belgium. It was repaired in 1827, and has since that period been used as a military prison. Situated far above the town of Bouillon, it has a most picturesque appearance. No part of the original castle remains, with the exception of the dungeons hewn out of the rock.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—No. IV.

CHAP. II.

THE quiet and graceful nonchalance with which Edith received all the varieties of compliment, homage, and devotion, which were tendered to her acceptance, spoke volumes for the experience she had acquired since her first introduction into society. Yet it could scarcely be called indifference—certainly not that indifference which would seem to be the natural result of preoccupation; for she was keenly alive to all that passed around her, and her appetite for gaiety had none of that languor which is often the result of satiety, and which, though it does not begin with disgust, frequently ends with it. Lightly as she appeared to esteem the admiration of which she was the object, so long as it was undisputedly hers, it might easily be discerned that she would have felt its withdrawal as a trial of no light order.

Mr. Delamaine here broke in, panting under the enforced silence of the last five minutes. "Yes," cried he, "only just fancy shutting Thornton up from society. Why, now," addressing Miss Kinnaird, "I'll just tell you exactly, without further circumlocution, what Thornton is. He is the centre of every circle into which he goes."

"My dear fellow, don't be so geometrical!" said a voice from the window which opened upon the lawn.

Mrs. Dalton clapped her hands. "I thought you would not be able to contain yourself much longer," exclaimed she. "Come in, Godfrey! How long have you been within hearing?"

"Only since you saw me, half a minute ago," answered the new comer, cordially responding to her shake of the hand, and then turning to pay his compliments to the rest of the company. He was about eight-and-twenty years old, a little below the middle height, but formed with singular grace and symmetry. His hair was dark and profuse, his face rather picturesque than handsome, his voice and manner peculiarly gentle, his eyes full of fire. After the ceremonies of greeting and introduction were at an end, he seated himself on a low ottoman at Mrs. Dalton's feet, his eyes seeking Edith's face with a frequency which nothing but good breeding prevented from degenerating into a fixed stare, and requested to be enlightened as to the subject under discussion.

"We were talking," began Mr. Delamaine, "of society in general."

"Of society in particular, I should say," interrupted Sir Mark Wyvil.

"Didn't somebody say something about seclusion?" inquired Lady Selcombe from her bay-window.

"It was Miss Kinnaird," replied Lord Vaughan, "who was celebrating the praises of a life of seclusion."

"No, no, my dear fellow," exclaimed Mr. Delamaine; "I beg your pardon, but you entirely mistook Miss Kinnaird's meaning. She only said that she should like to live in complete retirement, she were going to be an artist."

"I did not exactly mean that," interposed poor Edith, suffering from the embarrassment which so frequently befalls a woman when, having been betrayed by impulse into the expression of a sentiment at variance

with the ordinary course of small talk, she is condemned to hear a distorted paraphrase of it quoted as hers by some afflicting bystander, and is thereby involved in the necessity of denying, defending, or explaining words, which she now feels that it was folly to utter at all.

Mr. Thornton's face expressed a mixture of sarcasm and impatience, restrained by politeness. Wisely deeming, however, that his best method of securing the two ladies for himself, would be to keep the conversation at too high a level for the others to reach, he ventured to assume a tone somewhat graver than his wont, except in a tête-à-tête.

"I don't wonder," said he, "that seclusion should seem, in England, to be the only atmosphere in which art can breathe. Our miserable 'common sense,' as it is sarcastically called, is, in its way, as destructive of the true spirit of art as the frivolity of our neighbours the French."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dalton, "and the popular idea of beauty finds here its fit embodiment in the 'handsome and substantial,' while there it is in the fantastic and incongruous."

"But in Italy," suggested Edith, with some hesitation.

"In Italy," said Mrs. Dalton, "where common daily life is, as it were, steeped in poetry, and the present is so beautiful that it almost wins you from contemplating the past—and such a past!—art seems there to be born of nature, to come unsought and stay unasked."

"And is therefore undisciplined and impulsive, possessing men rather than possessed by them," returned Mr. Thornton.

"My dear Godfrey! what new theory is this?" cried his cousin in amazement. "You a painter, and decry the art of Italy?"

"You mistake me," replied he, smiling; "I was not speaking of works of art, but of the expression of their spirit in the actual life of the artist, moulding the structure of society into a correspondence with itself, so as to dispense with the necessity of seclusion to the production of its highest development. We must go to Germany for this—to Germany, which, if you will allow me to say so, leaves Italy as far behind in architecture, in music, and in poetry, as she is herself outstripped in painting."

"I could dispute that of all but architecture," said Mrs. Dalton.

"I will not allow you to do so,—at least not in music," answered he. "That which is passion in the one becomes spirit in the other—do you not feel the difference? But I know you do, for you expressed it just now far better than I could hope to do. The one, as you truly said, comes by nature: it is a cavern full of radiating crystals, where you walk in a labyrinth of bewildering beauty; but the other is a mighty temple, symmetrical and stately, reared by laborious and devout hands, symbolizing something which is above earth, and which art cannot represent except by symbol."

"And England," said Edith. "Will you allow us no art at all?"

"Nay!" cried Mr. Thornton; "we have had art of the first order, at least in poetry. But it must be content to be like that flower," pointing to a cactus; "it springs in sudden splendour out of a rugged and unsightly stem, which has no harmony or consistency with itself. The more fully we recognize its beauty, the more do we wonder at the strange and anomalous position in which we find it."

"It is a part of our national reserve," said Mrs. Dalton, "of the moral cowardice which accompanies our physical courage, of the strange timidity which makes us distrust alike the past and the future, and believe only in the present, because, and so far as, we actually see it before us. Our eyes are obstinately fixed on the planks of the boat which carries us, and we see

neither the leafy shore from which we have departed, nor the glowing depths of the sunset into which we are sailing."

"Don't call it by so high a name as *reserve*," cried Mr. Thornton. "Call it, as I did, *common sense*,—by which I mean a resolute adherence to conventionalism in defiance of original thought."

"Call it by what name you please," said Mrs. Dalton, "it is everywhere present with us, like fetters on the limbs and ice on the heart, and the only warmth and freedom one ever enjoys, is when one has succeeded in getting away from it for a few happy moments."

She spoke with a bitterness of tone very unusual to her; and Mr. Thornton, glancing round the room, replied with a well-satisfied smile, "We have got away from it now, Amy. This is one of those 'few happy moments.'"

Mrs. Dalton looked up, and perceived with some amazement that Sir Mark Wyvil had drawn his chair to Lady Selcombe's side, so as to be virtually absent from the *conversazione* party at the table, while Mr. Delamaine had seized on Lord Vaughan and carried him off to the terrace, where, within sight of the window, he was pitilessly inflicting upon him the deferred story about the ear-rings.

"Let us enjoy it while we can!" cried she. "Tell me, Godfrey, what have you been doing, thinking, and feeling, all this age that we have been separated?"

"For the *doing*, first," he answered, "I have been enduring society."

"What an expression!" exclaimed Edith, "and I am so fond of society!"

"So was I once," returned Mr. Thornton; "but since then I have looked under the surface, and the vision of what I saw there has haunted me from that moment forwards. Do you suppose that if the Diver had come back from those ghastly hollows where he saw the sea-hyænas and the hundred-jointed snakes, he could ever have admired the beauty of the ocean afterwards with an unruffled spirit?"

"You remind me," said Edith, "of that strange little poem of Milnes's, in which he describes the wretchedness of the soul which is forced to look upon the world as it really is, and to see the seeds of decay and death visibly present in the midst of life and beauty. If that would be the result of opening one's eyes, I would rather keep mine always shut."

"Milnes's poem," said Mrs. Dalton, "is only an amplification, and a feeble one, of Hamlet's grand idea;—I need not quote, need I?"

"If Mr. Delamaine were here," observed Edith, "he would give us the passage entire."

"Don't mention him," cried Mr. Thornton; "don't let there be a thought to break the unity of our 'one happy moment.' If you only knew what an indulgence this is to me after the life I have been leading for the last six months, mere charity would induce you to prolong it."

"But, if you detest society so utterly," said Edith, simply, "why do you not break away from it altogether? A man has always the privilege of being able to act independently of others—to follow the dictates of his own will."

"Yes," added Mrs. Dalton, "while a woman is—oh, give me a simile! Your favourite Germans would say she was like a Psyche in the grasp of the serpents—she may weep, implore, writhe in the toils—but she can never escape." Her manner was playful, but the same bitterness to which we have before alluded might be discerned beneath the assumed levity.

"My will is my Psyche," returned he; "it struggles and suffers, but has not strength to set itself free."

"But then," said Edith, "I think your desire to be free can scarcely be so very strong. There must be something else to contend with it."

"You are right," he replied, "I could not live in solitude. Sympathy is as necessary to me as the very air

I breathe. I am for ever seeking for it—accepting mere dross and tinsel instead of it—hugging them for a little while with a fool's fancy that they are real—finding out that they are not the true gold—slinging them away in wrath and scorn, and setting out anew upon the same search, to be again deceived, and to begin it all over again; till I am inclined at last to question whether there is really any such thing in the world, and whether, if there be, it is worth while to take so much trouble in looking for it. But I don't want to arrive at this conclusion, for if I were once thoroughly convinced of it, I believe I should take the first opportunity of walking out of the world altogether, by a shorter and more effectual way than merely secluding myself from it."

"No, you would not," cried Mrs. Dalton; "weakness of will would again beset you. Like Goethe, you would take the dagger to bed with you night after night, hold the point tenderly to your heart for half an hour, reasoning meanwhile most philosophically with yourself, then—go to sleep."

"If I am Psyche, you are the serpent!" exclaimed Mr. Thornton.

"Yes," retorted she, "but you would require no effort to escape from my toils."

"And now," said Edith, "you have told us what you have been thinking of during those six months: the third question was, what were you feeling?"

"Don't ask me," replied he, quickly; "I believe I never felt at all till this moment."

From most persons this speech would have sounded like a mere jesting compliment, but there was so strong a colouring of sentiment in Mr. Thornton's playfulness that Edith felt herself blush, and then blush doubly lest the first embarrassment should be misinterpreted.

"The dressing-bell rang ten minutes ago," said Mrs. Dalton, abruptly, "and Sir Mark and Lady Selcombe have already taken wing. Come, Edith, or we shall not have time to arrange our bouquets."

She quitted the room as she spoke, followed by Miss Kinnaird. Mr. Thornton sauntered to the window, and stood for some minutes listlessly gazing at the smooth green lawn, with its carefully grouped shrubs, trim borders, and delicate flower-baskets—no inapt, though certainly a most favourable symbol of the elegant conventionalisms of which he had just expressed his languid abhorrence. He was roused by a light tap on the shoulder, and, turning round, he beheld his cousin, her face radiant with restored good-humour.

"Now, Godfrey, what do you think of her?" cried she, eagerly.

"She is faultless," returned he, "or else I have lost my power to criticize. Amy, I must paint her picture. Do contrive it for me—you know you can manage anything and anybody, when you please."

"Even you?" inquired she, archly.

"Yes, truly," he answered. "Am I not here in obedience to your summons? though in this case to obey was to please myself."

"Ah!" replied Amy, "I am afraid that is always the secret of my power over you. I should not dare test it by asking you to do what did not please yourself."

"Nay, not seriously, my cousin," said he, taking her hand, and looking earnestly into her eyes, "do you not know that the task would become a pleasure if it were done at your request?"

She shook her head, smilingly, as she answered, "Well, Godfrey, I will have faith in your friendship. Having so little to lose—perhaps, makes me cowardly about losing that little—now, don't answer me that does not apply to you. And as to your present wish, 'tis the easiest thing in the world. You cannot suppose that so beautiful a creature as Edith has finished her third season without learning her own charms. It will only seem to her a very natural and necessary little bit of homage on your part."

"Ah," said he, with a sigh, "pity that she has been out three seasons!"

Mrs. Dalton fixed her eyes on him for a moment with an expression of restrained mirth. Then compressing her lips, and keeping silence with an effort, she darted from the room to commence the important business of the toilette.—“Simpleton that I am!” said she, chidingly, to herself, as her maid looped up her dress with geranium and myrtle, and fastened the blossoms among her profuse ringlets. “I had nearly marred my own scheme at its very commencement by a little outbreak of jealous vanity. So irrational! To pick out a wife for Godfrey, and then begin to be angry because he overlooks me in his admiration of her! Absurd! Well, I only hope he will not be too precipitate. Edith is not a woman likely to dispense with the wooing which is our sex's privilege. We have a full month before us, I shall be quite satisfied if, by the end of that time, he comes to the point. And then—I shall go down to Beechwood for the winter.”

And a sombre expression stole into her large dark eyes, and a gradual languor seemed to unstring her graceful limbs. Few who had beheld the apathy with which she submitted to the adornments which her silent attendant lavished upon her, would have believed that her face was capable of such sparkling animation—her manner of such vivacious coquetry. But when the last curl had been arranged, and the last bouquet fastened, she passed her hand over her forehead, and, with a sudden expression of contempt, whether for herself or for the subject of her meditations we cannot say, she resumed, as with an effort, her ordinary demeanour, and descended to the drawing-room.—Beechwood was her home.

Shall we inquire into Edith's thoughts during the same half-hour? No. Time will develop them. At dinner she was a little surprised to see Mr. Thornton the life and leader of the party, but she felt strangely interested by the idea that, under all this sparkling vivacity, there was a concealed melancholy of temperament, known, in all probability, only to herself and to his cousin. The latter appeared fully to understand the art of drawing him out, and under her judicious management he scattered repartees, puns, and illustrations, with a prodigality perfectly astonishing. Edith was at some distance from him, and fully occupied in listening; she was thankful to be seated between a fat squire and a taciturn curate, neither of whom endeavoured to divert her attention. The style of Mr. Thornton's conversation was perfectly new to her, and she enjoyed it not a little. Nothing seemed to come amiss to him; no subject was evaded, no remark unanswered. From theology down to gourmandism, from politics to pic-nics—wherever the conversation-ball glanced, there was he ready to catch and to return it with untiring vigour. If he had no argument at hand, he had a smile; and if that failed him, he supplied its place by a jest. Nothing was too deep or too shallow, too high or too low, but his wit could touch, or his fancy embellish it. She had no time to analyze, even if she had been capable of doing so,—she could only admire. And a strange kind of feeling came upon her as she walked meditatively back to the drawing-room, as though all deep thought and laborious study were but waste of time, and there was no topic which could not be fully discussed and satisfactorily settled in a conversation. Strange, also, it seemed, that some of the topics should be handled at all; stranger still, that one who could handle them so delicately should not have shrunk from exercising his skill in public. But of this she had neither leisure nor inclination to think at any length. She was entertained, interested, fascinated; she had experienced a new sensation.

(To be continued.)

SNOW-SHOES.

It is interesting to notice the skill and contrivance with which man adapts himself to the different climates and physical peculiarities of the countries in which Providence has assigned him a dwelling. Places, which to us would seem utterly desolate, are not only rendered habitable, but are made to afford many of the pleasures and even luxuries of life. Natural difficulties are overcome with a readiness in the application of means which may well excite our admiration and esteem. In the chilly regions of the north, where the cold is too intense for the growth even of the rugged pine,—where, during a large portion of the year, the waters are bound up with frost, and the earth is hidden beneath deep snow, the Esquimaux uses both the ice and the snow in the construction of a dwelling, which he finds warm and comfortable, while the external air is often more than fifty degrees below zero. When the hunting grounds of the Indian are hidden beneath the same glittering mantle, on which we should suppose a foot heavier than that of a bird would find it impossible to tread with safety, the hunter and the traveller nevertheless fearlessly pursue their way by means of one of those skilful contrivances alluded to above. Experience has taught him that, by enlarging the surface of his foot, the slight cohesion among the particles of the snow beneath him is sufficient to support his body; and, accordingly, he supplies himself with a pair of snow-shoes, with which he steps fearlessly forward over drifts which, without such aid, would prove fatal to him.

The snow-shoe in common use in the North American continent consists of two light bars of wood fastened together at their extremities, and bowed outwards by means of transverse bars inserted between them. The side bars are first brought into shape by means of a frame, and are dried before a fire. The front part of the shoe turns up like the prow of a boat, and the part behind terminates in an acute angle. The spaces between the bars are filled up with a fine netting of leathern thongs, except that part behind the main bar, which is occupied by the foot; the netting is there close and strong, and the foot is attached to the main bar by straps passing round the heel, but only fixing the toes, so that the heel rises after each step, and the tail of the shoe is dragged on the snow. Between the main bar and another in front of it, a small space is left, permitting the toes to descend a little in the act of raising the heel to make the step forward, which prevents their extremities from chafing. The length of a snow-shoe is from four to six feet, and the breadth one foot and a half to one and three quarters, being adapted to the size of the wearer. The motion in walking in them is perfectly natural, for one shoe is level with the snow, when the edge of the other is passing over it. It is not easy to use snow-shoes among bushes without frequent overthrows, or to rise afterwards without help. Each shoe weighs about two pounds. The northern Indian shoes differ a little from those of the southern Indians, having a greater curvature on the outside of each shoe; one advantage of which is, that when the foot rises, the overbalanced side descends and throws off the snow. All the superiority of European art has been unable to improve the native contrivance of this useful machine.¹

It is not difficult to walk in snow-shoes, but one unaccustomed to their use is sure to suffer severely from a violent inflammation and swelling of the instep and ankles, called by the Canadians *mal à raquette*. This disease seldom excites compassion in the more experienced travellers, who push on as fast as they can, regardless of the pain of the sufferer.

Snow-shoes are apt to get clogged, especially in frosty weather, rendering frequent halts necessary, in order

(1) Franklin's first journey to the shores of the Polar Sea.

to get rid of the incumbrance. When there is water under the snow, and the cold is severe, large lumps of ice form on the snow-shoes, and the foot at every step seems as if it were chained to the ground.

In travelling to any considerable distance over snowy regions, the party must, of course, carry with them sufficient provisions for the whole journey. These are generally conveyed on dog-sledges, made of two or three flat boards, curving upwards in front, and fastened together by transverse pieces of wood above. They are so thin, that if heavily laden, they bend with the inequalities of the surface over which they pass. The ordinary dog-sledges are eight or ten feet long, and very narrow, but the lading is secured to a lacing round the edges. The weight usually placed upon a sledge drawn by three dogs at the commencement of a journey, is not less than three hundred pounds, which, however, suffers a daily diminution from the consumption of provisions. The sledge itself weighs about thirty pounds. When the snow is hard frozen, or the track well trodden, the rate of travelling is about two and a half miles an hour, including rests, or about fifteen miles a-day. If the snow is loose, the speed is, of course, much less, and the fatigue greater.

The general dress of the winter traveller is a *capot*, with a hood to put up under the fur cap in windy weather, or in the woods to keep the snow from the neck. The trowsers are of leather; and the feet are protected by mocassins of ox-hide, or, still better, of the skin of the deer. The very best are of the hide of the moose deer, but this substance is very scarce. The foot is first wrapped in a piece of blanket, cut for the purpose, and then thrust into the mocassin, which is fastened by thongs of soft leather passing round the ankles. The upper part of the mocassin is composed of loose flaps which are passed under the stocking, which reaches no lower than the ankle; by this contrivance the snow is kept out, and the foot is made warm and comfortable. The traveller's costume is completed by a blanket or leathern coat, secured by a belt round the waist, from which hang his fire-bag, knife, and hatchet.

Captain Head has given a lively description of a journey in Canada, in the depth of winter, when the snow was lying deep on the ground. The district was a wild one, without roads or even a track; the ground was too rough, and the snow too deep for a sleigh; and the party chose the frozen surface of a river as the smoothest path. They marched in single file, moving heavily along upon their snow-shoes, seldom speaking, except at the end of every half hour the foremost of the party yielded his place to one of the rest; the duty of the leader being the most laborious, he having to open a path for the others. During the day, a snow-storm had been threatening: "Still, however, we went on, and it grew darker and darker, till a heavy fall of snow, driven by a powerful wind, came sweeping along the desert track, directly in our teeth; so that, what with general fatigue, and the unaccustomed position of the body in the snow-shoes, I could hardly bear up and stand against it. The dreary howling of the tempest over the wide waste of snow rendered the scene even still more desolate; and with the unmitigated prospect before us of cold and hunger, our party plodded on in sullen silence, each, in his own mind, well aware that it was utterly impracticable to reach that night the place of our destination.

"But, in spite of every obstacle, the strength of the two Canadians was astonishing; with bodies bent forward, and leaning on their collar, on they marched, drawing the toboggans after them with a firm, indefatigable step; and we had all walked a little more than seven hours, when the snow-storm had increased to such a pitch of violence, that it seemed impossible for any human creature to withstand it,—it bid defiance even to their most extraordinary exertions. The wind

now blew a hurricane. We were unable to see each other at a greater distance than ten yards, and the drift gave an appearance to the surface of the snow we were passing over, like that of an agitated sea. We wheeled round every now and then by the wind, we were enveloped in clouds so dense, that a strong sense of suffocation was absolutely produced." The party, therefore, halted, and sought the friendly shelter of a pine forest, where they levelled a maple-tree, and having gathered some large pieces of bark, proceeded to shovel away the snow from a square spot of ground. "The fibrous bark of the white cedar, previously rubbed to powder between the hands, was ignited, and blowing upon this, a flame was produced. This being fed, first by the silky peelings of the birch bark, and then by the bark itself, the oily and pitchy matter burst forth into full action, and a splendid fire raised its flames and smoke amidst a pile of huge logs, to which one and all of us were constantly and eagerly contributing."

The place of encampment is usually called the *hut*, and as soon as the snow has been cleared away, is usually covered with pine branches, over which the party spread their blankets and coats, and sleep in warmth and comfort, by keeping a good fire at their feet, without any other canopy than the sky, even though the thermometer should be far below zero.

"The arrival at the place of encampment," says Franklin, "gives immediate occupation to every one of the party, and it is not until the sleeping place has been arranged, and a sufficiency of wood collected as fuel for the night, that the fire is allowed to be kindled. The dogs alone remain inactive during this busy scene, being kept harnessed to their burdens until the men have leisure to unpack the sledges, and hang upon the trees every article of provision out of the reach of these rapacious animals."

Similar in its uses to the snow-shoe is the snow-skate of the Norwegian, and is, indeed, a far more powerful and efficient machine. The *skies*, or snow skates, consist of two thin, narrow pieces of fir, of unequal lengths, and turned up in front. The longer skate, which measures about seven feet, is used on the left foot; the other, which is about two feet shorter, on the right. The width is about three inches, and the thickness at the part where the foot is placed, about an inch. Strong loops of willow, or of fir root, are fixed to the sides, through which are passed the leather thongs for attaching the skate to the foot. The skates are smeared with pitch, and on the under side is a hollow groove to prevent slipping. The under side is also covered with seal-skin or rough bear-hide, for the same purpose.

During the wars between Sweden and Norway, two regiments were trained to the use of those skates, and were called *Skidbäre*, or skate-runners. Those two battalions consisted of about six hundred men, and were drilled during winter. Their rifles were slung, and each man carried a staff, flattened at the end, to prevent it from sinking in the snow, and to assist him in leaping over such obstacles as stood in the way. They descended hills with wonderful rapidity; and in drawing up, they left room between the files to turn in the skates, which they did by changing the right foot by an extraordinary motion which would seem to dislocate the ankle. "An army would be completely in the power of even a handful of these troops, which, stopped by no obstacle, and swift as the wind, might attack it on all points; while the depth of the snow, and the nature of the country, would not only make any pursuit impossible, but almost deprive them of the means of defence, the *Skidbäre*, still hovering round them like swallows, skimming the icy surface and dealing destruction upon their helpless adversaries."

The skates are still in common use in Norway; the widely-dispersed inhabitants, without distinction of age or sex, making use of them in winter; traversing mountains, lakes, and arms of the sea, as well as level ground, and often saving several leagues of the dis-

(1) A small hand sledge for carrying provisions.

tance they are obliged to travel at other seasons. On a common road, a good skater will travel faster than a horse in a sledge. His progress up hill, however, is slow and fatiguing, and on hard snow he would slip backwards but for the rough skin on the under surface of the skates. But he descends the steepest mountains with astonishing rapidity, avoiding precipices, and guiding his flight with his pole. It is said that considerable skill and practice are required to become a good snow-skater.

A SKETCH OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

CHAP. VII.—CHRISTIAN FEELINGS.

"You know as well as I do the unsettled state of the neighbouring country," said the young clergyman, after a pause, as he leaned against his father's writing-desk. "The consequences are, lawlessness, bloodshed, and the destruction of all civil and domestic rights, under the guise of liberty and justice."

"I know—I know," answered Danielis. "But go on; why this strange introduction to the matter on which you are about to speak?"

Jacob continued, "The worst of all appears to me to be the want of religious and moral feeling. The machine of state is soon put right; but social virtues are not so easily restored. For months there has been no public worship; the clergy have fled, or been driven away for their political opinions, and the schools are empty."

"I almost fancy you wish to become a missionary to the disturbed districts; is it really so?"

"Yes," answered Jacob. "A request has been sent to me in the name of several parishes; they wish me to try to restore the worship of God. Children are unbaptized, marriage rites not celebrated, the sick and the dying in vain long for religious consolation, and the services of the church are quite neglected. My own lot, in the midst of civil war and dissensions, will be most unsafe. Not even one parish, not a regular stipend is secured to me, the whole country is so unsettled."

"And what answer did you give?"

"That I would do nothing without your advice."

"And that advice, my dear son, is that you should not quit your own country, to which your services are due."

"But, father, is not the whole world our country, created by the hand of God? Is not every one our neighbour whom we are commanded to love as ourselves?"

"Right, my dear child; but I imagined that the neighbourhood of your parents, the opportunities you enjoy of association with the friends of your youth, would bind you to your home with links of iron; and that even an affair of the heart would make it difficult for you to tear yourself away, and risk your life and happiness in a foreign land."

As the Elder said this, Jacob cast down his eyes; conscious what his father alluded to, he hesitatingly replied, "Yes, very difficult; but the greater the sacrifice, the more acceptable is it in the eyes of God."

"You have well said," answered Danielis, to whom the blushes and hesitation of his son revealed the secret of the young man's heart, and one cause of his departure. After a long pause, the Elder, to give a fresh turn to the conversation, continued—

"But, my son, reflect a little; you are still so young; here you have every thing necessary for the improvement of your mind; the judgment of enlightened persons must have a favourable influence on your preaching; and the duties of the pulpit are the most

important functions of a clergyman. It is a difficult office. Eloquence is not alone a gift of nature, but requires study. I fear that in the country, among rude, ignorant people, you will neglect this and become an every-day preacher, who performs his duties mechanically, and thinks only of his own advantage."

"Dear father, he who is not inspired by his divine calling will receive inspiration from neither town nor village. It seems to me that not less art and study are required to elevate to holy things the mind of a peasant than that of a dweller in towns."

"That may be true, Jacob. But are you indifferent to leaving your present circle, where you can do so much good, for an unknown and circumscribed district?"

"That does not alarm me. Man's activity and goodness depend not on the extent of his sphere of action. His own will, strength, and deeds, create the region of his operation."

The assenting nod of the Elder seemed to approve of his son's opinions, but he added: "Although there are two sides to every subject, pray bear in mind, that, to do much good, it is needful to think of one's self and one's circumstances. Independence is a necessity to a man whose wishes tend to universal benevolence. He who is needy, and requires help himself, can do little to aid others, and only builds castles in the air. Even Archimedes required a firm support for his feet before he engaged to raise the earth with his lever; and a moderate independence and good position in society, whether earned by our exertions or the result of our calling, alone give us this support."

The expression of the young man's face showed that he did not quite comprehend his father's observations, or thought them unsuitable to the subject. He replied in an absent manner, "Undoubtedly."

"Well," continued the Elder, "you are at present in an enviable situation, with good prospects for the future. In a few years, you will have a profitable living, which will secure you from want for life. Poverty is the bitterest of all cares, because the most contemptible, and yet the most pressing of our sufferings. When you have left your parish, as you desire, to devote yourself to the service of others, you will soon be forgotten, and on your return those who have not quitted the service of your church will be preferred to you. I allow the pressing need of our revolutionary neighbours; they want honest and active pastors; but from their own unsettled state, they cannot secure to you either a provision for life or even daily bread. Consider well, my dear boy, and when you take a loving partner for life, as you most likely will, think how you are to support her."

The countenance of Jacob became crimson, but his was not the blush of shame, but was the glow of inspiration. Earthly love might have mingled with his feelings, but it soon subsided, and religious enthusiasm alone remained. He raised his eyes to heaven, then walked up to his father, and seizing his two hands said, in a tone of voice which seemed to crave forgiveness for the warmth of his language:

"Dear father, I know you well, your love and your principles. If one of the apostles had come to his Heavenly Master, as I have come to you, would he have received the like answer?"

The Elder was silent. He looked for some time at his son with much surprise, and then said with deep kindness and affection,

"If this is your way of thinking, my dear Jacob, I can have nothing to say against it. Go, fulfil your duty as your conscience bids you; God will be with you. Even should your Christian feeling lead you into earthly sorrow, it will ensure you a glorious resurrection and a throne in heaven. Go, my son, and may God bless you."

The father pressed his son to his breast with emotion, and the moistened eyes of the young man showed how deeply he felt.

CHAP. VIII.—SELF-DENIAL.

The mother consented to Jacob's departure, though with a heavy heart. She felt much for poor Else, who, in various ways, heard many words which informed her of Jacob's resolves, although it was never openly discussed. The news seemed to fall like a sentence of death upon her quiet and silent happiness. She could not oppose her lover's departure, and even had she dared, she would have died rather than have betrayed feelings which she could scarcely understand herself. She carefully avoided a meeting with Jacob, towards whom her whole being felt attracted by the unseen influence of love. If obliged to address him in his parents' presence, she spoke calmly, and yet she felt as though her soul was longing to pour itself out in affectionate words. And when by chance her eyes turned upon him, their expression was one of complaint and gentle reproach, to which he answered by looks of love, consolation, and hope.

But what the young lovers succeeded in concealing from every one else, almost from each other, did not escape the penetration of Mother Anna, and she felt the secret sorrow of Jacob and Else, even more than her own. One day when alone with her son, she said to him,

"Your departure grieves me much, my dear boy. I feel that I shall seldom see you; the path of danger you have chosen, and the sacrifice you make of home, of your living, and of your prospects, contribute to my sadness; but I trust in God. I confess to you, that for one reason only do I rejoice at your plan,—it may restore peace to Else and to you. Your presence is destructive to her quiet, and her welfare, as well as yours, lies near my heart. For this cause and no other, I can bear you wandering in a strange land. Else is little more than a child; her affection is a dream, from which you must not awaken her, if you love her truly. Go, my child, be wise and happy. To persist in wishes we cannot gratify, is wrong. Go, and God be with you! Forget every thing except yourself, and the reward of your own good conscience."

Jacob looked fondly at his mother, and took her hand in his, as he replied, "Dear mother, you cannot be serious. Must I forget my mother, my father, and Else? No, I must first forget myself. While memory endures, you three will be there enshrined. But calm your uneasiness. Because I love innocence and holiness, I must love this dear girl, who is so pure from all guile. Whether she will ever be my wife, I know not; but she will occupy my thoughts during my whole life. Do not think me a coward who can lose his reason in a Werther fever. I love with open eyes; therefore, the happiness of this noble girl is dearer than my own. If a worthier than I were to offer his hand, and he could make Else happier than myself, I would lead her to him, though with a bleeding heart."

The mother embraced her son with tender love. At last the parting hour arrived. Parents, brothers, and sisters, uttered a tender farewell, whispering hope and courage. But Else stood at the door of the house, timid and shrinking from view. Jacob extended his hand as he passed her,—their eyes met; his, full of love, made a tender and mute appeal: the answer was a tear. Else fled away to her own room, while the young pastor hastened through the garden to the highroad.

Jacob now entered on the path he had chosen, in the midst of confusion and party strife. He visited his father's house at very rare intervals; but his letters gave proof of an energetic spirit, which rose above all trouble. He had chosen for his head-quarters a little village, from whence he diverged, and performed his clerical duties to the desolate community. On Sundays he preached three or four times a day, sometimes at one place, sometimes at another; a conveyance being in waiting to convey him to the different churches. During the week the young preacher walked cheerfully

from village to village, giving good advice, praying with the dying, celebrating marriages, and re-establishing schools. Denying himself every comfort, his home was a deserted, half-empty house, barely furnished, but provided with arms against any surprise. His daily intercourse was with a wild, ignorant people; he even accompanied them to battle to give aid, spiritual and temporal, to the wounded.

Yet all these privations could not drive the young man from the path in which he trod without fanaticism, though with all the zeal of a fanatic, and in which he persevered without hope of reward, exposed to the taunts and reproaches of his acquaintances. Even Danielis did not escape censure from those who think that in providing for their children comfortably and well without consulting the will of God, they have fulfilled their highest duty. The Elder was not affected by their reprehensions, nor hurt by their offensive expressions and forebodings of ill. "Be it so," he would say to his wife; "the unjust reproaches of man bring the favour of God. What my son is now doing, was done by the noblest of men in olden times; and though their meed was death, from the barbarity of the age in which they lived, yet now they are revered as martyrs and saints. Let our Jacob pursue his path as a messenger of peace and an apostle of the Gospel, following in the rear of his predecessors, the benefactors of mankind."

CHAP. IX.—THE FESTIVE MEETING.

A year passed away,—a year rich in blossoms and harvests—like every other that we welcome so warmly, and so coldly see depart. Nature's creating hand, as if wearied with daily toil, sought repose on its wintry bed; and the snow-flakes fell like dreams upon its resting place, while the hoarfrost, melted by the pale sun-beams, was dissolved from the branches of the trees.

Christmas, the pleasantest of the domestic feasts in the Elder's family, drew near. All the household were busy preparing their gifts in secret. Such hiding and seeking, such counselling and guessing, such jests and whispers, were never seen or heard, as the memorable day approached. On Christmas-eve every one delivered his or her gifts to the parents, to be deposited on the table under the mysterious folds of a white cloth. All then left the room, that the presents so carefully concealed might be duly arranged by the father and mother.

The night seemed interminable to the impatient members of the family. Before dawn, the father lighted the numerous wax-lights on all the tables, and in the branches of the Christmas tree, and then went in search of the eager troop, who were assembled in Else's chamber. Full of expectation, they walked in couples to the festive hall, where they gave vent to their pleasure, surprise, and admiration, in loud and joyous exclamations. Jacob, alone, was absent. Every one missed him, wished for him, and pitied him for being so far away from the happy scene. All spoke of him, all left their own pleasure diminished, since it could not be shared with him. Else, alone, was silent; but a deeper sorrow than even theirs oppressed her heart, and she would willingly have given vent to her feelings in tears. He whom she loved more and more each day, as she appreciated his self-devotion, he was not there; his place was vacant,—there was no gift for him.

But a few hours passed, and the regret of all was changed into gladness. A letter came from Jacob announcing his return home that evening. A friend had undertaken his duties, and with a mind free from care, he was coming home to fulfil his heart's dearest wish. "He could not," he said, "relinquish the pleasure of celebrating with the beloved household a day which had ever been to him the most solemn and the most esteemed in all the days of the year."

"But for heaven's sake," exclaimed Mother Anna, as

soon as she was alone with her husband, and free from the noisy mirth of the family; "how can we make this a happy day to dear Jacob? We have no festive gift for him. Advise me what to do. I can offer him sweetmeats; but what a trifle—what a poor acknowledgment of the joy his return gives us,—his safe return this dreary winter weather! Or would you place some money among my sweets? he may want it, poor fellow."

Danielis shook his head, as he answered, "Money! that is dry nourishment for heart and spirit, though useful for corporeal wants and necessities. Let us think of a nobler gift; he deserves it! He has made a sacrifice to the highest of duties, and has resigned the most easy and pleasant life, one that all would desire, for a gloomy existence, surrounded by troubles and dangers. He may sink under it. No one, except God and his own conscience, can reward him as he merits; but let us now gratify the strongest of his earthly wishes. Come, I have a happy thought." He whispered something to his wife with a smile.

Mother Anna at first looked at him doubtfully, as if quite alarmed; but the expression of her features soon changed, and her face beamed with a joy which lighted up her whole countenance.

"It is a charming idea," exclaimed she; "but how shall we gain time? for evening will quickly be here, and great preparations will be needful. Where shall I find flowers? and an invitation must be sent to all our relatives. As to the feast, there will be plenty of good things, for I am always prepared on a day like this. Then, the goldsmith—I must go into the town myself. No! I can send. But there is no time to be lost; evening is at hand. Go, my dear husband; and do your part."

Mother Anna set to work so eagerly that she put all the house in motion; but no one could guess the reason of these extraordinary preparations. One messenger was sent to the town; another to the wood; a third to invite the guests; a fourth to the goldsmith and the jeweller. There happened to be a young cousin on a visit at the Elder's to whom Mother Anna confided the secret, and whom she chose as her assistant; and when evening came, and the happy Jacob arrived, and had embraced his parents, brothers, and sisters, all was prepared to make the holy day a most happy one for him.

Much time was spent, as may be well imagined, in questions, answers, caresses, and rejoicings over the newly-arrived guest. At length the father made his way through the joyful family group, and raised his voice above the rest for silence. He took Jacob's hand, and said:—

"To business, my children, to business! before we sit down to supper. Our young missionary has not left his post to-day in vain. He expects his Christmas gift. Ah! poor Jacob, you were too late to share with the others. But it would grieve your mother's heart to leave you uncared for at this happy time. Come, mother, lead the way into your drawing-room, and we will follow. Now, young people, after us," cried the father, smiling merrily at his flock.

No sooner said than done. The family entered Mother Anna's saloon, which was gaily lighted up. The walls were covered with oil-paintings and engravings; with portraits of her children and relatives, or memorials of friends; for to walk in loving remembrance among those dear to her, the dead as well as the living, was the sweetest of her quiet domestic feelings. At one end of the room, near a sofa, stood a table adorned with confectionary of all sorts. To this table the father and mother led their son. Both watched his looks, smiling, and enjoying his surprise. Jacob embraced them both, exclaiming:—

"How affectionate, how good you are to me!"

"Affectionate, certainly," repeated the Elder; "but good!—no, Jacob. This table, so trifling a gift, contradicts your assertion. However, I can, should you

wish it, add something to these nothings. It is a jewel which many will covet, and yet many will reproach you for taking it. Reflect before accepting it, for if you do so, you must keep it for ever. It is not mine, yet I can give it to you. It costs me nothing, yet it will cause you much expense, which expense may increase yearly. It delights all who look upon it, and I confess it charms me by something magical in its form and colour. But in a few years the gold frame will tarnish, and then the worth or the worthlessness of the jewel will be discovered. Dear Jacob, look not so astounded, even though I speak in riddles. This jewel is itself an enigma, to which time alone can give you a clue. Yet, I feel certain, that the more anxiety it costs to obtain, the greater happiness will it bestow on you. But why say more? Come, my son, see it with your own eyes, and then decide."

While the elder thus spoke, the whole family stood around him in a circle, listening with much curiosity. Danielis opened the door of an adjoining room, and exclaimed, "Follow me!"

There, beneath the flower-garlands and ivy branches which adorned the chamber, more beautiful in her simple white robe than if glittering with jewels,—sat Else; her head bowed down, and her hands clasped in deep anxiety. The whole household looked on amazed; then followed a deep silence. Jacob stood as though petrified with wonder; but joy and ecstasy flashed from his eyes. He stretched forth his arms to his beloved; Else rose, trembling, and sank fainting with happiness upon his faithful breast.

The father and mother looked on with joyful tears, and the rest soon found their tongues in affectionate congratulations to the young lovers, who threw themselves into their parents' arms.

Scarcely a year from this joyful betrothal, the marriage of Jacob and Else was celebrated. The Elder and his wife live their own young days over again in witnessing this happy union; and every coming year adds to the bliss of the pastor and his beloved Else.—D.M.M.

MY FIRST VISIT TO COURT,

DESCRIBED IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

From the German of Starke.

[Gottlieb Wilhelm Christoph Starke, Protestant minister of Ballenstedt, is the author of five small volumes, entitled "Gemälde aus dem häuslichen Leben und Erzählungen" (*Pictures illustrative of Domestic Life, and Tales*). The simple beauty, purity, fidelity, and quiet humour of these sketches are very charming; and although these qualities cannot be entirely preserved in a translation, yet it is hoped that the specimens we are about to submit to the reader will convey a favourable idea of an author who is almost entirely unknown in this country.]

FIVE wearisome hours have I to describe to you, my dear friend—five hours full of that sort of anguish which we may suppose a fish out of water to endure. I feel as much relieved as a man that has just paid off a heavy debt; for, since the occurrence of the vexatious events of yesterday, I have enjoyed a night of undisturbed repose. O magic sleep! how beautifully dost thou render rough things smooth, dark things bright! how sweetly dost thou restore troubled spirits to their accustomed rest, and obliterate the traces of all past grievances, except those that arise from a troubled conscience! Again we stand like a healthy tree after a storm, look back upon past adventures, relate them, and laugh at them as at a dream of the night.

You have long been aware of my sincere regard for worthy farmer Kronow, of Torneburg, and the delight with which I participate in the simple pleasures of his house. His little estate lies opposite to the town. A

smiling prospect is seen from the upper windows of the house, well-fed cattle abound in the yard, and numerous signs of rural industry are scattered every where around.

My journey hither the day before yesterday was delightful, and still more so the conversation I had with my friends on my arrival, accompanied as it was with the prospect of a week's unrestrained enjoyment beneath their hospitable roof. But, as the farmer rightly says, "thistles spring up among the finest wheat," so from one rosy week I must subtract five thorny hours, and these I am about to describe to you.

Yesterday morning the secretary of the prince called upon my friend, to speak with him, in the name of his master, concerning the measurement of some land. When that business was concluded, the polite gentleman turned to me, addressed me by name, (for he had already heard of me and my village,) and inquired if he had the honour of speaking to the author of the moral tales and the work on education. "The prince knows you, and has more than once mentioned you in terms of admiration," said he, in reply to my affirmative answer to his question; and then, after many friendly assurances, he departed.

Directly after dinner I received a short note from him, stating that he had told the prince of my being here, that his royal highness expressed a wish to make my acquaintance, and if I would be at the castle by three o'clock, the sentinel would conduct me to his (the secretary's) room, and he would introduce me to the prince. There was not much more than an hour left for me to dress, and to think over the part which I had to perform. I felt very anxious to support my literary character with dignity, and at the same time to converse with the freedom and familiarity of a private gentleman. That the prince would speak of my writings was certain. I therefore thought over a number of important subjects, from which I drilled a whole regiment of ideas, which I proposed to pass in review before the prince as an entertainment worthy of the kind attention he had showed me. My toilet was finished before my ideas were satisfactorily arranged, and I set out more sleek, well brushed, and whitely powdered, than I had been for a long time, while the farmer's eldest son, who accompanied me to the castle, could scarcely keep up with my rapid strides.

When we arrived at the castle gate, the friendly boy left me, and I received a somewhat energetic challenge from the sentinel as to who I was and what I wanted. I requested to be conducted to the secretary. Unimportant as this interruption was, yet it made me painfully conscious that I was out of my proper sphere, in which, being known to every one, I could come and go without being questioned. On this account I felt less at ease with the secretary, and more at a loss for words than I was in the forenoon. The man sat buried in papers, and hastily told me to follow him into an adjoining room, where I should find two distinguished gentlemen, whom he named to me, and with whom I should pass my time most agreeably until the prince was ready to speak with me, which would be before the concert, in about an hour's time. With this he sprang hastily before me, opened the door of the apartment, and closed it with equal haste when I had entered. The magnificence of the walls and the ceiling, the multitude of ornaments, and the splendour of the furniture, bewildered me, so that I could observe nothing quietly; while the torrent of words which the two gentlemen poured forth, one after the other, and sometimes both together, upon me, exposed me between two fires of politeness, which I could return only by a mute and somewhat bashful succession of bows. To add to my perplexity, I had entirely forgotten their long, and, to my ears, most unfamiliar titles; and fearing to offend by addressing a cold *Sir* to each of them, I became more and more embarrassed and helpless.

Oh, that all those who move in high and splendid stations had enough of charity and knowledge of man-

kind not to despise at once those persons in the middle ranks of life who may chance to be torn from their station, and placed for a few hours in their company, even though they do conduct themselves tediously and awkwardly. At home, and among their own affairs, they are probably active and intelligent, conversational, and pleasing; while, in a new order of things, they would know as little how to conduct themselves as would the most accomplished courtier if he were suddenly transported from a German castle into the palace of the Emperor of China. Some such thoughts as these passed confusedly through my head as I stood before these two gentlemen; but my thoughts did not help to restore my composure, for I judged, perhaps unjustly, that they were not likely to bear this in mind. Their coolness and my warmth, their composure and my agitation, formed so striking a contrast, that I became more and more silent and disheartened. Twice did I attempt to collect my scattered thoughts, but failed. All that I said, even that which I uttered with warmth, appeared to me constrained and empty, pointless and flat, because it was accompanied with the feeling of internal restraint; and so I lost all self-satisfaction, without which a man can seldom contribute to the satisfaction of others.

"Probably you admire beautiful prospects," said one of the two gentlemen, opening a window for me, and then turning away with indifference. With such a prospect before me, if I had only been left to myself for a single quarter of an hour, or, still better, had had you, my dear friend, by my side, I should have recovered my senses, and have been myself again. The prospect was too beautiful to leave me unmoved. Within the graceful curve of the distant horizon were included several towns, and many hamlets, with the territories peculiar to each. On one side were richly wooded hills; on the other, wide-spread pasture lands; and directly beneath me was the castle garden, taste fully and scientifically adorned, near which the broad river peacefully glided along, creeping artistically round a little wood, and finally, in one magnificent sweep, encircling the town. Then the numerous houses which so prettily dotted the landscape awakened a yet stronger sympathy within me, while the incessant changes in the degree of light which illumined it excited a slight feeling of pensiveness. Whilst one side of the landscape was glowing in the bright sunshine, the thick clouds of evening clothed the other side in obscurity; so that between the two resulted a most beautiful play of light and shade.

Full of inexpressible emotion, I turned my gaze into the room. The two gentlemen were standing near the door, conversing about the bas-reliefs which adorned it. It did not occur to me that those who were in the daily habit of seeing this prospect were not likely to fall into raptures at its beauty; but the excitement I was in, and perhaps also a secret wish to show by my conversation that I really was a man of some feeling, drew from me a speech, which I felt almost before I had uttered it to be inflated and cold. "Truly," exclaimed I, "when such a glorious landscape does not seize the imagination and captivate the senses, man must be destitute of mind or of feeling, and as such worthy of pity!" One of the gentlemen looked up at me oddly, with eyes full of curiosity, waiting to hear something more, equally extravagant; the other laughed; and I stood rebuffed and terrified, like a child who has just broken a glass. "That was stupid," thought I, and I felt as if I would say as much. I stammered out something by way of limitation to my sweeping condemnation, which, as far as I can remember, did not much mend it; and I now felt so thoroughly abashed, that I did not even look again upon the rich landscape, whereby, as it afterwards occurred to me, the gentlemen must have thought that my sentimentality had very soon evaporated.

Nevertheless, they gave themselves some trouble to

make the conversation general: they asked me about this one and that one, and what must have been quite indifferent to them, about my station, my place of abode, my acquaintance, &c. My replies were very unready, and but little to the purpose. At one time I so far forgot myself as to speak of one of my neighbour's affairs with as much zeal and particularity as if the man had been their cousin. I then remembered that I was getting too discursive, and directly after my talk was, on the other hand, too restrained. In short, every moment I was forgetting the position I was in; my mind led me from the company of strangers into that of old acquaintance—from the castle to my own village. To maintain a discourse was therefore impossible. "These gentlemen were not made for me!" thought I; but now I see how unjust I was, for it might also have occurred to them, "The man was not made for us!" and if they did think so, they thought right. Our intercourse now became monosyllabic, and it was evidently kept up only to prevent yawning. One of them stood before a picture; the other walked slowly up and down, with his hands folded behind him, or pulled now and then at his neckcloth, or adjusted his shirt-frill; while I, with inward misgiving, looked towards the sky, which was becoming more and more clouded, and longed to be again at Kronow's cottage.

When we fail to make acquaintance with a man by attempting to exchange thoughts and feelings, we may often succeed by means of a pinch of snuff. So seemed to think the walking gentleman, for he suddenly stopped and held out his snuff-box to me. I declined with a bow. "But it is very unseemly in me," thought I, "to slight his kind offer," so lifted up my hand to take a pinch. He had withdrawn the box, but politely held it out again. My hand was already lowered, and I gave a second declining bow, but, as before, extended my hand a second time to take a pinch at the very moment that he withdrew his. He tried it again, and so did I, but the attempt failed; and there arose between us a most extraordinary seesawing of hands—a suitable image of our whole interview, in which ignorance on the one side to give was met by equal ignorance on the other side to take.

In truth, I did not succeed in taking; for, during our attempts, the door suddenly opened, and a servant entered to conduct me to the prince. I felt like a young man who is just going to deliver his maiden speech. I followed the servant through several rooms and halls, my heart beating violently; but, at the same time, I was collecting all my resolution to be calm, in order that my presence of mind might control my feelings. And, perhaps, all might yet have gone well, for the noble yet kind expression of the prince's countenance filled me at once with confidence and esteem, had it not been that, on entering his highness's apartment, the highly polished floor caused my foot to slip, and I nearly fell down. "Take care," said he kindly, "the floor is slippery." And here unfortunately my resolution not to express what was uppermost in my mind gave way. "Please your highness," said I, "it is indeed slippery at court." "That may be," returned he, "but it is not my fault: I have not made it so smooth." This answer, which made me feel how indecorous my remark had been, threw me at once into the condition of a confused orator, and made me as dull and awkward in this room as I had been in the other.

"You have written some excellent books," began the prince anew.

"Yes!" said I.

The prince smiled.

"I am stupid already at the beginning," thought I—I felt that I only meant that I had written some books—not that they were excellent. Awkward, very awkward is it, to hear a remark to which you must give both yes and no in the same answer. All my self-possession was gone—it was of no avail to attempt to recover myself—I must remain a passive sufferer. The

regiment of ideas which I had so industriously, but so vainly drilled, was of no use to me. I had supposed that the prince would of course say something about my book on education: I was therefore prepared to add to his remarks a statement of my own experience as to the necessity of making better provision for the education of the poor, by the further distribution and general improved management of schools. But it was too bad—he did not honour my education book with one word, but merely asked whether I was not soon going to bring out something new. I now fell into the same error as I had committed with my former companions. I was either too discursive or too abrupt. I gave as minute a detail of my negotiations with my publisher, as if the prince had been a bookseller. I then bethought myself that such details were not decorous, and began to talk about my unpublished work in as familiar a manner as if the prince himself had fairly copied the manuscript from my hand.

My unsuitable expressions, my familiar address, my incoherent remarks, all that escaped from my lips only served to constrain me more and more. I glowed as if I stood before a furnace, and compressed my toes until they ached. My increasing perplexity and the distress of my situation were more and more apparent to the good-natured prince—his questions therefore became more simple and considerate, while the throbbing of my heart and the earnest desire for deliverance from this scene increased every moment.

At this juncture the secretary suddenly entered, approached his highness, and said something to him, of which I only understood the words, "just arrived." The prince made me a very friendly bow, and hastened away accompanied by the secretary. There stood I alone. I uttered a deep-drawn sigh, wiped the perspiration from my forehead, and began inwardly to lament my awkwardness. But why did I not then think as I now do, that after a few days all this would afford me amusement rather than vexation? That which causes a man pain and displeasure can often be looked back to as a subject for laughter. But I could not think so then; indeed, something within me seemed to whisper, that my adventures were not at an end. Alone and undecided, I looked round the large room, which echoed my footsteps, and knew not which way or where to go. I remembered the secretary to have told me, that directly after my interview with the prince I might go into the concert-room, where I might expect a great treat. But where, in this huge wide castle, was I to look for the concert-room?

I crept away on tip-toe, as if treading upon forbidden ground, and went whither chance conducted me. I passed through many rooms which I had not yet seen—entered many corridors which led I knew not whither: at one time I walked forwards—then turned back again—cruised about hither and thither—tried all four points of the compass—paused to consider, and became quite convinced that I had lost my way. Then I impatiently began my wanderings over again, and tried all the paths I had already given up as hopeless, until, without knowing it, I got into another wing of the castle; but when I discovered it, it did not help me. I had already knocked gently at many a door and tried many a handle—many a door had I opened in vain, when at length I gently put my head into a room, where my head was of all things the least expected. Two ladies' maids, as they appeared to be, stood busily occupied in adorning themselves. They both fled to one corner of the apartment, and I drew back equally startled, while one of the pair, a gaily dressed creature with roguish black eyes, sent after me an unrestrained volley of laughter.

This was the first time that I had been openly laughed at, and I retreated from it more quickly than a rogue before a police officer. In the hope of escaping at last from this labyrinth, I hastily entered a chamber through an open door, and thence into another chamber, and

here my progress was stayed, for it led no further. I stood in the midst of a bed-room, in which was an unmade bed and abundance of litter. My superlative ideas of the refinement and splendour of every thing in this castle were somewhat corrected by the ordinary appearance of this room. "Was I not a fool," thought I, "to entertain such undue veneration for every thing here, and thus to behave so timidly? Am I not here among men who go to bed and sleep—get up again and wash, in no better state than I; and some of whom use much dirtier linen?"

Whilst I was making these observations, the occupier of the room suddenly entered, and seeing a stranger there, started, and with a mistrustful and angry look, asked, "What are you doing in my room?"

I answered with a bow, "I am only looking for the concert-room."

"The concert-room, why that is in the other wing! No, sir! that excuse won't do."

I explained to him as well as I could, or rather as confusedly as possible, who I was and how I had lost my way. My dress, my respectable appearance, and my white leathern gloves, which I still wore, seemed at length to pacify him, and with a little less threatening air he pointed out the way I was to take. Confused at the awkwardness of the adventure, I left his room without feeling able to profit by his directions. This advice, which was to keep the little ball-room on my right, and then to go by the blue room on the left, was not of much use to a poor lost fellow, who was so little used to these things as not to know where the little ball room or the blue room might chance to be situated. "It is just the same," thought I, "in the castle as in the street—men have not sufficient perspicacity to give plain directions to a stranger." I was even going to be angry about it, but it occurred to me that on the subject of perspicacity I had not much that day to boast of. For my consolation I now caught sight of the secretary. He took me readily under his guidance, began to chat in the most friendly manner, and at length brought me to a door, at which I remembered I had already stood twice hesitating.

"Yes! yes!" said he, when I told him so; "a man often misses the right way by over-carefulness about it;" and so he conducted me into the concert-room.

Here I began to breathe freely, under the hope that enjoyment would supersede perplexity. But the gratification of my ears was not likely to allay my thirst, and my parched tongue began to remind me, that it would be pleasant to drink first and listen afterwards. "Only think that in such a splendid castle no one should offer me a cup of coffee!" mused I. "How refreshing would it be, especially with such milk as the farmer's cows yield—such as my kind hostess brings to me in the honeysuckle bower!" During these cogitations, I noticed a general stir among those about me. Suddenly the prince, the princess, and some members of the royal family appeared. I stepped a little forward, as I thought it my duty, to make a bow to the prince, but in my awkwardness I had well-nigh run over him. "Does the man want any thing?" said some of the attendants softly, yet so that I could hear it. I looked around me as if I had just awakened out of a dream. The people laughed and I returned, I knew not how, back again to my seat. "That was superlatively stupid!" thought I, rubbing my forehead full of anguish that I should again be such a bungler.

"Does the man want anything?" seemed to ring in my ears: but the really excellent music now began: all eyes were turned, not on me, as I had feared, but on the performers. The stillness and breathless attention of the audience were contrasted by the lively expressions of delight in the vicinity of the conductor. These, with the splendid decorations of the hall, diverted my attention, and helped to soothe my mind, and made me forget this last blunder sooner than I had done my former mishaps.

But twice, as the prince seemed to be looking somewhat steadily towards the place where I sat, it occurred to me that his highness was offended at my behaviour. Without considering that the prince was most probably thinking on far more important affairs, or if he thought on my strange behaviour at all, his easy politeness would readily forgive it, I reviewed the whole of my conduct, and could not conceive how I had come to be so excessively awkward. "Oh, that I could now recall the time that is past!" thought I, "I should succeed better." Greatly did I lament that I had lost so many favourable opportunities; the encomium of one might have been met with such and such an ingenious return; to the remark of another, I might have given this or that appropriate reply; on more than one occasion I could have put in this or that witty repartee; and had I been ready enough to seize my opportunities, there was really no reason why my well-selected, nicely arranged stock of ideas should have been so utterly destroyed. I was occupied with these gloomy reflections, through which, however, the prospect of a pleasant evening's chat, and supper with Kronow, came like a ray of light: I was also more or less attentive to the sound of the music, and afterwards to that of the rain, which was more in unison with my farmer's wishes than with mine. All this occupation brought me to eight o'clock, and to the end of the concert. Everybody left the room, and whither everybody went, I followed slowly. Unfortunately the busy secretary was nowhere to be met with; else he would probably have taken care of me. The greater portion of the audience dispersed to different parts of the castle; the rest hastened away with rustling umbrellas in different directions, without taking any notice of me, until I found myself standing alone, and undecided, within the principal entrance of the castle. "Who knows how long the rain may last! Hasten, that thou may'st fall into the arms of hospitality, for thy soul yearneth for condoling friends, and thy body for meat and drink!" With this I fixed my hat securely on my head, buttoned up my coat, made a sally, and ran (in a style that, perhaps, had not been seen in the castle square for many a day) in the direction of the lodge.

Was it this unusual, scandalous running, or was it that the very worst luck accompanied me to the last? I know not. Just before I had reached the lodge, an enormous dog started up, sprang at me, placed his paws on my breast, and bellowed and howled in my face with the voice of a lion. "Help! murder! help!" bawled I, as loudly as a man with sound lungs could bawl. The porter roared with laughter. This both consoled and vexed me, but I implored his assistance. "Augh the dog don't bite!" drawled he. "Help! help!" roared I. At length I was released, trembling in every limb. I took off my hat, partly in gratitude and partly in displeasure, and hastened forward without looking on one side or the other, as if I was fleeing from the dog. "Oh! it is a wearisome life at court," thought I; "and I am a poor dull simpleton who knows not how to direct or help himself: I really think I am no longer the same man!" In the midst of such thoughts, I found that I had lost the way which the farmer's son had shown me, and saw to my great astonishment that I was in the midst of a lonely place bounded by a few poor huts.

I hastened to the nearest hut to ask my way; but the scene which suddenly met my eyes kept me back. Before a handsomely dressed youth, stood an elderly woman with clasped hands, her face directed upwards, and her eyes overflowing with tears. "You make me mourn less for the loss of my good son who supported me," sobbed she. "May God bless you for what you do for me! but, dear, noble sir are you not indeed relieving yourself? You have no parents, and your place at court must cost you much."

"Never fear, good mother," answered the young man. "What you have had, and what you may further need,

can be spared from my superfluities; I make no use of strong drinks," continued he, "so that the money which is allowed me for wine, I can spend how I like."

"God reward you, and our good prince also, for supporting a poor woman like me!" My eyes were wet with tears, and I felt that I was myself again.

"It is well for me," thought I, "that I have been to court. The court is not to be blamed because I am unacquainted with its fashion and its state; there are good men at court: there are good men every where—they only differ in appearance according to the station in which they move. In my own station, I think, I behave tolerably well; I am now the man that I was, and thankful am I that I have recovered my position."

In the meanwhile the young man had left the hut, and having heard my request, politely offered to accompany me. His friendly, intelligent, conversation made the road appear very short, and before I was aware of it, and almost before I wished it, he pointed out Kronow's beloved farm-yard. I pressed warmly the hand of the noble youth when he left me. I longed to embrace him, and stood gazing after him till he was out of sight.

My peaceful shelter was glowing in the soft rays of the sun, then setting amid the clouds of evening. A beautiful rainbow adorned the sky, one limb of which seemed to rest upon the farm-house. A graceful boy now hastened towards me shouting, "Quick! quick! supper is ready!" My host, waiting for me at the entrance to the farm-yard, grasped my hand firmly, and welcomed me with a look full of kindness. The cattle were lying about the house ruminating—greedy ducks were crowding round a trough—and a shaggy dog came wagging his tail and whining a welcome. Within the porch I was met by the blooming wife of my friend, a smiling infant in her arms: "Welcome! welcome!" said she, "from the court to a rustic meal. Come in, it is all ready."

Joyfully did I enter the room. A large dish full of white asparagus was sending forth a pleasant steam—an inviting salmon displayed its bright red flesh—a tin, full of roast pigeons, was hissing on the wood ashes—and a flask of wine was sparkling on the table. I forgot all my vexations, and two hours afterwards slept away all remembrance of them; and now I am, as always, a friend with all the world and you.

THE NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN.

A FAIRY TALE.

AFTER some weeks of bustle in repairs and preparations, the new lord arrived, and a succession of feasts and gaieties began; not such, however, as to prevent his giving the minutest attention to the wants of his vassals and dependants, and diligently fulfilling all the duties of a feudal lord.

It was several weeks before Maud saw him except at a distance, but one evening he was crossing a courtyard alone, on his return from hunting, when she was trying to lift a heavy pitcher of water to her head. The count saw she could not manage it, and took hold of it, as she supposed, to raise it for her; but he carried it across the yard, and only put it on her head when she was close to the door she was taking it to. As he turned away, he excused his condescension to his own mind by telling himself that no knight could see a woman so overloaded, and not help her—though the thought crossed his mind that it was a pity she was such an ugly, crooked thing. Maud's thoughts were very different; all she had heard from the old housekeeper of his childhood and youth, all the steward and the new servants said of his exploits in battle, all she saw of his kindness to the poor, his liberal and judicious alms, his high sense of justice, and his anxiety to re-

medy all that had gone wrong with his vassals during the absence of their lord, his sincere piety—all had prepossessed her mind in his favour, and she had more than once caught herself wishing that she were in her original station, and wondering whether they would then have met, or if he would have remarked her if they had. She tried to check these thoughts as vain and idle, but they grew upon her, and his kindness in helping her with the pitcher, which for the first time brought her close to him, and allowed her to see his features clearly, added to the uneasiness, which she did not suspect was love, though she found herself really unhappy in the reflection that her menial station completely separated them, and that she could have no hope of exchanging it for another. She remembered, too, that, though nobly born, her father's rank was hardly equal to that of the young count; and besides she thought with pain how different his life and reputation had been from those which first drew her attention to Count Henry, and that, even should he ever know her name, he would probably hear it only with abhorrence. All these reflections proved to her how hopeless was the dawning affection she sometimes feared she felt, and she struggled against it till she hoped it was conquered; but the pain she felt at the arrival of the decree from Rome, by which the count was released from his vows, and free to seek a wife, opened her eyes.

Rumour, she knew, had been premature in the first announcement, though there was no doubt of the dispensation being ultimately granted; but now she might any day see him the husband of another. She almost made up her mind to leave the castle, and see if she could find an asylum in some convent, as a lay sister, but unconsciously she deferred it from day to day. At length the whole castle was in a bustle, preparing for a grand ball, which the young count had determined to give, to return the civilities of his neighbours. The day fixed for it arrived,—Maud had much to do, and not a little to bear, for in addition to her own heavy heart, the old housekeeper had been so much worried that she was crosser than usual. However, when the dinner was over, she told Maud that she could now spare her for a couple of hours, and she might go up stairs and look at the dancers. A sudden thought struck the poor girl—she ran to her room, seized her musk ball, which she had almost forgotten, half unscrewed it, and wished for a splendid dress. Instantly she heard a rustling of silks, and a magnificent white brocade, embroidered with rose-buds and violets, lay beside her, with all ornaments to correspond, and shoes, stockings—all she could need to appear in the ball-room. She uttered an exclamation of gratitude to her godmother, and hastened to wash the stains from her skin—and, thanks perhaps in part to fairy power, she found its whiteness unimpaired. She then dressed herself completely, and put her peasant's cloak round her, that she might reach the ball-room unobserved, in which she succeeded. Leaving her cloak behind a pillar in the ante-room, she entered the great hall, where all the rank and beauty of the district were assembled. She heard a buzz of wondering admiration—every body asked every one else who she could be—and soon the count came to her, greeting her as an honoured guest, and begged to know who it was that so graced his festival. Maud intimated that, for the present, she wished to remain unknown, and as this whim was not without precedent in those days, the count politely acquiesced, and led her to the upper end of the hall, where his step-mother, the Countess Hildegard, his father's widow, was doing the honour of the castle. The old countess, who was noted for her pride, received her with much dignity, not ungraciously, but with some reserve, as she felt doubtful of the stranger's rank. As soon as he possibly could, Count Henry asked Maud to dance, and was so much delighted with her wit and beauty, and her modest, unassuming demeanour, that he could hardly persuade himself to leave her, and he

was again and again at her side, till she suddenly remembered that the time the housekeeper had spared her was more than elapsed, and she must hurry away. She watched an opportunity, and contrived to slip out unperceived—she threw her cloak round her, ran to her little room, took off and hid her dress, put on her servant's clothes, not forgetting the hump, and, having again coloured her skin, she ran down stairs to the kitchen.

She found Dame Gottfried very much vexed at her delay; and the scolding which followed was difficult to bear in the moment of half-intoxication she felt at the great admiration she had excited, at her first appearance in the society of her proper rank. But she took it patiently, and so diligently set about the work she was ordered to do that the housekeeper left off scolding, and at last went to bed, before the ball was completely at an end. Maud stole back into the ante-room, in reality to have another glimpse of the count; or, as she said to herself, that she might see if the guests were likely to go away soon. She stood among the servants, and heard all their conjectures about the beautiful stranger, who had disappeared so unaccountably; and it gratified her much to learn that the young count had sought her everywhere, and had made all sorts of inquiries about her equipage—how she had come, and whence—(of course without success; no one had seen her arrive or depart)—and that, though obliged to dance repeatedly during the night, he had seemed, the servants remarked, to have lost all pleasure in the ball, and to be thinking only of discovering the unknown lady.

Moon after this the guests began to depart,—and ere long all was silent, and every one gone to rest but poor Maud, who turned and turned on her trundle-bed, and wondered how she could be so foolish, and tried to still her mind, which seemed all in a whirl, and prayed for help, and guidance, and courage, till at last, from very weariness, she dropped asleep. She woke late the next morning, but luckily got down stairs before the old housekeeper, who had been much tired.

For some days she did not see the count, but she heard that he was much from home, and that, in fact, he was searching everywhere for the unknown lady;—and at last that, despairing of seeing her again otherwise, he had determined to give another ball, in hopes she might come to it. Accordingly, the castle was again all preparation, and on the appointed day it was once more filled with guests. Maud had worked very diligently all day, hoping the housekeeper would again give her leave of absence, but at first she refused, saying, she had stayed too long the last time, but Maud begged so hard, that the old woman, who was really fond of her, yielded, on condition she would not exceed the time specified. Maud flew to her room, washed off the stains, and seized her musk-ball, wishing, as she unscrewed it, for a dress yet more splendid and becoming than the last. As she made the wish, a pang shot through her mind that she had wasted the second of the three gifts the ball was to grant her—she had but one left! Would not her first dress have done very well? and might there not be many events of life in which she would more need her fairy godmother's help? Even now, was the dress all, or even the chief thing she wished for? But even to herself she shrunk from acknowledging her love for Count Henry. However, repentance came too late, for a magnificent dress of pink cloth of silver lay before her, trimmed with lace and embroidery, such as a princess could hardly wear, and with every thing else, even jewels, to correspond; and Maud forgot her regrets in the delight of seeing herself look lovelier than ever, and in anxiety to know what the count would say and do.

She was quickly in the ball-room, and again her entrance was unperceived till all risk of discovery was over—most likely by the assistance of the Nymph of the Fountain, though unseen. Count Henry, who had

been looking eagerly for her, came towards her immediately, and led her at once to the old countess, whose haughtiness was not lessened, either by the success with which the stranger had kept her secret, or by her son's evident admiration of her; but the magnificence of her dress made some impression, and she received her politely enough. The count led her out to dance, and then sat beside her conversing, without noticing any one else, till half the ladies in the room were affronted, and poor Maud's head was so turned, that time flew by unnoticed. The striking of the clock, more than an hour beyond that at which she should have been in the kitchen, roused her: she started up, but could not escape the count. To go then was to reveal herself, which she had not courage to do, the more because she had discovered that the countess Hildegard was of a family whose hereditary enmity to hers she well remembered. It was long before she could find an opportunity of getting away; at last she succeeded, at a moment when the count's attention was purposely fixed by the Countess Hildegard, who much disliked his devotion to the stranger. With an aching heart Maud changed her dress, almost convinced of the count's affection, and now unable to close her eyes to her own, but more than ever fearful that her name and family would be an insurmountable bar between them, even should the obstacles of her want of fortune, and her present mental condition, be overlooked.

Dame Gottfried was excessively angry at her long absence, and asked where she had been, declaring she had twice searched the ante-room in vain for her. Maud truly replied that she had not quitted the castle, but had been twice in her own room; however, the old woman's scolding continued more bitter than ever, and poor Maud could not help shedding tears. But everything comes to an end, pain as well as pleasure, and at last the guests were gone, and Maud was alone in her little room, weeping bitterly as she knelt by her bed side. Gradually her thoughts arranged themselves into prayer, and soon she became more tranquil, though she saw no release from her sorrow. She fell asleep, debating with herself whether she ought not to leave the castle next day, at any cost; but when she awoke in the morning, she was as undecided as ever. In truth, though she was hardly herself aware of the motive, the count's evident admiration gave her a hope, which she could not resolve to abandon, and she determined to wait the course of events.

That day was one of much trial, for Dame Gottfried had not forgotten her crime of the night before, and lost no opportunity of finding fault. Poor Maud had never yet suffered so much: but the day wore on, and, tired to death, in mind and body, she fell asleep almost the moment she laid down in bed. It was some comfort to her to learn, on the following day, that the count was indefatigable in his efforts to trace her, and, very soon after, he once more determined to try whether a third ball would obtain him another interview; when he promised himself not to lose sight of the mysterious stranger for a single instant.

The ball was given, but no entreaties of Maud's could prevail on the housekeeper to let her go and look at it. No, she said; she was determined to punish her for staying so long the last time; and she kept her at work, at one trifling thing or another, till just before all was over, when, moved by Maud's good temper, she desired her to come with her, and stand beside her, to see the guests depart. Accordingly they went to the entrance-hall, and there Maud saw Count Henry leading to her a beautiful young lady, with whom she remembered he had been dancing when she entered the room on the night of the first ball. The whispers of those around soon made her know that this was an heiress of high rank and great wealth, whom his step-mother wanted him to marry. It was some comfort to learn, at the same time, that he had paid little attention to this lady, or to any one else, all the evening, but had

seemed intent on watching for the stranger, who, to every one's surprise, never appeared. Various were the conjectures about her, and strange and wild enough; but none approached the truth, and Maud could hardly help smiling, as she heard herself supposed a fairy—a witch—an Eastern princess, who had loved the knight in Palestine, and a hundred other impossible stories imagined.

But it was gratifying to hear all unanimous in praise of her beauty, and grace, and modest demeanour, and declaring that it was no wonder the count was so captivated. How little the speakers guessed that the shabby, crooked kitchen-maid, who stood in the corner unnoticed by any, was the lovely and splendidly-dressed lady they were so curious about! Poor Maud's tears were less bitter this night than after the last ball, for, besides all these unintended encomiums, she felt she had done right in conquering her impatience, and obeying the cross old housekeeper so implicitly.

Many days had not passed before the young count was said to be ill. His search for the unknown lady had been unceasing, and his disappointment preyed on his spirits, till at last it threw him into a fever, and soon his life was pronounced in danger. The household was in despair, for he was much loved, and the old housekeeper, who had seen him born, sat over the fire weeping in agony. Maud was half tempted to give her third wish to his recovery; but, while she hesitated, she resolved first to try if a little *hope* would be of any use to him; so she went to Dame Gottfried, and said that the godmother who had taught her everything else she knew, had given her some knowledge of medicine, as she had already proved; and that, if the housekeeper would allow her, she thought she could prepare a draught that would do their lord good. Dame Gottfried cross-questioned her a good deal, but Maud would not tell precisely what she would make it of, and she insisted so much on the benefit she expected from it, that the old woman, who had more than once experienced Maud's skill in simples, agreed to let her try it. Maud, therefore, went into the garden, gathered various herbs, and made a drink of their mingled juice; but at the bottom of the cup she put a ring, which she had worn on the night of the second ball, and which the count had particularly admired. It was part of the splendid dress her godmother's gift had produced. Dame Gottfried took the dose to her master, and with some difficulty prevailed on him to drink it. To please her, he took the greater part, and was just setting the cup down, when the sparkling ring caught his eye. He took it out with some curiosity, but instantly recognising it, he started up, demanding who had put it into his draught. Dame Gottfried protested her total ignorance of it, expressing her wonder with such volubility that the count at last, half angry, insisted on knowing the history of the medicine. She told him it was made by one of the kitchen-maids, who had lived with her before his return home, and that she was sure the poor girl could know nothing of such a splendid jewel—it must have got into the cup by magic.

"Send her up to me," said the count.

Dame Gottfried hesitated, saying she was a mere kitchen wench, though a very tidy good girl, but not at all fit to come up stairs to his lordship's apartments; besides, she was an ugly crooked thing, whom he could not care to see.

All was of no use. The count peremptorily ordered the girl to be brought in. So down went Dame Gottfried, muttering that Maud's draught must have turned his brain; she was sure he was delirious.

Maud had expected this order, and had laid her Sunday clothes in readiness; so she was quickly dressed as the housekeeper wished, and ushered into the count's presence. He questioned her about the ring. She said it was a secret she could tell to him alone; so he ordered Dame Gottfried to leave the room, to her great vexation, and desired Maud to speak without fear. She

at once told him the ring was hers, and related her whole story. With bitter pain she saw a shade pass over his countenance when she mentioned her father's name, but it cleared off a good deal when he heard she was the daughter of the first wife, and disappeared gradually as she narrated, in a few words, her subsequent history: but she saw that he was still doubtful, that he could hardly believe *she* was the beautiful lady who had so fascinated him in the ball-room; so she asked if he wished to see her dressed as she had then been—in half an hour she could convince him of the truth of at least so much of her story. He called in the housekeeper, and desired her to see Maud to her room, and to remain outside the door, without leaving it for a moment, till she should come out again, and then bring her down to him.

Dame Gottfried wondered at this order, but could not avoid obeying, though it convinced her that she had been right in thinking the young count delirious. Maud fastened the door, after giving the poor old dame a chair to rest on, and began her toilette. She felt that her fate now approached its crisis; for, unless the count should at once seek her in marriage, she must immediately fly from the castle, and again earn her livelihood in a strange place, without the freedom of heart which had hitherto enlightened her lot. An asylum in a convent would be her best hope, and her jewels prevented her being entirely penniless, so that she might have presented herself under her real name, if she kept at a sufficient distance from her native place to avoid the ill consequences of her father's crimes.

She put on the white dress, the first of her godmother's gifts, and the one in which she had first publicly appeared in the rank she was born to. When she was ready, she opened the door. Dame Gottfried screamed with surprise, and almost fainted, and poor Maud had much trouble in recovering and composing her, before she was able to accompany her to the count's apartment. They found he had also dressed; and Maud augured well from seeing that his toilette had been at least as carefully made as her own. One glance was enough to satisfy him that he had indeed found the unknown lady. He received her with the utmost joy and respect, and at once entreated she would honour him with her hand—glad, he said, that he was able to replace her in the rank she deserved and would adorn; adding that, whatever he had heard of her father, her mother's virtues had not been forgotten, and he had even heard that the peasants regretted the death of their good young lady, whom more than one of them had intended to save. Maud now gave the count more minute details of her family and of her early life, so as to preclude all possibility of her being other than she represented herself; and she showed him a locket containing her mother's hair, and having her name engraved on it, the only trinket she possessed of her childish days, for her stepmother had not thought it worth taking. She did not refuse his offer of marriage, and he led her to the Countess Hildegard, and announced his intentions. The old lady was excessively angry, first, because she had planned another match for him, and still more, because he had chosen a girl totally without fortune; for the possessions of Maud's father had lapsed to the crown, as no heir appeared to claim them, and had been granted immediately to another family; but, worst of all, Maud was of a race with whom the countess's family had long been at enmity, and she violently opposed the marriage. However, Count Henry was not to be moved. As his stepmother refused to remain in the castle, or in any way to sanction his choice by her presence, Maud removed to a neighbouring convent, where she remained preparing herself, by prayer and meditation, for her new state of life, till the count's arrangements were complete. The marriage then took place with great pomp, for he invited all his neighbours, that he might introduce his bride; and, while he thus proved that he was not

ashamed of his choice, might enjoy the admiration she excited. At his special request she was married in the white dress he had first seen her in; and at the conclusion of the ceremony, she dedicated it to the use of the altar, resolving that one of her earliest occupations should be to make it into a magnificent vestment.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE INTERIOR OF A HAREM.

"THE women made me sit down; and when I placed myself in the usual European manner, they begged me in a deprecating tone not to remain in that constrained position, but to put myself quite at my ease, as if I were in my own house. How far I was at my ease, installed *à la Turque*, on an immense pile of cushions, I leave to be imagined by any one who ever tried to remain five minutes in that posture.

"I was determined to omit nothing that should give them a high idea of my 'savoir vivre,' according to their own notions, and began by once more gravely accepting a pipe. At the pacha's I had managed merely to hold it in my hand, occasionally touching it with my lips, without really using it; but I soon saw that, with some twenty pairs of eyes fixed jealously upon me, I must smoke here—positively and actually smoke—or be considered a violator of all the laws of good breeding. The tobacco was so mild and fragrant that the penance was not so great as might have been expected; but I could scarcely help laughing at the ludicrous position I was placed in, seated in state on a large square cushion, smoking a long pipe, the other end of which was supported by a kneeling slave, and bowing solemnly to the sultana between almost every whiff. Coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet (the most delightful of all pleasant draughts), were brought to me in constant succession by the two little negroes, and a pretty young girl, whose duty it was to present me the richly embroidered napkin, the corner of which I was expected to make use of as it lay on her shoulder, as she knelt before me. These refreshments were offered to me in beautiful crystal vases, little gold cups, and silver trays, of which, for my misfortune, they seemed to possess a large supply, as I was obliged to go through a never-ending course of dainties, in order that they might have an opportunity of displaying them all.

"My bonnet sadly puzzled them; and when, to please them, I took it off, they were most dreadfully scandalized, to see me with my hair uncovered, and could scarcely believe that I was not ashamed to sit all day without a veil or handkerchief; they could not conceive, either, why I should wear gloves, unless it were to hide the want of henna, with which they offered to supply me. They then proceeded to ask me the most extraordinary questions—many of which I really found it hard to answer. My whole existence was as incomprehensible to this poor princess, vegetating from day to day within her four walls, as that of a bird in the air must be to a mole burrowing in the earth. Her life consisted, as she told me, of sleeping, eating, dressing, and bathing. She never walked further than from one room to another; and I can answer for her not having an idea beyond the narrow limits of her prison. It is a strange and most unnatural state to which these poor women are brought; nor do I wonder that the Turks, whose own detestable egotism alone causes it, should declare that they have no souls."—*Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks, by a Seven Years Resident in Greece.*

THE ENSLAVED NEGRO.

"He and his family, together with some of his ancestors, were slaves in Peru, all born in the city of

Lima; after the death of his first owners he was sold from one party to another, sometimes having kind masters, more frequently severe. At last he was purchased by a merchant residing in the town of Payta, in the same province; he had a female slave, for whom the subject of the present biography formed an attachment. The owners are generally glad to discover affairs of this kind amongst their slaves, and often accelerate the matter, knowing well that an increase of what they brutally term 'stock,' may be the result. They were married, and the ceremony consisted in the master telling them to 'go and live together.'

"Matters went on smoothly and lovingly for some time; at last the severity of the owner displayed itself in repeatedly flogging the man; this was borne with fortitude for a long time.' (At this part of the history our host exhibited a portion of his body which was scarred, and in welts from the lash. The poor woman sighed deeply, and I confess I felt much for them.) 'On an oppressively hot day his wife was ordered into a store with him to perform some laborious work; she was too weak and unable for the required exertion; the inhuman master tied her up to a post and beat her severely with a lash composed of twisted thongs of bullock hide' (she had also her marks of punishment to show).

"She writhed under the punishment; her son, then a child, screaming at her feet; there was no mercy or cessation, until the arm of the master was fairly tired. The husband of this poor creature was looking on with, as he described it, 'grinding teeth.' What must have been his feelings! He then uttered an inward vow, both for revenge and an attempt at escape, if it cost him his life. This man and wife now laid their plans together; they lulled the suspicions of their owner by abject submission to all his orders for months, and perhaps he lauded the use of the lash for its apparent success in completely breaking the spirit of his slaves.

"Their plans were now matured: there were some English and American ships in the harbour; this merchant was in the habit of trading with some of them, and furnishing others with the stores they required. One evening after dark the negro told his master that Captain So and so wanted to speak with him particularly, and that he was at the hotel situated on the beach. (I may also add, from my own experience, this hotel at Payta is the chief one in the place, commands an extensive view of the bay and anchorage, has a wharf for its special accommodation, and was conducted in excellent style by an Englishman at the time of my sojourn in it.)

"He never hesitated, or for a moment doubted the veracity of his injured slave. He left his house, and as he was walking along the beach towards the hotel was stabbed to the heart, dragged down, and thrown into the water. The slave had previously provided a boat near at hand, which he had stolen off the beach about an hour before; his wife and child were in readiness; all being quickly embarked, he paddled silently out of the harbour, making a turn round nearly opposite the burial-ground, to avoid the shipping. Having in this manner rounded the northern head of the bay, he laid down his paddles, his wife and he taking an oar each, and pulled hard for their lives and liberty. The child and a bag of bread in the bottom of the boat.

"They had only a small jar of water with them, and consequently suffered much. However, after patient exertion, day and night, they succeeded in passing the precincts of Peru and arriving at Tacama, where they were 'free,' and kindly received. They 'squatted' on the bank of the river, cleared the ground, and erected the hut, where they seemed to enjoy each other's affection, and the freedom that human beings can feel who escape from tyrannous slavery.

"I inquired, through my interpreter, whether he

felt any regret at assassinating his late master? With gleaming eyes, and his whole frame presenting a true picture of demon-like ferocity and revenge, he answered rapidly, 'No.' Without acting so he would surely be retaken, as his owner, if he lived, would miss him in less than an hour; as it was, he had several hours' start, and cleared the precincts of Peru before his absence could be detected; and ended by saying that another slave of the same owner attempted to escape some time before him, 'that he was brought back, and so severely cowed that he died the next day.'—*Coulter's Adventures on the Western Coast of South America.*

PELICANS FLYING AND FISHING.

"It is a pleasant sight to see a flock of pelicans fishing. A dozen or more are flying, on heavy, flagging wing, over the sea, the long neck doubled on the back, so that the beak seems to protrude from the breast. Suddenly, a little ruffling of the water arrests their attention; and, with wings half-closed, down each plunges with a resounding splash, and in an instant emerges to the surface with a fish. The beak is held aloft, a snap or two is made, the huge pouch is seen for a moment distended, then collapses as before; and heavily the bird rises to wing, and again beats over the surface with its fellows. It is worthy of observation that the pelican invariably performs a somerset under the surface; for descending, as he always does, diagonally, not perpendicularly, the head emerges looking in the opposite direction to that in which it was looking before. When the morning appetite is sated, they sit calmly on the heaving surface, looking much like a miniature fleet.

"In the evening, as I have stated, we see them pursuing their laborious course to repose. Standing at the door of Bluefields, which from a slight elevation, commands a wide prospect of the beautiful bay, I have often watched in the evening, while the sun, sinking among his gilded piles and peaks of cloud on the horizon-sea, leaves the air refreshingly cool and balmy, while the dying sea-breeze scarcely avails to break the glassy reflection of the surface,—the straggling flocks of pelicans, from a dozen to forty or fifty, passing slowly along over the shore. On such occasions, they manifest a decided tendency to form long continuous strings, like ducks. When the flocks are beating for fish, or sailing round and round on the watch, there is no such arrangement, but all circle in a confusion equal to that of the Planets of the Ptolemaic system. Yet at any time of the day, in taking a lengthened flight, whether shifting their locality, or slowly sweeping over the sea, they usually take a lineal order.

"In flying thus in lines, I have been struck with the unity which they manifest in their motions: the flight is performed by alternate intervals of heavy flappings, and sailing on outstretched motionless wing; and the resumption or suspension of the one or the other state is regulated by the leading bird of the line. For example, the first begins to flap; in an instant the second begins, then the third, then the fourth, and so on, with perfect regularity of succession; and neither ceases till the first does, and then only each in his own turn. That this does not depend on the period of each motion being constant, is shown by the fact, that the duration of either state is very varying and arbitrary. If a bird be following the same course, near at hand, but not within the line, he does not regard the succession at all, but governs his own motion.

"The pelican, on alighting on the water to swim, brings his feet, which before had been stretched out behind, into a standing position, and, as it were, *slides along the surface* for several yards before he swims."—*The Birds of Jamaica.*

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE WISTFUL HEART.

S. M.

LOOKING back
Wander we through life's long track,
Looking back
Where a parted sun's soft ray
Lingers yet across the way.

Gazing home
As the slow bark cleaves the foam,
Gazing home;
Seems the haven, far before,
Nothing to that radiant shore.

From thy side
To that shore pale phantoms glide,
Pale beside thee, but they wear
Hailors of refulgent air,
Standing there,
And thou becomest—but in vain,
Never will they come again!
Strange it seems,
This vague show of fading dreams,
This wan Present, shall at last
Be the bright, calm, irrevocable Past!

O! look on!
Turn thy face from glories gone!
Underneath yon dim sea-line
Founts of deeper glory shine;
Watch and wait, till in thy sight
Shall that dimness change to light,
Pledge of the coming dawn that knows not night.

It may be so—
I cannot tell—I do not know.
Shall the frail vine forsake its prop, to lean
On cords let down from heaven, unfelt, unseen?
I may believe,—
That hinders not that I should gaze and grieve,
Seeking I know not what, and loving what I leave!
Ah! chide me not, the vexed spirit saith,
Love is more strong than Faith.

Is there no art,
Thou weary, wifful Heart,
So to transform thy Faith that it shall be
The shadow of a near Eternity?—
Not leaning on the Hour which cannot last,
Not weeping o'er a perishable Past,
But eagle-eyed—and patient as a dove,
Lifting itself upon the wings of Love!

NATURE has sown in man seeds of knowledge, but then they must be cultivated to produce fruit.—*Lord Collingwood.*

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.—*Lady M. W. Montagu.*

GREAT works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance.—*Johnson.*

I HATE to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly: if it be wrong, leave it undone.—*Gipin.*

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THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

"A thousand sixe and sixtie yoere, it was, as we doe read,
When that a comet did appeare, and Englishmen lay dead;
Of Normandie, Duke William then, to England ward did sayle,
• Who conquered Harold with his men, and brought his land
[to baile."

It was on the 28th of September, 1066, that William the Bastard, Duke of Normandy, landed on the English coast at Pevensey, a few miles from Hastings. As he stepped from his boat his foot slipped, and he fell down on the ground.

"An evil omen!" groaned out those near him, and the croaking note was quickly caught up and re-echoed by numbers around.

"By the splendour of God! seigneurs," said he, "you are mistaken;" and grasping, even as he instantly rose, as much soil as he could clasp in both his hands, he exclaimed in a joyous voice, "I have seized England with my two hands!"

This ready wit reassured his people,—perhaps saved his cause; and one of his followers, quickly seconding him, ran to a hut, snatched a handful of the thatch, and turned to the duke, saying heartily,—

"Sire, come forward, and receive seizin; of this land I give you seizin—without doubt the country is yours."

"I accept it," said the duke; "may God be with us."

At this moment the noble and gallant King Harold—for by the consent of the people he had been crowned—was in the north of England, whither he had sped to subdue a revolt, excited by his brother Tosti, and, aided by the king of Norway: Harold was successful, and was feasting and rejoicing after the victory, when lo! a knight arrived from Hastings.

"The Normans are come! are come! They have landed at Hastings! Thy land will they wrest from thee if thou canst not well defend thyself! They have enclosed a fort, and strengthened it round about with palisades and a fosse."

"Sorry am I," returned the king, "that I was not there to meet them. It is truly an evil hap. But thus it hath pleased the Heavenly King; and every where at once could I not be."

Thus was Harold taken at every disadvantage. The fleet which had been for some time hovering around the Cinque Ports, in expectation of this invasion, had but lately, partly from the supposition that William had abandoned his design, been dispersed, and Harold was with all the flower of his troops at the farther end of his kingdom. He instantly came southward by forced marches with the least possible delay; but his troops were necessarily in some degree disordered and fatigued. The time indispensably occupied by Harold in his journey, and in his subsequent preparations, proved, perhaps, the salvation of William, by giving him time to survey the country, to prepare defences, to cheer, refresh, and thoroughly arrange his army.

When the opposing forces were approaching each other, Harold sent forward spies to reconnoitre, who were seized and carried to William's tent. The duke ordered them to be well treated, to have abundant refreshment, to be taken through his lines, and shewn all his preparations, and then to be courteously dismissed. When they returned, they spoke in high terms of the duke, but told Harold that William had more priests with him than knights or other people. But Harold replied,—

"Those are valiant knights,—bold and brave warriors, though they bear not beards or moustaches as we do."

It is not often that two such leaders meet in battle. King Harold is described as a "noble Saxon," having all the personal characteristics which distinguished and elevated the magnates of that princely race. His stature was remarkably tall, and his limbs were finely formed. He was an accomplished man; his bravery was proverbial, and his character and conduct were benignant and noble. Earl Godwin's daughter was described as a rose from a thorny stem,—*"Sicut spina rosam, genuit Godwynus Editham;"* to her brother Harold an equally flattering, though a more masculine eulogy, might with truth have been applied. The only slur ever thrown on his character seems to have been a somewhat avaricious partition of the spoils of the battle of York, and this has hardly been confirmed. He had certainly a rightful claim to the crown, and was amply qualified to uphold its dignity; he was the legitimate scion of a noble race; he was a son of the soil, and he was offered the crown and was chosen king by the people.

William, being a bastard, could have no hereditary claim; and if it were indeed true, that Edward the Confessor had willed the crown to him, it was at least undeniable that Edward had no right thus to dispose of it.

William is described as of "a good stature, proud of porte, very corse, and bigge-bodied, with a cruell countenance, and a bald forehead." His strength was prodigious; he used a bow which no other arm could wield, and which he would bend when sitting on horseback, by stretching out the string with his foot.

Many days necessarily intervened between the landing of William and the great battle. The time was disposed of by him in the most politic manner; not by bold advances into the country, but by raising fortifications along the coast as refuge for his troops in the event of his defeat. At length he advanced inland about seven miles, north-west of Hastings, to a heath thereafter and still called Battle.

"So called because in battle here,
Quite conquered and o'erthrown the English nation were."

The Normans "betook themselves all night to their orisons, and were in very serious mood. They made confession of their sins, and accused themselves to the priests, and whose had no priest near him, confessed himself to his neighbour."

"The day on which the battle was to take place being Saturday, the Normans, by the advice of the priests, vowed that they would never more, while they lived, eat flesh on that day. Giffrei, bishop of Coutance, received confessions, and gave benedictions, and imposed penances on many."

"The priests had watched all night, and besought and called on God, and prayed to him in their chapels which were fitted up throughout the host. They offered and vowed fasts, penances, and orisons; and they said psalms and misereres, litanies, and kyriels; they cried on God, and for his mercy, and said pater-nosters and masses."

After confession and mass this evening, William, kneeling down, vowed solemnly to edify and endow an abbey on the spot where the sounds of victory—if victory were vouchsafed to him—should first salute his ear.

The Saxons, on the contrary, were very merry and enjoying themselves. "All night they ate and drank, and never lay down on their beds. They might be seen carousing, gambolling, and dandling and singing; Buslin they cried, and wissel, and lattoome and drinche hall, drinchindrewart and drintome, drinche-helf, and drinchtome."

(1) "Des ke li Reis Ewart fu mors,
Heraut ki ert menant è force—
Se fist énoindre è coroner;
Unkes al Duc n'en volt parler,
Homages prist è feeltes
Des plus riches è des alns nez."

Roman de Rou.

(1) Hornfield, Sussex.

One, however, their leader, was differently occupied.

"Li rois, li mult fu travaille
La nuit se est reposé;
L'ar matin se est levé,
Sa messe oir est alé,
Assez près à un mostere
Son chapelain fist chanter."

While thus piously engaged, the cry came—

"Le dux sur nus vient armé."

Without an instant's delay, Harold armed himself, and whilst engaged in this occupation, his mother Githa came to him with the unaccustomed request, that he would not adventure his person in the battle. Much surprised, —for never before had his mother's fears stood in the way of his military arrangements,—he looked for some explanation of her motives, but heard only an earnest renewal of the request. She pressed him most vehemently, but in vain; she besought him with a passion of tears to accord her boon: disturbed, but no way shaken, he turned away.

"Nay, my son," said the abbot, "this must not be; for what saith holy writ?—Despise not the tears of thy mother."

"Far be it from me, reverend father," returned Harold, "to do aught unbecoming to me as a knight and a Christian man; but in this I may not choose but lead to the battle."

"Oh! go not, my son," interrupted his mother; "go not, I beseech thee. Full well do I know that it will be a disastrous day for thee, if thou ledest to the combat. Let thy brothers,—let the strong-armed Garth, the faithful Leowine, lead the force, and so shall success attend our prayers, and the haughty Norman be quelled."

"Madam,—our mother, fain would we pleasure you in this matter, but—it may not be. What!" exclaimed he, vehemently, "shall it be said that HAROLD shrank from the encounter like a base-born churl?"

"From no encounter where thy honour calls thee would thy mother's voice dissuade thee; but this—"

"And this?"

"THY OATH!"

In a moment the colour and excitement which had hitherto lighted up the countenance of Harold forsook it: his lips became ashy white, and a tremor shook his frame. He quickly subdued it, however.

"My mother, that oath was obtained by fraud, my heart not consenting the while; such a vow bindeth not the conscience."

His mother mournfully shook her head.

"Nay, holy father, I appeal to you whether I am not free in this matter?"

The abbot preserved an ominous silence, and Harold was evidently disconcerted. At this moment, however, an exciting sound pierced the walls of the chapel,—the arrival, as it might be, of tidings of import, and the clamour of eager voices. In an instant the king forgot his mother's tears, the abbot's warning, his own misgivings. His eye flashed as he suspended round his neck his huge two-handed sword.

"The people have risen around me on every side: they have followed me from York; the Londoners uphold my standard, and the men of Kent crowd to the van—never shall it be said that their leader quailed in the hour of danger. Foremost shall my sword flash in the fight. So help me God and the holy saints!"

Borne away by the king's enthusiasm, his friends no longer sought to thwart his determination; and, despite her tears and forebodings, the Lady Githa's eye kindled with admiration as she looked on the magnificent bearing of her son. But ere long her maternal fears re-

sumed their ascendancy, and amid fast-falling tears she whispered some words to the abbot.

"My son," said he, "if the prayers and intercessions of those who owe their worldly well-being to thy bounty may avail thee, rest assured that the voice of supplication will not be silent here whilst thou art engaged in thy perilous strife. But the issue rests not with us. Suffer then, my son, two brothers of our house to follow thee to the field: it may be that their ministry may be blessed to some good end."

"As you please, reverend father; but I pray you, delay me not."

So, accompanied by the two monks, Osgood Chuppe and Ailric de Childemaister, Harold eagerly hied him to the fight.

In the immediate preparation for the battle, William's presence of mind averted an omen which might have had a paralyzing effect on the exertions of his superstitious followers. In putting his hauberk over his head, he inadvertently turned the wrong part to the front, but quickly altered it; not, however, till he had seen the countenances of those around him overcast.

"I commend myself," said he, "to our Lady. Let not this mischance trouble you. The hauberk which was turned wrong, and then set right by me, signifies that a change will arise out of the matter we are now moving. *You shall see the name of Duke changed into King.* Yea, a King shall I be, who hitherto have been but Duke."

Then he crossed himself, and straightway took his hauberk, stooped his head, and put it on aright; and laced his helmet and girt his sword, which a varlet brought him."

And it is said that he hung beneath his armour certain of the relics on which Harold had sworn allegiance to him.

The Normans had fine cavalry, of which the English were destitute: their archers also did much execution. The duke drew up his army in three lines: in the first were the light-armed foot, the archers, and slingers, clad in short coats; in the second, the heavier foot, who were defended by coats of mail; and in the third, the cavalry. Here rode he himself on a magnificent white charger, with a baton in his hand; and here was unfurled the sacred banner which had been blessed by the pope, and was sent to William as a gift from his holiness. It was of scarlet silk, and bore a cross embroidered in silver.

The English were drawn up in one impenetrable wedge. They carried axes, spears, bills, clubs, swords, and triangular shields. They wore close, short hauberks, and rude helmets, which defended the neck, hanging over their garments. The men of Kent were placed in the front, their "privilege" to this honour being fully understood and allowed. The Londoners were placed next in the roll of dignity, their right being to guard the king's person and defend his standard.

On a gently rising ground stood Harold on foot with his two brothers, and close to his standard, which represented an armed man, and was wrought in gold and jewels so magnificently that William thought it worthy to be an offering to the pope, to whom, after his conquest, he forwarded it.

The signal for the onset was given, and the Normans rushed forward to the charge, their minstrels chanting and the host joining in the burden of their inspiring war-song—the "Song of Roland."

Not the strains of the *Marseillaise Hymn* to the misguided French revolutionists,—not the spirit-stirring tones of *See the conquering Hero come*, during the first enthusiastic ovations to Him of Waterloo,—not the majestic sounds of *God save the King* to the "Church and King" Pittite of good King George III.'s days,—nay, nor even the soul-exciting strain of *Over the water* to the enthusiastic Jacobite of the last century—could excite anything like the intensity of enthusiasm which is ascribed to the influence of the "Song

(1) The tearful dissuaves of Harold's mother are named in some old book, and Master Wace, in the *Roman de Rou*, makes Garth earnestly dissuade his brother, the king, from personal combat, because of his previous oath to William. On this oath, with others, see *Sharpe's Lond. Mag.* vol. iii. p. 45—"Some Ancient Customs of England."

of Roland" over the Norman and French hosts for many centuries succeeding the death of this redoubtable Paladin. Nay, even to this day tradition lingers round the spot where he fell: a flower of the district is called the "Casque de Roland;" the stroke of his sword is still exhibited upon the mountains; and the memory of the hero is still embalmed in a thousand shapes.

In valour, in wisdom, in prudence, in earnest religious zeal, in capacious intellect (far before his age), in beneficence, and in good government, perhaps Charles the Great comes only second, if second, to our own revered Alfred. But while the English monarch's actions are recorded only by the matter-of-fact historian, or, perhaps, to speak more accurately, by the historian who *meant* to be matter-of-fact, Charlemagne's are enveloped in a maze of wonderment by the thousand fabulists who have clothed his deeds in all the deceitful hues of romance. And it is well to be supposed that they have rather disfigured than adorned the noble character which needed not "the meretricious aid of ornament."

However, he and his Paladins have formed the theme for a cycle of romances hardly less extensive than those which immortalize the prowess of our British King Arthur and the Knights of his "table ronde."

One of the most distinguished of these Paladins was Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, and the hero of Ariosto's celebrated romance; and the sad and premature death of this brave knight by the blackest treachery at Roncesvalles wove a halo of interest around him, which his own virtues and valour, distinguished as they were, would hardly have obtained. His name and memory were embalmed in strains which formed the war-cry of his countrymen for ages after his dust was mingled with that of his native earth.

"And thus of Roland's deeds they sung,
And Norman shouts responsive rung,"

when William the Bastard hearkened on his followers to slaughter and to victory on the bloody field of Hastings.

From nine in the morning until sunset did the battle continue with unabated vigour, and then William had gained no advantage. Harold stood with his mighty phalanx, firm as a rock, and as impenetrable. "William was in fact beaten." But stratagem achieved what valour could not effect. The Normans gave way; the English were deceived by the *ruse*; they eagerly and rashly pursued, and the invincible line was broken. The error was perceived not till it was too late to retrieve it.

A chance arrow, shot upwards, struck Harold above his right eye, and put it out. He drew out the arrow, and throw it away, and in his agony he stooped and leaned upon his shield. Great was the dismay of the English when the tall form of their heroic leader was seen to bend.

"Loud was now the clamour, and great the slaughter; many a soul then quitted the body it inhabited. The living marched over the heaps of dead, and each side was weary of striking. He charged on who could, and he who could no longer strike still pushed forward. The strong struggled with the strong; some failed, others triumphed; the cowards fell back, the brave pressed on; and sad was his fate who fell in the midst, for he had little chance of rising again; and many in truth fell who never rose at all, being crushed under the throng."

At length the Normans reached the standard where Harold, though still in agony, had resumed his erect bearing and was fighting desperately. His brothers had both fallen, he himself was bleeding profusely from various wounds, when lo! a momentary and last gleam of light flashes on an uplifted Norman sword, but dies away even before the sudden stroke has borne down beneath it the noble and ill-fated Saxon king.

Thus, at the eleventh hour, was the victory won.

Then William ordered his standard to be erected, and there, in the midst of the dead, he had his tent raised and his supper prepared. "And he ate and drank amongst the dead, and made his bed that night upon the field."

Sad was the scene that Sabbath morning when the noblest matrons and fairest maidens of the land—when widowed mothers and bereaved children crowded the gory heath, seeking, amid heaps of the wounded, the dying, and the dead, for the disfigured corpse of a loved and lost one, to be borne away for Christian sepulture—the last holy tribute of surviving affection!

Truly, then, was the beauty of the Lord's Day disfigured by a ghastly scene of strife and carnage,—of ruthless cruelty and murder; sadly was its holiness interrupted by a mingled cry—not of humility and thank-giving, of humble hope and penitential prayer, but of a loud and discordant sacrifice, piercing to the very arch of heaven, wherein were distinguished no sounds but those of lamentation, and mourning, and woe.

As William was engaged in his tent, dispensing commands and instructions to his followers, he was told that two monks of the Abbey of Waltham craved an audience; he ordered them to be admitted, and Osgood Cneppe and Ailric de Childemaister were brought before him.

"Now, sirs," said William sternly, for he never loved an English ecclesiastic, "what would you?"

"Permission to search for and bear away the corpse of our king."

"Your king! By the splendour of heaven, but ye are bold men to name your forsworn usurper to me, his liege lord! Begone!"

With gushing tears and dejected mien one of the monks was turning away in obedience to the mandate, but the other seemed to gain energy even from the uncourteous treatment he received.

"Lord of Normandy," said Ailric, "Heaven hath given thee the victory, but beware that ye abuse not its bounties. Such hap may not always be thine; be thou therefore merciful, even as thou hopest for mercy in thine own hour of peril. Insult not a fallen foe."

"By the mass, monk, but thou speakest boldly! What wouldst thou?"

"Justice!—nought do we seek at thy hands but justice. According to the laws of warfare the body of the Lord Harold is thine; we come to ransom it."

"Ha!" exclaimed the king, who was avaricious in the extreme, "what offer ye?"

"The weight of the body in virgin gold."

"By all the saints! but that is more than a king's ransom; the Aves and Paternosters of thy abbey must be rated highly, monk, since they yield such golden profits."

"Insult not Holy Church through us, even though we be the meanest of her ministers," said Ailric sternly; "nevertheless, though we might well lay down all the little wealth of our abbey for him to whose piety we owe its existence, still know that not one cross of this ransom is offered by us."

"By whom, then?"

"By the broken-hearted mother whom thy ambition has rendered childless;—by the noble Lady Githa!"

There was a sudden pause: the countenances of those around had, from the first, evinced regret and disapprobation of the duke's harshness; but now he was himself struck. His voice was still harsh, but oh! how different in its tones.

"Go! get ye gone: do what ye list."

"And the ransom, Seigneur?"

"Speak not of it," said he, turning hastily away: "get ye gone!"

Thus authorized, the monks proceeded to their melancholy search, but it was in vain. For long and weary hours did they pace the scene of the recent carnage, peering anxiously amid the heaps of slain for some

token of him they sought. Often did their very souls sicken within them as they shudderingly turned over disfigured corpses, which even already gave loathsome symptoms of corruption, or more horrible tokens that the ghoul of the animal creation had already scented its prey. But worse,—far worse than all this, was it to meet with some wretched sufferer who still breathed, or some who had even power to murmur his misery, and yet be compelled to refuse him aid, lest in that precious moment some unauthorized hand should bear away their king. How often in this weary quest did the good men dash the blinding tears from their eyes, and groan as if their very hearts were rent with the sight and sound of the misery around them.

But it was in vain,—all in vain; and almost in despair the monks beheld the sun already past the meridian, and yet they had been unable to recognise the object of their search.

"It is hopeless, brother,—it is hopeless; and yet to relinquish our mission—"

"Must not be thought of," interrupted Ailric; "but I have bethought me of a plan,—what if we were to bring hither the Lady Editha?"

"Impossible," said Osgood. "It is no scene for a gentle heart."

"And think you," rejoined Ailric, "that the mourners who have been hovering around us all day in quest of slaughtered relatives have not hearts as kind and feelings as tender as her of the Swan's Neck, though they be not robed in silk and minever? Affection is of no rank, brother, nor does firmness of mind inhabit only the rudely built frame; and if I read the Lady Editha's character aright, she would dare even this fearful scene rather than her loved lord and husband should lack a holy grave. Shall we to her?"

"Yes: you are in the right, I doubt not."

The beautiful Lady Eddeva, or Editha, called, from her fairness and surpassing dignity, Swanescombe, or Swan-necked, was the second wife of Harold,¹ and was devotedly attached to him. At once, and without a moment's hesitation, though well-nigh convulsed with grief, she folded her veil more closely around her, and accompanied the monks to the field of strife. For some time she paced it firmly, resolutely; and swallowing, her tears, cast keen and searching glances around. But shortly her strength and spirit seemed to fail, and she was compelled to lean on one of the monks. Still they proceeded, but slower and more slowly, till at length, sick at heart, and almost hopeless, it was only by the strenuous support of both the holy men that she could be got forward at all. Feeling that she sank more and more, that every moment her weight on their arms was increasing, they endeavoured to draw her aside from the thick of the slaughter, and turned into a little glade beneath the hollow of a hill, meaning to lay her there for a few moments till the deathlike sickness which was visible in her countenance should have passed away. Forgetful at this moment of every thing but their fair burthen, the monks perceived not that the place was occupied. Some sudden movement on their parts caused her to open her eyes, and she looked languidly and almost unconsciously around, when suddenly, with supernatural strength and a piercing scream, she darted from her supporters, and rushing to the hollow, threw herself on the ground, and clasped closely the body of a warrior which was laid there, watched by reverently by a person in humble attire.

"Whom have you here?" asked the horror-stricken monks.

"THE KING," replied he, with the deepest dejection of tone and manner.

And so it was. In wandering over the field he had recognised the body of the fallen monarch close by the spot where the royal standard had been planted, and,

from reverential regard, though without any definite purpose, he had borne away the body from the undistinguished throng. After Editha had thrown herself on the ground, she gasped two or three times convulsively, but now lay motionless, as the monks supposed, in a swoon. They raised her gently, but her heart was broken. Editha of the Swan's neck was dead!

The harassed monks were now distressed indeed, and hardly knew what course to pursue: at length, however, having with difficulty gained some assistance, they prepared to bear away the body of the unfortunate Editha, committing the charge of the king—as they felt they safely might—to him who had so piously protected it, until they could return with further aid. Having carefully marked the spot, with heavy hearts they departed.

Shortly afterwards the franklin left in charge of the king, stooped over him to re-arrange some portion of his attire which was disordered, but whilst so engaged suddenly started to his feet with an exclamation of amazement. Again he stooped down, and placed his hand over the heart of the king. No—it was not fancy—there was a pulsation there—feeble indeed, as the faintest summer's breath which hardly stirs the gossamer, but still perceptible. The worthy Saxon raised the king, chafed his hands, his temples;—the signs of animation became indisputable.

When the monks returned to the spot, which they accurately remembered, the body of the king had been removed, and all further search proved vain.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAP. XIV.

THE MEET AT EVERLEY HORSE.

It had been arranged between my mother and Oaklands, in the earlier part of the evening on which the events described in the last chapter took place, that Fanny should have her first ride on the day but one following, by which time it was supposed that the habit would be fit for service, and the young lady's mind sufficiently familiarized with the idea, to overcome a rather (as I considered) unnecessary degree of alarm, which I believe would have led her, had she been allowed to decide for herself, to relinquish it altogether. The only stipulation my mother insisted on was, that I should accompany my sister in the character of chaperon, an arrangement to which, as it was quite evident that Lawless intended to form one of the party, I made no objection. Accordingly, on the day appointed, Oaklands made his appearance about ten o'clock, mounted on his favourite horse, and attended by a groom, leading the grey Arab which was destined to carry Fanny, as well as a saddle horse for me.

"Bravo, Harry! it does me good to see you and the 'Cid' together again," exclaimed I, patting the arched neck of the noble animal; "how well he is looking!"

"Is he not?" replied Oaklands, warmly; "the good old horse knew me as well as possible, and gave a sigh of pleasure when first I spoke to him. Is Fanny nearly ready?"

(1) Ellis, *Introd. to Doomsday Book*, vol. ii. pp. 79, 80.

(1) Continued from p. 327.

"She will be here directly," replied I; and the words had scarcely escaped my lips when she made her appearance, looking so lovely in her hat and habit, that I felt sure it would be all over with Lawless as soon as he saw her.

"Why, Fanny," exclaimed Oaklands, dismounting slowly and with effort, for he was still lamentably weak, "I have not seen you in a habit so long. I declare I should scarcely have known you; the effect is quite magical."

A smile and a blush were her only reply, and Oaklands continued, "Will you not like to mount now? Lawless will join us; but he means to abandon us again when we get near Eversley Gorse, for the superior attractions of a run with the subscription pack."

"Oh, I hope the hounds will not come in our way," exclaimed Fanny; "if you think there is any chance of their frightening my horse, I had better not ride to-day."

"I do not think you need feel the least alarm; though spirited, Rose Alba is perfectly quiet; besides, we are not bound to ride towards Eversley, unless you approve of doing so," replied Oaklands.

As he spoke, Lawless rode up just in time to catch the last few words. He was dressed in an appropriate hunting costume, and sat his horse (a splendid black hunter, whose fiery temper rendered all those in whom the bump of caution was properly developed remarkably shy of him) as easily as if he formed part of the animal. As he checked his impatient steed, and taking off his hat, bowed to Fanny, his eyes sparkling, and his whole countenance beaming with pleasure and excitement, he really looked quite handsome. The same idea seemed to strike Fanny, who whispered to me, "If ever your friend has his picture taken, it should be on horseback."

"Good morning, Miss Fairleigh!" cried Lawless, as, flinging the rein to a groom, he sprang from the saddle, and bounded towards us; "glad to see you in what I consider the most becoming dress a lady can wear,—very becoming it is too," he added, with a slight bend of the head to mark the compliment. "What did I hear you say about not riding to Eversley? You never can be so cruel as to deny me the pleasure of your company, and I must go there to join the meet. I would not have hunted to-day, though, if I had known you wished to ride in another direction."

"It was only that Fanny was afraid the hounds might frighten her horse," replied I.

"Oh, not the least danger; I'll take care of all that," returned Lawless; "the little white mare is as gentle as a lamb; I cantered her across the park myself yesterday on purpose to try—the sweetest thing for a lady I ever set eyes on. You have got some good cattle in your stables, Harry, I must own that."

"Hadm't we better think of mounting? Time will not stand still for us," observed I.

"Let me assist you, Fanny," said Oaklands, advancing towards her.

"Thank you," replied Fanny, drawing back; "but I need not give you the trouble; Frank will help me."

"Here, get out of the way!" cried Lawless, as I hesitated, fancying from the shade on Oaklands' brow that he might not like to be interfered with; "I see none of you know how to help a lady properly. Bring up that mare," he continued, "closer,—that's it; stand before her head. Now, Miss Fairleigh, take a firm hold of the pommel; place your foot in my hand—are you ready!—spring! there we are—famously done! Oh, you know what you are about, I see. Let me give you the rein—between the fingers; yes, the snaffle will manage her best; the curb may hang loose, and only use it if it is necessary; let the groom stand by her till I am mounted; the black horse is rather fidgety;—soh! boy, soh! quiet!—stand, you brute!—there's a good boy; steady, steady—off we go!"

As Lawless pushed by me at the beginning of this speech, Oaklands advanced towards him, and his pale

cheek flushed with anger. Apparently, however, changing his intention, he drew himself up haughtily, and turning on his heel, walked slowly to his horse, mounted, and reining him back a few paces, sat motionless as an equestrian statue, gazing on the party with a gloomy brow, until we had started, when, suddenly applying the spur, he joined us in a couple of bounds, and took his station at Fanny's left hand. Lawless having appropriated the off side, devoted himself to the double task of managing the Arab, and doing the agreeable to its fair rider, which latter design he endeavoured to accomplish by chattering incessantly.

After proceeding a mile or two, Lawless sustaining the whole burden of the conversation, while Oaklands never spoke a word, we came upon a piece of level green sward.

"Here's a famous place for a canter, Miss Fairleigh," exclaimed Lawless; "lean a little more towards me—that's right. Are you ready?—just tickle her neck with the whip—not too hard—jerk the rein slightly—gently, marc, gently!—there's a good girl, that's it! Eh! don't you see, she settles into her pace as quietly as a rocking-horse—oh! she's a sweet thing for a feather-weight;" and restraining the plunging of his fiery horse, he leaned over, and patted the Arab's arched neck, as they went off at an easy canter.

I was about to follow their example, but observing that Oaklands delayed putting his horse in motion, it occurred to me that this being the first ride he had taken since his illness, the exertion might possibly be too much for his strength, I waited, therefore, till he joined me, when I inquired whether he felt any ill effects from the unwonted exertion?

"No," was the reply. "I feel an odd kind of fluttering in my side, but it is only weakness."

"Had you not better give it up for to-day, and let me ride back with you? I dare say Lawless would not care about hunting for once, and would see Fanny home."

"I shall not go back!" he replied sternly; then checking himself, he added in a milder tone, "I mean to say it is not necessary—really I do not feel ill—besides it was only a passing sensation, and is already nearly gone."

He paused for a moment, and then continued, "How very dictatorial and disagreeable Lawless has grown of late, and what absurd nonsense he does talk when he is in the society of ladies! I wonder your sister can tolerate it."

"She not only tolerates it," returned I, slightly piqued at the contemptuous tone in which he spoke of Lawless, "but is excessively amused by it; why, she said last night he was quite delightful."

"I gave her credit for better taste," was Oaklands' reply; and striking his horse impatiently with the spur, he dashed forward, and in a few moments we had rejoined the others.

"I hope illness has not soured Harry's temper, but he certainly appears more prone to take offence than in former days," was my inward comment, as I pondered over his last words. "I am afraid Fanny has annoyed him; I must speak to her, and give her a hint to be more careful for the future."

Half an hour's brisk riding brought us to the outskirts of a broad common, a great portion of which was covered by the gorse or furze from which it took its name. Around the sides of this were gathered from sixty to eighty well-mounted men, either collected in groups, to discuss the various topics of local interest which occupy the minds of country gentlemen, or riding up and down in parties of two and three together, impatient for the commencement of their morning's sport; while, in a small clear space, nearly in the centre of the furze-brake, were stationed the hounds, with the huntsman and whippers-in.

"There!" exclaimed Lawless, "look at that! Talk about operas and exhibitions!—where will you find an exhibition as well worth seeing as that is? I call that

a sight for an Empress. Now are not you glad I made you come, Miss Fairleigh?"

"The red coats look very gay and picturesque, certainly," replied Fanny; "and what loves of horses, with their satin skins glistening in the sunshine! but I wish those Alba would not prick up her ears in that way; I'm rather frightened."

While Lawless was endeavouring to convince her there was no danger, and that he was able and willing to frustrate any nefarious designs which might enter into the graceful little head of the white Arab, a young man rode up to Oaklands, and, shaking him warmly by the hand, congratulated him on being once more on horseback.

"Ah, Whitcombe, it's a long time since you and I have met," returned Harry; "you have been abroad, I think?"

"Yes," was the reply; "Charles and I have been doing the grand tour, as they call it."

"How is your brother?"

"Oh, he's all right, only he has grown a great pair of moustaches, and won't cut them off; he has taken up a notion they make him look killing, I believe; he was here a minute ago,—yes, there he is, talking to Randolph. Come and speak to him, he'll be delighted to see you."

"Keep your eye on Fanny's mare," said Oaklands, as he rode past me, "she seems fidgety, and that fellow Lawless is thinking more about the hounds than he is of her, though he does boast so much of the care he can take of her. I shall be with you again directly."

"Do you see the gentleman on the bright bay, Miss Fairleigh?" exclaimed Lawless; "there, he's speaking to Tom Field, the huntsman, now; he has got his watch in his hand:—that's Mr. Rand, the master of the hounds; you'll see some fun directly. Ah! I thought so."

As he spoke, at a signal from the huntsman, the hounds dashed into cover, and were instantly lost to sight in a waving sea of gorse, save when a head or neck became visible for a moment, as some dog more eager than the rest sprang over a tangled brake, through which he was unable to force his way.

"Oh, you beauties!" resumed Lawless, enthusiastically, "only watch them; they're drawing it in first-rate style, and there's rare lying in that cover; now see how the furze shakes—look at their sterns flourishing; have at him there—have at him: that's right, Tom—cheer 'em on, boy—good huntsman is Tom Field—there again!—a fox, I'll bet 500*l.* to a pony—hark!—a whimper—now wait—a challenge! another and another—listen to them—there's music!—watch the right-hand corner—that's where he'll break cover for a thousand, and if he does what a run we shall have! Look at those fools," he added, pointing to a couple of cockney-looking fellows who were cantering towards the very place he had pointed to, "they'll head him back as sure as fate,—hold hard there—why does not somebody stop them? By Jove, I'll give them a taste of the double thong when I get up with them, even if it's the Lord Mayor of London and his brother. Look to your sister, Frank, I'll be back directly."

"Wait one minute," shouted I, but in vain, for before the words were well out of my mouth, he had driven the spurs into his eager horse, and was galloping furiously in the direction of the unhappy delinquents who had excited his indignation. My reason for asking him to wait a minute was, that just as the hounds began drawing the cover, I had made the agreeable discovery, that the strap to which one of my saddle-girths was buckled, had given way, and that there was nothing for it but to dismount and repair the evil; and I had scarcely concluded the best temporary arrangement I was able to effect, when Lawless started in pursuit of the cockneys. Almost at the same moment a countryman, stationed at the outside of the gorse, shouted "Tally-ho!" and the fox broke cover in gallant style, going away at a rattling pace, with four or five couple of hounds on his traces. In an instant all was

confusion, cigars were thrown away, hats pressed firmly down upon the brow, and, with a rush like the out-burst of some mighty torrent, the whole field to a man swept rapidly onward.

In the meanwhile Fanny's mare, which had for some minutes shown symptoms of excitement, pawing the ground with her fore-foot, pricking up her ears, and tossing her head impatiently, began, as Lawless rode off, to plunge in a manner which threatened at every moment to unseat her rider, and as several horsemen dashed by her, becoming utterly unmanageable, she set off at a wild gallop, drowning in the clatter of her hoofs Fanny's agonized cry for help. Driven nearly frantic by the peril in which my sister was placed, I was even yet prevented for a minute or more from hastening to her assistance, as my own horse, frightened by the occurrences I have described, struggled so violently to follow his companions, as to render it very difficult for me to hold; and quite impossible to remount him: so that when at length I succeeded in springing on his back, the hounds were already out of sight, and Fanny and her runaway stood so far ahead of me, that it seemed inevitable some accident must occur before I could overtake them, and it was with a sinking heart that I gave my horse the rein, and dashed forward in pursuit.

The course which Lawless had taken when he started on his wild-goose chase, was down a ride cut through the furze, and it was along this turfy track that those Alba was now hurrying in her wild career. The horse on which I was mounted was a young thorough bred, standing nearly sixteen hands high, and I felt certain that in the pursuit in which I was engaged, the length of his stride would tell, and that eventually we must come up with the fugitives, but so fleet was the little Arab, and so light the weight she had to carry, that I was sorry to perceive I gained upon them but slowly. It was clear that I should not overtake them before they reached the outskirts of the common, and then who could say what course the mare might take,—what obstacles might not be in her way!

On—on, we go in our headlong course, the turf re-echoing to the muffled strokes of the horses' feet, while the furze, waving in the wind, seemed to glide by us in a rapid stream. Onward,—still onward; the edge of the gorse appears a dark line in the distance.—It is passed; we are crossing the belt of turf that surrounds it, and now in what direction will the mare proceed?—Will she take the broad road to the left, which leads again to the open country by a gentle ascent, where she can be easily overtaken and stopped, or will she turn to the right, and follow the lane which must take her across the terrace-field to the brook, swollen by the late rains into a river? See!—she slackens her pace.—she wavers, she doubts, she will choose the road! No; by Heaven! she turns to the right, and dashing down the lane like a flash of lightning, is for a moment hidden from view. But the space of time, short as it was, when her speed slackened, has enabled me to gain upon her considerably; and when I again catch sight of her, she is not more than fifty yards ahead. Forward! good horse,—forward! Life or death hangs upon thy footsteps. Vain hope! another turn brings us in sight of the brook, swollen by the breaking-up of the frost into a dark, turbulent stream. Fanny perceives it, too, and utters a cry of terror, which rings like a death knell on my ear. There seems no possibility of escape for her,—on the left hand an impenetrable hedge, on the right a steep bank, rising almost perpendicularly to the height of a man's head, in front the rushing water, while the mare, apparently irritated to frenzy by my pursuit, gallops wildly forward.—Ha! what is that? a shout! and the figure of a man on horseback appears on the high ground to the right, between Fanny and the stream. He perceives the danger, and if he dare attempt the leap from the bank, may yet save her. Oh! that I were in his place. Hark! he shouts

again to warn us of his intention, and putting spurs to his horse, faces him boldly at it; the horse perceives the danger, and will refuse the leap.—No! pressed by the rider, he will take it yet—now he springs—it is certain destruction. A crash!—a fall! they are down! No; he has lifted his horse with the rein—they are apparently uninjured. Rose Alba, startled by the sudden apparition, slackens her pace—the stranger, taking advantage of the delay, dashes forward, seizes the rein, and succeeds in stopping her; as he does so, I approached near enough to recognise his features.

Unlooked-for happiness! Fanny is saved, and Harry Oaklands is her preserver!

My first act on joining them was to spring from my horse and lift Fanny out of the saddle. "Are you really unhurt, my own darling?" exclaimed I; "can you stand without assistance?"

"Oh yes!" she replied, "it was only the fright—that dreadful river—but—" and raising her eyes timidly, she advanced a step towards Oaklands.

"But you would fain thank Harry for saving you.—My dear Harry," continued I, taking his hand, and pressing it warmly, "if you only knew the agony of mind I have suffered on her account, you would be able to form some slight idea of the amount of gratitude I feel towards you for having rescued her. I shudder to think what might have been the end had you not so providentially interposed—but you do not listen to me—you turn as pale as ashes—are you ill?"

"It is nothing—a little faint, or so," was his reply, in a voice so weak as to be scarcely audible; and as he spoke, his head dropped heavily on his shoulder, and he would have fallen from his horse had not I caught him in my arms and supported him.

Giving the horses into the custody of a farming lad, who had seen the leap, and run up, fearing some accident had occurred, I lifted Oaklands from his horse, and laying him on the turf by the road-side, supported his head against my knee, while I endeavoured to loosen his neckcloth. Neither its removal, however, nor the unfastening his shirt-collar, appeared to revive him in the slightest degree, and being quite unaccustomed to seizures of this nature, I began to feel a good deal frightened about him. I suppose my face in some degree betrayed my thoughts, as Fanny, after glancing at me for a moment, exclaimed, wringing her hands in the excess of her grief and alarm, "Oh! he is dead—he is dead—and it is I who have killed him!" Then, flinging herself on her knees by his side, and taking his hand between both her own, she continued, "Oh, Harry, look up—speak to me—only one word—he does not hear me—he will never speak again! Oh! he is dead!—he is dead! and it is I who have murdered him—I, who would gladly have died for him, as he has died for me." As she said this, her voice failed her, and, completely overcome by the idea that she had been the cause of Harry's death, she buried her face in her hands, and wept bitterly.

At this moment it occurred to me that water might possibly revive him, and rousing Fanny from the passion of grief into which she had fallen, I made her take my place in supporting Oaklands' head, and running to the stream, which was not above fifty yards from the spot, filled my hat with water, sprinkled his face and brow with it, and had the satisfaction of seeing him gradually revive under the application.

As consciousness returned, he gazed around with a bewildered look, and passing his hand across his forehead, inquired, "What is all this? where am I? Ah! Frank, have I been ill?"

"You fainted from over-exertion, Harry," replied I, "but all will be well now."

"From over-exertion?" he repeated, slowly, as if striving to recall what had passed; "stay, yes, I remember, I took a foolish leap; why did I do it?"

"To stop Fanny's mare."

"Yes, to be sure, the water was out at the brook, and

I thought the mare might attempt to cross it; but is Fanny safe? Where is she?"

"She is here," replied I, turning towards the place where she still knelt, her face hidden in her hands. "She is here to thank you for having saved her life."

"Why, Fanny, was it you who were supporting my head? how very kind of you! What! crying!" he continued, gently attempting to withdraw her hands; "nay, nay, we must not have you cry."

"She was naturally a good deal frightened by the mare's running away," replied I, as Fanny still appeared too much overcome to speak for herself; "and then she was silly enough to fancy, when you fainted, that you were actually dead, I believe; but I can assure you that she is not ungrateful."

"No, indeed," murmured Fanny, in a voice scarcely audible from emotion.

"Why it was no very great feat after all," rejoined Harry. "On such a juniper as the Cid, and coming down on soft marshy ground too, I would not mind the leap any day; besides, do you think I could remain quietly there and see Fanny drowned before my eyes; if it had been a precipice, I would have gone over it." While he spoke, Harry had regained his feet; and, after walking up and down for a minute or so, and giving himself a shake, to see if he was all right, he declared that he felt quite strong again, and able to ride home. And so, having concocted a leading-rein for Rose Alba, one end of which I kept in my own possession, we remounted our horses, and reached Heathfield without further misadventure.

THE NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN.

A FAIRY TALE.

MAUD now thought that all her trials were over, and for a time her happiness was perfect. Her husband became daily more attached to her, and she every day saw more reason to value his love. In every thing they acted together—their amusements, their duties, their charities, their prayers: and Maud felt few pleasures so great as that of being able not only to go among the poor again, but to give, with a liberal hand, and a judgment improved by all she had herself experienced of the lot of the poor. Count Henry never checked her in this,—he loved her the more for her goodness; and time passed rapidly away. Her only sorrow was caused by the death of Dame Gottfried, whom she tenderly cared for during her illness, and really regretted. At length Maud found that she was soon to become a mother, and the count's joy was very great. On hearing this news the old countess proposed a reconciliation, which Maud readily accepted, and persuaded her husband to agree to. As a proof of her good will, the dowager offered to come and stay with Maud during her confinement, and though this was by no means pleasant to her (for the Lady Hildegard was excessively haughty and exacting), Maud saw that her husband wished it, and immediately consented.

The count's anxiety for her welfare, as the time approached, endeared him more and more to his wife, and she looked forward with delight to the happiness she should feel in putting his first-born child into his arms. But just the day before her illness he was unexpectedly summoned to attend a great meeting of the nobles of the country, and forced to leave her, for the first time

since their marriage, at the very moment when he most wished to watch over her. The day after his departure Maud had a son, a fine healthy child: her happiness was damped only by knowing her husband's anxiety for her, and by reflecting that several days must elapse before he could return. She sent him a messenger to announce the good news, and, for the first two days, her recovery went on well. But as she was sleeping the second night, Countess Hildegard, who had given her opium, to ensure her not waking, took the child gently from her arms, carried him, unseen by all except the nurse, on whom she knew she could depend, to a window in the anti-room, and threw him into the river, which flowed under the castle walls. She had pretended reconciliation only to have the power of injuring Maud, whom she could not forgive, and she thought nothing would so cool Count Henry's love as the loss of his much-wished-for child; especially as she hoped to throw suspicion on Maud herself.

The agony and terror of the poor young countess on awaking and missing her child may be imagined. It nearly cost her her life; and when her husband returned, full of joy, and eager to embrace her and his little son, he found her in the delirium of fever, and almost at the brink of the grave. He made every possible inquiry and examination into the fate of his child, but in vain; no trace could be found. The nurse asserted that she had laid it quietly in its mother's arms, had seen the countess asleep, and had dropped asleep herself, being tired with the previous night's watching. This was false, for she was the creature of the dowager countess, and knew perfectly well what had been done; but she had a special enmity against poor Maud, because her father had been ruined, years before, by the exactions of the old baron, who seized him as he was travelling near his castle, and not only plundered him of all his goods, but made him pay a heavy ransom before he set him free. This nurse and the old countess tried to insinuate that Maud might know more of the disappearance of the child than any one else, but nothing would persuade Count Henry of this. His love and watchfulness contributed much to poor Maud's recovery, but it was long before she was restored to health and spirits. She endeavoured to check her grief, that she might not add to her husband's sorrow, but it was not till she had hopes of being once more a mother that she felt at all as she had done in the first year of her marriage. She had sought for her musk-ball, as soon as she was able to move about, after her illness—but in vain; she could not remember where she had put it, when her husband's dislike to the smell made her give up wearing it: all she could recollect was that it was in a secret drawer of some cabinet, but she tried all, again and again, without success. She bitterly regretted having neglected, for any motive, her god-mother's advice of carrying it always about her, but it was too late, the fairy gift seemed finally lost.

Nearly two years had passed away after the loss of her child before her second confinement approached. She and her husband had resumed their former habits, and, but for the heavy sorrow they had both undergone, Maud's life would have been as happy as in the beginning of her marriage, for the count's affection was undiminished, and his attention to her, if possible, fonder than before. The Countess Hildegard again offered to come to her, and Maud ventured to express her wish to be alone with her husband, but he urged her to accept his stepmother's offer, for he thought it right to have as many as possible of his family in the castle, that Maud might never be alone one moment. He did not forget Countess Hildegard's hints of suspicion, which Maud had never known, for he would not pain her by such an idea; and he imagined that nothing would so dissipate any remnant of them she might still entertain, as beholding Maud's strong attachment to her child. He promised his wife that he would, himself, watch over her, and she yielded to his wish.

This time she had the satisfaction of seeing her husband's delight in welcoming a daughter, but very soon after the child's birth, a messenger came, in all haste, to inform him that a troop of marauders had besieged a castle of his, at a considerable distance, and that he must not lose a moment in leading his soldiers to the assistance of the garrison. Most unwillingly he took leave of his wife, promising to return without delay; but four or five days at least must pass before he could hope to be with her again. Poor Maud felt her heart sink, with a foreboding of evil, as he quitted the room. She clasped her little girl in her arms, and promised herself that she would not lose sight of her till the count's return. She resisted sleep as long as she could, but at length it overpowered her, the more completely because the Countess Hildegard had again administered a sleeping potion. But Maud had folded her arms round the baby so closely that the wicked woman found much difficulty in removing it. However, she succeeded, and again threw the poor infant into the river. Before Maud awoke the count had returned, quite unexpectedly: he had found the whole a false alarm, and could not even trace the messenger who had brought the news, though the man had for some distance accompanied the reinforcement; how or when he had left them no one was sure. When Count Henry reached his castle all was at peace, no attack had been thought of—no express sent to him! He put his troops under the command of a relation to lead them home at leisure, while he himself mounted a fresh horse, and, accompanied only by his esquire and page, returned home with the utmost speed, full of foreboding, from the trick evidently employed to secure his absence.

A sad welcome awaited him. Maud was roused by the noise of his entrance—and instantly missed her child. Her shrieks and tears were heart-rending: but again every effort to ascertain its fate was fruitless—no one was in the secret but Countess Hildegard and the nurse, who pretended the utmost attachment to her young lady, and protested she could not at all imagine how the child had disappeared, as she had never left the bed-side. It was altogether inexplicable, and the count might have been shaken in his high opinion of Maud, if he had not himself seen her surprise and agony on waking, and felt convinced that it was real. He smothered his own bitter grief that he might soothe hers—and again, by his tenderness and care, rescued her from the grave she was almost sinking into.

Time passed on, and they had settled into nearly their former way of life, except that they mixed less in society, and gave still more of their time to prayer and charity. Maud's spirits were broken a good deal, though she tried to be cheerful in her husband's presence. The Countess Hildegard had remained in the castle, saying she could not leave them in their sorrow; and though Maud could not like one whose habits were so different from her own, she was a good deal deceived by the old lady's show of sympathy, and was glad to please her husband, who evidently wished for the dowager's presence, as a proof that, proud and at feud as she was known to be, she was won over by the excellence of the wife he had chosen. At length Maud was, for the third time, to be a mother; and, with trembling hope, she trusted that this child, at least, might be spared to her, by extreme watchfulness. But, just as the time approached, the count was summoned to attend a council of the empire, held to decide upon measures of great importance to its internal peace and outward defence. He at first sent an excuse, but the summons was peremptorily repeated, and his friends represented to him that a noble of his rank could not hold back without seriously impeding the proceedings: so he most unwillingly set out. Maud would gladly have gone with him, for she felt a kind of presentiment that her only safety was at his side, but it was impossible for her then to undertake such a journey; so, with heavy hearts, they parted.

The count had some hopes that the business might be finished more quickly than was supposed, or at least that he might be allowed to return home for a short time, under promise of rejoining the emperor if necessary, for he was determined to do his utmost to be with his wife during the first days after the baby's birth, that he might endeavour to protect it from the mysterious danger which had robbed them of their two eldest. In this, however, he was disappointed: it was not for some days after he learned that he had another son that he was enabled to set out for home, and then his stay was to be but short. He travelled as speedily as possible, but the black flag waved over his castle as he approached, and his step-mother met him in the great hall to announce that the child was indeed dead, but that she had discovered the destroyer! The poor count's grief, great as it was, only made him the more eager to learn who had caused such bitter sufferings. But when the old countess said, "It is no other than Maud herself, whose well-feigned anguish and pretended virtues have so long imposed upon you, though my suspicions were never entirely lulled," he sank into a chair, and, burying his face in his hands, he could not restrain his tears. Instantly rousing himself, however, he demanded the proofs.

Countess Hildegard replied that, pretending extreme fear for the child, Maud had long watched it, without allowing herself to close her eyes, but at last, finding herself overpowered with sleep, she had made the nurse bring her a thick gold chain, which the count had lately given her, and had twined it several times round her own neck and the child's body, and had then appeared to drop asleep, saying she was sure no one could remove the infant without waking her. That the nurse had remained by the bedside, but soon fell asleep also; and to a degree she could not understand, as she was used to night watching. But after events made her suspect that some sleeping draught must have been put into the ale she had taken at supper, of which, fortunately, she had drunk but little. That she was gradually beginning to doze, in spite of her utmost efforts, when she perceived Maud move, and in a cautious way, which induced her to feign sleep, remembering the suspicious Countess Hildegard had expressed on the death of the first child. But she watched from under her eyelids: and Maud rose from the bed, with a strength that astonished the nurse, took a pair of large scissors, with which she cut the links of the chain that bound the child to her, and, with a sharp bodkin, she pierced the infant to the heart! The nurse was so paralyzed with horror, and with fear of the consequences to herself if her watching were discovered, that she dared not move till the crime was complete; and then she thought it best to ascertain what could be Maud's object,—what she would do further: so she continued in apparent sleep, and saw the child's body carried to the fire, and burnt; the bones and ashes were then placed in a box, which the wicked Maud drew from under her bed; all, except a small pinch, which she mingled with a little water, and drank, first pronouncing some words over it, which convinced the nurse that it was done as a charm to secure her husband's affection. Maud then laid down again in bed, carefully arranging the chain so that it should appear to have been cut as she slept, in order to remove the infant without waking her. The nurse waited till she was quite sure that the sleep the countess immediately fell into was real, and then stole from the room, pale and trembling, to tell her tale of horror to Countess Hildegard. "I rushed to the room, followed by several domestics," she continued, "woke the infamous creature, who was really asleep, notwithstanding her abominable crime, and charged her with it. She burst into shrieks and exclamations, such as you heard when the second was missed, held up the links of the severed chain to prove how carefully she had guarded her infant, and protested her innocence in terms that almost shook my belief in the nurse's evidence. But I thought it

right to search if the box of bones and ashes were under the bed, as, if it should not be there, one part, at least, of the nurse's dreadful story was false, and I might venture to disbelieve the rest. But alas! the box was there, and full, as nurse had said, of fragments of bones and of ashes! I could doubt no more. I silenced the witch's cries and protestations, by calling in the rest of the household, and showing them what I had discovered, and I had her carried down to the dungeon, where she has since remained, with bread and water for her food. I would not have her put to death, however much she might deserve it, till you should return; though many have thought me imprudent in this, as her spell, which has hitherto so blinded you, might still have power. But I wonder you did not meet the messenger I despatched at once to tell you all that had occurred."

The count had sat, during this recital, with his face buried in his hands: as the Countess Hildegard ended, he commanded himself and ordered the nurse to be sent for. He had a shade of hope that her story might yet be false, from the almost incredible circumstance of her not having interfered to save the life of the child. But no questioning could shake her evidence; she alleged her excessive terror as the excuse, and in only repeating the story she turned so pale, and trembled so, that it was plain she had not a spark of courage. Then the count demanded to hear some of those who had seen the box drawn from under the bed, and found them all satisfied of the truth of the whole, and most eager that the three-fold murder—for who could now doubt that all were Maud's own work?—should be avenged by the death of her who had committed them. The bones and ashes had been buried, Countess Hildegard said, with the honours due to the remains of a member of the family.

"She must die!" said the count, at length. "I will not see her again—I could not bear it—and perhaps her beauty, and seeming innocence, and the remembrance of past days, when I so loved her, might sway me even yet, though her guilt is manifest. But I cannot have her tortured, nor shall her death be public: let her be smothered in a hot bath."

Accordingly poor Maud was lifted from the dungeon pallet, where she lay almost dead of grief and exhaustion. She had struggled against her sufferings, and prayed to live till her husband's return, trusting that he would discover and assert her innocence; for it is needless to say that the whole story of the murder was arranged between the Countess Hildegard and the nurse; that, in truth, the chain had been cut by them while Maud slept the heavy sleep of exhaustion, from her long watching, combined with the effect of opium: and the baby thrown into the river, from the same window whence the two former ones had been cast. The dowager had resolved not to trust, this time, to the mere disappearance of the infant; she prepared all her proofs; had a box of the bones and ashes of a kid placed under the bed, and took care that the most credible persons in the castle, and those most warmly attached to Maud, should be present at the discovery. One can hardly wonder that they were deceived, for the belief in charms and spells was common in those days; nor has it, even now, by any means disappeared, even in England; and the ashes of an unbaptized infant were supposed to have particular power, above all, in obtaining or preserving love;—the very purpose to which the old countess attributed Maud's crime.

When the soldiers entered the dungeon, and informed Maud that the count had returned, and had sentenced her to death, she would hardly believe that he had condemned her unheard; but she was, of course, unable to resist, and she let herself be carried to the fatal bath, resigning herself to die, and praying for the forgiveness, not only of her beloved husband, but of those who had led him into such injustice. She was placed in the bath, and the door was fastened. At first the heat was pleasant to her benumbed limbs; but

soon it grew unbearable, and she screamed with agony—the more bitter to hear, from its seeming a fresh cruelty on her husband's part. But he had meant that she should be suffocated, and it was by the Countess Hildegard's contrivance that the heat was first so applied as to cause the most intense pain, without destroying life. Just as poor Maud was gathering her strength to rush against the door, hoping she might burst it open, and at least force them to put her to an easier death, she perceived, in a corner of the little bath-room, which was not the one she habitually used, an old cabinet, which she knew used to stand in her bed-room. How it had got there she could not conceive, nor how long it might have been there; but the recollection suddenly struck her, that this was the very place where she had put her musk-ball, when her husband's fancy made her lock it up. She burst the secret drawer open, and seized the ball, which her strong pull at once brought to view;—it seemed to have been buried under other things in her former searches, for the drawer was full, and she felt almost sure she had looked in it before. However, she rapidly unscrewed it, repeating the words which had before saved her life:—

"Behind me night, before me day;
That none observe my secret way."

and immediately she was surrounded by the cooling vapour she so well remembered, and found the door opened at her touch. She walked, quite unseen, to her bed-room, which was wholly empty, and throwing a large cloak around her, she seated herself, for she could hardly stand, from weakness and anxiety. She then completely unscrewed the ball, rejoicing that her third wish still remained, and wished that her innocence might be proved to her husband, and their children restored, if they yet lived, or, if not, that the authors of such dreadful misery might be discovered.

As she ended her wish, a window, which looked towards the river, opened, and her godmother entered, carrying the baby in her arms, and followed by the two elder ones. With an affectionate kiss she greeted Maud; told her that her trials were now ended; that by her fairy power she restored her to health and strength; and that, as soon as she was dressed, she would guide her to her husband, to whom the existence of the children would sufficiently prove her innocence, and before whom only the authors of the conspiracy should be pointed out.

Maud's toilette was very quick, as may be imagined; and the Nymph of the Fountain led her to the castle chapel, still unseen by any. There Maud found her husband, alone, and in an agony of grief, prostrate before the altar. She knelt a moment, to return her heartfelt thanks to heaven for her wonderful deliverance, and to beg help to pardon the enemies whose wicked plots had been defeated, and were now to be unravelled; and then she went towards the count, and called him by name. He started up at hearing the voice of her he had so deeply loved, and whom he thought already dead by his own necessary command; for on him, as on other feudal lords, devolved the administration of justice in his own domains. But when he beheld her in perfect health, and with all their long-mourned children round her, his astonishment was unutterable, and he thought, for a moment, she must be a spirit returned from the other world. But the Nymph of the Fountain seemed to them to follow her, and as soon as they had left the chapel, she told the count that she was the godmother his excellent wife had so often spoken of, and related to him the entire plot. She said that the queen of the Naiads had forced her to abstain from seeing her charge, just about the time when Maud's misfortunes began, partly to punish her for leaving neglected some of her duties in her excessive care of Maud's education, and partly to try if that education had been really good; that it was only since their marriage she had been allowed to inhabit the

river which flowed under the castle walls, and that she had received and taken care of each of the children, but could not come to Maud's help, till she should be summoned by the third wish. She had known of the treachery of Countess Hildegard and the nurse; and she now explained its entire details, not forgetting the forged message which had drawn the count from home at the time of his daughter's birth. It was a trick of the malicious old countess, who knew that it would be impossible for her to execute her plans if he were with his wife. Public events had spared her the trouble on the two other occasions, or she would not have failed to contrive his absence, so bent was she on the destruction of Maud, the daughter of her feudal enemy,—the girl without fortune, and of scarcely equal birth,—who had prevented her step-son from forming the splendid alliance she had planned for him.

When the Nymph of the Fountain had finished speaking, the count, whose attention to her narrative had not been lessened by the fond caresses he bestowed on his recovered wife and children, begged she would accompany them into the great hall of the castle, where he summoned all his household, and informed them of the discovery he had made,—of the complete vindication of their much-loved lady, and of his determination to punish the false and cruel authors of so much misery. Maud earnestly implored him to pause; but it was not without much difficulty that she prevailed with him to be satisfied with confining his wicked step-mother and her accomplice, in a strong and solitary castle, for life. They did not very long survive the exposure of their guilt.

The next care of Maud and her husband was to have their children solemnly baptized, for all had been taken away before this ceremony had been performed, as the return of their absent father had been so quickly hoped for in each case. The christening was a magnificent festival, to which the whole neighbourhood flocked,—rich and poor: the rich to mark their respect for the count and countess, and the poor to share in the liberal alms which were distributed; and all alike to congratulate and sympathize in the happiness of those who were esteemed and loved by all ranks. The Nymph of the Fountain, to whom Maud owed so much, then took leave of her for ever, saying she would no longer need her protection, as she could foresee for both her and her husband a long and prosperous life, which should fully compensate both for the heavy trials they had endured so patiently and so well.

They did survive accordingly, to see a numerous and lovely family grow up around them, who distinguished themselves much in after life, and were as remarkable for their piety and charity, as for the courage and noble bearing which graced their high birth.

COUNTRY SKETCHES. — No. V.

THE ABBEY AND PARK OF WORMS.

To give a foreigner some idea of the fertile richness of England, no better spot could be selected to which to take him than one of the very beautiful parks of the nobility. He would there witness a combination of natural beauties, such as no other country in the known world can supply in anything like the same perfection. Trees whose growth has been coeval with the lapse of centuries, copses of brushwood and young plantations, wearing the most vigorous and healthy aspect—wide sheets of water, adorned by swans of graceful shape—a greensward redolent of thyme, and musical in its summer freshness with the voices of the grasshopper and wandering bee—now swelling into a gentle ascent, now lapsing into a forest dell, where that most aristocratic of animals, the agile and timid deer, lies couching in the feathery fern. Anon, an avenue of limes, some half

mile long, leading to the hall or mansion of the noble owner; these, with occasional glimpses, neither few nor far between, of cottage-roof and village spire, mingling with the vast and extensive prospect of arable and meadow land—these, ay, all these, would arrest his attention and excite his admiration. And these scenes of beauty are by no means rare; they occur throughout the several counties into which this island is divided. Although a kind of individuality serves to define them, yet each, in its way, possesses great and varied attractions. The little town of Woburn, in Bedfordshire, than which one more pleasantly situated does not gladden the eye of a traveller in any part of England, boasts the close contiguity of a demesne of vast extent, and full of those marked characteristics which we have been describing. The entrance from the park is through a plantation of evergreens, bounded on either side by two fine sheets of water. The firs and laurels are of great size, and form a pleasing contrast to the more open park, with its noble oaks and elms dotted here and there. After emerging from the grove, which winter and summer has the same green aspect, the road winds up a hill, and passes through a double avenue of trees. The abbey is soon in view. The park is a very extensive one, and has been stated to be twelve miles in its circuit. It contains some hundred head of deer, who form themselves into groups around the old trees, as though they were gifted with the art of pleasing, and availed themselves of every opportunity of showing their elegant forms to the greatest advantage.

In a secluded situation is a summerhouse and grounds, called the Thornery, which has a very pleasing and romantic effect when approached without previous notice. A fountain, flowers, shrubs, ornamental walks, doors of stained glass, handsome marble and stone ornaments, form part of the attractions of this pretty place; every way a suitable retirement for a duchess.

The principal entrance to the park is on the road from Hockliffe, to Woburn, through gilded iron gates, which lead to the west front of the abbey. The edifice is quadrangular, and presents the appearance of a truly comfortable and aristocratic home, without boasting any great architectural pretensions. The pediment of the western front has upon it the arms of the family, with their motto, "Che sarà sarà," and beneath are four columns of the Ionic order.

The abbey was founded in 1145, by Hugh Bolebeck, and belonged to the order of Cistercians. The manor of Mc-dineham was given to them by the founder, and the grant was confirmed both by King John and King Henry II. Property in Suaneburn and Murscle was bestowed upon them by one Hugh Malesch. But, without following out the fortunes of the monks at Woburn, or detailing what became of the order when Henry VIII. suppressed all institutions of a like kind, it may be interesting to remember, that the royal Elizabeth visited it in one of her progresses; and that Charles I. concealed himself within its precincts during the civil war. It would be an endless task to enter into a description of the great treasures of art which are here collected. In a ramble through the rooms, the eye is attracted by some fine specimens of the old masters, and by some beautiful examples of the modern English school. "Chevy Chase," by Landseer, finds in every lover of field-sports an attentive and observant gazer. The figures of Earl Percy, and the deer at bay, are particularly worthy of inspection. In the same room with this is Hayter's picture of the "Trial of Lord William Russell." This painting, so well known from the engraving of it by Bromley, is very interesting. The artist has been most happy in giving to the different individuals composing the *tableau* a defined and well-marked character, all their own. The light thrown on the devoted wife of Lord Russell is most skilfully managed; and the expressive face, with the body bent forward, speaks to the spectator most forcibly of a woman's high-souled heroic courage, showing itself the more strongly as the calls

for its endurance are greater and more trying. In a dressing-room is a portrait, by the same artist, of Lord John Russell: it is admirably executed, and is a most faithful resemblance. There are also a set of miniatures of the Russell family, by Bone, which are replete with interest, and which form the chief ornament of the state drawing-room. The saloon contains a fine Sir Joshua, being a portrait of the present duke's grandmother, the Marchioness of Tavistock, habited in her costume as bridesmaid to Queen Charlotte. Among the works of the old masters, "Our Saviour appearing to Mary Magdalen," by Annibale Caracci, is remarkable for the force of expression conveyed in the features of the astonished Mary. In such subjects this artist stands unrivalled. In an apartment, called the Venetian drawing-room, there are no less than twenty-four views in Venice, by Canaletti. The *Gran-Canale* is especially fine; and a view of the Rialto, as lifelike as painter's brush can make it. It is a great peculiarity in Canaletti's pictures, that the outline of the buildings is so carefully preserved; and the sea has, so to speak, such a Venetian look that the desolate yet noble city is presented to the imagination in a moment. Venice, as it was and as it is—what a contrast!—how mournful!—how striking! To turn from one of these representations of it to another, and so to view the whole series, is to be in Venice for the time, and associate with its Doges, its Council of Ten, its merchant-princes;—yet, all are gone! all past! mere actors in the pageantry of an era never more to be revived.

The picture-gallery is very long, and on its walls are hung a series of portraits of aristocracy and of royalty, from a very early period down to Fowler's picture of our present most gracious Queen. Of these, attention may be specially directed to Sir Antonio More's painting of Queen Mary and her husband Philip of Spain. There is a great deal of character in their faces, and Mary is drawn in an attitude which is indicative of that high command and absolute free will which ever dictated the deeds of "Mary the Queen," as she almost invariably signed herself. There is a portrait, by Zuccherro, of Sir Nicholas Bacon, and one, by Cornelius Jansen, of Sir Joceline Percy, one of the sons of Henry Earl of Northumberland, both most ably executed; and there is a relic of Horace Walpole's miscellaneous collection of curiosities,—a picture of the Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, Charles Brandon and Mary of France, sister of Henry VIII. It attracted great notice at the celebrated sale at Strawberry Hill, and has found a new home at Woburn. The head of Lord William Russell, by Riley, has a pendant beneath it of some interest to the historian, being the speech made by him before the unjust and fatal termination of his well-spent life. It would be wearisome to enumerate half the contents of this gallery; or to attempt to name the many pictorial arms scattered about in various parts of the mansion. The sculpture-gallery abounds in treasures of old Grecian and Roman art, which well deserve most minute investigation. Here are collected medallions in marble of the Roman Emperors, antique vases, cinerary urns, busts, and a variety of fragments of every kind of decorated sculpture. There is a very fine alto-relievo, by Thorwaldsen, on the subject of Achilles, Briseis, and the Heralds. Sir Richard Westmacott shines to great advantage in his exquisite Psyche, which is the perfection of modern sculpture. The classical outline of the features is admirably given, and the softness and delicacy of the figure are most remarkable. The busts of Lords Grey, Holland, and others, by Nollickens, are placed in conspicuous situations in a part of the building appropriated for their reception, and called the Temple of Liberty.

There is an inscription on an architrave in the portico of what is termed the Temple of the Graces which is from the well-known pen of a living poet; one whose cultivation and encouragement of every branch of the fine arts deserves to be held in high commendation, and

offers a noble example to future cultivators of the Muses who may be fortunate enough to be as liberally provided with this world's goods. It is scarcely necessary to name the poet Rogers:—

"Approach with reverence, there are those within
Whose dwelling-place is Heaven, daughters of Jove;
From them flow all the decencies of life;
Without them nothing pleases. Virtue's self
Admired, not loved. And those on whom they smile,
Great though they be, and beautiful, and wise,
Shine forth with double lustre."

The celebrated and beautiful group of the Graces, from Canova's chisel, attracts all eyes, and leads them to dwell upon its matchless beauties. It is in figures of refinement and delicacy that this sculptor excels; in manly and heroic forms, he loses by comparison with the northern artist, Thorwaldsen. Leaving the gallery of sculptures, it is a pleasant change to wander in the parterres and conservatories, filled as they are with a splendid collection of plants of every kind. The pinetum and araucaria house, contain valuable plants of the species *Abies* and *Araucaria*. The botanical house is rich in the possession of some magnificent specimens of the tribe of cactus. The palms and ferns are of great size, and grow to a prodigious height. Not the least agreeable pastime is to wander up and down through the tortuous intricacies of the labyrinth, composed of horn-beam, and crowned with a temple of Chinese fashion. To all these tasteful contrivances for passing away pleasant summer hours, there seems no termination. Not the least of their merit consists in their variety, and their excellent arrangement in the most picturesque positions. To leave them, however, without a word of comment on one of the choicest ornaments of the place, would be an injustice. The dairy at Woburn is too unique to be passed unnoticed, and claims a special note of admiration. It is a small structure of Chinese character, surrounded by water, on which the elegant water lily floats in graceful wreaths. The interior is well adapted for its uses and combines every convenience with its ornamental details. Nothing more perfect in its way can be conceived.

On the east side of the abbey, there is a group of trees, between whose aged trunks several village spires may be seen, all tending to form distinct and cheerful land-scapes of sylvan life. From another part of the park, the church at Woburn is a prominent feature in the view. A sense of something positively English prevails everywhere; and in no place is the impression disturbed or destroyed. The noble house of Russell has ever stood foremost through all our national history for the inherent nobility of its sons, a glorious race! illustrious for their achievements in the field and their greatness in the senate. Thus, wandering in the haunts where they so oft have trod, it is natural to muse and meditate on bygone years, and listen to the chimes of the old church, as they might have listened when called to prayer by the same sweet sounds, and where they pondered on the passing scenes of their eventful times. "Che sari sari,"—they have ever been a lofty branch of the aristocracy of England, and long may they continue to be so, and for years come to enjoy their leisure in the sweet precincts of Woburn.

Before quitting the neighbourhood, it may be recommended to the casual visitor to take a stroll through the cemetery of the church. Every grave, however humble, is kept in the most perfect order; and the intermixture of shrubs, rose-trees, flowers, with the marble and stone memorials of departed greatness, is happily suggestive of that land where all earthly distinctions are forgotten. One stone, commemorative of a girl of tender years, is worthy of remark. After relating the name and age of the deceased, the tribute to her memory is thus concluded—

"He builds too low who builds beneath the sky."

Never was Cowper's poetry more appropriately quoted;

and with this sweet sentiment lingering on the mind, we are consoled in bidding farewell to this charming locality.

MEMOIR OF PARMENTIER;

OR, THE INTRODUCTION OF THE POTATO AT PARIS.

ANTOINE AUGUSTIN PARMENTIER was born of poor parents, in the little town of Mondidier, in 1737. His father died during his infancy, and he was left to the care of his mother, a woman of superior character, and of admirable good sense, to whom he loved in after life to ascribe the highest advantages of his education. The old curé of the parish, who was the friend of his family, struck by the intelligence with which he received her early lessons, undertook to instruct him in the rudiments of Latin. At sixteen, Augustin, impatient to render some assistance to his mother, who, though honourably descended, was struggling with great poverty, entered into business under an apothecary in his native town, and the following year he went to Paris to one of his relations, who followed the same profession.

An opportunity soon offered for the young chemist to enter a career worthy of his ambition. The war with Hanover having broken out, Parmentier joined the army in 1757. The talent and the self-devotion which he displayed during the dreadful epidemic which so cruelly decimated the brave soldiers, whom the sword of the enemy could not conquer, soon raised him to the rank of second chemist; not only did the ardent and intrepid young man expose himself in the hospitals without fear, but he also frequently fought on the battle-field. He was taken prisoner five times, and he used to describe these mishaps, in later days, with his usual gaiety, and praise the skill with which the Prussian hussars had several times undressed him. "They were the cleverest valets," he said, "that he had ever met with."

During one of these military captivities, Parmentier conceived the first idea of the good deed which was destined to render his name immortal. Being subjected to rigorous confinement, and obliged to content himself with the rations of the prisoners of war, who were fed on potatoes; instead of complaining as the rest did of this food, which was new and disagreeable to them, he more wisely set himself to consider well the nature and the utility of the precious root, and determined not to forget it when he should recover his liberty: we shall see how he fulfilled his intention.

When peace was restored to his native country in 1763, Parmentier returned to Paris, where he attended the medical lectures of l'Abbe Mollet; those on chemistry delivered by the two brothers Douelle; and the botanical courses of the celebrated Bernard de Jussieu. His ardent love of learning led him to bear with cheerfulness the greatest privations, by means of which alone he was enabled to pay for his lessons, and to buy the books he wanted in the prosecution of his studies. And all this time he spared money to assist his mother and sisters, who little knew at how great a sacrifice of the comforts of life he thus contributed to the supply of their wants. In 1766, he was chosen from amongst many other candidates to fill the situation of assistant druggist at the Hôtel des Invalides, and in this new post he won all hearts by his zeal, his gentleness, and the charm of his affectionate and sprightly disposition. The old mutilated soldiers loved him for the interest he took in their past services, and in their welfare and comfort; and the good sisters who had the charge of the hospital loved him for the sympathy he showed in their anxieties and labours.

In 1769, Parmentier was rewarded by the appointment of senior chemist, which fixed him permanently at the Hôtel des Invalides. As soon as he began to taste the pleasures of ease and tranquillity, the remem-

branch of his imprisonment in Germany, and of the potato, recurred more vividly than ever to his mind. This useful vegetable had been brought into Europe from Peru in the early part of the sixteenth century, and was first cultivated in Italy and in Germany. It was introduced into France from Flanders, and was propagated in the south by the care of the great minister Turgot; it was used in the provinces of Anjou and Limousin, but ignorance and stubborn dislike to every innovation had prevailed in all other parts of the kingdom, and the plant was regarded as a subtle species of poison, that was calculated both to exhaust the soil in which it was grown, and to bring forth leprosy and other fearful maladies wherever it was used as an article of food. Such were the absurd prejudices Parmentier now resolved to attack with courage and perseverance. He knew how hard the strife must ever be against long-established custom and popular opinion; but he was animated by the purest philanthropy, and no obstacle seemed to him invincible in the path which should lead to the attainment of a national benefit. He saw that it would be necessary to obtain from the first some powerful protection for his plans, and he sought that of the king himself, Louis XVI., who gladly accorded it. He then determined to strike the imagination of the Parisians, and so to forge a weapon of his own, for his projected warfare against fancy and foolish superstition. For this end, he asked the monarch to bestow upon him fifty acres of the sterile plain of Les Sablons. They were cultivated now for the first time, under his directions and at his expense, and in due time were planted with potatoes. No sooner did the flowers appear, than Parmentier carried a nosegay of them to Versailles, and presented it to the king, who was surrounded by his court; Louis received the offering most graciously, and placed it in his button-hole, in spite of the scornful looks and the half-suppressed smiles of many who were present. From that time the cause of the potato was gained in the highest circles of Paris. The noble and the beautiful imitated the example of the monarch, and the potato blossom was worn instead of jasmine and roses in the most fashionable dresses of the day.

But while the great lords and ladies of the court hastened to the *Hôtel des Invalides* to offer their congratulations to the modest philanthropist at whose expense not a few jokes had been passed only a week before, it was still doubtful whether the people, for whose benefit he had chiefly been anxious to raise the plant, would be willing to profit by his pains.

The guards placed round his field by day increased the curiosity of the crowd, but they were withdrawn at night, and Parmentier heard with infinite satisfaction that his potatoes were stolen. He rewarded the first man that brought him tidings of this welcome theft, exclaiming, in the gladness of his heart, "If they are stolen by night, the old prejudice against them no longer exists."

Soon afterwards he gave a grand entertainment, at which Lavoisier and the American philosopher, Franklin, were present, amongst many of the most distinguished men of that time. Every dish consisted of potatoes dressed in an endless variety of form and fashion; even the liqueurs were extracted from the same precious root. It is only to be regretted that the bill of fare and the receipts of the cooks have not been preserved to the present day. Thus did the generous efforts of one man give to his fatherland an inestimable supply of wholesome food, and placed millions beyond the reach of the dreadful famines which used in past years from time to time to desolate the plains of France. Parmentier occupied himself a good deal from 1783 to 1791 in composing and publishing several most useful works upon domestic economy and agriculture. But soon the storms of the French revolution put an end to all calm meditation and enjoyment. He was too wise, and far too well occupied to take any active part in the

political discussions that raged around him, and his silence was considered as a disavowal of the principles which were then triumphant. Those who arrogated to themselves the title of "Friends of the People" began to persecute the man who had shown his friendship by his deeds. "Speak no more of Parmentier!" exclaimed an orator of the Jacobin Club, "he would feed us only on potatoes. It was he who invented them." His name was placed on the list of the suspected, and he was deprived of the small pension given to him by Louis XVI. and of his apartments at the *Hôtel des Invalides*. But he had scarcely been reduced to poverty before the absolute need of his services was again felt. The coalition of all the European powers against France forced her to neglect no means that might contribute to her security, and amongst these it was deemed advisable to reorganize the pharmaceutical department of the military hospitals, and to make the soldiers' bread better. This difficult task was offered to Parmentier, who accepted it with enthusiasm, and acquitted himself of it with zeal which was above all praise. To this day his name is gratefully remembered in the French army. He was now appreciated according to his deserts, and was called to one honourable employment after another in the service of humanity. All the learned societies sent him diplomas, and he was received as a member of the National Institute. During the time that Napoleon's empire lasted, Parmentier's life flowed on in uninterrupted prosperity and honour: but in 1813 his health was considerably injured by his grief on the death of a beloved sister, joined to his distress at the reverses sustained by the French armies. At the approach of the allied sovereigns he fell dangerously ill, and died on the 17th of December, three days after they had entered France. A distinguished French *avant*, Cadet de Gassicourt, delivered a funeral oration in honour of Parmentier before the Pharmaceutical Society; and in describing the life of this simple-minded and benevolent man, he dwelt on the two acts by which it was especially marked, and which contained, as it were, an epitome of it all,—the introduction of the potato and the syrup of the grape, which, in his own charitable intentions, were to become the bread and the sugar of the poor. François de Neufchâtel had already proposed giving his name to the potato, and calling it "*La Parmentière*," but his suggestion was not adopted, and few perhaps now in France remember to whom they are indebted for one of the most necessary luxuries they possess amongst the fruits of the earth.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE COTTAGE OF AN ALBANIAN SHEPHERD.

"Soon the barking of shepherd-dogs announced that our approach was heard; and, to our infinite joy, we found ourselves in a few minutes in a wild little Albanian hamlet, with the whole of its very unsophisticated inhabitants crowding round us. Instantly, when they found how wearied and exhausted we were, there was a great dispute as to who was to have the honour of offering us hospitality. Finally, the right to do so was claimed by the fortunate possessor of the best house in this village of shepherds. He triumphantly led the way to the dwelling, which we were told was so greatly superior to all the others. It was a small building, composed entirely of wood, and consisting of one single apartment. A large fire blazed merrily on a square stone near the top of the room, and the furniture consisted of various sheepskins, spread out on the clay floor as seats. We were invited to take our places on the ground, on one side of the fire, into which a handful of pine cones having been flung, it shot up into bright flames, which cast a strong glare on the strange scene around us. Opposite to us sat our

host and his wife, their daughter, a little girl of some fourteen, and her husband, a fine-looking youth of twenty. Beyond them were our servants, occupied in preparing our supper, and in rubbing down the horses, who had entered by the same door as ourselves, and were to share the same apartment; next to them were an ass and a pig, who were loud in their remonstrances at being thrust so far from the fire to make way for the new comers, not to speak of the innumerable cocks and hens who perched in the rafters, and flew about amongst us. I really believe we should have slept soundly in spite of all, but for the restlessness of the pig, who was a decided somnambulist, and the braying of the ass in his dreams—a sound which all must be aware is far from melodious under any circumstances; but those who have never had an opportunity of hearing it in a bedroom can have no idea how overpowering it then appears. The night was short, and we started again at three o'clock on our return home; but it was one never to be forgotten.—*Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks, by a Seven Years' Resident in Greece.*

NIGHT SCENE BETWEEN DECKS ON A GERMAN
EMIGRANT SHIP.

"A hollow sea was running, and the waves thundered with heavy blows against the sides of the ship, which quivered to her heart at every stroke. Yet the gale had not blown long enough to raise the waves much; and heeling over to the wind—the position in which a vessel is both safer and has less violent motion than when it blows directly astern and the lofty mast sways from side to side—the good ship shot rapidly through the dark water, dashing the foam from her bows, while most of the passengers quietly and without alarm fell to sleep. . . . A wild confused cry, a thumping and washing of heavy bodies, an almost stupefying, piercing pain in the head, waked him [Werner]. Alarmed and surprised, he opened his eyes; and although everything around was hidden in pitchy darkness, he instantly perceived that the ship must have changed her tack, and was in consequence lying over on the other side, on which his berth was—for his head was thrown downwards, while his feet were pointed almost perpendicularly upwards. He changed his position in all haste. The frightful din between decks, however, went on; and creeping out of his berth, he became at once aware of the alarming condition in which he and the rest of his fellow-passengers were at the moment. . . . The luggage had been lashed to the stanchions, as usual in passenger ships, and in such a way, too, that most of the lids and covers might be opened to give the owners access to their stores of food and clothing;—but one of the peasants, not at once comprehending the reasonable purpose of keeping the baggage fast, and the risk which might attend the neglect of this precaution, had, in spite of the dissuasions of the others, loosened one of the ropes, in order to get more easily at something in his chest. The little tailor, who lay in the berth above him, may very likely have had a prophetic fear of the trunks and cases dancing about in disorder: for he had attempted to fasten them as before—but, being ignorant of the mystery of knotting ropes, had done it but poorly. So that when the ship began to plunge—when the whole weight of the baggage was awayed over, now on this side, now on that—the fastening gave way, and down came clattering first the little boxes and cases from the top of the pile, followed, at last, by the heavy ordnance, the immense chests of the emigrants. Many of them, indeed, with laudable zeal, instantly leaped out of their cribs when they perceived the danger: but from the frantic motions of the ship, they could hardly keep themselves on their legs, how much less master these heavy weights—and were fain, as a sudden shift of the

vessel threw the whole mass against them, to regain in all haste their berths, which were protected by stout planks, in order to save themselves from being lamed or crushed to death by the luggage which came falling upon them. Their condition now was terrible, and was made sadder by the moans of one of the young fellows who, in attempting to reach the hatchway and get on deck, had been badly wounded by some of the chests falling upon him:—while from all the berths the noise was increased by the wailing of the women, the screams of children, and the groans and sobs of the sick. It was a frightful confusion; and in vain did they all rage and cry for help from the sailors. In the darkness they could have done nothing, had they even had leisure then to attend to the unfortunate passengers. Then, when all might suppose the alarm had reached a height that could not be increased, there poured through all the din and uproar, through all the groaning and complaining, a cry of agony and unspeakable horror so wild, that even the sick and the children hearkened to the sound, and for the moment an absolute hush followed the dismal tumult. It was but for a moment: and the fearful exclamation—'A corpse! a corpse!' sounded from berth to berth, from lip to lip!—*The German Emigrant's Journeyings and Adventures.*

A NIGHT ON THE SHORES OF HINDUSTAN.

"We came to anchor, on the third morning after quitting Kedgee, under the walls of Fort William, and found H.M.'s 3d Dragoons encamped on the ghats. About four in the afternoon, the heat having considerably abated, we disembarked, and marched into the Fort, where quarters had been provided for our men, though none for the officers, as the brigade-major informed us, at the same time stating, that as a difference of opinion existed on that subject between himself and the fort-major, we must wait until he (of the Queen's) had craftily overcome him (of the Company's), and induced the latter individual to house us. There is an old proverb about a man between two stools being likely to come to the ground, which was fully illustrated in our case, for, both of our supports for a night's rest in Fort William having given way, we came to the earth, though fortunately in the tents of the 3d Dragoons, immediately under the walls of the fort, where our fall was kindly broken by cloaks spread on the ground to receive us. I was composing myself to sleep as comfortably as circumstances would permit, when suddenly a volley of screams, as though proceeding from the lungs of ten thousand demons, caused me to start on my feet, supposing the camp to have been invaded by the infernal regions. My host, lying in the opposite recess of the tent, being a man of some days' experience, begged me not to disturb myself, as it was only the jackals. 'Only the jackals!' but they are pretty nearly enough to murder sleep, I thought, as I laid down to await the cessation of their intolerable howls. Silence at length ensued, and I was just falling asleep, when a low gurgling noise arose close to my ears, and continued with the most monotonous regularity: 'Good heaven!' I cried, after listening intently for a few minutes, 'that must come from the diabolical bandicoots, of which I have often heard from old Indians.' I drew my sword, and awaited their advance in a violent perspiration, for I have an insuperable abhorrence to the whole rat tribe; but they had no intention of coming to close quarters. No, their cursed pipes sounded the advance, unheeded by the main body. My enemies, nevertheless, seemed to be mustering; for the gurgles were taken up by a reinforcement from the opposite side of the tent, interrupted occasionally by a low, muttering sound:

Jamjam efficaai do manus scientie.

'I submit; it is impossible to sleep through this interminable persecution, and a man's days in this climate

must be necessarily short without rest!' Thus I exclaimed, as jumping up, I threw my cloak aside, and paced the tent in a fever, saluted incessantly by the unearthly gurgle. My friend lay on the opposite side; sleeping as calmly as if there were no such things in the world to torture us as jackals or bandicoots. The morning was just breaking, and I stepped out of the tent, in hope of being taken for a ghost by the jackals, and thus retaliating by fright on a portion of my enemies—when, lo! the veil of mystery was withdrawn, and there sat two Hindoos smoking the pipe of the country, commonly known by the name of bubble-bubble, which noisy instruments I had mistaken all night for the bandicoots. This was too absurd. I burst into a fit of laughter, which awakened my friend, who hastily joined me, when I related my grievance. Having silenced the smokers, I soon enjoyed the rest I had almost despaired of attaining."—*Military Sketches by a Cavalry Officer.*

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE BROTHERS' ADVENTURE.

BY ROBERT SNOW, ESQ.

"Twas in a tropic ocean-bay
Two English boys went forth to swim;
Brothers they were; trained with the sea
To gambol; lithe of limb
And dauntless; now they float as still
As sea-birds; now with long-breathed skill
Headlong they dive below, and rise
With pied shells in their grasp, and many an oozy prize.
But I must not fail to tell
How a fairy islet lay
About three cables' length from shore,
The jewel of the bay.
And thither with swift strokes they race,
Holding pleasure still in chase,
Through cleft waves that, as on they dash,
Close round their shoulders with a rainbow flash.
And landing in a tiny cove,
They rove the islet o'er and o'er,
Naked, in boyish liberty;
And high and low explore
Its rocks, and inmost coral caves,
Whose bases mighty ocean lavas,
Dashing to their vaulted height
Gleams of mystic azure light.
And now 'tis time to think of home;
'Tis time again to take the flood;—
But oh, what spectacle of fear
Congeals their youthful blood!
Blade-like, peaked, black, and thin,
Above the water peers the fin
Of a hungry, roaming shark,
That seems the brothers for his prey to mark;
Nor is there within hail one friendly bark.
Ah, well may they grow pale with dread!
The younger clings about his brother,
And cries—"We never shall return—
My mother, O my mother!"
The elder boy, with desperate cheer,
Makes faltering answer—"Do not fear"—
Vain words; for see! the monster rears
His jaws in sight, then dips, then slowly reappears.
A deadly film comes o'er their eyes;
They have neither pulse nor breath:
But there to stand is to endure
Companionship with death.
Half conscious what they do, they creep
Into a cave that faces not the deep:
And, sooth, 'tis better patiently
Unseeing and unseen to lie,
Than daily with their watchful enemy.

And they look forth from hour to hour;
But still the shark is prowling near;
And they are cold; and sunset comes
With sundry kinds of fear.
And now the tide is flowing fast
Into their cave; all hope is past,
If they by swimming cannot reach
The footing of the friendly beach.
And still they shudder, crouch, and cower;
Oh, how unlike their former glee!
As from a strange and gory grave,
They shrink from the bright sea.
Heavy is their choice of woe;
For they must drown, or brave the cruel foe:
Once more they look;—hope beams! far off, or near,
They see him not—"Heaven send our way be clear—
Now is the time; we will not perish here!"
For the dear life to shore they strain,
Convulsed, worse than in fever dreams;
The sky seems blood, the waters blood;
And once the younger screams
Aloud for help!—yet both come safe to land;
But in a swoon he spent upon the sand,
Till a warm glance recalls them, and they hear
Wild words of love, breaking the trance of fear;
For she hangs o'er her boys—their mother dear.

THE DUMB GIRL.

ANNE A. PRFMONT.

On! for the harshest sound
To break this weary silence, and to be
Like the glad ones around,
So prodigal of speech, and full of glee—
I am too sad my hair with flowers to dress,
Nor can the mute one sing of happiness.
And when some childish grief
Cometh to cloud their brow, or wet their cheek,
Ah me! its stay how brief,
For they in list'ning ears the cause can speak;
Each word is breathed more touching than the last,
And when the tale is done, the woe is past.
But must I hide mine deep
In the recesses of my own sad heart,
For I can only weep,
And when they ask what I can ne'er impart,
How weak, how impotent, seems look or sign!
Ah! even words were vain for grief like mine.
But there is one, the best,
The sweetest, gentlest, most beloved of all;
For me she'll leave the rest,
And oh! how gladly seem her words to fall,
Though all unanswer'd by the silent lute,
Whose chords are broken, and the sweet voice mute:
And with a skill, love-taught,
Will read my feelings on my varying cheek,
Unlock each sealed thought
And give it utterance: if these lips could speak,
Oh, my sweet sister! every word should be
A heartfelt blessing, and breathed forth for thee!

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German Bean Gatherers.

THE ACTION OF WATER.

We have spoken of the agency of ice streams in changing the features of our globe, we will now mention the action of water in producing the like effect. We have here no theory to propound, no hidden causes to investigate; we have but to consult the records of early and late times, in order to see the truth of the adage, "continual dropping will wear away the stone," exemplified among the grand scenes of nature as well as in our experience of every-day life. But, first, let us trace the agency of water as a forming, not a destroying power.

At the mouths of all great rivers, *deltas*, or tracts of swampy land, are formed by the following process. The materials washed from the banks by the ceaseless flow of the current are held in suspension and carried along while the water is in rapid motion, till meeting the waves of the sea at its embouchure, the force of the river is checked, and the materials are deposited at the bottom, at a greater or less distance from the shore, according to the resistance which the river opposes to the sea, and also somewhat dependent upon other circumstances in the character of the stream. For a river greatly increased by the melting of the snows of a mountainous country, and rushing periodically in a large volume to the ocean, will, when thus swollen, not only carry the debris which it then bears farther out from the shore, but will act in the same manner, though in a smaller degree, upon the accumulations deposited at less turbulent periods. A stream, therefore, which flows through a tolerably flat country, and which is equable in its quantity and force at all seasons of the year, deposits its mud and sand in a more circumscribed space than that which has its source in a mountain chain. Thus are rich alluvial tracts formed, which constantly, but not visibly increasing, gain from the ocean what the wear and tear of its waves in other spots washes away.

The vast amount of mud and sand thus conveyed by running water may be imagined from an experiment which was made some years ago on the water of the Rhine, by Mr. L. Horner. This gentleman found that the average of solid matter brought down by the Rhine amounted to 400 tons per hour; and he thus calculated that in the course of one year upwards of 7,000,000,000 tons of debris would be carried along, the greater part of which must be deposited in Holland before reaching the sea, in consequence of the slow and meandering course of the river through that flat alluvial country. In the course of two thousand years the Rhine may thus have brought down enough material to form a stratum one yard thick, extending over an area more than thirty-six miles square. The "wandering Po" likewise brings down large quantities of debris; it receives in its course many mountain streams, each laden with characteristic matter, which in the descent of the Po to the plains about Ferrara impedes its current, and causes it to form numerous sluggish streams, powerless to bear away the soil with which they are impregnated. Hence a kind of promontory has been formed at the mouth of the river, which, throwing back the sea with double force upon Venice, has caused it to gain upon that city, as is proved by two pavements having been found lying beneath the present one in the place of St. Mark, and below the present level of the Adriatic. Ferber also quotes Italian naturalists as to the presumed fact of the rise of the sea. To the south of the Po stands Ravenna, once the capital of the Western empire, the link between Rome and Constantinople, the residence of the Gothic kings and of the Byzantine exarchs. It contains the mausoleum of Theodoric and the burial-place of Dante. Augustus formed a harbour at Ravenna,

but it is now filled up, and the town stands two leagues from the sea. The little town of Classe, which is situated in an adjoining marsh, was destroyed by the Lombards under Liutprand, A.D. 728; it was then a seaport, it is now situated four miles from the shore. If the Adriatic be indeed rising, or the bordering land be sinking, the quantity of soil brought down by the rivers must be very great to counteract this.

The delta of the Ganges is the most extensive and remarkable of those of which we have to speak. It commences at a distance of 220 miles direct from the sea, and has a base 200 miles in length, besides which enormous deposit, the quantity of mud and sand carried out into the bay of Bengal is so great that during the rainy season, when the stream is turbid, the sea does not recover its transparency even at a distance of sixty miles from the coast, and a glass of water from the river is said to yield one part in four of mud. Hindostan was probably once an island, by the union of the Jumna and the Sutlej, the bed of the Ganges being then an arm of the sea. The Hindoos assert that in the time of Bhagiratha, A.C. 2000, the Gangetic provinces were uninhabitable, except in the upper parts of the country where Satyvrata, or Noah, is said generally to have resided. Bhagiratha went to Hurdwar, and obtaining Gange, led her to the ocean, tracing with the wheels of his chariot two furrows as limits to her encroachments. This probably alludes to some wise legislator, who took means to reclaim the lands rendered useless by the overflowing of the Ganges; perhaps the whole country was a swamp without any distinct water-courses. The soil in the Gangetic provinces consists of different sorts of earth in great confusion, the lightest often lying below the heaviest. At an excavation near Benares, some years since, after piercing through several beds of clay, mould, and sand, the workmen came to an old bed of the Ganges thirty feet below the present one. In a deep stratum of river sand were mixed the bones of men and quadrupeds. Under this was clay and earth, and at the depth of 105 feet was fine white sand like that on the sea-shore. Besides this evidence of a former sea covering the plains of Hindostan, there are found in the valleys of the Sewalik mountains beautiful pebbles, agates, and fragments of marble, all rounded by the action of the waves. The Ganges has been known to rise in one night in a column of thirty feet perpendicular, and to carry destruction before it; thus the ancient city of Hastinapura was destroyed.

The delta of the Nile is well known, but it has been disputed whether this be wholly an accumulation formed by the river. Tunis is supposed to be the ancient city of Zoan; prostrate columns and other remains have been found there, leading to this opinion; if it be so, the delta has not increased in proportion to the rise of the land along the banks of the river, caused by the clouds of sand which are arrested by the mountains, and which fall upon the valley of the Nile.

Another instance of solid matter conveyed by a river, and forming land, is at the mouth of the Amazon. This river meets the current which crosses the Atlantic from the coast of Africa to that of South America, and the mud which is brought down is deposited along the coast of Guiana, where the sea is shallow; thus the land there is rapidly increasing. The waters of the Amazon are not wholly mingled with those of the ocean at a distance of 800 miles from its mouth, and may be recognised by their muddy colour. Thus, also, the red earth brought down from the hills of Lebanon by the river Adonis gave rise to the ancient fable of the annual bleeding of the wound which had caused the death of the favourite of Venus. The festival of Adonis was celebrated soon after the autumnal equinox, when the sun gradually withdraws his beams from the northern hemisphere, and the storms of winter begin to despoil the gardens. Then the imaginative heathens mourned the supposed death of the sun in the not less fictitious death of Adonis.

"Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea."

The power of water, when in rapid motion, of transporting not only mud, but heavy and large bodies, also requires illustration. We have seen that the theory of glacier action is a recent explanation of effects hitherto attributed to water; the distinction between the two agents appears to us to lie in the form of the transported blocks; and they may have acted consecutively; as a sudden subsidence of a glacier mountain might well cause the substitution of a torrent of water for a calm glacier. Hence the boulders lying upon the crests and sides of boundary hills would retain their angularity, while the smaller masses of detritus left in the valley would show the action of the torrent in their rounded forms. Icebergs may thus have been carried down to the sea, though we cannot consent to attribute to them the scratches noticed on the boundary mountains. The power of water as an agent of transportation can scarcely be limited. As weight is a relative term, and refers to the element or medium in which a substance is immersed, a stream laden with mud or sand would bear along with it substances which would be immediately stranded by a pure and limpid river, be its velocity what it may. Thus we read of the irruption of Solway Moss, which carried with it immense and ponderous masses; and as a comparatively insignificant case we may mention our own experience respecting the tremendous hail-storm which desolated so many parts of the eastern counties, August 12, 1843. On that awful night, a large dyer's copper which had been left in the street near a blacksmith's shop, was floated by the torrent of mixed hail and rain, a distance of between sixty and seventy yards down a very slight slope in the roughly paved street. The weight of this copper may be imagined from the fact that the aid of ten men was required to move it in the ordinary manner.

The most interesting description of the ravages committed by mountain-torrents in our own kingdom, of late years, is contained in Sir T. D. Lauder's "Account of the Moray Floods," which occurred August 1829. It is impossible to enumerate all the striking incidents described by this intelligent observer, but we may notice a few of them.

The river Nethey flows into the Spey on its right bank, nearly opposite to Tullochgorum. Previous to the flood it had a meandering course down from the Cairngorum mountains to the bridge which bears its name; but on the 4th August it cut a new straight bed for itself, destroying the haughs on both sides. Terror spread among the inhabitants at Bridge of Nethey; some were stupified; others, more collected, removed their effects. The river filled the smithy, and extinguished the smith's fire; then attacked the neat cottage, surrounded by its luxuriant garden, of an industrious tailor, which stood immediately facing the approach to the west end of the bridge. About six in the morning, the river began its work of destruction, and soon swept away garden, cottage, and road, scooping the ground out to a great depth, and cutting off all communication with that end of the bridge. "About eight o'clock, a number of people were standing on the middle of it, wondering at the immensity and the roaring of the river that was carrying down large trees, and tossing them up perpendicularly, when all at once the enormous mass of timber building composing the saw-mill of Stranbeg, about five hundred yards above, moved bodily off, steadily and magnificently, like some three-decker leaving dock. On it came grandly, without a plank being dislodged. It was tremendous—it was awful to see it advancing on the bridge. The people shuddered. Some moved quickly away; and others, spell-bound, instinctively grasped the parapet to prepare for the shock: its speed was accelerated; it

was already within one hundred yards, and the increased velocity of the current must bring it instantaneously upon them; destruction seemed inevitable, when all at once it struck upon a bulwark, went to pieces with a fearful crash, and spreading itself abroad all over the surface of the waters, it rushed down to the Spey in one sea of wreck. The bridge was of grey granite, its central arch thirty-six feet, and its two side arches twenty-four feet span, and of a solidity that promised endurance for ages. But the river having once breached through beyond its western land-breast, undermined it on the flank, swept away the western arch, and gravelled the others up eighteen inches above the spring. The height of the flood above ordinary level, at the bridge, was fifteen feet, and it was two hundred feet wide. Of four saw-mills, three were entirely ruined; and the works formed along the river for floating the timber completely disappeared; the channel itself being encumbered with large stones which the work of years only could remove. The cottages on the right bank were considered safe; but a clump of alders threw a strong current against them, and three were speedily carried away, with their furniture and gardens. A curious relic was discovered by the flood having swept away about twenty yards of a green bank this was a square stone building, about six feet wide and five feet high, having nine feet of bank over it. It was, probably, a place of concealment in former times, when the spot was covered with timber."

An extraordinary circumstance took place in Loch-namhoo, a small lake, ninety yards long, and fifty yards across, lying in a hollow; the centre of it being filled with a swampy island. "During the flood, one of the cross drains of the road sent a stream directly down a hollow, and rushed into the loch with so great force that it undermined and tore up the island; and the surface of the water being thus raised fifteen or twenty feet, and the wind blowing furiously from the north-east, the huge mass was floated and drifted to the southern shore, and stranded on the steep bank, where it now lies like a great carpet, the upper half of it reclining on the slope of the bank, and the lower half resting on the more level ground close to the water's edge. The island is composed chiefly of cotton-grass, rushes, and other aquatic plants, with strongly matted roots, to a depth of about eighteen inches, and having eighteen inches of soil attached to them, making the whole thickness of the solid part of it about three feet. In form it approaches the circular, and is about thirty yards in diameter. One of the most curious facts regarding this strange phenomenon is, that it is perforated by one large hole, five or six yards square, and two of a smaller size, which exactly correspond in magnitude, form, and position, to three hillocks of earth adhering to the bottom of the loch, and appearing above water, which are, in reality, nothing more than three of the roots of the wrecked island."

On the river Nairn, a fragment of sandstone rock, fourteen feet long, three feet wide, and one foot thick, and which could not have weighed less than three tons, was carried down the river a distance of two hundred yards. A bridge over the Dee, having five arches, and a waterway of two hundred and sixty feet, which was built of granite, and had stood uninjured for twenty years, was carried away by the flood, and the whole mass disappeared from the bed of the river.

Such is the formidable power of water by sudden irruption; the gradual wearing away of solid rocks by its agency is no less striking. In an eruption of Mount Etna, supposed to have been in 1603, a torrent of hard blue lava was ejected from one of the craters near the summit; it crossed the channel of the Simeto, the largest of the Sicilian rivers, and not only occupied the channel, but crossing to the opposite side of the valley, accumulated there in a rocky mass. Now, after the lapse of little more than two centuries, the river has cut a passage for itself through the lava, from fifty to

one hundred feet wide, and in some parts from forty to fifty feet deep.

After the disastrous floods in Scotland, of which we have spoken, it was deemed advisable to cut through the neck of a peninsula round which the Dorback wound, but which had been much injured by the flood; and this spot having in early times been the scene of a legendary occurrence, the laird was anxious to save it from total destruction. The level of the stream, on the south side of the neck of the peninsula, was about twenty-two feet above that of the stream on the north side; and the bank between rose only about six feet higher than the upper stream; through this neck the cut was to be made.

"Accordingly, on the 2d of November, six men went to work at eight o'clock in the morning, and by two o'clock in the afternoon they had effected a cut ten yards long, three and a half feet wide, from six to eight feet deep, and with a fall of about four feet from one to the other. The river was at its average size at the time, and a dam of a foot thick, and just of sufficient height to retain the water, was left, like the last pin that supports a vessel about to be launched. A little after four o'clock our party reached the spot. The order was given. A man sprang into the trench, and, with one blow of a pick-axe, the frail barrier yielded to the pressure above, burst at once, and the exulting river would have swept the man before it, had he not escaped with wonderful agility down the trench, with the water at his heels. Nothing could be more interesting or striking than this event, where the effect of a single blow was, in one moment, to produce so great a change in nature's works—a change which, though wrought by a single hand, was in itself, and in its consequences, so vast and so uncontrollable, that, if thousands of men had been on the spot, they could not have turned that river back again. On swept its devouring column, with the low hissing sound of a serpent, but with the force and swiftness of the eagle sweeping to its prey. To resist shouting was impossible. We joined in one hearty hurrah! And when our voices sank, we heard the deadened roar of the river as it poured over the clayey bank, in a fall of fifteen feet, carrying every thing before it, and damming back its own astonished waters, which it met and caught, after their long circuit round the Rhymer's Hill, filling them with the liquid yellow mud into which it was almost entirely converted by the havoc it was committing in its descent. Huge stones were continually rolling down, and some that we pushed in from the side disappeared along the cut with a rapidity which no eye could follow. It was really strange to see the water that came round the Rhymer's Hill gradually ebbing away as the new cut enlarged, until, in half an hour, it was nowhere ankle-deep, except in a few pools, whither the startled trouts were struggling to save themselves. The banks of the cut being undermined, rapidly gave way, falling in large masses at a time; so that when we left the spot, as it grew dark, not quite an hour from the time it was opened, it had already produced an amazing change in its appearance. By eleven o'clock the bottom of the cut was reduced to an inclined plane, and next morning, about fifteen or sixteen hours after the opening was made, it was converted into a wide and complete river-course; and when I saw it at four o'clock in the afternoon, exactly twenty-four hours after the water was let through, it had worked its way back, quite up and across the old course, to the depth of eight feet below the level of its old, and now dry channel."

But marine currents are much more striking in their effects than those of a river. In what is called the Grind of the Navir, in the Shetland Isles, the sea is constantly widening a passage between the hard rocks; and at the Faro of Messina the current acts so strongly and quickly upon the granite rocks of the strait, that the fort occupied by the British has been obliged to be removed farther inland. There we find evidences of the

land having formerly been raised; a platform of rock projects into the sea, and the cliff forms a semicircle above it, having at the base a small lake, which is connected with the ocean by a canal, which was cut by the English during their occupation of the fort. The alteration in the width of the channel was noticed to a friend of ours by the pilot, who had guided Lord Nelson through it. Great difficulty was experienced in forming the canal above mentioned, on account of the hard nature of the rock; it was accomplished by blasting with pipes. There are marks of glacier action in the granitic boulders which strew the shore.

On the eastern coast of England, in Norfolk and Suffolk, a double action appears to be going on. At Sherringham, the sea has encroached so much upon the land, that twenty feet depth of water now flows where within memory was dry land; and at Cromer, the advance of the ocean is a continual subject of anxiety and expense. We remember within forty years the loss of a village of perhaps twenty houses, by the falling of the cliff; and we have watched from year to year the disappearance of the fields through which the pathway passed which led to the cottages formerly standing upon the edge of the cliff. At Trimmingham, a few miles distant, there are beds of marine shells, and other fossil remains which show the elevation of the land. Again, at Gorleston pier, where the Yare joins the sea, there has occurred a loss of whole fields by the encroachments of the ocean, which flows up to the base of the cliff. We may truly say that for twenty-eight years that we have visited this place, the path to what is called "the common," has been carried farther inland every summer; the common itself is disappearing, bit by bit; and in a few years we shall have lost the only spot in the neighbourhood where the bee-orchis is to be found, and the richest botanical ground (for its size) with which we are acquainted. While this sad work of devastation is proceeding to the south of the mouth of the river, Yarmouth is gradually losing its great attraction, the sea. During a few years, we have noticed the accumulation of flat, fine sands, opposite to the town, with shallow runs of sea water at low tide, making a firm and agreeable promenade. The sea has retired so much, that some steps which twenty years since could not be ascended at high water, are now at a great distance from the sea, and the jetty is becoming useless as a place of landing, except at high tide. On the 25th of May, this year, the sea at low water retired forty feet beyond the end of the jetty, an event which was never known to take place before. Thus it would seem as if the coast of Norfolk between Cromer and Gorleston were rising, while at those two points it appears to be sinking. Something may be allowed for the deposition of sand at a point or promontory; as at Lowestoft the land is also gaining upon the sea.

Besides the action of fresh water at the mouths of rivers, traces of floods are to be met with all over the world; traces which we can scarcely refer to the great Noachic deluge, but which are probably to be accounted for by the sudden melting of mountain snows, or the continuance of heavy rains, as in Morayshire. Near the hamlet of Sobrão, in the neighbourhood of Oporto, Portugal, Mr. Kingston found that "on the hills in every direction were scattered immense rounded blocks of dark granite, like the petrified skulls of a race of giants, who might be supposed to have there fallen in some terrific combat."

We close our remarks with the Countess Hahn-Hahn's description of the "Rocks of Aderbach," whether they were brought into their present position by the agency of ice or of water, cannot now be decided.

"They are situated beyond the Silesian frontier, in Bohemia, eighteen miles from Saltzbrunn, and a wretched road leads thither. You advance in so narrow a labyrinth of paths and ravines, and the extraordinary formations approach so near to you, that rain or sunshine makes no difference. All these rocks, some of which

rise to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, stand upon their smallest base, some singly, some in groups, on a marshy meadow-ground, elevated above the surface by a caprice of nature, and rent from the body of the hill: for there are hills enough round about, but their blocks are piled upon one another. Here it appears as though mountain spirits had been attempting with rude hands to copy the forms and works of men; and, dissatisfied with their clumsy and colossal imitations, had flung them down by one another, and half-buried them in the swamp. So fantastic, and to a certain degree, so like are these forms, that you are disposed to believe the guide, when he points out to you, with the gravest look in the world, here the 'twins,' there the 'mummy,' there the 'veiled nuns,' there, St. John in the wilderness,—'That little man up yonder, between the stones,' he adds, for your better information. Upon the designations fortress, market-place, cathedral, &c., you hit of yourself; but with deep shame I confess, that it was impossible for me to recognise the 'Breslau wool fair.'

"The way through this world of rocks is sometimes extremely narrow, at others it expands into a wider space; in some places the sides are so close that you are obliged to squeeze and stoop to get along. Wooden steps facilitate climbing wherever it is necessary. The most striking point of the labyrinth is the grotto with the waterfall. The bright, cheerful, ever-moving stream suddenly tumbles all affrighted into the dark cellar-like grotto, and thence winds in a thousand tortuous meanders round the foot of the rocks into the open country. On the level plain, a few hundred paces from the entrance, at which the 'overturned sugarloaf' keeps guard, stands the public-house." F. C. B.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—No. IV.¹

CHAP. III.

In the evening Edith joined Mrs. Dalton in a window, where, apart from the rest of the company, she seemed to enjoy a reverie. She did not speak, but pointed to the massy outline of a distant hill, behind which the moon was rising, huge, dim, and red; but, in proportion as she departed farther and farther from the earth, seeming to gain in purity what she lost in splendour. The mute symbolism of nature is indeed expressive. Two years ago Edith would have felt that shamed-facedness which is the mark of a keen and delicate enthusiasm in woman; she would have shunned to make the silence of her rapture a spectacle for a mixed and unsympathizing party of mere acquaintance. But she had now acquired a fearless freedom of action infinitely more comfortable to herself, and perhaps only to be regretted on account of the mixture of the motives which gave rise to it. She had become so accustomed to be admired for whatever she did, that she had nearly learned to think that every thing she did must be in itself admirable; not that this was the conscious and definite working of her mind, but rather that, being sure of obtaining approbation, she forgot to inquire whether she deserved it or not; she had got the current coin, and she cared not to test the purity of the metal. Yet the adulteration was very slight—quite imperceptible to herself—it was only, in the strictest sense of the word, a *beginning*. So is an acorn only a beginning, and a small one—but the end of that beginning is the mightiest of trees; and in every beginning the whole progress, development, and final consummation, are, as it were, folded up and contained, ready for gradual expansion. The thought is as full of comfort as of warning, though, alas! the warning is the more needful of the two.

"Some more, Amy," said Mr. Thornton's voice, behind the ladies, "you have indulged your meditations

long enough and must now think a little about the enjoyment of others."

Mrs. Dalton looked round with a smile, and immediately moved to the piano. She put her cousin back with one hand as he offered to escort her, whispering at the same moment, "No, no; I don't want you. I am going to exhibit, so you may talk at your leisure." She sat down, and, under cover of Schullhoff's *Galop di Brava*, which was presently electrifying the room, Mr. Thornton returned to the window and to Edith. He began with a platitude, such as even the most brilliant genius must occasionally utter if he be resolved to talk in season and out of season.

"So you prefer moonlight to conversation," said he.

"To some conversation," returned the lady, looking very intelligently at the scattered human beings who adorned the chairs, sofas, and ottomans around her.

"But not to *all*? I am afraid I can scarcely hope to be classed among the exceptions." This timid speech was accompanied by a very decided assumption of the vacant seat next Edith. She laughed slightly, as though she perceived that the words and the movement were a little inconsistent with each other, and answered frankly, "Why, I scarcely think I do prefer even such a scene as this to the conversation which we had with Mrs. Dalton before dinner. It was very interesting."

"Almost too interesting," replied he; "such moments unfit one for the trivialities of everyday life and commonplace people. Though all beauty is said to arise out of contrasts, yet there are some contrasts which at once and irremediably destroy beauty;—you would not mix moonlight and lamplight in a picture."

"Yet they are very beautiful in reality," said Edith, looking from the brilliant room to the still, silvered woods without.

"I suspect," said Mr. Thornton, "that, as in most things which we call beautiful, the charm lies rather in the mind of the interpreter than in the thing interpreted. Is that too philosophical for you?—I know you are a student of German."

"I delight in listening to what is beyond my comprehension," returned Edith. "Either the mystery pleases me, or else the feeling that I have the power to reach it if only I have time and help afforded me. No pray go on with your theory—you think that there is no such thing as Beauty, really, but that it all depends upon the mind of the person who is looking. I don't know how to express it; but you see what I mean."

"Yes," replied he, "what is noonday to you and me would be midnight to a blind man."

"But the sun is the same," retorted Edith.

"Not to you, if you are blind," he answered. "It is, to you, as if it did not exist. But these analogies are very deceptive; one can't carry them out. To illustrate what I mean by plain facts,—the pagoda which is beautiful to the Chinese would have been monstrous to the Greek; and again, the worshipper in Cologne Cathedral would find little to excite his devotion at Pæstum."

"And you believe in none of them?" cried Edith.

"Just the reverse," said Thornton, smiling; "I believe in them *all*. I believe that the elements of truth, goodness, and beauty, are everywhere for those who can see them—the whole, nowhere for any body. To disbelieve in their existence would be as absurd as to restrict them to any particular forms or systems. Some possess more, some less; the man who has emancipated himself from all has the best chance of collecting the fragments which all contain."

"I think I understand," said Edith; "I see how this leads naturally to universal toleration."

"True," he replied, "toleration—charity—love, becomes the law of life, and Christianity assumes her proper place, as the system containing the highest development of that law which has yet been granted to us. Viewed in this way, can any thing be more ludi-

crous than the conventional rules which would seek to conform all characters to the same model? Rather find out, in the countless variety of materials submitted to you, those with which your own inner voice accords, and associate yourself with them, if you would attain happiness. All the misery that we see around us seems to me a blunder, not a necessity."

"Nay," said Edith, half doubtfully, "but if we sin we must needs suffer, must we not? Is not that the real cause of misery?"

"Every fault," returned he, "brings an inevitable portion of suffering with it, which is the best safeguard against repetition of it. But repentance is in itself restoration; the idea of punishment, except in so far as it is needful to procure amendment,—the idea of *retribution* is absolutely preposterous. We are all imperfect and in a state of progress, and of that progress purification is a necessary part."

"Yes," said Edith, "because we have not merely to do what you said just now, to choose the outward circumstances which best suit us, but, as we cannot create circumstances, we have also, and more frequently, to adapt ourselves to them."

"Perfectly true," he rejoined. "This is the difficulty of life, and in this its pain consists to those who will persist in refusing to use it rightly. But out of the discord gradually arises a fuller and more glorious harmony."

"A glorious harmony! Yes, indeed," cried Mr. Delamaine. "You were speaking of Mrs. Dalton's playing. Did you observe how that discord was first prepared and then resolved?"

"Some people seem resolved to prepare nothing but discords," murmured Mr. Thornton, with a mixture of annoyance and amusement.

But at that moment Mrs. Dalton ceased the marvels with which she had been delighting or deafening her audience, and broke into music of a very different strain,—a low, quick accompaniment, like the rustle of abundant leaves, through which the notes of the melody stole like drops of water falling in twilight. You must watch heedfully if you would see each one glisten as it passes; the breathlessness with which you listened would have moved the repose so essential to musical beauty, but for the lulling stillness of the undersong. Mr. Thornton held up his hands as if imploring silence, and then putting them before his face, seemed to abandon himself to enjoyment. And he did really so abandon himself, that the only reminiscence of his conversation with Edith which flitted across his mind, might have been contained in the following words: "Strange, that I have been talking philosophy instead of sentiment! I don't believe she will touch me, after all!"

Edith's reflections were somewhat deeper. The refined epicureanism to which she had been listening had singular fascinations for her; and it was, moreover, so interwoven with truth that she could not separate the one from the other. Life was then no burden to be borne, no struggle to be encountered. Sorrows were anomalies and exceptions in this system, not chief and necessary parts of it; they were the results of imperfection, to be endured, and surmounted, and forgotten. Sins, if forsaken, were no subjects of grief; discipline was necessary as a means of happiness, not of holiness. Vaguely did these results of the principles presented to her pass before her mind,—so vaguely that they seemed not to testify to the falsehood of the principles which involved them. Would Edith have entertained these thoughts three years ago? Certainly not. Was she, then, a better logician at eighteen than at one-and-twenty? Scarcely,—her logic at either age did not exceed due feminine limits. But Edith had been living for amusement for three years; living, in fact, to speak plainly and shortly, to and for herself. Her conscience had learned to suggest her actions by the assurance that there was "no harm in them," not by the authoritative injunction, "Do this because it is right." The wo-

man who leads such a life as this must make up her mind to two dangers:—first, she is sure to encounter temptation; secondly, she is sure to be unprepared for it. The rule of quiet obedience, of childlike faith, of daily self-denial, excludes the evil simply by leaving no room for it. It keeps the heart as in the shadow of some cool and voiceful cloister, and has the twofold virtue, that it is at once a safeguard from temptation and a strengthener against it. But of such a rule Edith had known little at any time, though the kindly influences of her childhood and early youth had in some measure supplied its place; they were, however, rather a shield from the foe than an armour on the body—the shelter was withdrawn, and she was found weaponless. Yet who shall say that with her noble impulses, generous feelings, amiable temper, warm heart, and (to speak in popular phraseology) *innocent* life, she was not a favourable specimen of her class, sex, and age in this our Christian England? Who, to take lower ground, could expect her even to *fear* that she was gradually departing from such a standard as Philip Everard carried in his heart of hearts? But we will not anticipate.

Mrs. Dalton's fantasia, or whatever it is to be called, came to an end, and Mr. Delamaine was at her side in a moment, begging for a song. She smiled her most bewitching smile, but immediately played an air with variations. "Do you like that?" inquired she, as she concluded. "It is one of Thalberg's."

"Oh—ah—yes—indeed," was his reply, "I should have recognised it immediately. So orchestral—there is no mistaking his style."

Mrs. Dalton looked a little mischievous, and Lord Vaughan, as he read on the title-page of the music the name of Mendelssohn, smiled to her with the open and gleeful significance of one who is not often in the secret of a private morsel of satire, and who inwardly congratulates himself on understanding it.

"But," pursued Mr. Delamaine, "you used to sing 'Ah luce di quest'anima' used you not? You have not forgotten it?"

"Oh, no," answered she, graciously: "music that I have once learned keeps a most pertinacious hold on my memory."

"I am sure it is here; do let me find it for you," cried her persevering admirer, dropping suddenly down on his knees before the music-stand, thereby causing Lady Selcombe to start, and dislodging from her lap a perfect avalanche of coloured wools. Having duly apologized for and repaired his misdeed, he proceeded to institute a vigorous search for the song, during which Mrs. Dalton chatted about music with Lord Vaughan and Sir Mark Wyvil, and finally began to play Irish airs, with intense feeling and variety of expression. "Ah luce di quest'anima" was at length found, and placed before her; she acknowledged the service by another smile and a most grateful bow, but continued to play without heeding it for at least half an hour. Then, leaving her chair, she addressed a young lady who was seated near the piano, listening to her with a kind of sullen and reluctant admiration, "My dear Miss Mainwaring," said she, "Mr. Delamaine is longing to hear you sing this song. We all know it is one of your favourites. Now, pray oblige us—as for me, I am really quite tired." She retreated as she spoke, and spent the rest of the evening in walking on the terrace, whither she would not allow either Edith or Mr. Thornton to follow her. Miss Mainwaring, who was cultivated and commonplace, obliged the company with untiring assiduity, and Mr. Delamaine, though looking at first a little blank, was politely attentive and vivaciously critical. Ere they separated for the night, however, Mrs. Dalton approached one of the open windows, and leaning her arms upon the sill, warbled Mozart's pretty and familiar "Buona notte, buona notte, amato bene!" without accompaniment, with a richness and delicacy which astonished even those who were best acquainted with the wonderful beauty of her voice. The music was

appreciable by all, the silence was breathless, the applause unbounded; and when the fair songstress had glided up-stairs to her apartment, Mr. Delamaine observed, with much animation, "What a fascinating woman Mrs. Dalton is!" From this sentiment no one dissented, unless Sir Mark Wyvil's significant clearing of the throat might be so interpreted.

By the end of a fortnight Mr. Thornton had made considerable progress in his portrait of Edith, and had advanced yet farther in his intimacy with her. His cousin watched them with much interest, but could not satisfy her mind as to whether they were becoming really attached to each other or not. Mutual admiration was very evident; close attention on the gentleman's part, extreme graciousness on the lady's; but then Edith was gracious to all her admirers; indeed, a stern observer might not unjustifiably have pronounced that she coquetted with them. Lord Vaughan's devotion, though quiet and unobtrusive, was most profound. Mr. Delamaine's compliments were offered with a hardy and perpetual earnestness, which left no room to doubt their sincerity; yet both were encountered by her with just that mixture of piquancy and gentleness which was sufficient to keep hope alive, though it could scarcely be called encouragement. Total indifference or complete preoccupation might have blinded her to their real sentiments; but she appeared to like their attentions so well that these motives could scarcely be attributed to her; so the only conclusion left was, that if she were blind, it was partly for the very sufficient reason that she would not see.

"It is to-morrow that Captain Kinnaird comes, is it not?" said Mr. Thornton, as he uncovered his canvass, and prepared for the morning's labour. "You must give me a long sitting—I am quite anxious about his opinion."

"Oh! do not hope for Frank's approbation," returned Edith; "if you were to paint me with a palm-branch in my hand, and a glory round my head, he would still think you had not done me justice."

"The very circumstances under which it would be impossible to do you justice," cried the artist, laughing. "If you will allow me to say so, that is the only character under which I could not portray you to advantage."

"And what character is that, pray?" inquired Lord Vaughan, very quickly, and half affronted.

"That of a saint," replied Mr. Thornton. "Miss Kinnaird has not severity enough for an artist's ideal of a saint; and I am heartily glad of it, for if she had, I am sure I, for one, should be exceedingly afraid of her."

"So I should think," said Edith, a little more dryly than was her wont.

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Lord Vaughan; "only just fancy a young English lady of the present day looking like a saint! Just imagine a saint in embroidered muslin, with all those frills and flounces, and hair which it must take at least an hour to plait and curl!"

Everybody joined his laugh at the juxtaposition of two ideas so glaringly incongruous, as those of a saint and a "young English lady of the present day."

"Where is Kinnaird now?" pursued he.

"He is staying with the Verners."

"Ah, poor Verner!" cried Mr. Thornton, "what a wreck he is! It is positively painful to me to sit in the room with that man. He used to be the most brilliant companion; he had more refinement than any man I ever met with. In that respect he was absolutely feminine; and then such inexhaustible spirits! he would keep you roaring with laughter a whole evening; and then, when you were lounging off to bed, perfectly worn out, and scarcely able to speak from sheer fatigue, there was he as fresh and as cool as if he were just going to breakfast!"

"And what has changed him?" asked Mrs. Dalton.

"Marriage," was the laconic reply.

His cousin fixed her deep reproachful eyes on him without speaking.

"Such a marriage!" reiterated Lord Selecote. "Yes, now that is a man whom one regrets to lose. Everybody liked Verner; with all his faults he was the most popular man of my acquaintance."

"What sort of woman can Mrs. Verner be," observed Edith, "to neutralize such an abundance of good qualities?"

"She is pretty, accomplished, tolerably amiable, and by no means stupid," said Mr. Thornton; "but—to sum it up in one tremendous word—she is vulgar."

"Yes, it was indeed a pity," chimed in Lady Selcombe; "she was low in family, and is decidedly underbred."

"Besides," said Mr. Thornton, "Verner never liked her,—how could he? They were so perfectly congenial. A woman who would talk of her carriage and four, and tell you the cost of her drawing-room furniture, at a dinner party! And he the most fastidious of men!"

"He never liked her!" repeated Edith, in a bewildered tone.

"She cannot conceive the possibility of a marriage without love," said Mrs. Dalton quickly, to her cousin. Then, turning to Edith, she added, with a mixture of sarcasm and sportiveness, "Did you never in all your life hear of such a thing as a *marriage de convenance*—as marrying for money, for station, for a home, or any other motive except the schoolgirl's ideal of 'love in a cottage'?" Oh, my dear Edith! if we could only stand in Madame de Genlis' Palace of Truth for five minutes!

Edith blushed painfully. Perhaps friendship is the most sensitive of all affections; the first doubt—the first neglect—the first seeking of another for that sympathy which we thought it our own special privilege to give—these are moments which burn their traces on the heart, and leave a scar which, though it may possess the dubious advantage of callousness to future impressions, inflicts agony ere it hardens. And to such wounds friendship is specially liable. Love confers an equality, whether real or imaginary; there is a balance of feeling; its very essence is reciprocation. But friendships are for the most part unequal, existing between persons whose characters are dissimilar, either fundamentally, or in the aspect which they present to each other. The keen tenderness, the watchful reverence, the fear, the passion, are not equally divided, and much must he suffer in whom they predominate; much must he forbear, long must he persevere, ere the bond of full and perfect confidence is finally established. But, if there be indeed that hidden basis of sympathy, without which no true friendship is conceivable, it is well worth the struggle; for the reward shall overpay the labour. Forbearance, trustfulness, hope—on these three pillars may the temple be reared—but if one of these fail, especially if the second fail, there will be nothing but a shapeless ruin!

"I don't think Miss Kinnaird need fear the Palace of Truth on this subject," said Sir Mark Wyvil, with a malicious emphasis on the name, and a glance at Mrs. Dalton.

"Nor Sir Mark Wyvil," retorted the lady instantly. "Both are equally transparent—but with a somewhat different effect."

Sir Mark was discomfited, and Mr. Thornton resumed the conversation, addressing Edith: "Oh, it was one of those sad cases in which a marriage without affection is almost compulsory. He ran through a fine income; he was not the sort of man who could ever have lived within his income even if he had been as rich as Hudson; and then he had to choose between selling a place which had belonged to the family ever since Queen Elizabeth's time and marrying Miss Jarvis—a pretty girl enough,—and devotedly attached to him."

"You must excuse me," said Edith; "but I think the lady is the more to be pitied of the two."

"Not she!" cried Lord Selcombe. "She is as happy as a queen, and has her own way in everything."

"That is just the happiness of a queen," replied Edith; but not of a woman."

"But she dotes on her husband," said Lord Selcombe. "And he—is indifferent to her!"

"It is better to worship than to be worshipped," said Mrs. Dalton in an undertone and with a half-sigh.

"Verner was a younger brother," said Lord Vaughan; "what became of the elder—of Montague Verner? I remember the rejoicings at his coming of age when I was a good little boy in petticoats."

"Oh," said Lady Selcombe, with a grave shake of the head, "he was always very eccentric! It was a great grief to his family. He took up some religious mania, and would not live on his property."

"Yes—a canting rascal," cried her lord;—"he nearly broke his mother's heart. Some fancy about its being church property,—the father was living then, you know, and he was a man who wouldn't stand any nonsense—so they quarrelled—and the young gentleman took his leave, went into orders, and was off to Van Dieman's Land, or some such place; and I've never heard anything about him since."

"A nice sort of religion," said Lord Vaughan, "which makes a man quarrel with his father!"

"Why," said Lady Selcombe, lowering her voice, "I have heard that there is insanity in the family; and, you know, that kind of religious enthusiasm, if it doesn't begin with insanity, generally ends with it. Very few minds are strong enough to hold their balance when those notions get hold of them."

The world's charity and the world's condemnation,—both appropriately exercised! Perhaps some such idea was present to Mrs. Dalton, for she had ceased to take any part in the conversation, and at the first pause she began to play. As usual, when she finished her performance, she was implored for a song; and as usual, when implored, she did not comply. She professed to be weary of watching the progress of the picture; engaged Lord Vaughan, who had still something of the schoolboy about him, in a private conspiracy against her cousin's brushes; made the room ring with her musical laugh when Mr. Thornton, having fallen into the trap, and finding himself about to paint Edith's forehead with Prussian blue, uttered an exclamation of disgust; and then darted off into the garden for a solitary ramble.

"She has the spirits of a child," said Mr. Thornton, a little impatiently.

"And how music excites her!" observed Lady Selcombe. "When she began to play she had a brilliant colour, and before the end of the piece she was as white as my pocket-handkerchief."

The rest of the morning was spent in discussing the details of a grand approaching piece of gaiety that was to take place under Lady Selcombe's auspices; namely, a bazaar for the benefit of an hospital in process of erection at ———, the town nearest to Selcombe Park. "The celebrated beauty, Miss Kinnaird," though not exactly advertised in the handbills, was reckoned upon as first among the attractions which were to gather the neighbours from far and near for charitable purposes. She was to preside at one of the stalls under the *chaperonage* of Mrs. Dalton; her costume was to be new for the occasion; and in his character of Artist, Mr. Thornton was allowed to arrange the distribution of colours. Lord Vaughan had asked and received permission to provide her with a bouquet; and Mr. Delamaine, who was never tormented by any importunate self-distrust, had constituted himself Critic-in-Chief, and soliloquised at great length over the bonnets and mantillas which Edith successively tried on, while she was listening for the more refined compliments of Mr. Thornton, receiving the silent homage of Lord Vaughan, or submitting to the good-humoured comments of her host and hostess. Edith's enjoyment of the admiration which she excited did not exceed the limits of what is popularly termed "harmless vanity;"

and harsh indeed would the censor have been deemed who should have passed sentence of condemnation upon her, for the manner in which she spent that bright autumn morning. Yet the particulars would have looked a little strange if they could have been faithfully noted down in her diary—especially if the varieties of *feeling* which beguiled the long hours of their tediousness could have been as accurately reported as the outward occupation.

"Edith, love, I vexed you to-day," said Mrs. Dalton, coming into her friend's room, as, weary with amusement, she was languidly brushing her hair ere she retired to rest.

Edith's quick change of colour showed that the allusion was understood, though with the sudden impulse which always prompts us to accuse our sensitiveness of absurdity, and to wish to hide it, she, almost involuntarily, disclaimed the imputation.

"No—don't deny it," pursued Amy, kissing her forehead, "you were vexed, and I am glad that you were, because it shows that you love me. But now promise me," she added with singular vivacity, "that you will never take to heart any hasty speech of mine; you may be sure that I shall never mean any unkindness by you; and I have an imperfect temper—that is to say, you don't know what may have happened or have been said to wound me and make me irritable. Even the closest friends know very, very little of each other, but that need not interfere with affection. Promise me, Edith!"

Most heartily did Edith return her embrace—most warmly did she give the required promise. The delicious feeling which she experienced at this first distinct avowal of friendship richly overpaid her for the pain which she had suffered. After a moment's pause, she replied—

"But I cannot bear the idea that friends know but little of each other, and I can never think it true. It seems to me that confidence is a necessary part of friendship."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dalton, "but confidence is a word with a great many meanings; the highest of all is the confidence which gives full sympathy to the *feeling* without knowing, or wanting to know, its *cause*. However, I will confide to you," she continued in a lighter tone, "that I was annoyed this morning, because, as I myself never was in love in my life, your words sounded like a reproach to me. I see you are shocked at my confession; and now I want you to confide in me."

"Oh, don't ask me!" cried Edith, quickly, her face becoming crimson.

"Nay, 'tis no very searching question," replied Mrs. Dalton; "I only want to know what you think of my cousin Godfrey!"

"I like and admire him excessively," exclaimed Edith, with earnestness; "I think him a genius, not merely in art, but in conversation. How different it has been since he came here! Everything seems to have received a higher impulse—nothing is commonplace."

"Quite true," observed Amy; "and he has admitted you into some of the secrets of his mind, which are unsuspected by the world of mere acquaintance."

"Yes," said Edith, hesitatingly, "he talks very freely on all subjects of feeling. Sometimes he quite startles me; but it is very interesting."

"That is his particular charm," cried Mrs. Dalton; "he really lets you know what he is thinking and feeling; he never stops on the surface of anything—he goes into the depths at once."

"Yes," repeated Edith, "that is one way, you know; but sometimes one finds out that people are feeling very strongly, just by their *not* speaking on the subject."

"Did you ever know any one," pursued Mrs. Dalton, "who so transformed and raised the whole tone of conversation without pedantry or parade? It is so refreshing in the midst of the mediocrities of society."

"It is perfectly delightful," answered Edith; "that is

what I so especially admire in him. And how curious it is that there should be such different ways of doing the same thing!"

"One of his greatest merits in my eyes," continued Mrs. Dalton, "is in the quickness and refinement of his sympathies; I never can endure a man who laughs at a feeling."

"Oh! but dear Mrs. Dalton," exclaimed Edith, quickly, "that may come from such a different cause. A person may laugh sometimes only because he feels too deeply to like to show it. Sometimes, you know, a laugh is one's only escape from tears."

"That is not often the case," said Mrs. Dalton.

"No, not often, but sometimes," returned Edith; "I think it would be very hard and very unjust to decide that a man was cold-hearted even if he sneered and scoffed at subjects of feeling in company. It may come from some private cause—some early grief, which one knows nothing about, but which has changed the whole life; besides, there are other ways of raising the conversation, and impressing you with high notions of character, than those which are distinct and open. One never thinks so highly of a person as when one has found out his merits and his feelings in spite of himself, and, as it were, against his own will."

Mrs. Dalton suddenly lifted her lustrous eyes, and fixed them full upon the face of Edith, who, colouring and shrinking, stooped over the toilette table and began to busy herself in putting into their case the ornaments of which she had just divested herself. Suddenly her friend seized both her hands, and still inflicting on her that merciless gaze, exclaimed, "Edith, you said just now that there should be no reserves in friendship, tell me—were you ever in love?"

THE LAST YEARS OF THE LAST SAXON KING.

"A meagre man,
In humble garb, who rested with raised hands
On a long staff, bending his head."

It was many years after the direful battle of Hastings, that there landed from a ship at Dover a bare-footed and toil-worn pilgrim. His frame was tall, beyond the ordinary height of man, but it was much bowed with age or weakness, and he seemed to walk somewhat feebly, and to grasp his long pilgrim's staff as if in truth he relied on it for support. There was somewhat in the manner of this pilgrim which had excited much interest in his fellow-voyagers, and no slight degree of curiosity also, which, however, they had found themselves unable to gratify. His conduct was humble and unassuming in the extreme; and yet, withal, there was a certain dignity of bearing, which completely and effectually repelled the advances of the curious. He spoke little, and that in the most courteous wise, yet were his words select, his language choice, his tone, though subdued, dignified. Of his face no one had been able to obtain the most transient glimpse, so entirely was it shrouded from observation by his cowl, which he at all times kept watchfully and warily closed; and this circumstance was in itself fully sufficient to keep alive the curiosity of those, who then, as in this day, were more liberally disposed to pry into other people's affairs than to attend to their own. As the ship approached England, and the cliffs of Dover appeared in sight, the agitation of the pilgrim, who had oft expressed his longing to see the English soil, became perceptible to all around; he leaned over the vessel, he directed his gaze unbrokenly to the castle of Dover, now plainly perceptible; his hands were clasped, his frame shook with irrepressible emotion, and tears, of which, apparently, he took no heed, were seen by curious observers to fall on the sleeve of his gown.

By the time the vessel touched the strand he had succeeded in repressing his emotion, and had resumed

his usual calm and unperturbed demeanour, and it was with his accustomed subdued tone and manner that he received and joined in the congratulations of his fellow-travellers on the happy conclusion of their voyage. His uniform humility and gentleness had, however, much endeared him to some of his companions, and they were anxious to offer to the wanderer, and perhaps stranger, the hospitality of their own firesides. With much emotion of manner, but with unshaken firmness of purpose, he declined their proffers.

"At least," said a sturdy Saxon franklin, "tell us by what name to remember thee!"

"Remember me in your prayers as Christian the Hermit, and may the saints be gracious unto me as I do daily offer up my orisons for thee and thine."

So saying Christian grasped the hand of the worthy Saxon, and turned away.

The franklin felt a queer sensation in his throat and in his eyes, which he endeavoured to dispel by bestowing some hearty curses on the serf who was attending to his baggage. The remedy proved efficacious, and in a few minutes he turned to survey the scene around him. His eye glanced towards it carelessly enough, but was suddenly caught by the sight of a dark object on the opposite hill. Again he looked, and again. The figure continued to move on slowly, and with evident difficulty, up the toilsome ascent of the castle-hill.

"By the bones of my ancestors," exclaimed the Saxon, "it is the hermit! What seeks he in yon frowning pile?" continued he, with true Saxon feeling, as he glanced at the *then* Norman castle; "better for him had he sought an humble home at the hearth of an honest Saxon."

And, truly, so thought the hermit; but his thoughts had reference not to the present moment, as to whose comforts habit had rendered him perfectly indifferent, but to opinions and circumstances years ago passed away.

"And this," said Christian, as after a toilsome pilgrimage, during which he had often for very weakness and weariness sake stopped awhile to rest, and to wipe away the huge drops of sweat which gathered on his brow, and the heavy and blinding tears which over and anon bedewed his eye—"this is my land, my country, the seat of mine ancestors, my father's home, mine own inheritance! This," added he, shortly after, rising and stretching his arms around, as if his imagination enclosed the whole island in their embrace—"this is—this was—my country—my kingdom!"

"Great God!" continued he, after a pause, bending reverently, and raising his hands towards heaven,—
"great God, who hast created all things, before whom all nations are as a drop in the ocean, as the small dust of the balance—thou who bringest princes to nothing, and makest the judges of the earth as vanity—God, the everlasting, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth—blessed be thy name for ever, who in the midst of judgment hast remembered mercy, even to such a worm as I am: Lord, what am I, that I should set myself up against thy will? Thy will be done, O Lord! Amen."

For a long time Christian continued prostrate in supplication and prayer; and his agitation, which had in truth been uncontrollable, gradually subsided. At length he arose, looked on the scene around him once and again, and prepared to descend the steep. Hastily had he gone a few paces, however, ere he returned, gazed around with inexpressible yearning and fondness, and once more seemed to give himself up to bitter and unnering remembrances, for again the tears dropt from beneath his cowl, and fell unheeded on his sleeve. But he roused himself, gave vent to a muttered ejaculation—"God be merciful to me a sinner!" and

(1) Earl Godwin was governor of Dover Castle, and had immense possessions in the neighbourhood.

hurried as swiftly down the cliff as his feeble limbs admitted, never once trusting himself to look behind the whole way. As the sun was setting on that evening, Christian might be seen wending his way towards Canterbury, with a composed gait and a placid countenance. * * * *

And now again—

"'Tis sunset—the chime of the even-song bell
Floateth silvery and soft over wood and dell,"

as the pilgrim is seen a few miles beyond Hastings, on a plain that was even then pretty generally known by the name of Battle. Often he starts, and stops, and looks wistfully around, as it would seem some remembered object caught his eye. But how great was his excitement, when turning a point which had obstructed the view, the magnificent abbey suddenly burst on his sight, and the solemn and musical summons to vesperservice, which was pealing from its towers, came in rich and full melody on his ears. An involuntary exclamation escaped him, and he stood for some time motionless with admiration and surprise.

It was a magnificent structure. The principal entrance was a noble erection in itself, forming a large square building, flanked at each corner with octagon towers. The whole pile was embattled, and formed a very large quadrangle; on one side was the beautiful church and cloisters, and near it a spacious refectory, of which some remnants yet remain: but

"All is silent now!—silent the bell
That, heard from yonder ivied turret high,
Warn'd the cowl'd brother from his midnight cell—
Silent the vesper chaunt—the Litany
Responsive to the organ—scatter'd lie
The wrecks of the proud pile, mid arches grey,
Whilst hollow winds through mantling ivy sigh—
And e'en the mould'ring shrine is rent away,
Where, in his warrior weeds, full many a hero lay."

It had been a day of high solemnity at the abbey, the day of commemoration of its foundation, when high mass was celebrated, and additional services were performed for the welfare of the founder and his family; many masses were said for the souls of those who fell in the field of Hastings, and a solemn requiem chaunted to their memory. The concluding service was yet unfinished, and the solemn strains of the vesper anthem were yet pealing through the cloistered arches of the magnificent pile, when a pilgrim, bearing in his hand a branch of withered palm—a token from Palestine—knocked at the gate, and craved hospitality for the night. Right readily was it granted, for never was the wayfarer sent unrefreshed from a convent gate. Christian—for he it was—was ushered into the strangers' hall, whilst the hosteler went to apprise the brotherhood of his arrival.

"A palmer from the Holy Land, and of gentle bearing, sayest thou? Nay, then," said the abbot, "usher him at once to our presence; right gladly shall we welcome him. The discourse of such an one must tend to edification, as well as being pleasant to the ear. And, hark thee, bid the cellarius add somewhat of daintier fare than ordinary to our evening refectory; if the wanderer be, as thou sayest, weary and worn, a little generous cheer shall not harm him."

The hosteler made his obeisance and withdrew.

"Ah, brother Ailric," said the abbot to an aged monk, who now entered the locutory, "I have right welcome tidings for thee; happy am I that thy return to Waltham was delayed for a day's space. There is just arrived at our gates a pilgrim of gentle bearing from Holy Land, who craveth hospitality for the night."

The monk started, and clasped his hands; but then, as if struck with the impossibility or improbability of his hopes, whatever they might be, he shook his head mournfully, faintly muttering, "Ah, no! Ah, no!"

"I thought," said the abbot, "all thy brotherhood

delighted in the Jerusalem pilgrims, and that at Waltham they were ever most munificently entertained."

"It is so, my Lord Abbot, and well may it be so, since rumour averreth . . ." But what Rumour, with her thousand tongues, had in this case to answer for, the abbot was not now destined to know, for at this moment, the hosteler entered, followed by Christian the pilgrim.

"Welcome, palmer," said the abbot, "thou bearest thy emblem from Palestine, I see. Thou art fatigued, and needest refreshment and repose, which shall speedily be afforded thee, and then gladly would we question thee touching thy adventures in that blessed soil (here the abbot crossed himself) where thou hast been abiding. Doubtless they are profitable to learn."

"I have indeed sojourned there many years," said Christian, in a somewhat broken voice; "and have returned to end my days in mine own soil."

The moment the pilgrim spoke Ailric started, and eagerly regarded him; and as he proceeded and spoke of his long absence, and of his returning to end his days in his own soil, the agitation of the monk became great, and must have been observed by others in the apartment had not their attention been entirely engrossed by the stranger. He subdued, however, and effectually concealed it; nor did he, during the remainder of the evening, even address the pilgrim.

When, after experiencing the most kind and courteous hospitality, Christian pleaded fatigue, and begged permission to retire to rest, he was conducted to a neat little cell somewhat apart from the general dormitory. The night was beautiful and summer-like; the moon was full, and bathing all the scene around in a flood of light. Christian extinguished the small lamp, which, as a visitor, was permitted him, threw open the little casement, and gazed around. Well had he known the scene with the exception of the precise precincts of the abbey, but the view from his little casement extended far beyond that. Slowly he turned his eye round, and mound after mound, and hill after hill, opened by degrees on his memory with all the distinctness of former days. And at last, as thought after thought awakened in his eye, his mind, his heart, at last he recognised—distinctly recognised—the spot where William the Norman stood ere he made his last and decisive charge.

"Where then was I?" murmured the agonized pilgrim, as he pressed his burning forehead against the casement, whilst busy thoughts and recollections were torturing his brain—"where then was I?"

Alas! too well he knew that the abbey, to see which an unconquerable impulse had urged him, was reared on the very spot where, defending his standard to the death, he had stood until cut down by Norman swords.

"I thought," murmured he, whilst scalding tears fell from his eyes,—*"I thought all these feelings were subdued, conquered, eradicated. Alas! alas! our Lady plead for me, weak, wretched worm that I am!"*

And again the poor pilgrim looked forth on the night, and his countenance gradually became tranquilized, his manner calm.

At this moment a gentle knock was heard at the door of his cell—he started—a slight matter alarmed his over-wrought feelings; he made no reply, and in a little while the knock was repeated, even more gently than before.

With a slight trepidation of manner the pilgrim opened the door, and there appeared the aged monk whom he had observed at the evening meal to be a visitor at the abbey. Ailric advanced, looked cautiously around, closed the door, and then, kneeling down, took the hand of the pilgrim, and reverently kissed it.

"What means this?" inquired the pilgrim, hardly able to articulate.

"My prince!" sobbed the monk, "my loved and honoured lord. Nay, sir," continued Ailric, as the pilgrim used some deprecatory action, "you need not attempt disguise, for I knew the first sound of your

voice, and my heart has throbbed with every word you have uttered."

"And who are you?" said Harold, in a husky voice, finding all attempt at concealment vain.

"Ailric de Childemaister, a poor monk of your own Abbey of Waltham, who accompanied you to the field on that fatal day."

"True, true; and I had ungratefully forgotten thee."

"Nay, my gracious prince, it was not to be supposed that you should remember one who was ever too humble to attract your notice. But I was not too humble to love you and to weep for you; and Heaven can bear witness how sincerely I have done both. Little did I think to live to see this day; Heaven be praised for its mercies,—I can now die in peace."

"But I thought my death was considered certain?"

"So it was, gracious sir, and we buried an effigy at Waltham to deceive the usurper; but a rumour was afloat among us that you were departed on pilgrimage to the Holy Land to fulfil a vow, before you returned to fight again for your kingdom. Mine old eyes will yet see you on the throne which the proud Norman thinks he holds so securely."

"Never—never!" said Harold, solemnly.

The monk started, and was about to speak, but Harold motioned him to silence.

"It was my purpose," said Harold, "after once more feasting my longing eyes with the view of my father's lands, and of this heath—(here he shuddered visibly)—it was my purpose to retire to some lonely cell, and in prayer and penitence to await that death, of the speedy approach of which I feel sure warnings—my former name and rank unknown to any one. This purpose I still hold. And I charge thee—I charge on the allegiance thou once owedst me—to betray my existence to no one; for behold," added he, throwing back his cowl for the first time, "I am, even as thyself, sworn to Heaven!"

The monk looked, but his fast-filling eyes could see nought but the diroful change which time, and sickness, and sorrow had wrought in the fine lineaments of the once noble prince.

"It is hard," said Harold, mournfully, "even now, when, as I call the saints to witness, no ambitious thought or wish dwells on my mind—it is exquisitely painful to rake from their tombs the buried hopes and wishes of bygone time; yet will I essay it this once, since it will be the last time, *save one*, that Harold will speak in his own person."

He seated himself on the side of the little pallet bed, and resumed:—

"Of that day, that fearful day, all that I remember is seeing Norman hands outstretched to my standard, which I rushed forward to rescue; and when—after what interval I know not—I found myself in an obscure tenement at Winchester, under the care of a cunning woman of the East, who prescribed for my wounds, which were desperate, with skill and care. Months passed away ere I was able to crawl over the floor, and not less than a couple of years had elapsed before I could attempt any plan for the recovery of my kingdom. In the meantime the worthy franklin who, at the risk of his own life, had borne me to concealment when he found I was alive, died. Many of the thanes and nobles to whom I had looked for help, had either submitted to the Norman, or been reduced by him. My mother, my noble-hearted mother, had fled to Flanders; my brave brothers were dead; my wife, my gentle and beautiful Editha—alas! alas! she died by me on the way—and I was alone!"

"Oh!" resumed he, after an agitated pause, "was not the finger of God in this? Whilst I lay helpless as a babe, my countrymen were enslaved; they had become, almost to a man, hewers of wood and drawers of water; and Norman power and policy were spread throughout the length and breadth of the land."

"What was I, that I should set myself against a sys-

tem which seemed like a decree from above, so speedily and so thoroughly was it established?"

"No:—I prayed for guidance, for direction, and it was vouchsafed. I threw the mail from my breast, the helmet from my brow, and I vowed myself to Heaven. Barefooted have I wandered over the Holy Land—I have knelt by the tomb of the blessed Son of Mary—I have watered the soil of Calvary with my tears. Penury and hunger, privation and want, I have often known; but utter misery never, until this sad night, when the ghosts of thousands, sacrificed to my ambition, seemed to arise in threatening array before me. Yet do I humbly trust that long years of penitence and prayer may not have been spent in vain."

"And now, my faithful friend, leave me: I am much exhausted, and would fain seek an hour's repose to prepare me for the morrow's travail. Yet does my vow forbid me to sleep after the second hour of the morn. Remember me, and pray for me; but breathe not my name to any. We meet no more on this side the grave."

With many prayers, and tears, and blessings, they parted. At daybreak Christian resumed his pilgrimage; and at a somewhat later hour the monk Ailric set out on his return to his own Abbey of Waltham.

When again at home, there was a peculiarity in his demeanour which often attracted the notice of those around him. He would look amazingly mysterious when certain subjects were broached, and screw up his mouth as if with a resolute determination not to speak; at other times, brimful of something, he would eagerly begin to speak, and suddenly break off in the middle of a sentence, as if he was proceeding unawares too far. On some occasions he would assume a most provoking look of intelligence, and smile, and hem, as if intimating, "What could I not say if I would?" and at other times the old man's eyes would fill with tears, his features would seem almost convulsed with emotion, and he would sit for hours apparently absorbed in intense thought. The brotherhood, at first disposed to be somewhat annoyed at these new and unaccountable fancies, observed that the abbot (to whom, of course, Ailric had revealed under the sacred seal of confession what he knew) always treated them with indulgence and a certain degree of respect; so at last they became indifferent to them, and said that "Brother Ailric was in his dotage." He was certainly of a great age.

Meanwhile Christian pursued his way, seeking some secluded shelter, but without any definite route, and indeed without having at all resolved on the place where he should lay up his rest. Moved, however, by an internal feeling, an irresistible impulse, he wandered to Chester; and when there, impelled by a sensation he could no way define, he was led to the churchyard of St. John the Baptist, on the river Dee. In a secluded corner was a solitary hut, probably the abode of a hermit, and thither he bent his steps for shelter. Knocking at the door of the shed, he received no answer; so, gently raising the latch, he entered, and found the inmate stretched upon a pallet, expiring. Christian rendered to him the last offices of humanity, and then, considering that the finger of Heaven was visible in the impulse which led him to this sequestered spot, he here laid up his staff.

Seven years elapsed, during which Christian remained the pious and contented inhabitant of this little hut, and then the warnings which he had long felt were verified, and a neighbouring priest was summoned to receive the dying confession of the hermit.

And then it was first discovered that he whose humble piety and meek and lowly demeanour had for so many years excited the veneration of all around, was none other than

HAROLD, the last Saxon King of England!

(1) This sketch may appear an extravagant fiction to those who are not aware that there is extant a *Life or Legend of Harold*.

FREDERICK HALM.¹

FROM A GERMAN MEMOIR.

FREDERICK HALM, or, properly, Eligius Francis Joseph, Baron of Münch-Bellinghausen, actual imperial and royal aulic councillor, and principal curator of the imperial and royal court library, was born April 2, 1806, at Cracow, which at that time was under the government of Austria. His father, Cajetan von Münch-Bellinghausen, was at that time member of the Council of Appeals there; and when, at a later period, he was called to the office of state-councillor and member of the Conference, and was honoured by the fullest confidence and especial favour of his late majesty the Emperor Francis I., he exercised decided and extremely beneficial influence on the judicial affairs of the entire monarchy. The son of so distinguished a statesman seemed pre-eminently called to be a statesman himself, and to this object he was trained with great assiduity and perseverance. Even in the boy, however, the poet, and especially the dramatist, became conspicuous; his propensity often discovering itself in the strangest manner, by the representation of Schiller's pieces on a chess-board, by dramatizing what he read, by animated *memoriter* recitations of favourite passages, &c. This inclination was fostered by diligent reading, and continued to express itself more evidently during the period of his studies. Thus, half living in his books, half in the poetical dreams of his youth, amid the calm retirement in which his father, partly from inclination, and partly from principle, educated him, he attained so early to mental maturity, that, in his twentieth year, he had finished his education, completed his first tragedy, entered on the service of the state, and married. Although this complete change in all the circumstances of his life, far from checking his poetical temperament, rather promoted it, yet, from a distrust of his own powers, he shrank from publicity, and scarcely imparted to his friends any portion of the fruits of his silent labours. At last, even he proved no exception to the principle that real talent is always associated with the desire of communication; and thus, encouraged by his talented and accomplished preceptor, Michael Enk von der Burg, he appeared before the public for the first time in the year 1835, the twenty-ninth of his age, with his dramatic poem, *Griseldis*. The effect which this piece produced at the imperial and royal court theatre is well known. In a short period it made the round of all the theatres, great and small, in Germany. A second dramatic production, *The Adept* (1838), and some subsequent performances, as, *Camoens* (1837),² *Inelda Lambertazzi* (1838), *A Mild Sentence* (1840), enjoyed an applause, though less impetuous, yet highly honourable to their author. His romantic drama, *The Son of the Wilderness*, was almost a more successful adventure than even his first two pieces. It went over every stage in Germany with the impetuosity of a tempest.³ His last original production is *Sampiero* (1844). In the meantime he published versions of foreign works, as *Cymbeline's Children*, after Shakspeare (1842), and, yet earlier (1841), *King and Peasant*, after Lope de Vega; to whose works, as to Spanish dramatic literature in general, his attention had been turned by his friend Enk, as a source of dramatic composition of surpassing richness, and very little cultivated. A fragment of another drama of Lope de Vega, *King Bembo*, which he contributed to the album of his excellency the prefect of the court library, Maurice, Count of Dietrichstein, excites a desire of the whole. For our

(Harl. MSS. 3776), which names many of the circumstances engrained in it. His being nursed of his wounds at Winchester; his pilgrimage; his yearning after his native land; his pious acknowledgment of an Almighty hand in the Norman Conquest; his assuming the name of Christian; and his death in a hermitage at Chester.

(1) We shall occasionally give extracts from the writings of this celebrated author.

(2) We follow the German exactly, but there must be a mistake.

(3) "In *Sturmschritt* über alle Bühnen Deutschlands ging."

acquaintance with a dramatic tale, intitled, *Sword, Hammer, Book*, apparently an early production, we are indebted to a fragment printed in the annual, *Remember Me*, for 1838. Without entering on a more minute examination of these poems, of which the greater part have sufficiently manifested their power and effect by not only keeping possession of the German stage, but also by translations into foreign tongues, we will only observe, in general, that Frederick Halm possesses the rare talent of combining poetical conception of the gentlest and noblest cast with the richest scenic effect; exhibiting a pure practical example that it is possible to write with a view to stage representation without any compromise of the dignity of poetry. On account of his important services to the German stage, he was presented in the year 1842, by the King of Denmark, with the cross of the military order of Danebrog; in 1843 he received from the King of Bavaria the order of merit of St. Michael; and in 1845 the Archducal Saxon order of the White Falcon of the first class. His minor lyrical and epic compositions, which, unhappily, he keeps too much to himself, are distinguished by fervour, vigour, elegance, and, above all, by a beautiful clearness of idea: among the few collections to which he contributed in this way may be mentioned the annual, *Remember Me*. In regard to the official position of this distinguished poet, from whom his country's stage is authorized to expect so much more of the beautiful and renowned, we remark that in 1840 he was called to the imperial and royal government-council of Austria, and in 1845 was appointed chief curator of the imperial and royal court library, with the title and rank of actual aulic councillor.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

ANALYSIS OF GUN-COTTON.

M. SCHÖNBEIN has, at length, broken silence as to the history and constitution of gun-cotton. Careful analysis shows that the composition of gun-cotton differs considerably from that of xylordine; and that it is a compound poorer in carbon and richer in oxygen than the discovery of Bracannot; that, consequently, in burning it ought to produce more gas, have a greater explosive force, and leave less residue than gunpowder.

VAMPIRE BATS.

Dr. George Gardner, in his *Travels in the Interior of Brazil*, just published, describes these singular creatures as peculiar to the continent of America, being distributed over the immense extent of territory between Paraguay and the Isthmus of Darien, where they attack the fleshy parts of men, horses, calves, and pigs, and voraciously suck their fill of blood. They inhabit the limestone caves of the country, and constitute the genus *Rhylostoma*, so named from the leaf-like appendage attached to the upper lip. Their tongue, which is capable of considerable extension, is furnished, at its extremity, with a number of papillæ, which appear to be so arranged as to form an organ of suction; and their lips have also tubercles symmetrically arranged; these are the organs by which they draw the life-blood from both man and beast. These animals are the famous vampires of which travellers have given such redoubtable accounts, and which are known to have nearly destroyed the first establishment of Europeans in the New World. The molar teeth of the true vampire or spectre-bat, are of the most carnivorous character; the first being short and almost plain, the others sharp and cutting, and terminating in three or four points. Their rough tongue has been supposed to be the instrument employed for abrading the skin, so as to enable them more readily to abstract the blood, but zoologists are now agreed that such supposition is wholly groundless. Having carefully examined, in many cases, the wounds thus made on horses, pigs, mules, and other animals, observations that have been

confirmed by information received from the inhabitants of the northern parts of Brazil, Dr. Gardner is led to believe that the puncture which the vampire makes in the skin of animals is effected by the sharp-hooked nail of its thumb, and that from the wound thus made, it abstracts the blood by the suction powers of its lips and tongue. That these bats attack man as well as animals is certain; for Dr. Gardner has frequently been shown the scars of their punctures in the toes of many who had suffered from their attacks; but he never met with a recent case. The bats grow to a large size; the doctor having killed some that measured two feet between the tips of the wings.

EXTRAORDINARY MIRAGE.

About the middle of March, there was seen early in the morning, at Ulm, a mirage; the weather being clear and cold, and the sun rising brilliantly. From the point of the steeple of the cathedral of Ulm, rose a narrow ray, of a dark colour, almost vertical, with a slight inclination to the west. Near this ray the image of the upper half of the steeple was designed, with its tower, and all the numerous and delicate Gothic ornaments which decorate it on every side. This image was so correct that it might have been mistaken for a representation made by the Daguerreotype; and the phenomenon was repeated eight times.

"A BAD ROOM FOR HEARING."

Mr. J. Scott Russell has thus lucidly explained one of the causes of bad qualities in the construction of a room. He shows that in a large square room, of the usual form, the reflexion of the same sound is carried to the speaker's ear by different paths, and in different periods of time; the result of which is the confusion of successive sounds and syllables with each other, and so a prolific cause of indistinct hearing. It requires another principle to afford the remedy for these evils, which Mr. Russell believes to be quite new. He calls it the principle of *non-reflexion* and lateral accumulation of the sound wave. It was originally suggested to him by the observation of a similar phenomenon in the wave of the first order in water. This wave he considers to be the type of the *sound wave*; and on examination, he finds experimental evidence of the same phenomenon in the latter wave. He has observed that at angles below 45° , the sound wave is no longer completely reflected from the surface on which it impinges; and, that when the obliquity of the wave to the surface is 60° , a phenomenon follows of total *non-reflexion*, and the wave continues merely to roll along the surface in a direction parallel to it. This fact furnishes a ready means to remedy the evils so often produced by the reflexions, and echo, and interference of sound in public buildings. Wherever it is possible to place flat or curved surfaces at such angles that the direction of the sound shall be very oblique to the surface, it may be harmlessly disposed of, and prevented from injurious reflexion. This is exactly what the stalls of a choir, the side chapels of a cathedral, and the partitions of boxes in an opera-house, do so successfully for buildings of a large class. The same principle enables Mr. Russell to explain the whispering gallery of St. Paul's (which is circular), and another equally celebrated, mentioned by Saunders, which is perfectly straight. The same principle also explains the conveyance of sound along the smooth surface of a lake, and over the flat surface of a sandy desert; as well as the extraordinary reverberation or accumulation of sound in some portions of a building.

BABBAGE'S CALCULATING MACHINE.

The construction of a calculating machine, which truly deserves the name, was reserved for our distinguished countryman, Mr. Babbage. While all previous contrivances performed only particular arithmetical operations under a sort of copartnership between the man and the machine, in which the latter played a very

humble part, the extraordinary invention of Mr. Babbage actually substitutes mechanism in the place of man. A problem is given to the machine, and it solves it by computing a long series of numbers following some given law. In this manner it calculates astronomical, logarithmic, and navigation tables, as well as tables of the power and products of numbers. It can integrate, too, innumerable equations of finite differences, and, in addition to these functions, it does its work cheaply and quickly; it *corrects whatever errors are accidentally committed, and it prints all its calculations!* This grand invention of the age was, after much negotiation, patronized by the British government, and Mr. Babbage gratuitously devoted the energies of his mind to its completion; but the liberality of the state was not commensurate with the genius of the inventor. The government had contracted for the machine originally submitted to its notice. During its progress, Mr. Babbage invented one more perfect and useful, the construction of which required a fresh appeal to the Treasury, which has been refused. "Some Eastern monarch," says a contemporary, "intent upon glory, or perhaps, some democratic community in the far West, intent upon gain, may welcome and naturalise this exile of mechanism, and cheaply supply the navies of England with astronomical and nautical tables to guide them through the ocean." The Calculating Machine first named has been placed in the museum at King's College, London.

WEIGHT OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

Pascal shows that all the phenomena and effects hitherto ascribed to the horror of a vacuum, arise from the weight of the mass of air; and after explaining the variable pressure of the atmosphere in different localities, and its different states, and the rise of water in pumps, he calculates that the whole mass of air round our globe weighs 8,983,889,440,000,000,000 French pounds.

ABSENCE OF SNOW IN SIBERIA.

There is in Siberia, M. Erman informs us, *an entire district*, in which, during the winter, the sky is constantly clear, and where a single particle of snow never falls.—*Arago*.

GIGANTIC BIRDS' NESTS.

Mr. Gould describes the Wattle Talegalla, or Brush Turkey, of Australia, as adopting a most extraordinary process of nidification. The bird collects together an immense heap of decaying vegetable matter as a depository for the eggs, and trusts to the heat engendered by decomposition for the development of the young. The heap employed for this purpose is collected by the birds during several weeks previous to the period of laying. It varies in size from two to four cart loads, and is of a perfectly pyramidal form. Several birds work at its construction, not by using their bills, but by grasping the materials in their feet, and throwing them backwards to one common centre. In this heap, the birds bury the eggs, perfectly upright, with the large end upwards; they are covered up as they are laid, and allowed to remain until hatched; when the young birds are clothed with feathers, not with down, as is usually the case. It is not unusual for the natives to obtain nearly a bushel of eggs, at one time, from a single heap; and as they are delicious eating, they are eagerly sought after, as well as the flesh. The birds are very stupid, and easily fall a victim to the sportsman, and will sit aloft and allow a succession of shot to be fired at them until they are brought down.

DAVY'S VOLCANIC THEORY.

Potassium is lighter than water. It breaks into flame the moment it touches water or ice. If plunged into water, there is no combustion, but hydrogen is discharged without turbulence or resistance. These remarkable, but far from anomalous properties, suggested to the teeming mind of the electro-chemist Davy, the conjecture that the solid body of the world is composed of potassium and the metals that resemble

it; and that volcanized eruptions are produced by the occasional incursion of the waters of the deep, or of the great mountain-tanks, on the still domain of these atlantic metals. The far greater part of the investigated crust of the earth is certainly composed of such oxidated metals, and the specific gravity of the whole globe is supposed to be less than that of even the rocks; so that it is, at least, possible that there may be more of sound prediction in this sublime conception than the majority are inclined to think.—*North British Review*.

ATOMS OF THE ELEMENTS.

The fifty-five elements, in their simplest forms, are considered as minute particles, points, or atoms, each, according to its elementary nature, endowed with specific properties. So minute, indeed, are the parts of these elements in their ultimate state of division, in which condition they are usually termed *atoms*, as to elude all our powers of inspection, even when aided by the most powerful microscopes. Who can see the particles of gold in a solution of that metal in *aqua regia*, or those of common salt when dissolved in water? That respected veteran of science, the celebrated professor of chemistry in the University of Glasgow, has estimated the bulk of an ultimate particle, or atom of lead, as less than $\frac{1}{889,492,000,000,000}$ of a cubic inch; and concludes that its weight cannot exceed the $\frac{1}{319,000,000,000,000}$ of a grain!—*North British Review*.

"FOOTSTEPS BEFORE THE FLOOD."

"The historian," says Dr. Buckland, "may have pursued the line of march of triumphant conquerors, whose armies trampled down the most mighty kingdoms of the world. The winds and the storms have utterly obliterated the ephemeral impressions of their course. Not a track remains of a single foot, or a single hoof, of all the countless millions of men and beasts, whose progress spread desolation over the earth. But the reptiles that crawled upon the half-finished surface of our infant planet, have left memorials of their passage, enduring and indelible." As a moral lesson, the remark is beautiful and appropriate.

VELOCITY OF LIGHT.

Light moves through a space equal to the circumference of the earth in the *eightth part of a second*—in the twinkling of an eye. Could an observer, placed in the centre of the earth, see this moving light as it describes the earth's circumference, it would appear a luminous ring, that is, the impression of the light, at the commencement of its journey, would continue on the retina till the light had completed its circuit. Nay, since the impression of light continues longer than the *fourth part of a second*, two luminous rings would be seen, provided the light made two rounds of the earth, and in paths not coincident.—*North British Review*.

TEMPERATURE OF LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS.

According to Howard, the mean temperature of London exceeds that of the neighbouring country about $1^{\circ} 8'$ Fahr.

DISTANCE OF THE EARTH FROM THE FIXED STARS.

The light of the sun takes 160 minutes to move to the Georgium Sidus, the remotest planet of our own solar system; and so vast is the unoccupied space between us and the nearest fixed star, that light would require *five years* to pass through it. But, as the telescope has disclosed to us objects many thousand times more remote than such a star, the creation of a new star at so great a distance could not become known to us for many thousand years, nor its dissolution recognised for the same length of time. Had the fleet messenger that was charged with the intelligence of its birth, or its death, started at the creation of the world, he would, at the present time, be only nearing our own planetary system.—*North British Review*.

LORD ROSSE'S LEVIATHAN TELESCOPE.

To the frame of this vast instrument is fixed a large cubical wooden box, about eight feet wide, in which there is a door, through which two men go in to remove, or to replace, the cover of the mirror. To this box is fastened the tube, which is made of deal staves, and hooped like a huge cask. It is about 40 feet long, and 8 feet diameter in the middle. The Dean of Ely walked through the tube with an umbrella up!

Dr. Scoresby, who has viewed the moon through this huge telescope, states that every object on the moon's surface, 100 feet high, may be distinctly seen. There are craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and numberless masses of stones; but there are no signs of habitations—no vestiges of architectural remains—to show that the moon is, or ever was, inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presents no appearance which can lead to the supposition that it contains anything like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours. There is no water visible; not a sea, or river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory; all seems desolate.

NUTRIMENT IN COFFEE.

M. Rayen, from elaborate experiment, shows that coffee slightly roasted is that which contains the maximum of aroma, weight, and nutrition. He declares coffee to be very nutritious, as it contains a large quantity of azote; three times as much nutriment as tea; and more than twice the nourishment of soup (*bouillon*). Chicory contains only half the nutriment of coffee. M. Rayen has also succeeded in obtaining from coffee an extract in the form of a white crystalline substance, capable of giving a deep green colour to five thousand times its weight of water or spirit.

THE DOOM OF OUR WORLD.

What this change is to be, we dare not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets welding their loose materials at the solar furnace—the volcanic eruptions on our own satellite—the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others—are all foreshadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling in the mausoleums of former worlds, let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught it in the school of revelation.—*North British Review*.

PREDICTION OF THE WEATHER.

M. Arago is decidedly of opinion that the influences of the moon and of comets on the changes of the weather are almost insensible; and, therefore, that the prediction of the weather can never be a branch of astronomy, properly so called. And yet, our satellite and comets have, at certain periods, been considered as preponderating stars in meteorology. Again, M. Arago believes that he is in a condition to deduce from his investigations this important result:—*Whatever may be the progress of the sciences, never will observers, who are trustworthy, and careful of their reputation, venture to foretell the state of the weather.*

CHANGE IN THE LEVEL OF THE CASPIAN SEA.

One of the most singular features in the ancient condition of the surface of the globe which modern researches have brought to light, is that exhibited by the region around the Caspian; affording the most unequivocal proofs of great changes in the relative levels of the land and water at a period geologically recent. Over a vast region, a calcareous argillaceous deposit exists in nearly horizontal stratification, abounding in fresh-water shells and others analogous to, and to a great extent identical with, species now living in the

Caspian, attaining, in some places, a thickness of 800 feet; which appears to prove that, at the time it was deposited, there existed an inland sea, of brackish water, exceeding in size the present Mediterranean, and of which the present Caspian is the diminished relic.—*The President's Address to the Geological Society, 1846.*

INSIGNIFICANCE OF MAN.

The Earth is 8000 miles in diameter; the atmosphere is calculated to be 50 miles in altitude; the loftiest mountain peak is calculated to be 5 miles above the level of the sea (for this height has never been visited by man); the deepest mine that he has formed is 550 yards; and his own stature does not average 6 feet. Therefore, if it were possible for him to construct a globe 800 feet—or twice the height of St. Paul's Cathedral—in diameter, and to place upon any one point of its surface an atom 1-4380th of an inch in diameter, and 1-720th part of an inch in height, it would correctly denote the proportion that he bears to the earth upon which he stands.—*Griffith's Chemistry of the Four Seasons.*

APPROACH OF ICEBERGS.

Icebergs sometimes cover immense spaces; we may, therefore, suppose that they sensibly disturb certain zones of the oceanic temperature, and then, by means of communication, the temperature of islands and continents. Thus, on March 28, 1818, in 41° 50' north latitude, 53° 13' longitude west of Paris, Captain Vivian felt, during the whole day, an excessively cold wind blowing from the north, which led him to suppose that ice was approaching. And, in fact, on the following day, he saw a multitude of floating islands, which occupied a space of upwards of seven leagues. "Many of these lands," says he, "were from 200 to 250 English feet high above the water."

DECAY OF THE TEETH.

Mr. Alexander Nasmyth considers that, in addition to the ordinary diseases of the teeth, called decay, the effluvia of social life, the almost exclusive and unremitting exercise of the mental faculties, and a consequently superinduced morbid, nervous susceptibility, cause disease to appear in the sockets of the teeth, which produces their expulsion, although the bodies of the teeth themselves may be perfectly sound. That peculiarity, of which both modern and ancient social life affords abundant examples, is frequently found to have existed in the sockets of the ancient Egyptians, but never to have been observed in races of men who have followed a natural course of life.

DECORATIONS OF THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THERE are few of our readers, it may be presumed, who have not, ere this, paid a visit to the new and magnificent palace in which the peers of Great Britain and Ireland are destined, we trust, through future ages, to deliberate in their wisdom, on all matters touching the weal and woe of this great kingdom. And amongst these numerous visitors we can scarcely imagine one in any degree capable of appreciating such things, who has not left this splendid creation of architectural genius equally surprised and delighted by the taste and judgment which could plan, and the skill which could execute, a whole so perfect even in its minutest detail. Considering, however, that the fine arts are certainly not indigenous to our country, we cannot but feel some little anxiety with regard to the decorations which are to complete this monument of national taste in the nineteenth century; and we have therefore read, with much interest, the report which the commissioners entrusted to decide upon these embellishments have just put forth. It is, no doubt, satisfactory to learn, that

Hampden, Lord Falkland, and Clarendon (a somewhat heterogeneous trio!) are "going on as well as can be expected" under the hands of their respective sculptors; and that eighteen brazen barons and prelates (we could scarcely have imagined so many, unless living specimens may be included) are to occupy the niches prepared for them in the new House of Lords, at the cost of £7,000.—a very moderate sum, it must be confessed, when we consider that it allows only 150*l.* for each individual, taking the clerical with the lay. We are told that, "it has been thought advisable to keep principally in view the expression of some specific idea, and its illustration by some well-known historic or poetic incident adapted for representation in painting." To judge how far these good intentions have been carried out, we cannot do better than extract the following observations from one of our leading journals. After mentioning that Marlborough and Nelson have been selected to fill two out of four pedestals in St. Stephen's Porch, while the compartments intended for painting are proposed to be dedicated to Peace and War; the article proceeds thus:—

"The subjects recommended for the decoration of the Hall of St. Stephen's are, on the whole, dignified and appropriate. An early Trial by Jury, the Signing of Magna Charta, and the Privileges of the Commons, asserted by Sir Thomas More against Cardinal Wolsey, are all calculated to keep in recollection the origin of many of the liberties that are to this day enjoyed. The corridors, from the Central Hall, it is proposed to decorate with paintings illustrative of the great contest which commenced with the Long Parliament. In order to accommodate prejudices which may still be in existence, 'an attempt has been made to do justice to the heroic virtues that were displayed on both sides.' Thus, we have a little Royalism on one hand, balanced by a little Republicanism on the other, but the latter, as it ought to be, is kept considerably subdued. The Central Corridor shall, it is proposed, illustrate the gradual progress of our institutions by paintings, exhibiting the contrast between the extremes of ignorance and enlightenment which Britain has experienced. We have Cook in Otaheite proposed as a corrective to the Phœnicians in Cornwall; a Druidical sacrifice debited to us, and, on the credit side, the English authorities preventing the sacrifice of a Suttee, while the exposure of Anglo-Saxon captives in the Roman market place is met with a set-off in the emancipation of negro slaves. We next come to the Upper Waiting-hall, where it is suggested that Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, shall be admitted. That the poets should be confined to the Ante-Chamber, as if waiting for national patronage, is but too much in accordance with historical truth; but if accuracy is affected in a matter in which the nation has so much reason to feel ashamed, we must protest against the doubtful taste of proposing as subjects of historical paintings for the decoration of the Royal Ante-Chamber and the Royal Gallery, events that history altogether repudiates. Eleanor sucking the poison from the wound in her husband's arm is a pretty incident for a romance, but, unfortunately, it is almost certain that this heroic act of suction was never performed. Raleigh spreading his cloak as a carpet for the Queen forms a pleasing subject for an anecdote of gallantry, but its interest is destroyed when we remember that in all probability the thing never occurred.

"The only point of controversy which appears to have divided the commissioners, or rather to have cut off Sir Robert Inglis from the main body, has been his dissent from a resolution of his colleagues, to substitute Henri de Londres, Archbishop of Dublin, for William, Bishop of London, who was originally elected one of the eighteen metal notables intended to fill the niches in the House of Lords. Sir Robert Inglis has gone into a learned disquisition to show that Henri de Londres was less worthy than William to occupy a niche in the wall within the new palace at Westminster. While giving

every credit to the hon. baronet for his research into the character of Henri de Londres, we must candidly confess that the elaborate disquisition reminds us of the six-sheet octavo pamphlet, written by some enthusiastic syncretic to try and solve the doubtful question whether the husband of the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* really was a 'ryght merrie manne.' Sir Robert has discovered that Henri went by the uncomplimentary nickname of Scorchvillain, from which it may be presumed that he was a desperate firebrand, and that consequently William of London ought to be preferred. Sir Robert is, however, in a minority, and Scorchvillain is destined to shine out from a nook in the House of Lords."

Let it not be supposed, however, from what has been here quoted, that we wish to speak in an unfriendly spirit of the labours of the Commissioners of Fine Arts, so far as they have gone. We do full justice to the taste and liberality displayed by them in their management of the important matters confided to their care; and we rejoice especially in the encouragement given to British artists by the principle of competition which they have adopted. The revival of the old art of fresco-painting, which has been in a great measure accomplished, in this country, under their auspices, is sufficient in itself to entitle them to the thanks of the present generation of their countrymen; and their selection of this style of painting for the decoration of these "storied" walls is most judicious. The subdued colouring harmonizes well with the rich tint of the oak, and the somewhat liberal proportion of gilding by which it is relieved, while it avoids entirely the gaudy effect which must have been produced by the stronger contrasts of oil painting. True it is that fresco requires the utmost correctness of outline, and that any defect in drawing obtrudes itself painfully upon the eye, when deprived of the veil which might be thrown over it by more brilliant colouring. This observation is exemplified in the large fresco which already decorates the House of Lords. The figure of Ethelbert appears to us decidedly faulty, the head being unnaturally small, and the stoop of the shoulders awkward in the extreme; and the hands of the otherwise beautifully drawn figure of St. Augustine are so ill defined by the shading, as to render it difficult to distinguish whether it is the right or left hand which he is about to place on the head of the king who kneels before him. These, however, are defects which belong not to the style, but to the individual artists, and when time and experience shall have matured their efforts in this so lately revived art, we do not despair of their producing frescoes of sufficient merit to entitle them to a place in the magnificent Hall of St. Stephen.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

LAYS OF MARRIED LIFE.

NO. I.—THE WEDDING DAY.

(H.)

I AM married! I am married!
Weep, ye flirting maids of Cam,
The deed is done, the point is carried—
What a lucky dog I am!
What a pleasant dream my life is!
(Best of dreams, because 'tis true!)
What a charming thing a Wife is!
(I almost wish that I had two!)

Noble brow of thought and feeling—
Lips whence music breathes her spell—
Cheeks whose blushes are revealing
What that music dares not tell—
Eyes, in whose blue depths divine, oh
Purest spirits deign to lodge—
All these beauties now are mine, oh
Marriage is a splendid dodge!

I'm so glad I fixed on Nancy!
Laura speaks so loud and quick,
Caroline quite took my fancy,
But her ankles are too thick,
Jane should be an hair's breadth shorter,
Helen is a size too small,
Rose I'm sure drinks too much porter,
Fanny is too thin and tall.

They all loved me—how intensely
Maiden ladies only know—
Oh, I pity them immensely,
They have much to undergo!
Such devotion, such attention,
Whispers, blushes, smiles, and tears;
But 'tis hardly fair to mention
All they do, poor little dears!

Nancy's hit the proper medium,
(What the French call *juste milieu*,)
Who could feel a moment's tedium,
Sportive Nancy, when with you?
Gentle, tender, soft, complying,
Yet not wanting intellect,
On my every glance relying,
Looking up with sweet respect.

How I wooed her, how I pressed her,
By one little word to bless,
On my bended knees addressed her,
Till the darling whispered "yes;"
Half a dozen men of fashion
All rejected for my sake,
To reward her soft compassion
What a husband I will make!

When she plays I'll turn the leaves, and
When she works I'll hold the skein,
Soothie her kindly if she grieves, and
If she laughs I'll laugh again;
Read aloud in rainy weather,
Give her up the easy chair,
Never smoke when we're together,
Nor at other women stare.

Every moment play the lover,
Let her have a female friend,
Never sleep when dinner's over,
Make her presents without end,
Pay her bills when she requires it,
Fill her purse with joyful haste,
Cut my hair if she desires it,
(But I know she's too much taste!)

Happy then, thrice happy we, love,
Thus to share so bright a fate;
Married life to us shall be, love,
One delightful *tête-à-tête*!
Turn we from the world's caressing,
From its pleasure, pomp, and pride,
To enjoy life's dearest blessing,
At our own belov'd fireside!

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OCTOBER 16, 1847.

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The Rustic Nurse.

FROM A DRAWING BY C. H. WEIGALL, ENGRAVED BY JAS. COOPER.

THE RUSTIC NURSE.

Our Illustration of this day so well tells its own tale as to need no remarks from us; for, although our little nurse seems much pleased with his change, we freely confess our thoughts were drawn to the more melancholy reflection that in these days children are too apt to be kept away from the Village School, to perform the part of the parent at home—a system equally detrimental to the interests of both old and young.

ON THE POETRY AND POETS OF THE AGE.

It is of a truth no easy task to set up a standard whereby we may judge of poetry and poets. If this were ever a difficulty in times past, how much greater has it become in these days, when opinion differs so widely as to the merits of various writers, and when every rhymester arrogates to himself a niche in the temple of the Muses. It is impossible in an article circumscribed as this must necessarily be, to enter fully into the niceties of such a question; but as the mariner voyaging over strange seas is enabled to estimate distances, and to tell by certain signs and tokens how far off he is from land, so, in a few brief remarks, the qualities that belong to this divine art may be enumerated, and allusion made to its most successful followers now living and speaking amongst us.

Never was there made a more barefaced attempt to foist a fallacy on the public mind, than in giving out that because a man could string together a quantity of words which should jingle harmoniously, he was worthy of being elevated to the rank of a poet. Facility of versification, and richness of invention, may be, and are, inherent in the true poet, but they do not of themselves constitute a title to that distinguished appellation.

There is something of a far higher origin wanting to complete the proper characteristic which distinguishes the man of genius from the mere maker of couplets. To this something it is almost impossible to give a name, and assuredly no easy task to afford the reader a correct idea of its literal meaning and intrinsic value. It speaks for itself in the verse of the poet; it is the reflex of the noble thoughts that have been engendered in his brain, and are revealed in glowing words, which shine upon man's spirit with the lustre shed from the bright halo of inspiration that glitters on the brow of truth—truth one and immutable—the same in every age and in every clime. We must recognise in the works of the real poet a thinking and an aspiring mind, and be able to trace his aspirations to the domains of the beautiful and the true. Poetry of the simply fictitious order, and which serves no useful end, is in our opinion scarcely deserving of the name, and may be laid aside with the other ephemera of its day. That the decline and fall of this species of versification is near at hand may be confidently predicted, and indeed is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. If it is an art which is to serve no purpose, let poetry at once be suffered to become obsolete and unknown, save in the fanciful imagery of some plaintive love-song. But poetry, beyond all other species of literature and the fine arts, has a natural tendency to elevate and exalt the sphere of a man's usefulness, and to free him from the

debasement of worldly pursuits. Poetry embodies the art of elevating the objects around and about us, of discovering and rendering apparent the beautiful in the familiar scenes of every-day life, of idealizing reality, so to speak; yet to be what it professes, it must ever speak of, and answer to the truth. It is not confined to mere utterings; it is seen and felt in a thousand objects of nature, which to the eyes of a prosaic, common-place mind, are mere rivers, woods, or fields, and nothing more. It is a fact that there are a great many poets amongst the mass of human beings, who are altogether unconscious of possessing one spark of this divine faculty. They see a beauty, and hear a music, to which they can give no name; they abandon themselves to a sense of pleasure in their admiration of things beautiful, but cannot tell whence it arises. There may be no expression in these men,—they may make use of no symbols and no types,—but, for all that, poetry lives and moves within them. Imagination is necessary for the poet to enable him to clothe his thoughts in words, and this is a gift of Nature's own bestowing, which no study can attain. Hence the poet as distinguished from the man in whom poetry lives; and thence it follows, that this art may be defined as the power of liberating one of the highest faculties of the intellect: not cabined or confined, but speaking very intelligible language, that shall vibrate through many hearts, and be listened to in all seasons and in all ages. For the real poet lives for ever; like our own immortal Shakspeare, "he is not for an age, but for all time." He receives from Nature an exquisite perception of the beautiful, and following out the just and unerring laws of compensation, this same Nature gives him a voice by which he shall benefit his fellow-workers in the paths of life, and this voice is expression, or, going farther, we may say *is poetry*. Of all the requirements which are specially needful for such a man, two must never be lost sight of—earnestness and truthfulness; for without these poetry were a mere wanton idleness, a soft delusion. Nothing contributes more to the rapture with which we hang upon the pages of Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Dante, Homer, and Burns, than the certain conviction we possess that these men, each in his degree, were in earnest and spoke the truth.

Of the poetry and poets of the present day it is confessedly an ungracious office to speak; for opinions are still strangely divided as to the merits of several of our very cleverest writers. It would seem that an entirely new school has sprung up within the last few years, a school of a very different order to any that has preceded it. Its merits appear to consist in the elaboration of intense thought, and the power of clothing with a beauty all their own things of every-day life. To this may be added a high sense of the loveliness of external nature. Its chief defects consist of a too great disregard to the conventionalities of the world, an occasional looseness of construction, and in many places considerable obscurity. Wordsworth, who was never more read than he is at the present time, may be called the high-priest of this new fraternity. Of his longer poems we will not now speak; but upon the shorter pieces, particularly the sonnets, we must bestow our warmest eulogium. In this class of composition, he stands without a rival; in it he displays all the pathos and energy of a man of feeling, and of the most refined mind. We open the volume at random, and take the first verses that present themselves.

SONNET

ON SIR WALTER SCOTT'S QUITTING ABBOTSFORD FOR NAPLES.

"A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power assembled there complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again and yet again:

Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope."

The late Thomas Hood, whose comic effusions have so often set the table in a roar, was very successful in this walk of poetry. We may instance his Sonnet on Silence as being a perfect model for the gentle craft; but as a specimen of his more general style, we will adduce this, his last dying inspiration—

STANZAS.

"Farewell Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,—
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapour chill;
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome Life! the Spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould."

Rogers, Moore, and Leigh Hunt, cannot be said to have any characteristics in common with this new epoch of the poetic art; therefore, on this occasion, we will not enter into their merits, which belong to a totally different order. Tennyson, among the writers of this school, however, claims a distinguished position, and deserves a more lengthened notice here, for his poetry is everywhere attracting general attention, and daily appealing, by its energetic beauty, to fresh audiences. In the verses of this poet there is an accumulative force, and apposite flow of rhythm, which will convert, in due season, even such of his readers as are most inclined to waver in their faith, and fall in their appreciation of his great genius. His verses will yet find an echo in many a young and susceptible heart. His sympathies are grandly felt and nobly expressed. If ever man possessed that which an American writer has designated as *over-soul*, it is this man. To quote is to mutilate him. He must be read, learnt by heart, studied, read again, and, more than all, *thought over*. Then will come a discovery of the natural beauty of his poetry. "The Two Voices," the "Morte d'Arthur," "Locksley Hall," "Mariana," "Dora," the "Day Dream," are all gems not easily matched.

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

No poet ever betrayed the effect of high thinkings so freely as this one. None ever concentrated beautiful ideas so thoroughly or so well. Nearly killed to him in style, is a lady who has lately entered the pale of matrimony, Mrs. Browning. In some of her compositions we are astounded at the force and fervour which glow and move in every line, and can scarcely be persuaded we are listening to chords struck by a woman's hand. Here, too, we trace the impressions produced by intense thought; and are charmed with the music of its melodious flow, and delighted with the very agreeable fancies we encounter at every page. The "Romance of Margret," the "Poet's Vow," and "Lady May," are examples of her great command of language and power of depicting emotion. It is to be regretted that conceits should so often mar the effect of many of her most pleasing verses, and the constant recurrence of forced rhythms, made-up words, and accentuated particles, is objectionable.

The poetry of Browning, the husband of this talented

lady, as exhibited in his "Bells and Pomegranates," and Sordello and Paracelsus, is in many respects very striking, but the obscurity which accompanies it detracts so much from its merits, that few persons are tempted to peruse it. Horne has done some wonderful things; his plays, and the epic "Orion," are as finely conceived as they are ably executed. He is gifted with a nice judgment, and can adapt his verses to the scene or time of their action with great facility and fluency.

Many passages in Taylor's "Van Artevelde" are equal to some of the best productions of our old Elizabethan dramatists. This author is peculiarly happy in delineating character, and in the episode which divides the two parts of his historical play, there are bits of exquisite imagery, which must delight at every fresh reading.

In thus reviewing what has been passing of late years in the regions of poetry, and noticing some of the leading minstrels of the age we live in, it must not for a moment be supposed that the subject has been otherwise than cursorily treated.

There are many meritorious authors, pilgrims bending their steps towards Parnassus, persons of genius, whose names and productions have not been here alluded to. The theme is one which embraces a number of remarks and observations, incompatible with the limits of a single article. The subject is a most interesting and attractive one, and increases in its importance to the literary world with every passing year; for education is making rapid strides throughout the country, and the knowledge of this great fact has a natural tendency to stimulate the mass of mankind to inquire who are the presiding spirits of the age. The question has been here mooted, and but imperfectly answered; still it is to be hoped that it may, in some slight measure, assist the inquirers who would investigate a subject of so lofty a nature.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—No. IV.¹

CHAP. IV.

A sudden knocking at the door of the room relieved Edith from the necessity of answering this embarrassing question.

"If you please, ma'am, Captain Kinnaird is come, and wishes to see you before you go to bed."

Mrs. Dalton could not restrain a laugh at the alacrity with which her friend responded to this summons. "Good night," said she, kissing her, "you are *quitté pour la peur* this time, and when next I want to catechise you, I will take precautions against those stage surprises. I do believe it was preconcerted."

"Dear Mrs. Dalton, how can you—!" was Edith's not very intelligible answer. "I am only so very glad to see my brother again; it is six months since we met."

She wrapped herself in a shawl as she spoke, and hurried to the dressing-room to receive her brother, while Mrs. Dalton withdrew to her own apartment.

Kinnaird, having kissed his sister heartily, examined her closely by the light of the lamp, pronounced that she was somewhat paler than her wont, and that dissipation did not agree with her, asked a few scattered questions relative to her proceedings for the last six months, and volunteered a vast quantity of rambling, rattling, and involved information relative to his own, professed himself tired, and wished her good night. But Edith lingered by the table with his candle in her hand, which was assuredly longer in getting lighted than ever candle was before. At last she said abruptly,

"I hope, Frank, you didn't forget my birthday."

"To be sure not, darling," was his rejoinder. "It is just a fortnight since; I was in Wales, drank your health in the very best Château Margaux it ever was my luck to taste. I suppose you are in a hurry for your birthday present," he added, laughing, "but you must wait till my portmanteau is unpacked. When a young lady like you attains her majority, you know, one can't pay

homage to her with a mere trifle, such as one may carry in one's pocket."

"Yes,—I am twenty-one," said Edith, sighing.

From the moment in which childhood leaves us, we begin to count our birthdays with sighs instead of smiles. They are involuntary pauses, forcing a consciousness of life, even upon the giddiest,—steps are they in the ladder of time, and whether we consider them as leaving the past, or leading to the future, the thought is equally sobering. But Satan's great aim is to paint our life's picture for us without any shadows; where he cannot eradicate them, he gilds them over; well knowing that so he shall destroy the proportions, and confuse the conception of the whole,—overpowering the bright composure of the everlasting sky by the gaudy and obtrusive splendours of earth. And so the healthful solemnities which God has provided for man are by man forcibly transmuted into festivals; so we celebrate a baptism by a dinner-party, and build an hospital by a ball!

Kinnaird looked earnestly at his sister, and then, with his customary straightforwardness, answered the question which he believed to lurk in that sigh. "It is a month since I heard from Everard," said he. Edith started at the name; the idea of the person whom we love is, as it were, compressed, and centred in the name, and so the heart shrinks from it, even when most familiar with the thought which it implies; just as a single speck of intense light will force tears from the eyes which could gaze steadily at the same amount of brightness spread over a larger space.

"He was at Marseilles when he wrote," continued Frank, "and must have been detained, or he would have been home long ere this. I wrote you word I had heard from him, from Marseilles."

"You did," answered Edith, as she moved towards the door. "Good night, Frank," added she, hurriedly and with averted face, pausing as if for a moment ere she left the room, "You never tell me anything about these letters. What does he say of me—of our engagement?"

The words were almost inaudible, but, even so, it cost Edith much to utter them. During the last three years she had regularly received from her brother notice of all Everard's proceedings, as reported in his own letters; but not one word of herself, not one allusion to their engagement. For some time she attributed this to delicacy or thoughtlessness in Frank; then she tried to break the oppressive silence by hints or allusions, but in vain. She could scarcely have given any tangible form to her suppositions, but there could be no doubt that her vanity was piqued, and the fortnight which had elapsed since her twenty-first birthday, without bringing any tidings of Everard, had not helped to soothe it. At length she was resolved to ask the question; and the embarrassment immediately visible in her brother's face made her heart stop suddenly in its beating, as if a hand had laid cold grasp upon it.

"Oh," replied he, with a little hesitation, "I always give him full particulars concerning you; and as to the engagement, you know, he does not say much about that, because, you see, he takes it for granted;—it is a thing understood—a matter of course."

"Good night," repeated Edith, as, with a flushed face and a step of unwonted stateliness, she left the apartment.

Frank Kinnaird's embarrassment was genuine and profound. The fact was, that, during the whole course of their correspondence, Everard had never once mentioned Edith's name. It is true that Kinnaird had always given abundant information concerning her without waiting to be questioned, and though puzzled by such unbroken silence on a subject so interesting, he had satisfied his own mind by the reflection that Everard was "an odd fellow, who never felt or acted exactly as other men did, and he must be allowed to go his own way." But he did not think those considerations at all

likely to satisfy the mind of Edith, who, in Mrs. Dalton's words, was "a woman most unlikely to forego her sex's privilege of being wooed." The manner in which he evaded her question was, however, much less calculated to satisfy her than a simple statement of the fact. The severity of reserve bears witness to the strength of the feeling which it is intended to restrain: a cord may bind a child, but you need chains of iron to fetter a man. Absolute silence may be more expressive than the most eloquent oration;—but small talk seems to be expressive of nothing but indifference. The conclusion which Edith carried away from this conversation was, that Everard had alluded to his engagement in terms so light, so cool, and so easy, that her brother did not like to report them to her.

It is singular how close the union, how strong the affection between brother and sister may be, without their even approaching to a comprehension of each other's characters:—without the smallest admixture of that sympathy, which, as has been before said, is the basis of friendship. One kind of sympathy, indeed, they must necessarily possess; they must be ready to weep for each other's sorrows, to rejoice in each other's happiness,—but this, perhaps, without any quick perception of the personal causes which deepen either the joy or the grief. The bond between them is one rather of habit than of instinct, and differs herein most conspicuously from the love of parent and child, which is a part of the life of the heart, acting by secret unisons and spiritual accordances which cannot be put to silence, save by breaking the strings on which they vibrate. Not that this deeper union does not frequently exist in the case of the other relationship to which we are adverting, giving birth to a holy and tranquil friendship, whose sanctuary no light thought or evil doubt is suffered to profane. We are rather calling attention to the fact, that it is quite possible for a very strong, warm, and even tender affection to exist without it. It is quite possible to love a brother with your whole heart, and yet to feel that he is as far from conjecturing what passes in that heart as the stranger to whom you were introduced yesterday.

Now, Frank Kinnaird's affection for Edith was precisely of this latter description. He was proud of her, and fond of her,—nay, he positively doated upon her: yet if he had been asked to name any of the particulars which individualized her character, and caused her to differ from other women, he would have answered by a most blank silence. His notions of women in general might have been worth a passing examination, if it were not that he shared them in common with so many of his sex: a heterogeneous compound they were, full of startling contradictions and pleasant inconsistencies. He had a strong theory that woman was a ministering angel; combined with a more practical belief that she was a domestic animal, and a vague doubt whether she really had any more soul than a kitten. Intellect he considered decidedly disadvantageous to her; yet it did not appear that he sought the society, or enjoyed the conversation of those who were destitute of such a portion of it as he was capable of appreciating. Self-dependence in a woman he vehemently detested; yet no one could be more utterly bored by the practical results of the opposite quality, except in the case of the individuals who, for the time, occupied his fancy and commanded his attentions. Intense, but not ungraceful vanity, a kind of shallow tenderness, abundant in tears, but unprepared for sacrifices, a pretty alacrity in white lies and innocent deceptions—these were, according to him, marks of the sex too indisputable to require discussion; and there is scarcely any imaginable instance of frivolity or falsehood which would not have elicited from him the appropriate comment, "What a thorough woman!" Nevertheless, no one could more readily recognise the merits of such particular instances as came under his personal observation; no one more indignantly testify to disparities, moral or intellectual, between

wife and husband; no one more cordially pity the former,—more earnestly condemn the latter, when the case demanded it. But his admiration for excellencies in women arose out of his natural love of whatever was good or noble; his leniency to their faults, out of the poverty and meanness of his ideal:—what woman would accept such charity? Nor let it be supposed that in this any special censure on Frank Kinnaird is intended; like most other men, he had never taken the trouble to combine his scattered opinions, so as to detect the unreality of some and the inconsistency of all. And we suspect that if this operation could be performed on the opinions of most other men, the result would be a theory not very unlike that which we have just described. And what, after all, does it signify? If the harp have three octaves, the most pertinacious playing, for a lifetime, on three notes, has no power to reduce the compass of the instrument. True, the useless strings may grow untunable, and return discord instead of harmony to the careless touch; but there they are still, undestroyed, for good or for evil; there they are still, and the various melody and the rich concord still sleep in them, ready to awake beneath the hand of a skilful player.

Thus much it has been necessary to say in order to explain what followed upon Frank Kinnaird's arrival at Selcombe Park, and to account for the view which he took of Edith's conduct. He immediately perceived that she was, to use the fashionable phrase, *firting*, to no inconsiderable extent with three gentlemen at once. Jealous for his friend, whose faith it never once occurred to him to doubt, and with whose fastidious delicacy he was well acquainted, he became angry with Edith, and he showed his anger in the most injudicious manner possible. His sister was a spoilt child, wayward, high-spirited, and vain; she had been breathing an air artificially softened for three years, and it would have required the most gradual tenderness to accustom her to a healthier temperature:—Frank took her out in an east wind at once, and then was astonished that she caught cold. Though undisciplined in mind, she was full of generous and noble feelings, and an affectionate and judicious friend might have moulded her as he pleased; but the idea that she was doing wrong,—that her frivolous and useless life was a perpetual sin,—that her constant and unintermitted intercourse with the world,—even with the *amiable* world, was unconsciously lowering her principles and injuring her character, had never once occurred to her; and now, on a sudden, she found the brother whom she had always hitherto ranked as one of her warmest worshippers, encountering her with a most unreasonable petulance, with an apparent resolution to disapprove all she did and dispute all she said, with those broad rebukes and unsoftened taunts which the freedom of family intercourse is sometimes supposed to sanction, but which sadly rub the bloom from family affection. Was it wonderful that she was exceedingly indignant, and felt herself extremely ill-used? Nay, was it unnatural that she pertinaciously resolved to follow her own way? that she made an object of what had hitherto been only an amusement? that she rather studied to exhibit the pleasure she took in the attentions of her admirers than to withdraw from those attentions, and assume unconsciousness of them? Several days passed, and matters seemed rather to get worse than to improve; there was still no intelligence of Captain Everard; Edith continued to amuse herself and provoke her brother, and the latter, growing more and more surly, resolved at last upon an open remonstrance.

"Edith," said he, encountering his sister in the hall, as he was seeking her for this purpose, "will you come and walk with me in the garden? I have something to say to you."

Edith's rapid step was checked in an instant. "Have you letters?" asked she hurriedly.

"No, no; but I particularly want to speak to you."

"Out of the question!" cried she gaily, "I am going

to give Mr. Thornton a German lesson, and shall not be at leisure for at least an hour. If you have anything very particular to say, tell me now—quick—this instant, for my pupil is waiting for me!"

"Your pupil is, of course, a person of far greater consequence than your brother," said Frank, with that sour kind of playfulness in which the joke is only assumed for the privilege which it gives the speaker of saying far ruder things than he could possibly say in plain earnest.

"Oh, I see you are cross!" returned his sister; "how glad I am that I have got an engagement! Anything is pleasanter than being scolded. I hope by the time I am at your service you will be in a better humour;" and, with a curtsy of mock solemnity, she darted away into the library. Kinnaird stood still for a moment, feeling most disproportionately angry, and then slowly followed her, and betaking himself to an easy chair and a newspaper, watched with no indulgent eyes the proceedings of the two students. A formidable array of grammars and dictionaries lay on the table as a sort of challenge to the whole world to disprove that they were going to study; Halm's "*Son of the Desert*" was open before them, and from this they read alternately, Edith occasionally supplying her pupil (whose knowledge of the language seemed scarcely inferior to her own) with the meaning of a word.

"I wonder how that play would act," said Mrs. Dalton, who was playing *chaperone*, as they closed the book. "Exquisite as it is, and full of truth and pathos, the unity of interest is so unrelieved that it is scarcely dramatic."

"Oh, that is the very peculiarity in which I delight!" exclaimed Edith; "there is a kind of repose, even in passion when it is uninterrupted; episodes and contrasts do jar so with one's feelings when they are really interested. I cannot endure that perpetual recurrence of an under-plot, or another set of characters, when the first conception has been grand, and true, and simple. It is as if you were to paint every alternate figure in a frieze by way of relieving the eye from the glare of white marble."

"No," said Mr. Thornton, "don't paint the figures, but paint the background, if you please; the white figures of the Parthenon stand upon a ground of pure blue. In the episodes and underplots which have disgusted you, the fault lies in the *execution*, not the *idea*, for it is only by contrast that unity becomes salient. 'Unity in multiplicity' was the old Italian definition of beauty, and we shall not easily find a better. You can trace a silver thread in a crimson web, but make the whole fabric crimson and the separate filaments are no longer to be discovered."

"But is not the life that one lives background enough to throw the conceptions of art into most bold relief?" inquired Mrs. Dalton; "not blue, truly, but russet or lead colour."

"There is truth in that remark," said Mr. Thornton; "and perhaps that is the reason why, when daily life has attained the acme of civilization, that is to say, of artificialness and corruption, art seems to assume a second childhood, as if in despair at its own decrepitude. Vast and complex creations appear no longer possible; we have a new generation of lyrical poets, and we have the lyrical spirit in all art, differing, however, from its earlier manifestation as the twilight of evening differs from that of morning; the one hurries into day, the other lingers into darkness. Simple forms, and short but lofty flights, are the true artist's only refuge from the wearisome varieties of reality as it exists now."

As he spoke he was carelessly turning the leaves of the book, and, lighting upon Parthenia's song, he handed it to Mrs. Dalton with a look of entreaty. "Sing it in English," said he. She complied, and the rich notes of the simple but passionate melody, rang through the room, with a tone irresistibly saddening, though the expression was rather wistful than melancholy.

My heart, I bid thee answer!
 How are love's marvels wrought?
 "Two hearts, by one pulse beating,
 Two spirits and one thought!"
 And tell me how love cometh?
 "'Tis here!—unsought—unsent."
 And tell me how love goeth?
 "That was not *Love* which went."

"The quiet, almost arch gravity of the last line is inestimable," cried Thornton as she concluded.

"How exquisite," said Amy, "is that first scene in which Parthenia teaches Ingomar the use of beauty, if I may so express it. The wreath upon the vase—how often one thinks of it! how often in life do we find the vase without its wreath, or the wreath withered and scentless!"

"True," replied Thornton. "Here, as ever, in real art, the story is but a parable. We are first taught that Beauty makes Truth loveable, and afterwards, that without Truth she is worthless. Nay, that she is not Beauty at all. The noble savage has to learn softness and refinement, and afterwards how do the conventional softnesses and hollow refinements of artificial life crumble beneath his touch, and do him involuntary homage!"

"Oh, don't make it into an allegory!" pleaded Edith, "you will philosophize away the deep personal interest and pathos of the tale. Who could see without tears that last sudden outburst of devotion and reverence in Parthenia, when, having played at goddess and teacher all the way through, she suddenly recognises his immeasurable superiority, and, without a fear or a scruple, prostrates her whole being before him? It shows how often coldness—immovable, unloveable coldness, is only on the surface; how there may be not only keen tenderness, but passionate fervour of character beneath it!"

"But I like the fervour which shows itself," cried Thornton, glancing at Edith's beautiful and animated face. "Coldness is, as you truly said, utterly unloveable. Feeling may hide itself when it pleases under satire, or wit, or playfulness, and be only all the more attractive; it is for ever letting the veil slip a little aside and giving you an instant's peep at its real face. But, once let it wrap itself in the pall of coldness, and (though this may perhaps be its only refuge on account of its very earnestness) it will never win hearts. At least it will never win my heart;—I have not faith enough to believe in that which I don't see, and which, moreover, is not even suggested to me."

"And so," said Mrs. Dalton, "the very temperament which most needs sympathy is, by its own constitution, irrevocably shut out from it!"

"That is hard," said Edith.

"It can't be helped," returned Mr. Thornton. "It is so, and will always be so. Some people are born to suffer—others to enjoy; some to win love without seeking it, and others—"

"To die for want of it," interrupted Amy, "like plants without water."

The conversation was here brought to a sudden pause by the announcement of visitors, Mrs. Willoughby and Miss Brown. They entered; the former a portly personage, erect even to painfulness, but with a deliberate activity of movement that was the very reverse of stately. Each motion was, if I may so express it, a dignified jerk. Her dress was exceedingly handsome, and her face bore the traces of considerable beauty, but there was invincible vulgarity in the expression of the mouth, and her manners had that conscious and elaborate affability which is incompatible with high breeding, and which, by the force of its very graciousness, makes every body else feel shy or proud, according to temperament.

"Mr. Thornton," said she, approaching him with a glide and a bend, "I believe I may claim acquaintance with you." Here she vouchsafed an action—brief,

chilly, and tremulous, which she considered in the light of shaking hands. "Allow me to present my young friend—Miss Brown."

Miss Brown, a plain, pale, awkward girl, shabbily dressed, and wholly uninteresting, retreated with an embarrassed curtsy, and seated herself out of reach as quickly as she could.

"Will you introduce me?" continued Mrs. Willoughby, with a glance at the ladies. Mr. Thornton, bored, but polite, complied with this request, and the visitor proceeded, "My errand here was to ask permission to see a portrait, which I understand that you have just finished. I hope,"—looking comprehensively at Mr. Thornton and Edith,—"*I hope I am not asking too much.*"

"If Miss Kinnaird has no objection," said he, hesitating. Miss Kinnaird, of course, could have none, and the picture was produced.

"I am no critic," said Mrs. Willoughby, with a deprecatory wave of the hand, as if she had received a compliment. "Indeed, I know nothing whatever of painting; I never had a lesson in my life." She looked anxiously towards Miss Brown, but as that young lady remained perfectly silent, she was reluctantly compelled to do the honours to her own untaught genius. "I believe, however," she added, "that I have a correct eye;—that, you know, is quite a gift—it cannot be acquired—it is quite a gift."

This was so decidedly addressed to Mrs. Dalton, that an answer was inevitable. "Quite," said Amy, scarcely opening her lips: she was not practised in that peculiar species of self-discipline, the result of which is universal courtesy.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Willoughby, with animation, "the most ignorant person, who happens to have a correct eye, may often be—at least I have been told so—a very useful critic. Some artists have told me that they would rather receive that kind of criticism than any other."

Mr. Thornton did not look as if he sympathized with those artists; but he could do no less than say that he should be much obliged by Mrs. Willoughby's comments.

The lady instantly became more impressively modest than before. "Oh! no, Mr. Thornton," said she. "I could not presume,—it is not as if I painted myself. I am wholly incapable of criticizing, as far as any real knowledge of the subject is concerned. But a correct eye, you know, is quite a gift. I should be able to tell you directly if the mouth were not quite straight, or if the outline of the face were a little out of drawing, or if one of the eyes were a little too large—that I should find out in a moment. But I am no critic,—that sort of faculty is quite a gift, you know. *You know?*" reiterated Mrs. Willoughby with emphasis, and interrogatively addressing Mrs. Dalton.

"Yes," said that lady deliberately, with an exterior politeness thinly concealing contempt.

"Now, I dare say," proceeded Mrs. Willoughby, "that in an exhibition—in any large collection of pictures, I should fix at once upon those that were really good. Probably I should distinguish an original from a copy at a glance,—yes, at a glance; but I could not tell you *how* I did it. I could not give you the *reason*,—that is what connoisseurs can do, and I am anything but a connoisseur. I have no technical knowledge; I have only an accurate eye, which, you know, does not depend upon study,—as I said before, it is a gift."

There was a pause after this speech, and the silent portrait seemed pleading to be looked at. Mrs. Willoughby approached it, and stood for some minutes in contemplation. "Do you think it like?" asked Mr. Thornton at last. (We should like to be informed on good authority, whether an artist is ever wholly and really indifferent to the opinion pronounced on his work by *any one*; whether he does not experience an emotion, either pleasurable or painful, even when the verdict proceeds from one whom he deliberately holds

to be utterly incapable of judging. Scorn, be it remembered, is not indifference,—though we do not pretend to define what it is.)

"Oh, undoubtedly," she replied. "A most admirable likeness. Miss Kinnaird, you must excuse my staring—the forehead is absolutely perfect."

Edith blushed under the oppressive gaze, and Mr. Thornton laughed, but not offensively.

"There cannot be a doubt of its being an excellent likeness," pursued the fair critic; "but yet—my unfortunate eye—it is quite a trial to be so accurate,—one sees the least little divergence from the right line in an instant. But it is very presumptuous in me to say so; I have no doubt that it is perfectly correct."

"Pray, say exactly what you think," said Mr. Thornton, with stately deference to the lady's correctness of eye.

"Well, if you really ask me," returned she, "if I may indeed venture, I should say that the curve of this left nostril comes just a hair's-breadth too low—there—pray be careful,—scarcely a touch will do it. (He had taken a brush in his hand and approached the portrait.) One little tiny stroke, you know, makes all the difference in these cases. Ah—h! (a prolonged sound of intense satisfaction.) There it is! You have done it exactly. Wonderful!—and the corner of that eye,—do you see what I mean? Raise it the least little bit in the world;—pray, don't suppose that I am criticizing. I know very well that I am quite an ignoramus;—only you see (with an appealing look to the ladies) Mr. Thornton is so excessively good-natured—he encourages the most timid person to speak her mind plainly. There! I see in an instant that you have done what I wanted to the eye;—is it not extraordinary what a change of expression is produced by a single touch!—one would scarcely believe it. Yes; now the portrait is perfect,—it does not look like the same picture. Surely, Mr. Thornton, you must be struck by the improvement, yourself!"

"I am perfectly satisfied with the likeness now," returned he, with a courteous bow; at the same time silently directing Edith's attention to the fact, that the brush with which he had executed the lady's suggestions had no colour in it. The completeness of her self-satisfaction did not allow her to perceive the equivocal nature of his reply. She had so perseveringly taken it for granted that he was encouraging her, that she could not possibly have suspected herself of impertinence. "Well, you see," said she, with a self-congratulatory nod, "even the most ignorant people may sometimes be useful to the most learned. The mouse and the lion, you know! But I was really frightened when I saw you beginning to touch it. I quite longed to take the brush out of your hand. When one sees so *exactly* what is the change required, and when the change itself is so *excessively* minute, one is afraid to trust it to another person, you know."

"Afraid to trust it—another person," muttered Mr. Thornton, in an aside to Edith, "I wonder whether I *did* paint the picture—I believe she thinks *she* did it."

"And now," resumed Mrs. Willoughby, with a decided access of graciousness, "will you allow me to speak of another errand which I have to you, Mr. Thornton? I have some drawings here for your inspection." She took from the table a portfolio which had been brought after her by the servant, and began to untie the strings.

"Are they your own?" inquired Mr. Thornton, as calmly as he could, but with an expression of some alarm.

"Oh no! How could you suppose it! I do believe you are quizzing me. You know I am no artist myself, though, as you have seen, I have some little capacity for art. These are the productions of a young friend of mine; a *protégée*—in fact (lowering her voice and speaking rapidly); the family are in most reduced circumstances, and this girl has shown immense genius—

something quite out of the common way. She is very timid, and they have no interest themselves, poor things! so I have brought her drawings to you, to ask your candid opinion of them. I assure you her genius is quite extraordinary; and she looks forward to supporting herself and her family by her exertions as an artist."

Mr. Thornton turned over the drawings rapidly,— "Ha!—not so bad—not so bad," he said, as he glanced at them in succession, "My dear Mrs. Willoughby, these are cases in which I always speak with perfect openness. Your young friend has a very pretty talent, and would do herself much credit as an amateur; but there is nothing like genius here; nothing that would justify me in recommending her to follow art as a profession. She would be only preparing disappointment for herself, and wasting time which might be far more usefully employed."

"Oh,—you think so," said Mrs. Willoughby, with a blank look, and an utter change of tone. "It is her only resource: they have scarcely bread to eat."

"She would never earn bread as an artist, I assure you," returned he, very decidedly. "Let her do plain work, or give drawing lessons to beginners; she might possibly be equal to that. But I do assure you, that you will be no friend to her if you encourage her to imagine herself a genius."

"I am afraid you are ill," said Edith, kindly, to the silent Miss Brown, whose increasing paleness had attracted her attention.

"No, thank you," was the scarcely audible answer. She made an effort to rise, but fell back, and in another moment Edith perceived that she had fainted. All was confusion: bells were rung and essences produced. Edith supported the invalid's head and untied her bonnet, while Mrs. Dalton threw water in her face and held salts beneath her nose.

"I suppose it was too much for her, poor thing!" said Mrs. Willoughby, pompously, but not unkindly. "These are her drawings, you know; and she has been quite living on the thought of being an artist ever since she was old enough to think at all."

"Good heavens, how brutal!" cried Thornton, sadly forgetting his good breeding, in the keenness of a compassion somewhat unusual from man to woman, when the object of it has neither beauty, talent, nor rank to recommend her.

"Nay, do not reproach yourself," said Mrs. Willoughby, instantly affixing her own interpretation to the sentiment. "It is much better, you know, that she should hear the truth at once."

"Take me to mamma," said the poor girl, faintly, half opening her eyes.

"Come, come, my dear, you mustn't give way in this manner. Exert yourself, there's a good girl; you are making yourself quite ridiculous.—It's always better to scold them a little when they are fainting or hysterical," said Mrs. Willoughby, in an audible aside to Mr. Thornton, and with a little confusion among her pronouns, "but it is a hard trial for her, though, of course, it's all for the best. People do deceive themselves as— one's own kindness deceives one, and blinds one's discernment in these cases."

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

AND is this all that remains of the princely castle of Kenilworth? Even so; in contrast with its neighbour, the stately castle of Warwick, "that fairest relic of ancient and chivalrous splendour," which yet remains uninjured by time.

Still, of all the antiquarian piles in Warwickshire—and it is rich in these remains, perhaps, beyond any other district of England—none are more attractive

than Kenilworth Castle, which is situated near the centre of the county, between Warwick and Coventry. As in most cases, a town has risen around the castle; but this has been the work of centuries, as a glance at the history of the fortress-palace will show.

The manor of Kenilworth was an ancient demesne of the crown, and had a castle, which was demolished in the war of Edward Ironside and Canute the Dane, early in the eleventh century. In the reign of Henry I. the manor was bestowed by the king on his Lord Chamberlain and Treasurer, Geoffrey de Clinton, who, about 1120, built a strong castle, and founded a monastery here. This was, indeed, a castle-building age, when the security of England's nobles lay chiefly in strong walls and vassalage, a state of society known only to us by the axiom, "An Englishman's house is his castle," used to denote figuratively the peaceful security of our times.

The castle and manor of Kenilworth having reverted to the royal possession, they were given by Henry III. to the famous Simon de Montfort, a Frenchman by birth, but who, in right of his mother, had succeeded to the English earldom of Leicester; and, in 1236, had married Eleanor, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, and a sister of King Henry. The castle was conferred for the lives of the earl and countess; they enjoyed a long course of court favour, but at length De Montfort quarrelled with his brother-in-law in 1262, and although they were apparently reconciled, it is probable that the feelings then excited were never extinguished in either. De Montfort espoused the national liberties, and, with his friends, compelled the nominees of the king to relinquish their functions and fly from the kingdom; but dissensions breaking out in the dominant party, the king regained his supremacy, and De Montfort himself was obliged to take refuge in France. On his return to England, the war was renewed, and De Montfort and his son Henry were slain at the fatal battle of Evesham, A.D. 1265. In the struggle that followed, the castle of Kenilworth was held out six weeks against the king by Henry de Hastings, appointed governor by Simon de Montfort, son of the deceased earl, he being absent in France, whither he had gone to solicit assistance to raise the siege. At length, the fortress surrendered to the king, and the Act of Concord passed by parliament, in 1267, was known by the name of the "Dictum de Kenilworth," this being one of the earliest acts of parliament as now constituted; or, at least, from the year 1266, 49th Henry III.

After the above surrender of the fortress, the king bestowed it on his fourth son Edmund, surnamed Crookback, Earl of Lancaster, and his heirs lawfully begotten; he likewise granted him free chase and free warren in all his demesne, lands, and woods belonging thereto, with a weekly market and an annual fair to the town of Kenilworth. The next prominent mention we find of the castle is its escheatment to the crown by the attainder of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, who was beheaded at Pontefract in 1322. The castle then became the prison-house of the unfortunate Edward II. after the prelates and barons in the camp of Queen Isabella had declared Prince Edward guardian of the kingdom. The king being discovered in his concealment at Neath Abbey, in Glamorganshire, was conducted in custody, first to the castle of Monmouth, and then to that of Kenilworth; he was next deposed by parliament; he remained some months longer at Kenilworth, and was then transferred successively to Corfe, Bristol, and Berkeley castles, and ignominiously put to death at the latter.

In the 13th of Edward III. Henry, brother and heir to Thomas Earl of Lancaster, executed in the preceding reign, had all his brother's estates restored to him, among which was the castle at Kenilworth. His son having only two daughters, on a partition, the castle fell to Blanche, the younger, who married John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by whom towards the latter end of the reign of Richard II. was built that part of the castle which remains to this day, the Norman fortress having

disappeared. Henry IV., son of John of Gaunt, united the castle, which he inherited, to the domains of the crown, of which it formed part till the time of Elizabeth. In the interval, Henry VIII. expended large sums in repairing and altering the castle; among other works, according to Leland, he removed the building erected by King Henry V. in a low marshy ground, denominated *Le Pleasans en Mary*, and set part of it up again in the base-court of the castle, near the Swan Tower. Elizabeth, by her letters patent, granted the property to her favourite Robert Dudley, afterwards the notorious Earl of Leicester, and his heirs. He rebuilt the greater part of the castle, and expended upon it vast sums of the wealth lavished upon him by his royal mistress.

There is a curious ground-plan of the castle as it existed at this period, which has been engraved in the last edition of Sir Walter Scott's delightful romance of "Kenilworth." Sir Walter had the original sketch lent him by Richard Badnall, Esq., of Olivobank, near Liverpool; it was found among the manuscripts of the celebrated J. J. Rousseau, when he left England; they were entrusted by the philosopher to the care of his friend, Mr. Davenport, and passed from his legatee into the possession of Mr. Badnall. This plan shows the castle to have been almost entirely surrounded by a lake, known as "the Pool;" the outer walls flanked by the Swan Tower and Lein's Tower on the north, where are the great gatehouse, and the garden, very extensive; on the east are the stables, orchard, and water-tower, flanking the base court, from which extends, in a diagonal or south-eastern direction, the long tilt-yard, with the gallery tower at one end, and Mortimer's tower at that opening into the base court. On the south is a strip of ground between the walls and the pool; the former embattled throughout. Towards the south-eastern angle is the sally-port; and on the east are the pool and walls, with an intervening strip of ground. The castle itself occupies nearly the centre of the demesne, and a drawing extant shows it to have had a profusion of windows in the principal front. As usual, the buildings surround a large inner court; the ancient portion, or Caesar's tower on the north, where also are three kitchens; and the Strong tower, arched three stories. On the west is the great hall, occupying the whole side, and on the south are the White hall, the presence-chamber, and the privy-chamber, with John of Gaunt, or Lancaster's buildings, at the south-east angle; while Sir Robert Dudley's lobby, and King Henry's lodgings, on the east, complete the plan. It will thus be seen that Leicester's building partakes more of the castellated mansion than the regular fortress to be traced in the older remains. This change in the construction of dwellings is characteristic of the times becoming more peaceful, and of law succeeding to the reign of the strong. Nevertheless, it must be recollected that the courtly Earl of Leicester, doubtless, built his princely castle for the purposes of state; upon it and the domains around he is said to have expended sixty thousand pounds sterling, a sum equal to half a million of our present money.

Sir Walter Scott, in revising his romance, had the good fortune to receive from his friend, William Hauser, Esq., an inventory of the furniture of Kenilworth in the days of the magnificent Earl of Leicester: he has adorned the text with some of the splendid articles mentioned in the inventory; but, for the gratification of antiquarian readers, he has appended portions of the document in the form of a note. It would occupy more room than can here be spared; but we subjoin a few of the most costly items. We should add, by the way, that the reprint is but a selection. It is of the date A.D. 1584. First, we have "a salte, ship-fashion, of the mother-of-perle, garnished with silver and divers workes, warlike ensignes, and ornaments. Pöls. xxij. oz.

"A gilt salte, like a swann, mother-of-perle. Pöls. xxx. oz. iij. quarters.

"A George on horseback, of wood painted and gilt, with a case for knives in the taylor of the horse, and a case for oyster-knives in the breast of the dragon.

"A green barge-cloth, embroidered with white lions and leaves.

"A perfuming pan of silver. Poids. xix. oz.

"In the hall. Tabells long and short, vj. Formes, long and short, xiiij."

The hangings are minutely specified, and consist of the following subjects, in tapestry, and gilt and red leather:—"Flowers, beasts, and pillars arched. Forest works. Historie. Storie of Susanna, the Prodigal Child, &c."

"The bedsteads, with their furniture" are magnificent and numerous. Among them we find "a bedsted of walnut-tree, toppe fashion, the pillars redd and varnished, the ceelor, testor, and single vallance of crimson sattin, framed with a broad border of bone-lace of golde and silver. The tester richly embrothered with my Lo. armes, in a garland of hoppers, roses, and pomegranettes, and lyned with buckerom.

"A crimson sattin counterpointe, quilted and embr. with a golde twist, and lyned with redd sarsenett," &c.

"A chaire of crymson sattin, suteable.

"A fayre quilte of crimson sattin, all lozenged over with silver twist, in the midst of a cinquefoil, within a garland of ragged staves, fringed round aboute with a small fringo of crymson silke lyned throughe with white fustian.

"Fyve plumes of cooleered feathers, garnished with bone-lace and spangells of goulde and silver, standing in cups, knitt all over with goulde, silver, and crymson silke."

The "cups" were, probably, on the centre and four corners of the bedstead: four bears and ragged staves occupied a similar position on another of these sumptuous pieces of furniture. There were in all, eleven down-beds, and ninety feather-beds, besides thirty-seven mattresses.

"The chaynes, stools, and cushens," were equally splendid with the beds. Among them is "a chaire of crimson velvet, the seate and backe partie embrothered, with R. L. in cloth of goulde, silver, and crimson silke; the frame covered with velvet, bounde about the edge with goulde lace, and studded with gilte nailles.

"A long cushion of crimson velvet, embr. with the ragged staffe in a wreath of goulde, with my Lo. posie, 'Droite et Loyall,' written in the same, and the letters R. L. in clothe of goulde," &c.

There were ten velvet carpets for tables and windows, forty-nine Turkey carpets for floors, and thirty-three cloth carpets, the former being "richly embr. with my Lo. posie, bears and ragged staves, &c. of clothe of goulde and silver," &c.

The pictures are chiefly described as having curtains: they are mostly portraits, including "The Queene's Majestie, (2 great tables.) 3 of my Lord." There are, also, "A tabell of an historie of men, women, and children, molden in wax," and "a little foulding table of ebonie, garnished with white bone, wherein are written verses with lres. of goulde."

The instruments include "organs, regalls, and virginals, covered with crimson velvet, and garnished with goulde lace."

Among the "Cabonettes" is one of "crimson sattin, richlie embr. with a device of hunting the stagg, in goulde, silver, and silke, with iiij. glasses in the top thereof, xvj. cupps of flowers made of goulde, silver, and silke, in a case of leather, lyned with greene sattin of bridges." Another of purple velvet; and a desk of red leather.

"A chess board of ebonie, with checkers of christall and other stones, layed with silver, garnished with bears and ragged staves, and cinquefoils of silver, the xxxij. men of christall and other stones sett, the one sort in silver white, the other gilte.

"A great brazen candlestick to hang in the rooffe of the house, verie fayer and curioullie wrought, with

xxiiij. branches, and sockets for candells, of brass, verie finely and artificiallylly done."

At Charlecote Hall, in Warwickshire, are preserved some curious chairs, and a cabinet of ivory and ebony, from a suite of furniture once used in Kenilworth Castle; and in the Tower of London is a splendid suit of steel armour, worn by the Earl of Leicester, and dight with the bear and ragged staff—his insignia.

"These specimens of Leicester's magnificence," adds Scott, "may serve to assure the reader that it scarce lay in the power of a modern author to exaggerate the lavish style of expense displayed in the princely pleasures of Kenilworth."

In 1575, Leicester gave here to Elizabeth a magnificent entertainment, which lasted seventeen days, of which a diverting tract has been written by Laueham, as great a coxcomb as ever blotted paper. These matchless festivities are stated to have cost Leicester a thousand pounds per day, a vast expenditure in those times.

The ruins are situated about midway between the line of railway from Coventry to Leamington, and at an easy distance to the right of the Kenilworth Station. The road lies across the village of Kenilworth, leaving the fine church, with its noble Norman work, upon the hill. Thence you proceed by a long shady lane, after passing a school-house, built at the expense of a Kenilworth "chirurgicon" of other days. As you advance, you enjoy a landscape of extreme beauty, in a succession of gentle undulations, the characteristic of Warwickshire scenery. At length, through the road-side trees, you catch a glimpse of the crumbling towers of the castle; and bearing to the left, you soon reach the gate-house, and will, in all probability, be importuned to buy or borrow a printed "Guide" to the ruins. As you enter, to the right, is the once trim garden, of which Scott speaks; and, to the left, the gate-house, in tenantable repair. It is worth while to knock at the door, and pay a trifle, to see a superb marble chimney-piece, richly sculptured, and dight with the initials of Elizabeth, and her favourite Leicester; and above, reaching to the lofty ceiling, is some fine carved work, in oak; these sumptuous remains having been removed here from one of the principal rooms of the castle. To the left of the gate-house, is the long range of stabling, now used as a barn. As you enter the base court, the castle ruins are indeed so many princely piles, even in their decay; the warm reddish stone, in contrast with the mantling ivy, has a very rich effect. The stately mass is, altogether, a most tangible ruin; for, with the plan in your mind's eye, you can trace the missing portions, just as you are sensible of the lost pieces of a child's incomplete puzzle. The massive keep, the roofless hall and towers, open to the blue vault of heaven, fully attest the magnificence of the castle-palace, and the interiors are still sufficiently perfect to enable you to trace the suites of state and private rooms, though the flooring, mantels, and ceilings, have long since been removed.

The ruins are the property of the Earl of Clarendon; his Lordship's agent has affixed to one of the walls a painted board, requesting that visitors do not deface or destroy any portion of the remains. This precaution may be necessary; for the public are admitted within the walls free of charge. Judging from the parties of visitors we saw here, the place is a favoured site for picnic parties, who take their repast on the velvet turf of the base-court, as they gaze, by turns, at the mouldering magnificence of an age of show, and splendour, and courtly revel.

THE LITTLE PRINTER.

CHAP. I.

"Br Guttenberg! that love of reading will be the ruin of you, Mr. Benjamin. Of what use is it to a printer to

read, or even to know how to read? Of what use is it, I ask you?"

He who thus spoke was an old working printer, who went on mechanically with his business, while the person he addressed, a young and delicate-looking apprentice, sat at a little distance, absorbed in a book.

"Of what use is it for a printer to read, do you ask me, Thomas?" replied the boy; "why, simply, that he may not print nonsense."

"And what is the nonsense to us? that is the author's business. It would be fine wearisome work, truly, to be obliged to read every thing we print!"

Benjamin smiled archly, and taking a bit of paper, he wrote a few lines unperceived by Thomas, then folding it as a note, he threw it on the desk, saying it was to be published in that day's paper. "Have you dated it?" he inquired.

"Boston, 17th January, 1721," said Thomas, looking for the date.

"My birth-day," said Benjamin; "I am fifteen years old to-day; but now, go on with your work, and let me finish my book."

"Is it the one lent you by Mr. Samuel, the rich merchant? I suppose it is very amusing."

"I think it is; the author is Daniel Defoe, who wrote the history of Robinson Crusoe, that I read to you when you were ill last winter. Do you remember it, Thomas?"

"And what do you call this book?"

"An Essay upon Projects—"

"Ah! I dare say this Essay upon Projects is the sequel to Robinson Crusoe; is it not, Mr. Benjamin?"

"Robinson is an entertaining book, Thomas; this is a more serious one, as you will understand directly, when I tell you that its object is the improvement of commerce, the employment of the poor, and the means of augmenting the public wealth; and it is this latter subject that I am anxious to study with particular attention."

"I know you will say that I am a fool, sir; but, by the immortal Guttenberg, I cannot see of what use it would be to you to augment the public wealth; in my opinion, it would be better to try and augment your own; especially as, to my knowledge, you are as poor as old Job."

"Go on with your work, and don't trouble yourself about that, Thomas."

"One word more, Mr. Benjamin; you, who are so learned, can no doubt tell me who is the man, or the conjuror, that puts in these little papers every day for your brother's journal."

"I cannot," said Benjamin, without raising his eyes from his book.

"Allow me to tell you that is impossible, Mr. Benjamin, for yesterday evening, at nine o'clock, there was nothing in the box; I went out, leaving you to watch, and when I returned five minutes afterwards, there was the paper. You do not like to tell me, Mr. Benjamin, the person has engaged you to keep the secret; but you ought not to keep it, as it will make me lose the dollar your brother promised to give me, if I discovered the author of those papers that all Boston are talking about. Have you read them, Mr. Benjamin? They must be very good, I suppose, since every one says so; but I will lay a wager they are not to be compared to the two beautiful songs that you wrote."

"Do hold your tongue, Thomas; they were nothing but blind men's ballads."

"Blind men's ballads! Mr. Benjamin; by the immortal Guttenberg, the inventor of printing!"

"Now that we are alone, Thomas, I must point out an error into which you and many others are continually falling; Guttenberg was not the inventor of printing."

"Oh! I see, Mr. Benjamin, you want to have a joke, but you cannot impose upon me," said the old man, shrugging his shoulders. "Guttenberg, the illustrious,

the immortal Guttenberg, was the true and only inventor of printing, and that is as well known as that the moon is the female of the sun!"

Benjamin smiled. "In the heavenly bodies there is neither male nor female, Thomas; but to return to your favourite hero, and to your hobby, printing—"

"My hobby! forsooth, Mr. Benjamin; it is my bread."

"I tell you then, Thomas, that printing was invented in 1430, at Haarlem, in Holland, by a man named Laurence Coster, but it was improved by Guttenberg, who established a printing-office at Mentz."

"What do you call improved, Mr. Benjamin?"

"This Laurence Coster, Thomas, made use of only wooden types, which, being threaded upon a string, were consequently moveable and uneven, and incapable of yielding a good impression. Guttenberg entered into partnership with a goldsmith, named Faust, and this man had an apprentice, called Peter Schaffer, who, in 1452, first invented the art of casting metal types. These three men joined, and from their press first issued the Latin Psalter, the Bible, and some other books, the titles of which you would not understand, Thomas."

"I know that I am only a fool, Mr. Benjamin; yet I cannot but think that those three celebrated and immortal persons must have been greatly respected in their time; no doubt they had many honours conferred upon them—were carried about in triumph—had marble statues erected to them—their names—"

"You are mistaken, Thomas; for Faust, who introduced this art into Paris, ran a great risk of being burnt alive: but there is no use in my telling you all this, it would only tire you."

"On the contrary, Mr. Benjamin, I have, as you know, but one employment and but one desire—to be for ever printing, printing, printing; and you, who read every thing, if you would tell me a little about printing, it would be very amusing."

"No, not amusing, but extremely interesting."

"Oh! pray begin, Mr. Benjamin, for I would much rather listen to you than be looking at you reading. I am all attention—go on, go on."

But at that moment both workman and apprentice were interrupted by the entrance of two persons.

"Oh!" said Thomas, "here comes the master, and he will be vexed that I have not been able to discover the mysterious writer."

"Apropos of writing, then, have you printed that note?"

"Yes, Mr. Benjamin."

"And without reading it?"

"To be sure, sir."

"Then you may as well go and be hanged, my poor old fellow."

CHAP. II.

"Brother," said Benjamin to the younger of the two persons who had entered the office, "will you have the goodness to read this paragraph, which Thomas has just printed in to-day's paper?"

"Indeed, Mr. Benjamin, you frighten me about that note; is it not well printed, very clear?"

"Oh! yes, it is clear enough, my poor friend."

Benjamin's brother took the paper, which was printed only on one side, and read aloud, yet not without showing evident astonishment at each word; "A most barbarous murder has been committed, which has thrown all the inhabitants of Boston into a state of the greatest excitement. Yesterday evening a man, named Thomas Simpleton, murdered his wife and his five children; this ruffian has been for the last three years employed in the printing-office of Mr. James Franklin."

"What, I! I murdered my wife and my five children!" exclaimed Thomas, turning pale, and dropping his arms down by his sides.

Both the announcement and the exclamation of

Thomas were received with a general burst of laughter, and Benjamin's unusual merriment soon discovered him to be the author.

"What is the meaning of this joke?" inquired his brother, as soon as he was able to compose himself.

"I wanted to prove to Thomas the utility of reading what he prints," replied the young apprentice.

"It was a joke then, Mr. Benjamin," said Thomas, losing a little of his terrified appearance.

"Yes, and a good one," said Benjamin, "to make a man accuse himself of being a murderer, without his knowing a word about it! But how pale you are, Thomas, are you frightened?"

"Marry! Mr. Benjamin, the devil is so malicious."

"He cannot, however, make you a murderer against your will."

"But, Benjamin," said the older of the two persons, who during this scene had been attentively observing the young apprentice, "I do not see why you should be endeavouring to promote a taste for reading in your brother's office; if all the workmen were to spend their time in reading like you, what would become of the establishment?"

"The health of my workmen would also suffer by it," replied the master of the office; "for I only yesterday discovered that Benjamin is actually starving himself."

"How can that be?" exclaimed the father, "for in the arrangement that I made with you, James, it was agreed that for the nine years your brother was to serve his apprenticeship to you, that you were not to give him any payment, but were to support him."

"Well, father, about six months ago, Benjamin came to me, and said that I paid too much for his support, and that if it would be equally agreeable to me, he would rather I gave him half the sum, and let him provide for himself. I could only suppose that he did not like the kind of food provided for him, and that he preferred choosing for himself; I therefore consented, and what has been the consequence? that Benjamin scarcely eats anything, and saves all his money to buy books."

"You are mistaken, brother, I eat plenty, only I live economically. Among the books lent me by my cousin, there was one which recommended vegetable diet as the best means of keeping the body healthy, and the mind active. I studied this way of living, and the author's method of dressing potatoes and rice in the most economical manner, and it was not until I was in full possession of these discoveries that I made the proposal of supplying myself. I have dined very well, I assure you, father, on bread and raisins, and a glass of water."

"And, thanks to your Pythagorean system, you are becoming as pale and transparent as the water you drink."

"Besides, I have given up a vegetable diet," added Benjamin.

"Since when?" inquired his brother.

"Since the day before yesterday, when, on going into the kitchen, I saw Susan cleaning some fish, and in the inside of a large cod she found a small fish; 'Oh! oh! my lad,' said I, 'since you can eat one another, I see no reason why we should not eat you; and that proves,' added he, laughing, 'that man is rightly called a reasonable creature, since he can so easily find reasons for justifying whatever he wishes to do.'"

"What a fickle, unsteady mind!" said his father; "in place of going on regularly with one business, Benjamin, you are always thinking of something else than of what you ought to do."

"How can I help it, father?" replied the boy, "I had but one desire, that of studying,—but one vocation, that of printing,—but one ambition, that of being a clergyman. Oh! how I should like to be the chaplain of the family. You know, father, how happy I was when at school."

"Unfortunately that education was too expensive for my means; but in place of becoming the chaplain of the

family, as you call it, would it not be quite an honourable to become the support of it? and for that, you have only to continue my business."

"To melt tallow, prepare moulds, and manufacture candles! that is a business, father, that a person can acquire when he likes, and without being confined to deep and scientific studies."

"You are wrong there, Ben," said his father, "all manufacturers do not make equally good candles; but that is not the subject in question. You had scarcely begun one business, when a book of voyages fell into your hands, and immediately you would think of nothing but sailing about, steering a boat, and making voyages."

"And swimming too, father; I taught myself to swim, which is no such easy matter."

Mr. Franklin resumed: "To divert you from that fancy, and with a wish to settle you more suitably, I tried to have you taught the cutlery business—"

"And unfortunately," interrupted the apprentice, "a lodger at the cutler's with whom you placed me possessed a fine library; Voyages and Travels, Histories of France and of England; it would have been a clever person, I promise you, that could have brought me from the library to the workshop; oh! what a pleasant time I spent at the cutler's!"

"At last, in order to satisfy your insatiable passion for books, I decided on making you a printer, although there was already one in the family; I placed you with your brother, and here again you will do nothing except turn over books and read."

"And make verses," said Benjamin proudly, "ask my brother the success of my last song."

"It was immense," said James.

"My children, I have read those verses," resumed the father; "and I must confess that it grieves me to destroy the delightful illusions which this success has raised in the mind of Benjamin, but it is my duty both as a father and a friend to tell him the truth; those verses are detestable and worthless, void of taste, metre, or elegance; they have wit, I allow, but what is wit without good sense! A bad poet,—which Benjamin is to the last degree,—a bad poet, I say, is the most useless being in the world, while at the same time he is the most ridiculous: poetry does not admit of mediocrity. If, indeed, you wrote verses as the mysterious writer of that article upon political and domestic economy writes prose, that is what I would call writing, that is sense; the style is rather youthful, there are some erroneous ideas, but what soundness of mind, what judgment! Those writings are the indications of a superior genius, and the author will one day be a great man! Have you read those articles, Benjamin?"

"I have," he replied, with affected indifference.

"Have you no clue yet as to who is the author of those papers?" inquired Mr. Franklin of his eldest son, who was correcting the proof of his journal.

"None whatever," he replied; "I have charged Thomas to watch for the person who puts them into the box."

"And I have watched, sir," said Thomas, "I watched for two long hours, till some one called me out of the office; I then charged Mr. Benjamin to watch, but apprentices are no good; while Mr. Benjamin was there the article was put into the box, and yet he saw nothing."

"That is impossible, Benjamin," said his father.

Benjamin coloured, while he replied, "Do you think, father, that I could sit with my eyes constantly fixed upon the aperture of the box?"

"That is an evasion you are making," said his father.

"I have the most urgent desire to know the author of those anonymous papers; they not only have given great repute to my journal, but I wish to have an interview with this individual, and to concert with him the means of sometimes giving a new direction to its ideas.—Now, Benjamin, acknowledge that you

have seen this person, and that you have been enjoined secrecy."

"Come, Mr. Benjamin, acknowledge it," said Thomas, "consider that I shall gain a dollar by your confession."

"A constable's letter, sir," said a workman, entering the office, and handing a sealed letter to James.

James eagerly opened the letter and read as follows:—

"Mr. James Franklin,—I have taken the best means to discover the author of the anonymous articles which appeared in some of the last numbers of your journal, and I have obtained the most undoubted proofs that the writer is in your house, and in your own employment.

"Have the goodness, sir, to make the most minute inquiries into this business. I expect to be informed of the result before four-and-twenty hours.

"NELSON BURDET, Constable."

"What can be the meaning of this? What is to be done?" exclaimed James, when he had finished the letter; then raising his head he was astonished at the number of people who had assembled around him.

CHAP. III.

As James Franklin had continually, like most of the inhabitants of New England, a number of people at his house, it was not so much the number of his visitors that surprised him, as the bewildered expression of their countenances.

"It is extraordinary," said one; "besides, the last article possessed a boldness——"

"Of what importance can the opinion of a single individual be to the government?" said another.

"But it appears that the constable attaches considerable importance to it," added a third.

"A man who censures every one, who advises every one, who attacks every opinion," said a fourth.

"It is extraordinary," said they all.

"But the most singular part of it is, gentlemen," said James, "that the culprit is in my house, and that I do not know him."

"By Guttenberg, sir," said Thomas, touching his cap, "if you will permit me to give my opinion, you can yourself put your hand upon the author."

"Hold your tongue, Thomas," whispered Benjamin.

"Let me speak, Mr. Benjamin; though I am only a fool, yet I know that the writer will not be very difficult to find."

"Say who! say who!" exclaimed several voices at once.

"Marry, gentlemen, I dare not; but the master could name him if he liked."

"What an absurd supposition!" said James, shrugging his shoulders.

"If you have to run any risk on account of that, my dear master," replied Thomas, "you must even be silent, but as sure as Guttenberg was not the inventor, but the improver of printing, as Mr. Benjamin has just informed me, I make a guess, that he who wrote the anonymous articles knows how to write: the constable asserts that the person is in this house; then, as there is no person here who knows how to write, except you and Mr. Benjamin, and as he is too young for that, and besides, cares for nothing but reading, then——you perceive——"

"James," said his father, "this dissimulation with me is wrong."

"And with us all, James," exclaimed several voices, "what! it was you who wrote those articles and concealed it from us!"

Thomas now advanced boldly into the midst of the assembly, and holding out his hand to his master, he said, "I have won my dollar, sir; it was I who first guessed that it was you."

"You are a blockhead," said his master, angrily.

"That is nothing new; I know it this long time, but that does not prevent me having won my dollar."

"Good morning, Mr. Franklin, good morning, James,"

said a new visitor, on entering the the office, "your servant, gentlemen. Well! you have heard the news!"

"What news, Mr. Samuel?" exclaimed James, and several others.

"Why, that the author of the anonymous articles in your paper has been arrested."

Benjamin trembled and turned pale.

"That is to say," continued the new comer, "that if he be not already arrested, he will be so before long."

"He is known then," observed Mr. Franklin, the elder. "In the meantime, my poor James, you had better keep out of the way, for if it be not true, I know that people can come upon the printer; therefore, take care of yourself!"

"Arrest! do you think they could arrest my brother, Mr. Samuel?" exclaimed Benjamin, in breathless haste.

"Only in case they cannot discover the author of the articles, my young friend."

"Ah! my dear master, how sorry I am that I informed against you," said Thomas, quite vexed with himself. "By Guttenberg, the famous inventor—no, the improver of printing,—that is what comes of having a bad head.—Oh dear, oh dear!"

"The constable, sir," said a workman.

At the same moment an elderly man entered the office, towards whom every eye turned with anxiety.

As soon as the constable entered, Benjamin ran to him. "Sir," said he, "if any one here is to be arrested, I am the person." And as every one was struck dumb with surprise, the generous boy continued:—"I accuse myself of being the author of the anonymous articles which appeared in several of my brother's papers; I can prove it by the copies of those articles which are still in the drawer of my table. I beg, sir, that no person may suffer on my account, and, above all, do not punish my brother for having printed them; for pity's sake, let me be the only sufferer!"

"And who talks of punishment and suffering?" asked the magistrate, taking the young apprentice by the hand, and regarding him attentively.

"Are you not looking for the author of those articles?" inquired Benjamin.

"Yes, certainly, my boy; not to punish, but to reward him; to testify our satisfaction at his inimitable writings, so full of mind, sense, and judgment. What! is it you, who appear such a child, yet write like a man?—but how old are you, sir?" continued the magistrate, no longer calling him "my boy," so much had he already increased in his estimation.

Benjamin looked down in confusion, and modestly replied, "Fifteen years old, sir."

"And whence can you have drawn, at your age, such an extensive knowledge of trade and political economy?"

"Here, sir," said Benjamin, pointing to those around him; "I heard these gentlemen speak, and then I wrote."

Sobs were heard, which interrupted this interrogatory; and Benjamin, turning round, saw his father, with a handkerchief to his face.

"You are weeping, father," said he, rushing towards him.

"It is for joy," replied the old man, opening his arms to his son, and clasping him to his breast; "it is for joy, for happiness! And as I said before, give up poetry, so now I say, pursue your career, young man: the boy who listens attentively to the conversation of men, and who has sense to discern between right and wrong, in order to form his own judgment,—that boy will do well, and his father will be the happiest of parents."

"By Guttenberg! Who will pay me my dollar?" exclaimed a voice from behind them.

"I will, as soon as I possess one," said Benjamin.

"In the meantime, take this one, Thomas," said Mr. Franklin, putting a five-franc piece into the hand of the old printer.

This little scene, my young reader, was but the prelude to what Benjamin Franklin afterwards became.

I will now briefly relate the remainder of his life, and show how he went on from invention to invention, each more useful than the other, until he made that finest of modern discoveries, the lightning conductor.

A misunderstanding having occurred between the two brothers, Benjamin departed from Boston, by sea, for New York, but not being able to procure employment there, he proceeded to Philadelphia; there he had not a single acquaintance, and all the money he was worth was one dollar.

Franklin found but two printers in that city, one of them, named Keyman, employed him through charity, but he soon found him his cleverest compositor. Sir William Keith, governor of the province, took much notice of him, and urged him to set up for himself, promising him every assistance. He then proposed to him to make a voyage to England, in order to procure all the necessary materials for a printing-office, and promised to take upon himself all the expenses attendant upon it. Franklin gladly embraced the proposal, and set sail about the beginning of 1725. Upon his arrival in London he found that Governor Keith had completely deceived him, and had forwarded neither letters of credit, nor of recommendation, and he was consequently unable to return to Philadelphia. He then, for a present support, engaged himself as a workman in the house of Palmer, a printer of note in Bartholomew-close.

At this time, although but seventeen years of age, his mind was turned towards plans of general utility. Having taught himself to swim at Boston, and knowing the difficulties of that art, he was anxious to establish a swimming school in London; but the desire of seeing his native country prevailed over every other consideration, and he returned to Philadelphia, where he entered into partnership with a person of the name of Merideth, whose father was able to advance the necessary money; the understanding being that Franklin's skill should be placed against the capital to be supplied by Merideth. In process of time Merideth withdrew from the partnership, and Franklin became possessed of the whole concern, to which he soon afterwards added the business of a stationer.

His public life now commenced, and even his relaxations became works of utility: he instituted a club for the purpose of discussing political and philosophical questions, each member of which was obliged, once a month, to read out an essay of his own composition. The purchase of an indifferent paper, founded by Reiser, the printer, which he soon enlivened with articles teeming with wit and sound sense, increased both his reputation and his resources. In September 1731, he married Miss Read, and his prosperity from that time rapidly advanced.

Feeling how useful books had been to himself, as it was to them alone he was indebted for his education, he established a public library in Philadelphia, in 1731, (the first one ever known in America,) which, although it commenced with only fifty subscribers, became in course of time a large and valuable collection, the proprietors of which were eventually incorporated by royal charter; but while yet in its infancy, it afforded its founder facilities of improvement of which he did not fail to take advantage, setting apart an hour or two every day for study, which was the only amusement he allowed himself. In 1732 he commenced publishing his celebrated almanac, commonly known by the name of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, in which a number of prudential maxims were inserted, distinguished by a proverbial point and conciseness, calculated to fix them indelibly upon the memory: they have been collected into a single short piece, entitled "*The Way to Wealth*," which has been published in a variety of forms. In 1733, he began to teach himself the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, and revived his recollection of the Latin, which he had nearly forgotten. In 1735 he was appointed clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania; the following year he obtained the lucrative

office of postmaster to the city of Philadelphia. In 1738 he improved the police of that city with respect to the dreadful calamity of fire by forming a society called the Fire Company, to which was afterwards added an insurance company against losses by fire. Soon after this he commenced those electrical experiments which have conferred so much celebrity on his name.

The Library Society of Philadelphia had received from England an account of the curious facts relative to electricity which then engaged the attention of the European philosophers, together with a tube for experiments, and directions for its use. The Society deputed Franklin to repeat those experiments, and he not only repeated them, but made several new discoveries; he was the first to observe the power of pointed bodies, both in drawing and in throwing off electric fire; and immediately, as his genius led him to applications, he conceived the idea of bringing down electricity from the clouds; for he had observed that thunder and lightning were only the effect of the electricity of the clouds. A simple toy enabled him to resolve this bold problem: he made a kite, which he covered with silk instead of paper, as being less likely to be injured by the rain; to the upper end of the kite he affixed an iron point, and having appended a key to the end of its hempen string, he drew down, from a passing thunder-cloud, electric fire, enough to yield sensible sparks from the key. He immediately perceived the utility of this discovery, as affording a means of preserving buildings from the effects of lightning, which are particularly alarming on the continent of North America. By means of pointed metallic conductors projecting from the top of the building, he conceived that the passing thunder-clouds might be made to discharge their fire silently and innoxiously; and such was the confidence in his opinion, that these conductors soon came to be generally used in America, and afterwards throughout Europe.

We have seen that he was a useful and a learned man, we will now view him as generous and philanthropic.

In 1763, the schools were poor, ill directed, and badly attended; Franklin proposed a plan of public instruction, and in order to establish it, he opened a subscription list, which was soon filled: and it was thus he founded the College of Philadelphia. He was also greatly instrumental towards the foundation of the Philadelphia Hospital. But all his enterprises of public utility never diverted his attention from his private duties; he had acquitted himself so well in his office of post-master, that the government raised him to the important employment of deputy post-master general for the British Colonies, and the revenue soon felt the benefit of his attentions.

At a later period, after the Revolution of Boston, when the American war broke out, Franklin openly declared himself, in Congress, as favourable to liberty; he took an active part in the memorable Declaration of the 4th July, and proclaimed the national independence of the thirteen United States.

He was then elected president of the Convention at Philadelphia, assembled to settle a new form of government for the then State of Pennsylvania, and the result of the deliberations of that assembly may be considered as a digest of Dr. Franklin's principles of government.

When, in 1776, it was deemed advisable by Congress to open a negotiation with France, Franklin, though then in his 71st year, was considered, from his talents as a statesman, and reputation as a philosopher, the most suitable person to effect the desired end; and he was consequently nominated commissioner-plenipotentiary to the court of France. His residence in that country did not prevent him from amusing himself with mechanical arts and sciences. Grateful for the kindness of Marie Antoinette, he made for her the first harmonicon which had ever been heard in France. This precious instrument, given by the queen to Madame de Vence, is still in Paris, and has a place in the cabinet of

Professor Lebreton, who religiously preserves this historical memorial.

At the age of seventy-nine, his increasing infirmities made him desirous of returning to his native country; he was conveyed to Havre, on a litter, borne by Spanish mules, kindly placed at his disposal by the Queen of France, as the most easy mode for him to travel. On the road he experienced every mark of respect from several of the nobility and gentry whose châteaux lay adjoining, and particularly from the Cardinal de la Rochefoucault at Gaillon, where he passed a night, with his accompanying friends and attendants. He reached Havre safely without having experienced much inconvenience from the journey, and embarked in a small packet for Southampton, whence, after remaining a few days, he sailed for Philadelphia, where he landed safely on the 14th September, 1785.

The arrival of this great man was looked upon as a national triumph; he was borne to his house amid the acclamations and benedictions of the people, the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon. He received congratulatory visits and addresses from all the public bodies, every one being desirous to do him honour. He employed his latter years in exhorting his fellow-citizens to union: his last work was upon the abolition of slavery.

He expired on the 17th April, 1790, at the age of eighty-four.

So great and universal was the regret for the loss of this great man, that a general mourning was put on throughout the United States; and in France, at the suggestion of Mirabeau, supported by M. de la Rochefoucault, Liancourt, and Lafayette, the National Assembly ordered a public mourning of three days for Franklin.

COUNTRY SKETCHES.—No. VI.

THE RUINS OF CAISTER CASTLE.

THE advantage which a country long since civilized possesses over one whose plains and pastures are but half redeemed from their primeval state, is in nothing more manifest than in the constant recurrence of remains of the habitations, temples, monuments, and memorials of successive generations of men; for these may be truly called the landmarks of time. In them and by them the historian and antiquarian are enabled to trace the progress of human thought and action; to see, as in a mirror, much that would be otherwise lost in the gloom and darkness of ages. Who shall say, too, that the moralist, the philosopher, and the practical man, does not glean from their inspection many valuable ideas of the past, many of the motives and aims of former actions, and many of the true causes and effects of human impulses? It is needless to remark that the artist and poet find in them a world of beauties, which seem exclusively to belong to bygone days; and which assist the imagination, and stimulate the fancy, when present life could afford no aid so powerful or interesting. In a new land, or in a country but slightly populated, there are none of these picturesque adjuncts to its natural beauties. In this respect, therefore, it suffers by comparison with older climes. Yet, in the aspect of ruins there is something mournful and saddening; reflections on the incidents that may have passed in old halls, where ivy now crowns the summit of every tower, and where the owl is sole tenant and master, will tend, for the time, to damp the spirits. The first sight of a castellated mansion, or crumbling monastery, ruinous and time-worn, produces a thrill of pleasure; but as the eye becomes accustomed to the view, and some solemn echo arouses the startled wanderer to contemplation of past grandeur, the same train of thought leads the mind insensibly, as it were, to the end of all things, to the grave, and to that day when—

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself;
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

On the present occasion it is not, however, fitting to indulge in gloomy reveries, though the excursion is devoted to visiting a ruin, one of those relics of feudal times which are so replete with interest.

After quitting the town of Yarmouth, with its noble quay, the road northward soon leaves the sea and the long flat coast on the right hand, and after stretching across the marshes, where innumerable flocks of geese are feeding, arrives at Caister, a small village not particularly inviting in its aspect. Passing the church, with its flint-built tower and decorated porch, the corn, with its golden promise, is seen on either hand, and presents, with the green livery of the hedgerows and the scarlet brilliancy of the straggling poppies, such a happy combination of colour as cannot fail to impart cheerful and gentle thoughts. There are but few trees scattered here and there by the way-side. Proximity to the ocean seems ever fatal to the growth of forest trees; and in such situations they are seen bending their dwarfed limbs to the side farthest from their enemy. But we have come to a lane where several small oaks form by their leafy contiguity a pleasant avenue, and we will not pause longer to note these peculiarities of nature. This lane skirts the brink of a dell where gipsy tents are often seen, and soon approaches a farm-yard, where the long and narrow haystacks and the carefully-tended dove-cotes, bespeak praises for the farming of Norfolk. Before reaching this secluded spot, the eye, roving in this direction, will have observed a tower, rising from amidst the surrounding trees. To reach it we must pass through the exterior part of the farm-yard.

This tower, which is a remnant of Caister Castle, is very interesting, and it is greatly to be regretted that so small a portion only has survived the wear and tear of centuries. All that now remains is this circular tower, which is of great height, and a range of walls on the north and west sides. On one of these walls there is a projecting corbel table, but the corbels and what is left of the arch are both in a very dilapidated state. The tower itself has some extensive cracks near its base, and is also fast yielding to the stern hand of Time. The structure is of brick, with stone facings, the tracery of the windows and loop-holes being of the latter material. There is a fine arch yet standing, which was in all probability the entrance to the great hall. The castle must have been a place of much strength, and of large dimensions also, inasmuch as we are told by William of Worcester that the dining-room was fifty-nine feet long, and twenty-eight feet broad.

Not many years ago the arms of the founder were to be seen over a bay window in the interior of the ruins. They were taken down and removed to Blickling, where they now serve as a principal ornament of that noble mansion. The moat, in part, remains, and increases the artistic effect of the castle.

Its history is not without interest. It was built by Sir John Fastolf, in the early part of the fifteenth century. This gentleman was a Knight Companion of the most noble order of the Garter, and descended from a very ancient Norfolk family: he was first engaged in the service of the then Duke of Clarence, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in which country he was married to the Lady Millicent, daughter of one Sir Thomas Tibbot, Lord deputy of Ireland, and relict of Sir Stephen Scrope. After this we find him engaged in various military capacities under John Plantagenet, Duke of Bedford, during which period he became Marshal of the Regent's Household, Governor of Anjou and Maine, Captain of the city of Mans, of Alençon, and many other places; rewards, doubtless, of his prowess in the field. His campaigns extended over a period of forty years, and he

had for secretary the famous William of Worcester, to whom all subsequent chroniclers are so much indebted for his most valuable and accurate information. So far as has now been related, all is indisputable fact; yet, in the teeth of this evidence, we find Granger asserting that he retreated with disgrace at the battle of Putoy, and that the order of the Garter was taken from him as a punishment for his pusillanimity.

In the First Part of Henry the Sixth the same idea is carried out, and Fastolfe is spoken of by a messenger to the Dukes of Bedford, Gloster, and the Bishop of Winchester, in these words:

"Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward;
He being in the wayward, (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke."

In the fourth act he is stripped of his order, and ordered off by the king in this wise:—

"Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom,
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death."

Holinshed and Hall are said to have been the probable authorities for this imputation on the knight's fame by Shakspeare.

That neither of them were chroniclers to be wholly and fully relied upon, is certain, as there are no collateral evidences to bear out the assertion of his cowardice. On the contrary, we hear of his return home, of his having finished this very castle with the ransom-money he received from John II., King of France, whom he captured at Vernuil in 1424; also of his second marriage with Margaret Howard, and of his being the founder of several religious and charitable edifices; the patron of worthy, valiant, and enlightened men. That William of Worcester should have been attached to the service of this gentleman is surely some testimony to his character. Whoever was the originator of the belief in Fastolfe's cowardice, it must not be laid to the charge of the immortal author of the play, for at the time it was written Holinshed was deemed a great authority.

There has existed in the minds of many able writers a great doubt as to whether the Bard of Avon was the veritable author of the three parts of Henry the Sixth. Hallam, the great historian, and Collier, a man whose respect for Shakspeare knows no bounds, both incline to this opinion. There are many very strong grounds for the belief that they were written by some dramatist of the preceding era, and altered or adapted for representation by Shakspeare. No one was so careful as he in the selection of his facts, and he would never have so degraded Fastolfe without some good authority for so doing. Now all veracious chroniclers concur in their account of his valour.

It has been said and believed that that inimitable creation, Falstaff, which most certainly is all Shakspeare's own, was taken from this same Sir John Fastolfe. But this, for many reasons, we beg leave to doubt. The Paston Letters contain nothing but what is to the credit and praise of Fastolfe; nothing to connect him in any one respect with Sir John, the fat knight, whose feats and acts have raised many a laugh, both in the solitude of the study and in the crowded theatre.

Sir John Fastolfe occupies a very small share of our attention in the First Part of Henry the Sixth, whereas, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, and the First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth, Sir John Falstaff is the chief actor, and monopolizes the most prominent situations. There is yet standing in the city of Norwich, in the district called Tombland, a rambling irregular house, which was owned by Fastolfe, and most likely used by him as a town residence. Two extraordinary carved figures of wood, called respectively Samson and Hercules, mount guard in the paved court, and forcibly recall old times.

It is time to turn to the ruinous castle, however, and leave these inquiries as to the identity of the real Fastolfe and fictitious Falstaffs for abler commentators to establish or disprove.

Fortunately, the moat is perfect round the tower and west wall, and the shadows cast on the water on the one side by the ruins, mix with the umbrageous reflections of some old ash-trees on the opposite bank. There is no ivy on any part of the castle, but a pear-tree, carefully trained on the corner of the tower, adds the pleasant effect of the scene. It is the subject, above all others, constantly chosen for the pencil of all wandering artists, who are frequently at a loss to know which side to take; and where any choice must be a happy one, it becomes almost an impossibility to advise. To muse upon the spot, and recall the memorable age in which these vestiges were a fair specimen of a goodly baron's home, is to read a lesson upon the progress and advancement of our enlightened age. Every thing has its uses.

"And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running streams,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The ploughshare and the reaping-hook have taken the place of sword and shield. The mailed warrior sleeps in the rest that knows no waking; and the echoes of the old walls ring no more with the shouts and din of the retainers, eager alike for the banquet or the fray. A new cycle in the world's history has supervened, and a different race of thinking and acting men move in the busy paths of life.

This castle owes its present condition to the circumstance of its having been besieged twice in the reign of Edward IV.; and to a lamentable fire, occasioned by the careless negligence of a servant girl, which completed the destruction man's wilful violence began. There is a neat dwelling close at hand, which in its trim and orderly aspect, forms a cheerful contrast to the decayed habitation of such far higher pretensions. Cows returning from pasture to be stalled and housed for the night, and a large stock of poultry of every description seeking their roosting places, are very suggestive objects of gentle English living.

Not out of place, but ever in keeping with the time and situation, is the voice of some wandering heron, flying over marshy brake to its nest; and the owl's peculiar cry comes upon the ear to remind the visitor of its association with ruined tower and tree. So there is music even in the ruined halls of Caister Castle, though dulcimer and lute are silent; nature, through her winged children, speaks in song, and completes all that is wanting to heighten the beauty, mournful though it be, of this retired solitude.

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author, is printed in Small Capitals under the title; in Selections, it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE LOST HOPE.

T. N. H.

AN Angel rose upon the wings of Night,
And Darkness it was Light;
The pale-eyed star-watch, trembling, shrink away,
As though at dawn of day.

The billows rag'd, the whirlwinds blew,
And the tempest wilder grew;
A vesper-bell chimed down the vale,
And hushes the uprising gale—

A note so soft and still, it wooed the air,
And bids the storm-fleets back to their deep-fathom'd lair.

The vision passes on in icy scorn,
And seeks the blushing morn;
For bell of prayer, a funeral toll
Greets mournfully a parting soul;
The winds howl fearfully,
The despairing pleads tearfully,
But the hoarse rocks mock at his lonely moan,
The wild waters stifle his last death-groan—
The waves flow'd calm as before,
And a body lay cold on the shore.

THE GRAVE.

BY GRACE.

THE grave is deep and stilly,
Fear round its brink abides;
With veil all dark and chilly,
An unknown land it hides.

Its silence is unbroken
By the sweet night-bird's song;
Affection's flowery token
Fades on the moss ere long.

There widowed brides may languish,
And wring their hands in vain;
The orphan's cries of anguish
Pierce not that dark domain.

Yet, there alone can mortals
Their rest, long wished-for, find;
There lies beyond those portals,
A home for all mankind.

The heart, long vainly pressing,
Through storms to reach the shore,
Finds peace, that priceless blessing,
Where it can beat no more.

VILLAGE LYRICS.

No. IV.—AN ANGLER'S SONG.

W. BRAILSFORD.

THE light hath shot athwart the stream
Three mortal hours ago,
And I have left my morning dream
To wander down below;
Where trout and perch so deftly glide
In the shadows of the trees,
And blossoms from the orchard side
Are floating round the bees.
The world may scoff,—Yet what care I?
Let it laugh,—and still
I'll tune my merry melody
To the click-clack of the mill.

With rod and line I am a king,
My subjects all obey;
The bullfinch plumes his dainty wing,
And sings for me to-day.
The heron, from the reedy lake,
Hath paused to note my path,
The bittern, in the sedgy brake,
Hath stayed his screaming wrath,
The world may scoff,—Yet what care I?
Let it laugh,—and still
I'll tune my merry melody
To the click-clack of the mill.

The birds are singing madrigals
Adown each bosky dell,
And sweetly o'er the waterfalls
"The native wood-notes" swell.
My footsteps, sure, the bee doth know,
By the bruised and shrinking thyme;
He hovers o'er the way I go,
'Neath the blossom o' the lime.
The world may scoff,—Yet what care I?
Let it laugh,—and still
I'll tune my merry melody
To the click-clack of the mill.

The very winds their tributes bear
The river's course along,
Whose perfume fills the gentle air,
Half burden'd with sweet song.
And so I pass a pleasant time,
Unmindful of the strife
That mingles with the city's chime,
And speaks of human life.
The world may scoff,—Yet what care I?
Let it laugh,—and still
I'll tune my merry melody
To the click-clack of the mill.

Miscellaneous.

"I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them."—*Montaigne*.

TIME is like a ship which never anchors: while I am on board, I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing, than practise such as shall cause my commitment when I come ashore. Whatsoever I do, I would think what will become of it when it is done. If good, I will go on to finish it; if bad, I will either leave off where I am, or not undertake it at all. Vice, like an unthrift, sells away the inheritance, while it is but in reversion: but virtue, husbanding all things well, is a purchaser.—*Fellham*.

THOSE who place their affections at first on trifles for amusement, will find these trifles become at last their most serious concerns.—*Goldsmith*.

THE passions, like heavy bodies down steep hills, once in motion, move themselves, and know no ground but the bottom.—*Fuller*.

THESE latter ages of the world have declined into a softness above the effeminacy of Asian princes, and have contracted customs which those innocent and healthful days of our ancestors knew not, whose piety was natural, whose charity was operative, whose policy was just and valiant, and whose economy was sincere and proportionable to the disposition and requisites of nature.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

TASTE and elegance, though they are reckoned only among the smaller and secondary morals, yet are of no mean importance in the regulation of life. A moral taste is not of force to turn vice into virtue; but it recommends virtue, with something like the blandishments of pleasure.—*Burke*.

HE whose heart is not excited upon the spot which a martyr has sanctified by his sufferings, or at the grave of one who has largely benefited mankind, must be more inferior to the multitude in his moral, than he can possibly be raised above them in his intellectual nature.—*Southey*.

TRUST him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.—*Lavater*.

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FRANK FAIRLEIGH;

OR, OLD COMPANIONS IN NEW SCENES.¹

CHAP. XV.

A CHARADE—NOT ALL ACTING.

LAWLESS's penitence, when he learned the danger in which Fanny had been placed by his thoughtlessness and impetuosity, was so deep and sincere, that it was impossible to be angry with him; and even Oaklands, who at first declared he considered his conduct unpardonable, was obliged to confess that, when a man had owned his fault frankly, and told you he was really sorry for it, nothing remained but to forgive and forget it. And so every thing fell into its old train once more, and the next few days passed smoothly and uneventfully. I had again received a note from Clara, in answer to one I had written to her. Its tenour was much the same as that of the last she had sent me. Cumberland was still absent, and Mr. Vernon so constantly occupied that she saw very little of him. She begged me not to attempt to visit her at present: a request in the advisability of which reason so fully acquiesced, that although feeling rebelled against it with the greatest obstinacy, I yet felt bound to yield. Harry's strength seemed now so thoroughly re-established, that Sir John, who was never so happy as when he could exercise hospitality, had invited a party of friends for the ensuing week, several of whom were to stay at the Hall for a few days,—amongst others, Freddy Coleman, who was to arrive beforehand, and assist in the preparations; for charades were to be enacted, and he was reported skilful in the arrangement of these saturnalia of civilized society, or, as he himself expressed it, he was "up to all the dodges connected with the minor domestic enigmatical melodrama." By Harry's recommendation I despatched a letter to Mr. Frampton, claiming his promise of visiting me at Heathfield Cottage, urging as a reason for his now doing so, that he would meet four of his old Helmsstone acquaintance, viz. Oaklands, Lawless, Coleman, and myself. The morning after Coleman's arrival, the whole party formed themselves into a committee of taste, to decide on the most appropriate words for the charades, select dresses, and, in short, make all necessary arrangements for realizing a few of the very strong and original, but somewhat vague ideas, which everybody appeared to have conceived on the subject.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," began Freddy, who had been unanimously elected chairman, stage-manager, and commander-in-chief of the whole affair, "in the first place, who is willing to take a part? Let all those who wish for an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Heathfield, hold up their hands."

Lawless, Coleman, and I, were the first who made the required signal, and next the little white palms of Fanny and Lucy Markham (whom Mrs. Coleman had made over to my mother's custody for a few days) were added to the number.

"Harry, you'll act, will you not?" asked I.

"Not if you can contrive to do without me," was the

reply. "I did it once, and never was so tired in my life before. I suppose you mean to have speaking charades; and there is something in the feeling that one has so many words to recollect, which obliges one to keep the memory always on the stretch, and the attention up to concert pitch, in a way that is far too fatiguing to be agreeable."

"Well, as you please, most indolent of men; pray, make yourself quite at home, this is Liberty Hall, isn't it, Lawless?" returned Coleman, with a glance at the person named, who, seated on the table, with his legs twisted round the back of a chair, was sacrificing etiquette to comfort with the most delightful unconsciousness.

"Eh? yes to be sure, no end of liberty," rejoined Lawless; "what are you laughing at?—my legs!—They are very comfortable, I can tell you, if they're not over ornamental; never mind about attitude, let us get on to business, I want to know what I'm to do."

"The first thing is to find out a good word," returned Coleman.

"What do you say to Matchlock?" inquired I.

"You might as well have Blunderbuss while you are about it," was the reply. "No, both words are dreadfully hackneyed; let us try and find out something original if possible."

"Eh? yes, something original, by all means; what do you say to Steeple chase?" suggested Lawless.

"Original, certainly," returned Freddy; "but there might be difficulties in the way. For instance, how would you set about acting a steeple?"

"Eh? never thought of that," rejoined Lawless; "I really don't know, unless Oaklands would stand with a fool's cap on his head to look like one."

"Much obliged, Lawless; but I'd rather be excused," replied Harry, smiling.

"I've got an idea!" exclaimed I.

"No! you don't say so! you are joking," remarked Freddy, in a tone of affected surprise.

"Stay a minute," continued I, musing.

"Certainly, as long as you and Sir John like to keep me," rejoined Coleman, politely.

"Yes! that will do; come here, Freddy," added I, and, drawing him on one side, I communicated to him my ideas on the subject, of which, after suggesting one or two improvements on my original design, he was graciously pleased to approve. Of what this idea consisted, the reader will be apprised in due time. Suffice it at present to add, that Fanny having consented to perform the part of a bar-maid, and it being necessary to provide her with a lover, Lawless volunteered for the character, and supported his claim with so much perseverance, not to say obstinacy, that Coleman, albeit he considered him utterly unsuited to the part, was fain to yield to his importunity.

For the next few days Heathfield Hall presented one continual scene of bustle and confusion. Carpenters were at work converting the library into an *extempore* theatre. Ladies and ladies'-maids were busily occupied in manufacturing dresses. Lawless spent whole hours in pacing up and down the billiard-room, reciting his part, which had been remodelled to suit him, and the acquisition of which appeared a labour analogous to that of Sisyphus, as, by the time he reached the end of his

(1) Continued from p. 360.

task, he had invariably forgotten the beginning. Every one was in a state of the greatest eagerness and excitement about something—nobody exactly knew what; and the interest Ellis took in the whole affair was wonderful to behold. The unnecessary number of times people ran up and down stairs was inconceivable, and the pace at which they did so terrific. Sir John spent his time in walking about with a hammer and a bag of nails, one of which he was constantly driving in and clenching beyond all power of extraction, in some totally wrong place, a line of conduct which reduced the head carpenter to the borders of insanity.

On the morning of the memorable day when the event was to come off, Mr. Frampton made his appearance in a high state of preservation, shook my mother by both hands as warmly as if he had known her from childhood, and saluted the young ladies with a hearty kiss, to their extreme astonishment, which a paroxysm of grunting (wound up by the usual soliloquy, "Just like me!") did not tend to diminish. A large party was invited in the evening to witness our performance, and, as some of the guests began to arrive soon after nine, it was considered advisable that the actors and actresses should go and dress, so that they might be in readiness to appear when called upon.

The entertainments began with certain *tableaux-vivans*, in which both Harry and I took a part; the former having been induced to do so by the assurance that nothing would be expected of him but to stand still and be looked at—an occupation which even he could not consider very hard work: and exceedingly well worth looking at he appeared when the curtain drew up, and discovered him as the Leicester in Scott's novel of "Kenilworth," the magnificent dress setting off his noble figure to the utmost advantage; while Fanny, as Amy Robsart, looked prettier and more interesting than I had ever seen her before. Various *tableaux* were in turn presented, and passed off with much *éclat*, and then there was a pause before the charade, the grand event of the evening, commenced. Oaklands and I, having nothing to do in it, (Fanny having persuaded Mr. Frampton to undertake a short part which I was to have performed, but which she declared was so exactly suited to him that she would never forgive him if he refused to fill it,) wished the actors success, and came in front to join the spectators.

After about ten minutes of breathless expectation, the curtain drew up, and exhibited Scene 1st, the Bar of a Country Inn:—and here I shall adopt the playwright's fashion, and leave the characters to tell their own tale:—

SCENE I.

Enter Susan Cowslip, the Burmaid (FANNY), and John Shortoats, the Ostler (LAWLESS).

John. Well Susan, girl, what sort of a morning have you had of it? how's master's gout to-day?

Susan. Very bad, John, very bad indeed: he has not got a leg to stand upon; and as to his shoe, try everything we can think of, we can't make him put his foot in it.

[*Extempore soliloquy by Lawless.* Precious odd if he doesn't, for he's not half up in his part, I know.]

John. Can't you, really? well, if that's the case, I needn't ask how his temper is?

Susan. Bad enough, I can tell you; Missus has plenty to bear, poor thing!

John. Indeed she has, and she's too young and pretty to be used in that manner. Ah! that comes of marrying an old man for his money; she's uncommon pretty, to be sure, I only knows one prettier face in the whole village.

Susan (with an air of forced unconcern). Aye, John, and whose may that be, pray? Mary Bennett, perhaps, or Lucy Jones?

John. No, it ain't either of them.

Susan. Who is it, then?

John. Well, if you must needs know, the party's name is Susan.

Susan (still with an air of unconsciousness). Let me see, where is there a Susan? let me think a minute. Oh! one of Darling the blacksmith's girls, I dare say; it's Susan Darling!

John (rubbing his nose, and looking cunning). Well, 'tis Susan darling, certainly; yes, you're about right there—Susan, darling.

Susan (pouting). So you're in love with that girl, are you, Mr. John? A foolish, flirting thing, that cares for nothing but dancing and finery; a nice wife for a poor man she'll make, indeed—charming!

John. Now don't go and fluster yourself about nothing, it ain't that girl as I'm in love with; I was only a-making fun of you.

Susan (crossly). There, I wish you wouldn't keep teasing of me so; I don't care anything about it—I dare say I've never seen her.

John. Oh! if that's all, I'll very soon show her to you—come along. (*Takes her hand, and leads her up to the looking-glass.*) There's the Susan I'm in love with, and hope to marry some day; hasn't she got a pretty face? and isn't she a DARLING? (*Susan looks at him for a minute, and then bursts into tears; bell rings violently, and a gruff voice calls impatiently, Susan! Susan!*)

Susan. Coming, Sir, coming. (*Wipes her eyes with her apron.*)

John. Let the old curmudgeon wait! (*Voice behind the scenes, John!—John Ostler, I say!*) Coming, Sir; yes, Sir. *Sir*, indeed—an old brute; but now, Susan, what do you say? do you love me! and will you have me for a husband? (*Takes her hand.*)

(*Voice.* John! John! I say. Susan! where are you? And enter Mr. Frampton, dressed as the Landlord, on crutches, and with his gouty foot in a sling.)

Landlord. John! you idle, good-for-nothing vagabond, why don't you come when you're called?—eh?

Susan. Oh, Sir! John was just coming, Sir; and so was I, Sir, if you please.

Landlord. You, indeed—ugh! you're just as bad as he is, making love in corners, (*aside.* Wonder whether she does really,) instead of attending to the customers; nice set of servants I have, to be sure. If this is all one gets by inn-keeping, it's not worth having. I keep the inn, and I expect the inn to keep me. (*Aside.* Horrid old joke, what made me put that in, I wonder! just like me—umph!) There's my wife, too—pretty hostess she makes.

John. So she does, master, sure-ly.

Landlord. Hold your tongue, fool—what do you know about it? (*Bell rings.*) There, do you hear that? run and see who that is, or I shall lose a customer by your carelessness, next. Oh! the bother of servants, oh! the trouble of keeping an inn! (*Hobbles out, driving Susan and John before him. Curtain falls.*)

As the first scene ended, the audience applauded loudly, and then began hazarding various conjectures as to the possible meaning of what they had witnessed. While the confusion of sounds was at the highest, Oaklands drew me on one side, and inquired, in an under tone, what I thought of Lawless's acting. "I was agreeably surprised," returned I, "I had no notion he would have entered into the part so thoroughly, or have acted with so much spirit."

"He did it *con amore*, certainly," replied Oaklands, with bitterness; "I considered his manner objectionable in the highest degree. I wonder you can allow him to act with your sister; that man is in love with her—I feel sure of it—he meant every word he said. I hate this kind of thing altogether—I never approved of it; no lady should be subjected to such annoyance."

"Supposing it really were as you fancy, Harry, how do you know it would be so great an annoyance? It is just possible Fanny may like him," rejoined I.

"Oh, certainly! pray let me know when I am to congratulate you," replied Oaklands, with a scornful laugh; and turning away abruptly, he crossed the room, joined a party of young ladies, and began talking and laughing with a recklessness and excitability quite unusual to him. While he was so doing, the curtain drew up, and discovered

SCENE II.—BEST ROOM IN THE INN.

Enter Susan, showing in Hyacinth Adonis Brown (COLEMAN), dressed as a caricature of the fashion, with lemon-coloured kid gloves, noisy-patterned trousers, sporting-coat, &c.

Susan. This is the settin'-room, if you please, Sir.

Hyacinth (*fixing his glass in his eye, and scrutinizing the apartment*). This is the settin'-room, is it? to set, to incubate as a hen—can't mean that, I imagine—p'vvincial idiom, p'wobably—aw—ya'as—I dare say I shall be able to exist in it as long as may be necessary—ar—let me have dinnaar, young woman, as soon as it can be got weady.

Susan. Yes, Sir. What would you please to like, Sir?

Hyacinth (*looking at her with his glass still in his eye*). Hom! pwetty gal—ar—like, my dear, like?—(vewy pwetty gal!)

Susan. Beg pardon, Sir, what did you say you would like?

Hyacinth. Chickens tender here, my dear?

Susan. Very tender, Sir.

Hyacinth (*approaching her*). What's your name, my dear?

Susan. Susan, if you please, Sir.

Hyacinth. Vewy pwetty name, indeed—(Aside. Gal's worth cultivating—I'll do a little bit of fascination.) Ahem! Chickens, Susan, are not the only things that can be tender (*Advances, and attempts to take her hand. Enter John hastily, and runs against Hyacinth, apparently by accident.*)

Hyacinth (*angrily*). Now, fellar, where are you pushing to, oh?

John. Beg parding, Sir, I was a looking for you, Sir, (*places himself between Susan and Hyacinth*).

Hyacinth. Looking for me, fellar?

John. I ha' rubbed down your horse, Sir, and I was a wishin' to know when you would like him fed. (*Makes signs to Susan to leave the room*).

Hyacinth. Fed!—aw!—directly, to be 'su-ar. (*To Susan, who is going out.*) Ar—don't you go.

John. No, Sir, I ain't a-going. When shall I water him, Sir?

Hyacinth (*Aside*). Fellar talks as if the animal wore a pot of mignonette. Ar—you'll give him some wataar as soon as he's eaten his dinnaar.

John. Werry good, Sir; and how about hay, Sir?

Hyacinth (*aside*). What a bo-ar the fellar is; I wish he'd take himself off. Weally, I must leave the hay to your discession.

John. Werry well, Sir; couldn't do a better thing, Sir. How about his clothing? shall I keep a cloth on him, Sir? (*Winks at Susan, who goes out laughing.*)

Hyacinth. Yaas! you can keep a cloth on—ar—and—that will do. (*Waves his hand towards the door.*)

John. Do you like his feet stopped at night, Sir?

Hyacinth. Ar—I leave all these points to my gwoom—ar—would you go?

John. I suppose there will be no harm in water-brushing his mane?

Hyacinth (*angrily*). Ar—weally I—ar—will you go?

John. Becos some folks thinks it makes the hair come off.

Hyacinth (*indignantly*). Ar—leave the woom, fellar!

John. Yes, Sir; you may depend upon me takin' proper care on him, Sir; and if I should think o' any thing else, I'll be sure to come and ask you, Sir. (*Goes out grinning.*)

Hyacinth. Howwid fellar—I thought I should never got wid of him—it's evident he's jealous—ar, good idea—I'll give him something to be jealous of. I'll wing the bell, and finish captivating Susan. (*Rings, Re-enter John.*)

John. Want me, Sir? Here I am, Sir—fed the horse, Sir.

Hyacinth (*waving his hand angrily towards the door*). Ar—go away, fellar, and tell the young woman to answer that bell. (*John leaves the room, muttering, "If I do I'm blessed."*) Hyacinth struts up to the glass, arranges his hair, pulls up his shirt collar, and rings again. Re-enter Susan.

Hyacinth. Pray, Susan, are you going to be mawwled? Susan (*colouring*). No, Sir—a—yes, Sir—I can't tell, Sir.

Hyacinth. No, Sir—yes, Sir—ar—I see how it is—the idea has occurred to you—it's that fellar John, I suppose?

Susan. Yes, Sir—it's John, Sir, if you please.

Hyacinth. Well—ar—I don't exactly please. Now listen to me, Susan. I'm an independent gentleman, vewy wick (*aside*, Wish I was)—lots of servants and carriages, and all that sort of thing. I only want a wife, and, captivated by your beauty, I'm wewolved to mawwy you. (*Aside*. That will do the business.)

Susan. La! Sir, you're joking.

Hyacinth. Ar—I never joke—ar—of course you consent?

Susan. To marry you, Sir?

Hyacinth. Ar—yes—to mawwy me.

Susan. What! and give up John?

Hyacinth. I fear we cannot dispense with that sacrifice.

Susan. And you would have me prove false to my true love,—deceive a poor lad that cares for me; wring his honest heart, and perhaps drive him to take to evil courses, for the sake of your fine carriages and servants! No, Sir, if you was a duke, I would not give up John to marry you.

Hyacinth. Vewy fine, you did that little bit of constancy in vewy good style, but now having welloved your feelings, you may as well do a little bit of nature, and own that, woman-like, you have changed your mind.

Susan. When I do, Sir, I'll be sure to let you know. (*Aside*. A dandified fop! why, John's worth twenty such as him.) I'll send John in with your dinner, Sir. [*Curtains and exit, leaving Hyacinth transfixed with astonishment.*]

SCENE III.—FRONT OF INN.

Enter Susan with black ribbons in her cap.

Susan. Heigho! so the gont's carried off poor old master at last. Ah! well, he was always a great plague, and it's one's duty to be resigned—he's been dead more than two months now, and it's above a month since mistress went to Broadstairs for a change, and left John and me to keep house—ah! it was very pleasant—we was so comfortable. Now if in a year or two mistress was to sell the business, and John and me could save money enough to buy it, and was to be married, and live here; la! I should be as happy as the day's long. I've been dull enough the last week though—for last Monday—no, last Saturday—that is, the Saturday before last, John went for a holiday to see his friends in Yorkshire, and there's been nobody at home but me and the cat—I can't think what ailed him before he went away, he seemed to avoid me like—and when he bid me good bye, he told me if I should happen to pick up a sweet-heart while he was gone, he would not be jealous—what could he mean by that? I dare say he only said it to tease me—I ought to have a letter soon to say when mistress is coming back. [*Enter boy with letter, which he gives to Susan and exit.*] Well, that is curious—it is from Broadstairs, I see by the post-mark. Why, hems me, it's in John's hand-writing—he can't be at Broad-

stairs, surely—I feel all of a tremble. . (*Opens the letter and reads.*) “My dear Seusan, Hafter i left yeu, i thort i should not ave time to go hall the way to York, so by way of a change i cum down here, where I met poor Mrs. who seemed quite in the dumps and low like, about old master being dead, which is human natur cut down like grass, Seusan, and not having a crectur to speak to, naturally took to me, which was an old tho’ humbel friend, Seusan—and—do not think me guilty of hincostancy, which I never felt, but the long and short of it is, that we was married” (the wretch!) “yesterday, and is comin home to-morrow, where I hopes to remain very faithfully your affexionate Master and Mrs.

“JOHN and BETSEY SHORTOATS.”

[*Susan tears the letter, bursts into tears, and sinks back into a chair, fainting—curtain drops.*]

[When we commenced the third portion of this our veritable history, and induced the reader to accompany his Old Companions through certain New Scenes, we announced our intention of rendering it the conclusion of our adventures, and we were sincere in so doing, fully purporting by the end of the last chapter to have had ourselves comfortably shot, married, or drowned (for we trust we are not reserved for hanging), out of the way. But as we unrolled the volume of our past life, and recalled the shadow of by-gone days, old recollections crowded upon us, and our story grew upon our hands till it was impossible to compress it into the limits we had originally assigned it. Shall we, then, be asking too much of our gentle Public, if we beg them to grant one more last appearance to their old favourite, Frank Fairleigh?]

A SLIGHT SKETCH OF MEN AND MANNERS IN LANCASHIRE.

THIS county possesses an amount of interest which cannot be surpassed certainly, and most likely is not to be equalled, by any British province. If we regard it as a mart for the fabrication and sale of textures and fabrics suited to the wants of all climes, and necessary to the convenience of every nation, it is full of interest; but when we find—seeing, as we do, social wants known only to people in the most advanced stages of civilization, anticipated by the co-operation of art and science—the traces, nay, the very types, of manners and habits suitable only to the primeval stages of society, a feeling of astonishment is naturally awakened.

The natives of Lancashire are by nature hardy and robust; of Saxon origin, they maintained to a recent period, the athletic amusements, the language, the hospitality, and, above all, the democratic, or if it may be so termed, the plebeian character of that people. Indeed, their dialect differed almost as widely from that of their neighbours to the north, as it did from that of the Southerners.

Although at the commencement of the present century the manufactures of Lancashire had arrived at such importance as to constitute the leading feature in the commerce of this country, the habits and ideas of the mass of the population yet remained unchanged, or had but slightly degenerated from their pristine simplicity—perhaps we ought to say, from their native barbarism. An unnatural description of labour had not yet reduced the physical power, nor had the

amenities of southern society invaded the coarse habits and savage bearing of the men of Lancashire. Since that period the change in the character of the people inhabiting the towns, especially, has been truly marvellous—wonderful in its kind, and rapid in the development. The rural districts can still furnish specimens worthy of former times, it is true, the very existence of which, when brought into the populous quarters, and placed in juxtaposition to the emaciated and shrunken pigmies of the factory—presenting the very extremes of power and imbecility—show, in a most striking manner, the present anomalous condition of the pursuits, habits, and general capabilities of the working population. But to disregard specific changes, and to adhere to our purpose of giving a few remarks respecting Lancashire manners. Surnames are as little used as possible; the people of a whole district, or the hands employed in a large manufactory, distinguishing and addressing each other by their christian names, preferring, when some more special mark may be necessary, to invent an appellation descriptive of some personal or circumstantial peculiarity connected with the party spoken of, to formally making use of his surname. Consistent in their primitive ideas in this respect, the prefix of *Mister* is seldom given, some of the most wealthy manufacturers in the county being familiarly alluded to by their own workpeople merely by the use of their names, without prefix or appendage; thus the family of the Fieldens, who in wealth may vie with princes, are never spoken of in their own neighbourhood otherwise than as John Fielden, Henry, &c. Formerly, in many parts of the county, surnames were totally disregarded—if they had ever been introduced—one man being distinguished from another of the same name by his particular genealogy, which, indeed, was recounted, whenever, in being spoken of, his simple name was not sufficiently descriptive. Thus, John's father being William, he would be styled Jack o' Bill, to distinguish him from other men of the name of John, who, in like manner, would be known by connecting their own with their father's name. Then John, the son of William, having a son Peter, would by paternity attach his sire's, as well as his own name to the boy's, and so he would be Peter o' Jack o' Bill, and in this manner a string of epithets amounting to perhaps a score would be applied to one individual: this remarkable vestige of Saxon simplicity is not entirely obliterated even at the present day. About fifteen years ago public attention was, in some degree, drawn to this peculiar subject from the following incident. An old man, upwards of eighty years of age, with his son, a powerful man of middle life, occupied a lonely alehouse, situated on a moor in the neighbourhood of Saddleworth; the old man and his son were murdered after a bloody conflict, at noon-day, by five Irish reapers. The circumstances of unusual atrocity which accompanied this deed, together with the audacity of the perpetrators, who made their inhuman attack in the light of day, attracted to the spot numbers of the curious from distant parts of the country, who, in pursuit only of the particulars of the occurrence, gathered astonishing information relative to the manners and customs of the locality. The public-house was called Bill o' Jack's house; Bill was the name of the old man, who inherited it from his ancestor Jack. The younger man, who was butchered with his father Bill, only awaited his parent's demise to add a third name to his

paternal roof; supposing he were named after his grandfather, the new title of the house would have been Jack o' Bill o' Jack's. An anecdote is related of a girl in this district who upon being presented with a letter at her father's door by a messenger who inquired for him as Mr. —, using his surname, returned it with the answer that she knew no such person; an act of forgetfulness imputed to the fact of her rarely, if ever, having heard her father spoken of otherwise than by his christian name appended to those of his progenitors. This circumstance will appear the more singular when it is known that the person referred to was a man of some property and consideration in his neighbourhood; indeed, a man of lower rank in that locality could scarcely have had a letter sent to him.

In this same neighbourhood in particular, and throughout the country, a barbarous mode of fighting prevails, designated, to distinguish it from boxing, (which is rarely resorted to and but little known,) "up-and-down," a very descriptive term, as the one who is thrown may be mutilated and bruised *ad libitum* by his antagonist, whilst on the ground and powerless. These contests, moreover, are subject to no specific rules, feet, hands, and teeth, being the ready agents of war; indeed, the combatants are often supplied with strongly-made boots, well studded at the fore-part with hook-headed nails, for the purpose of using the feet with effect; an approved mode of doing which is, after one of the two is thrown, and whilst he still remains prostrate, for the other to retreat a few paces in order to gain an impetus, when he will rush upon his antagonist, and with his greatest possible force administer a kick, by which, probably, several ribs will be broken, or more serious injuries than fractured bones be inflicted. In the particular locality referred to, one favourite mode of treating the fallen is, "putting the damper in," i. e. throttling, which sometimes ends fatally. At races and fairs, only a very few years since, scenes of the most disgusting description might be witnessed; a couple of men, sometimes boys, stretched on the ground, fighting like dogs, and streaming with blood from wounds inflicted by the teeth, the prostrate position of the brutes precluding the use of the more serious aids, the feet. So frequent and fatal have been these up-and-down fights in former years, that the assizes at Lancaster seldom passed without the trial of some manslaughter case arising out of the destruction of one or more parties at these savage orgies.

Amongst the barbarous sports annually practised at wakes, the baiting of bulls, badgers, and sometimes bears, stood prominent: this cruel pastime was not discontinued until it became illegal, by the passing, a few years ago, of the Act of Parliament against cruelty to animals. I may relate, as characteristic of the scene and the actors, a little colloquy which passed between two friends as they were about to return home from one of these merry-makings. One of the men addressed his companion as follows:—"Mast t' foughten?" (Have you fought?) and receiving the answer, "Now" (No), exclaimed, "Geh thee foughten, and let's goo whoam," (Fight, and let us go home). The advice was followed; the man ran up to a bystander and knocked him down, for the sole purpose of affording gratification to his savage love of violence, without an opportunity for the indulgence of which the holiday would have been spiritless.

The parish of Manchester is of very great extent, comprising not only the towns of Manchester and Salford, but stretching for many miles over the surrounding districts; the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the collegiate church is, consequently, very considerable. Nor is it a vested power merely that it exercises; it possesses a vital, a sort of traditionary, influence in church matters over the people, especially those living in the more remote districts within the extensive boundaries of its right.

Many of the common people would almost consider

a marriage solemnized in any other than "th' owd church" invalid; this feeling is especially predominant among the country people, who, on occasions of christenings and marriages, flock to its sacred porch, to the total disregard of the numerous new churches, although the latter be in their own immediate neighbourhood.

To apportion a few more minutes to Manchester. As it gradually assumed the position of a metropolis—the capital of the manufacturing district—it became the resort of enterprising capitalists, both foreign and native; and thus, while its population received, as it were, an instantaneous and immense acceleration, the native manners were blended with, and ameliorated by, the more refined usages of the strangers. The very nature of the inducement, which was sufficient to impel men at remote distances to make this their common place of abode, is also a guarantee of their being individually of an enterprising and ambitious spirit, to say the least. The social habits of a particular class have no doubt been greatly modified by Germans, who now constitute a great portion of the whole community.

Besides the circumstance of a number of moving spirits, being, as it were, amalgamated into one vast mind, there is another cause of the sudden development of the intellectual power of Manchester—the articles of trade which it produced were not obtained except by various and most elaborate processes of mechanical skill; occupations so stimulating to the energies of the human mind could not fail to produce effects even on those who, performing an assigned part only, might almost be themselves considered components of the great machine. Such being the fact, we can easily understand how the taste of the community came to show itself in the love of scientific pursuits, and enjoyments which enliven the faculties of the mind rather than please the natural propensities. Thus the institutions, which are at once the wonder of neighbours and the admiration of strangers, came to be established, from which are promulgated those enlarged principles and true notions which characterize not merely the general tone in this important town and district, but even individual undertakings and private views. In those localities where this new state of things is yet to commence, the people are still the uncivilized, the barbarous Saxons they have ever been. More than this, in the very town spoken of there are particular neighbourhoods—whole districts—in which the native manners still prevail; their denizens exist without the influence of this precocious, and yet limited, intellectual dictation. In fact, the dissimilar character of different divisions of the community is particularly worthy of note; on the right hand, we observe knowledge, civilization, refinement; on the other, not merely the absence of these, not merely vulgarity and coarseness, but positive ignorance, violence, and brutality. The transition from Athenian politeness to Gothic barbarism is often sudden and complete, and sometimes without there being any great disparity in the rank or station of the individual, or wealth of the class, in which this difference may be

(1) Amongst the various chapels in this venerable edifice, formerly appropriated to their respective founders, as peculiar places in which to worship, [and as the burying-places of themselves and their descendants, is one belonging to Sir Thomas Joseph de Trafford, of Trafford Park, near Manchester, a Roman Catholic gentleman, whose arms are emblazoned on several windows in the church. Although this chapel has been incorporated with that portion of the church applied to the use of the parishioners generally, it is still the property of the Trafford family, who now, as in days of yore, bury their dead here. A few years ago, the second son of the gentleman above named died, and was buried under this chapel. The funeral was conducted in rather a remarkable manner. Before the body was removed from the roof of its ancestors a Romish priest said over it the burial-service, as adopted by the Church of Rome; and on the arrival of the coffin at the church porch it was met by a clergyman, attached to the church, in his canonicals, who, with two Romish priests, attended it to the grave, into which it was lowered in silence.

Madame Malibran, who suddenly expired at Manchester, during one of the musical festivals given there, was, by the desire of the owner, buried underneath the Trafford chapel: subsequently the body was exhumed, and conveyed to the continent.

observed: as certain portions of the labouring population, not yet illumed by the new light, remain almost in their primitive rudeness; so a sacred few of the rich and influential, not necessarily coming, or refusing to be allured within the sphere of this luminary, maintain in all their integrity their provincial manners.

The advanced state of society in Manchester, and the surrounding parts, is attributable to the peculiar circumstances attendant upon the introduction of manufactures into the country. Had this never happened, the people of Lancashire, far from serving as patterns to the whole kingdom, would now have been literally barbarous, and their habits and manners would have been such as to excite the astonishment of their more civilized countrymen. Their brutality would have been of that description which characterized the middle ages, if, indeed, it would not have exceeded the rudeness of the Southerners at any distinguishable epoch in the history of man.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—No. IV.¹

CHAP. V.

SELF-CONCERN is either intensely obstinate or servilely pliant, according to the breadth of the basis of self-confidence on which it rests. Mrs. Willoughby was so anxious to establish her claim to be considered an untought genius, that she was afraid to oppose Mr. Thornton's opinion, and chimed in with it so readily that she hoped to throw her original view quite into the background. But she was really good-natured, and she therefore proceeded to claim his sympathy for her unfortunate *protégée* on other grounds.

"They are so very poor," she said, "and such deserving people. Quite gentlewomen, too."

Miss Brown rose abruptly. "I would rather go, if you please," she said, in a low tremulous voice, to Edith, her colour varying, and her hands shaking as she tried to fasten her bonnet. "Mamma is only waiting for me at the lodge. I—" Edith cut short her distressing effort at composure by drawing her arm within hers, and leading her at once into the garden.

"The air will do you good," said she, soothingly.

"Oh, pray excuse me—I have been very foolish," returned her companion, hurriedly, "I could not help it. Indeed I have not intended to be conceited, I never wanted to be a genius—only we are *poor*, you see;" and her cheek burned as she spoke the word with painful emphasis, "and they all fancied I had talent; and I have been thinking for a long time that I should be able to save mamma from having to work for her livelihood—and she—" here her assumed strength gave way at once, and hursting into tears, she added, "Oh, how shall I tell her?"

"Let me come with you," said Edith, much distressed. "Pray don't try to restrain your feelings—don't think of me as a stranger. Sit down on this bench—there—(taking her hand) you will be better soon."

"I am better now," faltered she, struggling to repress her sobs. "I will go at once. Pray excuse me. I would rather go alone. You are very kind. I am extremely obliged to you, but I would rather go by myself."

"You shall do exactly as you please," replied Edith, gently, and cordially shaking her young companion's hand, ere she dropped it. "But are you sure that you are able to walk so far as the lodge without assistance?"

"O yes, quite, thank you," answered Miss Brown, with forced cheerfulness and a painful smile. "I am well again, I assure you. It is much better as it is. I shall never be so foolish again," she added, with a dreary, desolate resignation, like one whose life has been robbed of the single hope which gave it light and

colour, and who is trying to believe that the neutral tint of aimless indifference is better than either.

"I wish I could persuade you—" began Edith, with some hesitation.

"No; do not," interrupted she quickly, "do not persuade me, out of kindness, to *believe* again. It is better to know the truth at once; and hope is only another name for disappointment. Good-bye, and thank you very much." She turned as she was leaving Edith, and suddenly, with an averted face and much agitation of manner, said, "Will you forgive my asking you one more favour? Mrs. Willoughby is very kind, and I am very grateful to her, but—" she stopped, seemingly unable to articulate another word.

"You don't wish to see her again," cried Edith, eager to divine her meaning, and save her from the pain of expressing it. "I will take care that she does not follow you."

"Thank you," said the other, half smiling, "but I did not mean that."

"What then?" inquired Edith.

"Why, she may probably—I am afraid—out of mistaken kindness—she might ask to have those drawings bought—for charity—and, *will* you prevent this?" The last words were spoken with sudden vehemence, and she clasped her hands over her burning face.

"Trust it to me," said Edith earnestly and kindly. "Don't let that idea trouble you for a moment. I will take care that it shall not be done. And now, before you go, have the kindness to give me your address, for I assure you I am not inclined to let our acquaintance end here."

"Thank you, thank you," said the poor girl, once more uncovering her eyes.

"Don't thank me," answered Edith, playfully, "but do as I ask, if you please." She drew forth pencil and paper, and wrote the words which her companion tremulously pronounced, "Alice Brown, 5, West-street, Beechwood, Dorsetshire."

"Beechwood!" cried Edith, "why, that is the name of Mrs. Dalton's place, and that, too, is in Dorsetshire."

"Yes," replied Alice, "that is Beechwood Park. It is four miles from the town of Beechwood."

"Then I shall see you before very long, for I am going to Beechwood in three weeks." And the two girls parted—with what different destinations! Edith's heart sank as in the fulness of her bright and prosperous beauty she stood watching the slow walk of the shabby and drooping figure which had just left her. She involuntarily pictured the meeting at the lodge—the watchful, anxious mother—the agonizing disappointment—the loving attempts at unreal consolation on either side—and the desolate return to the small, dingy, unhome-like room in the sombre street of a third-rate country town. Tear after tear of pure compassion did she wipe from her eyes; but, two little months afterwards she would have encountered all that gloom, and poured forth double those tears, for leave to change places with the poor, neglected, unattractive Alice Brown, if by so doing she could have undone her experience of life as Edith Kinnaird! She was roused from a reverie, in which such thoughts as this certainly had no part, by her brother's voice.

"Tears, Edith? I am glad you have some sympathy to spare for any but the fictitious, sentimental sorrows of your German hero and heroine!"

The taunt seemed peculiarly unkind and undeserved, and Edith was turning resentfully away, but Frank detained her. "Do not go, Edith, I want to talk to you about your friends. Even you must allow that they did not exhibit the fairest side of their characters this morning."

"You seem determined to provoke me, and I don't know what you mean," replied Edith, indignantly. "Mrs. Willoughby behaved with heartless vulgarity; but I do not see what fault could be found with any one else."

"You think, then," answered Frank, "that it is perfectly consistent with courtesy, and sincerity, and christian charity, to ridicule an ignorant and conceited woman to her face; to assist in persuading her she is as clever as she believes herself to be; to act submission and obedience to her in such a manner as to make her absurdity more glaring for the enjoyment of the bystanders."

"I think such self-sufficiency as Mrs. Willoughby's is fair game for anybody's wit," said Edith, somewhat embarrassed.

"Yes, if you take a fair shot at it," replied Frank; "but this was laying a trap, which is never fair. And that Mrs. Dalton—I do not like her at all; and I wish with all my heart, Edith, that you wouldn't make a friend of her. I don't like all this German sentimentalism and unreal nonsense; making women discontented with their homes, and teaching them to think themselves unappreciated angels, whom nobody can understand, and whom nobody is worthy to sympathize with. All that is flimsy—so morbid—so thoroughly un-English."

"You don't know Mrs. Dalton," exclaimed Edith; "you were only introduced to her a fortnight ago, and you have never sought her society, so that you *cannot* know anything of her character. Where is the christian charity, pray, in deciding against her without reason in this manner?"

"But I have reason," retorted Frank, "and I know her quite well enough—that is to say, I should be very sorry to know her better. I know that she is married to a most excellent man, who doats upon her, and that she does not make his home happy, and tries to make the world believe her to be an interesting victim."

"It is *not* true," cried Edith, warmly. "I wonder, Frank, you can believe such stories. I wish you would have a little more consideration, and remember that you are speaking of my dear friend."

"Your dear friend!" repeated Frank, with that sort of sneer which a woman finds harder to bear than the bitterest taunts—a sneer which seems to imply that her feelings are too worthless and unreal even to be discussed. "And as to the stories not being true, I will just ask you one question. Have you not heard her profess that she never was in love in her life?"

"Well," answered Edith, reluctantly, "but you know that may be true—"

"A pretty speech for a married woman to make, whether true or false," interrupted Frank, bluntly; "and to make to her husband's face, too, as I know she does! However, my dear Edith, don't let us talk about her. Seriously, it annoys me excessively to see the manner in which you are flirting—it is not what I like at all: you are making poor Vaughan in love with you again, and you are positively coquetting with Thornton and Delamaine, neither of whom, I do believe, care sixpence for you in their hearts. I am quite sure, to speak plainly, your behaviour is the very reverse of what Everard would like."

There was a tone of authority in this unpleasant speech which rendered it peculiarly galling; moreover, after the unexpected and injudicious attack which Frank had just made on her particular friend, Edith felt less than ever inclined to submission. She replied with glowing cheeks and considerable temper, "I am not a child, Frank, and I assure you, I can judge better what I ought to do than any man—men are no judges of women. And if Captain Everard thinks ill of me, let him speak for himself—he does not seem in a hurry to do so."

These last words were spoken in a low tone of voice and with face averted. They were awkwardly true, and Frank did not quite know how to answer them; he accordingly renewed his attack in another form.

"I wonder you can tolerate the attentions of such a well-known butterfly as Thornton; he was desperately in love with Lady Emily Rivers two months ago, and

to-morrow he will be at the feet of Miss Glamis, the Scotch beauty, who is to be the grand attraction at this ridiculous bazaar. Altogether, Edith, I do hope you will be on your guard at this bazaar, and not make yourself conspicuous."

Edith had recovered her temper, though not her equanimity, and she answered with a laugh,—

"Oh, my dear foolish brother, please don't agitate yourself into a virtuous fever about poor innocent me, who never flirted in my life. I shall have to put you on a turban and introduce you everywhere as my *chaperon*."

"Well, Edith," said Frank, sullenly, "a joke is not a reason."

"No, nor a solemn speech either," retorted she; "at least I'm sure it is often the most unreasonable nonsense in the world. The truth is," added she, as if speaking gravely to herself, "he is getting very uncomfortable because he has got nobody to flirt with himself, and so he must needs try to find out flirtations in other people. Never mind, Frank, dear, I'll take good care to occupy Mr. Thornton to-morrow, and you shall have Miss Glamis all to yourself."

Frank *would* not smile.

"You are trying to provoke me, Edith," said he, "but it won't do."

"Won't it really?" replied Edith. "Now, do you know, I thought it was doing very well."

The colour rushed into his face as he exclaimed with vehemence,—

"I do believe there was never a woman in the world who was not a thorough coquette at heart, and who did not love teasing better than anything else."

"And with that pretty sentiment, which must vindicate with every woman your claim to be judge and adviser-general of the sex—I leave you," returned Edith, forcing a laugh as she ran into the house.

Edith's pride was roused and her temper irritated. She felt all the injustice of her brother's remarks too keenly to feel the justice of them at all. If there was a latent spark of real coquetry in her heart it was roused by his most unwise and taunting assertion that "Mr. Thornton did not care sixpence for her." She felt, moreover, as she had said, that she was no longer a child, and that he was treating her as though she were one. She resolved to show her independence, and she felt secretly certain that Miss Glamis would not attract Mr. Thornton from her side at the bazaar on the following day. She told herself that she was *not* flirting—that she was only legitimately enjoying herself—that Lord Vaughan was *not* in love with her, and that Mr. Thornton and she were only forming a friendship. When she thought of her brother's strictures on Amy Dalton, she could not contain her indignation. "It shows clearly," thought she, "how determined he is to find fault with everything that I do, and it would be quite weak to give way to it. But it is not like my own dear Frank—it is quite unkind. I know what I will do. I will tease him thoroughly to-morrow morning, by way of a little innocent revenge, and then I will talk to him afterwards and coax him, and make him see that he has been foolish, and that I don't deserve all these terrible denunciations."

Such was the satisfactory result of Frank Kinnard's judicious lecture; such the mood in which Edith went to her stall at the fancy bazaar!

And where was Philip Everard? And what was he thinking? It is time to inquire.

THE fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—*Johnson*.



Evening.

DRAWN BY G. DODGSON, ENGRAVED BY EDWARD DALZIEL.

'Tis evening ; clear a-down the dale
 The vesper bell is pealing,
 While softly on the listening ear
 Its silvery notes are stealing.
 The dying sunset's latest ray
 Gilds with a parting glory
 The limbs of old ancestral trees,
 Shaded with lichens hoary.
 The weary labourer homeward wends
 While, his return to greet,
 The merry laugh of childhood lends
 Its joyous tones and sweet.—*From an unpublished Poem by M. E.*

TO OUR READERS.

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success :
But we'll do more, Sempronius,—we'll deserve it."

Calo, Act I. Scene 2.—sub fin.

It is now two years since with timid step and down-cast eyes, we, like a bashful *débutante*, made our first appearance upon the stage of Literature, and appealed to the reading public for support and sympathy, animated by the hope that we should be found to have that within us which might eventually succeed in winning their approbation. Since that time we have appeared before them in many *parts*, which (our bashfulness having in great measure worn off) we venture to say must, when viewed collectively, speak *volumes* in our favour. We have carefully studied each of these parts, read and re-read them, corrected all faults that we were able to discern in them, added such illustrations as our *plate* might dictate, and on all occasions endeavoured so to act, as to do full justice to the language and sentiments of the various Authors who have composed our parts for us. Nor have we been disappointed in our expectation; even in the beginning of our career, ere our ingenuous timidity had departed, in the days when a frown would have chilled the life-blood in our veins, an indulgent Public received us with smiles of approbation, and the sunshine of their favour rapidly increased our circulation. But with our success our ambition has kept pace, our desire for approbation grows by what it feeds on, and we are determined if we are to be a star to become one of the first magnitude. Addressing ourselves to none of the minor sympathies of class, we act solely with a view to improve, while we endeavour to interest and amuse, the public generally; we would fain have all the world, not a stage, but an audience.

To drop metaphor, however, and condescend to plain English, we must trespass on the reader's patience while we remind him of the principles with which we commenced our undertaking, and, pointing out to him how by a steady adherence to them we have attained the high position we now hold, call his attention to the exertions we are about to make, to carry out these principles still more fully, and explain to him our reasons for believing our efforts will be rewarded by a success more brilliant and complete than any we have yet achieved. The object which we originally proposed to ourselves, and which we have hitherto kept steadily in view, was to provide a work of sufficient intrinsic merit, alike in the literary matter with which its pages were furnished, as in the illustrations which embellished them, to ensure its popularity with the upper and middle classes of society at a price which should place it within the reach of the many whose store is to be reckoned by pence instead of pounds.

The expenses attendant upon an attempt of this nature are of a magnitude scarcely to be conceived by any one not accustomed to the details of literary transactions, and our subscribers had to be counted by tens of thousands ere we could feel anything like a certainty of the success of our experiment: however, it might truly be said of us, "we lisp'd in numbers and the numbers came;" fortune usually smiles on those who court her favours boldly, or, to adopt the style of an illustrious Mosaic-Arabian Contemporary, "first-rate *articles* at reduced prices" will always meet with the patronage of an enlightened public.

At the end of two years, however, with a circulation already surpassing our most sanguine expectations, and rapidly increasing, with favourable notices appearing in the columns of most of the leading journals throughout the kingdom, and with a staff of contributors combining an amount of talent not to be exceeded by that of any periodical of the day, the success of our undertaking is no longer problematical, and we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to the public for the kind patronage they have bestowed upon us.

Thus much for the past: we will now say a word or two of our arrangements for the future. In accordance with the wishes of a large majority of our subscribers we propose to discontinue the dark heading at the commencement of the weekly numbers; which will enable us to give the illustrations for the future the full size of the page, while it will add very materially to the effective appearance of the volume: moreover, in order to do thorough justice to the talents of the very eminent artists and engravers whose valuable assistance we have been fortunate enough to secure, we have determined no longer to print at the back of the engraving. Amongst these we are proud to reckon the names of,—

ARTISTS.

A. ELMORE, Esq. A.R.A.
E. FROST, Esq. A.R.A.
H. K. BROWN, Esq.
G. DODGSON, Esq.
W. F. TOPHAM, Esq.
J. MOLE, Esq.

S. READ, Esq.
E. DUNCAN, Esq.
A. JOHNSON, Esq.
J. J. JENKINS, Esq.
J. ABSOLON, Esq.

C. KEENE, Esq.
KENNY MEADOWS, Esq.
W. HARVEY, Esq.
F. R. PICKERSGILL, Esq.
J. FRANKLIN, Esq.

ENGRAVERS.

MR. G. DALEINK.
MR. E. DALZIEL.
MR. JAMES COOPER.

These improvements will enable us to present our Subscribers with illustrations of a style and character hitherto unequalled, and which will set competition at defiance. When we add that our staff of contributors has received very valuable reinforcements; that we have made arrangements with the talented Authoress of the "Maiden Aunt," to continue the interesting sketches of domestic life which, under that title, have from time to time enriched our pages, and to contribute more largely than we have hitherto been able to prevail upon her to do; that we hope to present our readers with some curious and original matter relative to our possessions in India from the pen of a well-known popular writer on that remarkable country; that a marked improvement will be perceptible in the poetical department, as well as decided alterations for the better in the printing and general getting-up of the Magazine, and that the Author of "Frank Fairlegh" has consented to undertake the duties of Editor; we trust that we shall have established a claim on the public for support and encouragement, which we cannot for a moment doubt will be met with the same kind liberality with which our efforts in their service have always hitherto been received, and which will more than recompense the heavy calls on our exchequer which our determination to secure talent wherever it could be found has occasioned. And with a modest confidence that our forth-coming volume will more than realize the promises we have held forth, we make our bow, and take a very respectful farewell of our readers till the FIRST OF NOVEMBER.

A PARABLE OF LIFE.

S. M.

A YOUTH had vowed to labour in unfruitful pastures. Heavy was the burthen, comfortless and well-nigh hopeless the toil; the cruel earth brought forth thorns and brambles under his diligent hands, and each seed that he dropped withered ere it had strength to grow up. There was no shelter from the burning noon-day sun; for it was a land without trees, and the few saplings which he had planted were sickly and miniature, and it seemed hard to wait till their puny shade should acquire breadth and richness, as most likely they too would die early. And as there were no trees, so likewise were there no birds; for those sweet and gentle ones could not live without a nest and a covering; neither was there any water to refresh the parched and splitting ground. So all the kindly melodies of Nature were mute, and the low howl of the wandering wolf, as it came upon the midnight blast, seemed but the fit utterance of the spirit of the place. The soul of the youth was very desolate, and he had no heart to work. He prayed for blindness and deafness, but the hateful tangle of poisonous herbs was still before his eyes, and the voice of the prowling beast still rang in his ears. Then he prayed that his vow might be taken from him, but there was no answer. And the seeds were ready for sowing, and the plough was prepared for his hand, but how should the seeds develope in a soil which gave no nourishment, and of what avail was the plough save to show him that the depths were as unfruitful as the surface?

And, behold, afar off there was a mountain, and the sides of it were steeped in sunlight. He could see that they were soft and green with abundance of verdure; a thousand colours danced in the sunbeams, as a thousand flowers shook their sweet bells in the morning air, and their fragrance reached even to him, and seemed to invite him to go among them. There was the grateful coolness of spreading trees and the soft hum of stealing waters; there the very winds became music, because they were full of the strains of the wood-choristers. There the grain seemed to spring up into waving corn, almost as it was committed to the earth, and if tares or thorns were among it they were not visible from so great a distance. While in the field where the hapless youth was set to labour, the good plants that were really struggling into life were so few and so scattered, that he could not discern them among the abundance of evil; or, if he did see them, they gave him little comfort, for he believed that they would perish ere they attained their full strength. Then he began to think that he would forsake the barren pastures and go to toil where he might find a reward. "Woe is me!" said he, "wherefore am I thus afflicted? I would give my life for the earth if I could make it fruitful; but it is waste to plough and sow where the soil has no capacity for giving nurture. Martyrdom is but another name for suicide, unless the cause sanctify the martyr. I will arise and depart."

And he arose and would have moved away, but it

seemed as though an invisible arm detained him, and though he felt that he could shake it off, an unheard pleading prevented him; as though by so doing, he would inflict some grievous wound. He turned and moved in another direction, but the same unseen obstacle checked his steps. Then he stood still and marvelled; and his eyes were opened, and he saw that around him there was a bright circle drawn, and within the circle stood an Angel with a sorrowful face and loving eyes. When he moved, the circle moved too; and when he touched the edge and strove to cross it, then came the invisible difficulty, and he kept within the edge. He saw, moreover, that when he moved, the Angel moved too, with averted face and deprecating gesture, in an opposite direction, as though about, but unwilling, to leave him. But at the edge of the circle the Angel paused also, and seemed unable to cross it, and returned to him again. And a voice said in his ears, "In a far, quiet place, there is one praying for thee, and that prayer is the bright circle. Thou canst cross it if thou wilt, but it is hard for thee to do so. And till thou cross it, not even thy sins can separate thee from the Angel whom that prayer has encircled in its silver line and so preserved for thee!"

Then he felt greatly comforted, and took courage. And he went manfully to labour, under the eyes of that Angel, and by the soft light of that prayer, which seemed to grow brighter by night. And lo! when the morning arose he found a small stream, breaking with difficulty out of the bosom of the stony earth. And he hewed a basin for it, with pain and trouble, and gradually it became a fountain, softening the ground and feeding the weak and weary verdure. And who shall say, that in the end the barren valley shall not be fairer than the far-off mountain? For the labourer has not refused to see the growing beauty of the one, because he is too distant to discern the hidden evils of the other. He is working, in fear truly, but also in hope; and the tiny buds are beginning to pierce the soil, and the faded leaves are resuming their freshness; and there is even a solitary bird on the sapling which grows beside him, to cheer him by its notes of timid sympathy, and its whispered promise, that here it will build its nest; and as the grove arises, a nation of songsters shall arise to people it. He has not forsaken his work, therefore for him there shall be rest in the end.

ON EQUALITY OF PUNISHMENTS.

T. N. H.

It was not many months ago that his worship of Puddledock, a very incarnation of justice, impartiality, and other legal qualifications, did sit upon his awful bench, where, for long time, he had been quite a terror to pickpockets, beggars, and other rebels against our admirable Constitution, and then and there did try, and condemn, and sentence a veritable nobleman. It was a decided occasion; in fact, an event. Justice had in old days gone by been represented with a bandage over her eyes, for fear, as it may be presumed, of accidents, but latterly it had been thought, whether rightly or wrongly it skilleth not to decide at this present, that, like the specimens of mesmeric clairvoyance, she had

managed to squint out sideways. Now, however, the majesty of law was to be vindicated. After-ages were to learn that partiality attaches not to a British station-house,—that the same even-handed justice was scrupulously administered to rich and poor. An opportunity, a decidedly grand opportunity, had offered. The scion of a noble house had, in the exuberance of *spirits* (forgive the pun, dear reader,) assaulted a policeman. A little while before a poor man had done likewise, and had been punished with imprisonment. Why should the one pay a fine merely, while his poorer brother had been confined in durance vile—one of the same flesh and blood, one of the great human family, as orators are wont to say,—one of the same country, and entitled to the same protection and liberty? Would this be just and right, that the poor man should rot in the common dungeon, in manacles and chains, while my Lord puts his hand into his pocket, pays his fine, which he would not miss if he lost it, and goes home to his fashionable amusements, little the worse for his morning's adventure? Forbid it, genius of Rectitude—forbid it, Minos, Aramantus, Solon, and Cerberus, whose very nature, the dog, abhorred *one-sidedness*. Let it never be said that here, in the centre of enlightenment, the fountain of justice was polluted! No. Let Europe and the civilized world know for certain, that if my Lord shall violate the laws as Jack the costermonger hath violated them, he shall be punished with the same punishment, and share the same fate. So cogitated the worthy magistrate, and so did his worship proceed to sentence. Lord — goes to prison for a week or so, enjoys the company of Jack the costermonger, and of others similarly circumstanced, and the judge is landed in newspaper, penny magazine, in tavern, and beer-shop, to his heart's content.

If such be the determined judgment of thy mind, dear reader, here stop; for the story is a very nice one, and we have no wish to disturb respectable prejudices. We have no sympathies with the noble culprit, and are only using him as a peg whereon to hang a word or two about equality of punishments. Yet if thou thinkest invincibly as the worthy magistrate did, and as the still more worthy press do, here pause, and content thyself, for we shall only disturb thy equanimity, and go rather to some magazine or paper which deals in politics, and will write for thine especial behoof all manner of nice and eloquent things about the rights of the people, and so forth. If thou hast an earnest zeal for the truth, go forward, for this is the sole object of this paper.

Do not, then, at the very outset, dear reader, increase our difficulty by imagining that we are aiming at the destruction of equality in punishments; for in so doing you would greatly misapprehend us, and, what is far more important, would rouse sundry, by no means insignificant difficulties, in your own way. This principle of equality in the dispensation of justice is far too sacred to be thus sacrificed. Its foundations are fixed deep in the most sacred law of Nature; and by no means wise, therefore, would it be to sneer at it, or to denounce the sturdy maintenance thereof, as an entirely popular cry. Indeed, were we to do so, it would not quite succeed, for honest common sense generally manages to find out the right in the end. Therefore, conceive of us as veritable champions of this first sacred principle of right, without which law is not, law cannot be, for it is what Seneca has called it, "the foremost part of equity." Whatever regular system there may be in a code which shuts its eyes to this aforesaid equality, it cannot be called equity, but only might pleasing to act on a fixed plan of its own; for justice recognises, and sacredly preserves, mutual right. It is because this equality is sacrificed and destroyed, that we blame the worthy magistrate; for we cannot be so unjust in our judgment, neither will we be so blind to the conservation of our own consistency, as to deny the noble this same equality which we are demanding for the poor, and, while we

raise somewhat of an outcry for the rights of the commonality, do altogether unjustly to the others. The fact really seems to be, that the worthy magistrates aforesaid, and those who think as he does, are, to speak logically, the victims of an equivocal noun. For there are two kinds of equality, quite distinct each from the other; equality of kind or quantity, and equality of proportion. If punishment is awarded on the principle of the former, injustice will and must, in very many cases, result; the latter, it is here contended, is the natural equality which should be scrupulously maintained. For when it is enforced that there should be equality of punishment for the same offence, it is thereby meant, I suppose, that the punishment should be *equal* as regards the offenders. Now, if actual inequality be produced by scrupulously adhering to identity of punishment, it is obvious that, in the very endeavour to maintain this inviolable principle of law, we are truly most pertinaciously subverting it. Yet we can easily see how that such is the case in certain instances. A woman and a man commit the same offence; for which it may be that public whipping is one of the statutable punishments. Is it not very evident, even to the short-sighted, that by so sentencing the woman as well as the man, a very much severer punishment is, in fact, inflicted on the former? For the natural modesty and tenderness of the sex causes that it would be, in her case, immeasurably heavier. The result, then, is, that unequal punishments would, by such a sentence, be inflicted, and this for the very reason that they were both *the same*. So, again, if a private in a regiment strikes his superior, and an officer commits a like offence, is the same punishment inflicted by martial law? Is the officer sentenced, like the private, to a certain number of lashes? If he were to be thus punished, would the punishment be equal? Certainly not; for the different education of the two makes the degradation in the instance of the officer infinitely greater than in that of the private; and, therefore, so to sentence him would be, in fact, to award a different and severer punishment. And so, again, in the punishment for drunkenness, surely, to fine a poor man five shillings, is an infinitely severer infliction upon him than the same fine would be on his richer neighbour. Identity of punishment in this case involves injustice to the poor man. There are, indeed, cases where the magnitude of the crime destroys all notion of proportion; on somewhat the same principle as Draco's, that crime, at the very best, deserves the heaviest punishment, and nothing severer can be exacted under any circumstances. For instance, in cases of murder or high-treason, death is inflicted on rich and poor alike. Nothing less would be proportionate; nothing more would be possible.

But these are exceptions. In ordinary cases respect should be had to the convicted person, his position, and education; for want of due consideration of which a much heavier punishment might be inflicted than either the law or the administrator of the law had intended. Puffendorf, in his *Law of Nature and of Nations*, (and he is no mean authority), has most clearly enunciated this doctrine. "We must further add this also," he writes, "that all should not be alike visited with the same punishment, and consequently should not by the same means be deterred from the commission of crime. It is easily evident, that as in the general arrangement of punishments, so in the special application of the same to individuals, regard must be had to the character of the delinquent himself, and in it, to those qualities, which, whether from age, sex, position, resources, strength, or the like, may have the power of diminishing, or increasing his sense of the punishment." It is true that in very many cases of delinquency, it is quite possible that the education and consequent knowledge of the parties would greatly aggravate the offence. This was, if I remember rightly, insisted upon in the judgment upon Frost in the matter of the *Charlot* disturbances; and rightly. Yet the very principle involved in such a distinction requires, that a like

consideration should be shown where the result would be exactly the reverse, and the superior position of the party concerned would fairly be allowed to be a palliation. For if the principle of reference to the position and circumstances of the offender be once allowed, it would obviously be quite one-sided to confine its operation to instances where judicial severity would be thereby increased. The particular application of such a rule is of course a very different matter. Grave difficulties are certainly imaginable; but with these we have no business. They belong to legal casuistry. It is enough if the principle itself be admitted. Neither would the dissimilarity of the punishment for the same offence in the case of two persons in different positions, and of different qualities, physical or intellectual, necessarily involve disproportion, as people fondly seem to imagine. Were this the case, of course the question would be at once set at rest. Nor, again, does the fact, that in particular instances, where law has been professedly administered on such principles, manifest inequality of punishment has resulted, at all invalidate our position. For the indefinite accumulation of such instances would only prove the incapacity of the administrator or the defect of the law, unless it could be shown that such one-sidedness was the proper and necessary result of the principle itself, which it is not. For instance, in the example given at the beginning of this paper, if a small fine had been inflicted on the rich person, while the poor man was sent to prison, the punishment would probably have been unequal. The object should have been, so to fine the former as to make the loss to him as severe as the restraint on personal liberty would be to the latter; so that a proportionate equality would have been attained. But, by inflicting the same identical punishment on both, a severe injustice was committed. For it surely never can be pretended that the discomforts of prison fare and prison lodgment are not greater to the nobleman who has fared delicately his life long, than they are to the poor man, who perchance is even better fed and lodged than he was while he was free. Neither can it be the same, that the one should either be compelled to utter seclusion, or must herd with persons with whom he has little in common, as far as mutual intercourse is concerned, while the other is placed in the midst of his fellows and social equals, with the like to whom he has always been accustomed to associate, previous to his imprisonment.

It may be said that the superior attainments and education of the gentleman gave him an advantage over the poor man; and, therefore, that as the offence was greater, because the hindrances to its commission were more numerous, so ought his punishment to have been more severe. In other words, that identity of crime no more necessarily supposes equality of guilt, than identity, equality of punishment. If this be urged, then the principle advocated in this paper is conceded, and the question would resolve itself into a mere consideration of the particular case: for it is thereby allowed, that the punishment is not, ought not to be, equal, and that by making it the same in both cases, it was made purposely unequal, that it might counterbalance the inequality of guilt.

Nevertheless, even in the particular case there is something to be said. For it surely is a mark of strange partiality not to take into account that the policeman is below the nobleman in position and society, his inferior; while he is to the poor man a superior, and as such invested with additional dignity and authority. The natural repugnance, therefore, which the latter had to overcome, must have been very much greater than that which hindered the former; and Puffendorf lays it down as an indisputable canon, that "It in no small degree contributes to a due and proper estimation of offences, to examine how far a person's disposition may have been calculated to lead him to cease from any given crime."

It is evident, therefore, that in this particular case, and in general, the enforcement of identity of punishment for the same offence would be productive of no small injustice. It is as contrary to reason, as it would be in commerce to require arithmetical identity in transfer; though in the latter instance the absurdity would be more apparent. For if for the two shoes of the cobbler, the landlord were required to give two farms, and the jeweller should only receive for his one diamond ring one egg from his poulterer, the confusion and disproportion would be only outwardly more apparent, than that which the same precise identity in judicial punishments would produce. Respect in both cases must necessarily be had to the mutual relation of the two parties concerned, otherwise in the one instance, commerce, in the other, all equity of law, would be utterly annihilated.

And an analogical argument in favour of what has been said, may be drawn from the consideration of rewards. For rewards and punishments follow the same law, and are based on similar principles. Now, surely nothing would be more absurd, nothing more likely to destroy the object of rewards, than to distribute them equally without reference to the position of those who are intended to receive them. In the case of recovery of lost property how differently do people act, when he who has recovered it, and is to be rewarded, is in lowly condition, for what they would do, if he were equal or superior to themselves in rank. That which would be an insult in the latter case, is the proper and expected reward in the former; and, on the other hand, the mere expression of thankfulness, which is all that the gentleman could be offered, would be ridiculed or named as mean and misorly, in the instance of a poor man. The like holds good in those infinitely mightier instances, where the person to be rewarded has saved our life, or that of some near and dear relation. And in the army, how ludicrous a result would ensue from enforcing an identity of rewards! How could an officer consider himself rewarded, if the blue riband or legion of honour, which is offered him, were bestowed on every private who at all distinguished himself. And in division of prize money it would fare ill indeed with the stability of our troops if an equal sum were distributed to officers and men alike. So also how quickly would our titles of nobility lose their estimation, and die a natural death, if every poor or illiterate man, that had done prominent service to his queen or country, should receive one of them. They would be brought very much into the condition of knighthood in the reign of George IV., who is reported to have threatened an unwieldy alderman, who pertinaciously attended his levées, that if the fellow ever came again he would make a knight of him, as sure as he had a head upon his shoulders.

It is indeed curious that the same principle which, in the case of rewards, appears absurd and untenable, should be so strangely advocated in the strictly analogous case of punishments. That there is more cause for the one than for the other, it were indeed difficult to establish; and since, when carefully investigated, the whole reason of things leads us to an opposite conclusion, I think we must attribute its serious maintenance to irrational prejudice, and rank it among those many surprising cases, wherein popular outcry and political cant have been allowed to drown the voice of truth and reason. The first impression, the superficial reasonableness, doubtless deceived the worthy magistrate, and, if it be not treason to say so, the very immaculate press. On the whole it may safely be said, that if this aforesaid functionary of English law had perchance pored over Blackstone, Coke upon Littleton, and other yellow-coated volumes with red labels, a little less, and trusted to his doubtless most sound common sense a little more, he would not have been so blinded, as, involuntarily it may be, to sacrifice the awful purity of justice to the dictation of a miserable and altogether despicable cant. It

behoves all who are the servants of law to remember, that human justice is only venerable so long as it shall show itself to be, as it were, the shadow of God, the expression of His great attribute of justice. Thence does it, must it spring, as from a never-failing fountain. Directly it becomes the slave of popular outcry, and wavers with the breath of man, it is no longer worthy of worship, but sinks into the measureless contempt of the well-judging and the good. Athenian ostracism, when it banished an Aristides, did not exile him, but itself, from the pure air of heaven. The Council of Five Hundred, when it condemned the good Socrates, slew him not, for he lives yet fresh in the hearts of men, but committed a most ignominious suicide. The philosopher it was who condemned his judges, and removed his cause to a higher court, in words full of right and nobleness, confident as he was in his uprightness and honesty of purpose. "I wished," said he, "to make my fellow-citizens happy, and it was a duty I performed by the special command of the gods, whose authority I regard more than yours." And they have even now surely vindicated him from all false witnessings, by the accordant voice of the great human heart.

Of all-disrespectable cant, political cant is well-nigh the worst, and when the voice of law finds expression in such vocabulary, it does itself a most fatal injury. He, who gives sentence, must be, as if the mouthpiece of God, and must do His work, fearful of himself, fearless of consequences. Terrible, yea, terrible indeed, is his baseness of condition, who perverts his office to unworthy ends, and so teaches others to despise that awful attribute of God, of which he is the mischievous exponent.

THE CARPENTER AND THE MAGIC STATUE.

WHEN Titus was emperor of Rome, he promulgated a decree, that the birth-day of his son should be kept sacred, and that no one should presume to do any labour on that day under the penalty of death. The emperor soon found that it was far easier to decree than to obtain the concurrence of his subjects in the decree. The law was continually evaded, and the judges and officers were unable to discover the offenders.

Then said Titus, "Call hither Virgil, the magician."

Virgil came at the emperor's command, and stood in the presence.

"Mighty magician," said Titus, "I have promulgated a law that no one should presume to labour on the birth-day of my son under a penalty of death."

"Thou hast, my lord."

"Know now, that this law is constantly evaded, and that neither my judges nor my officers can discover the offenders."

"What my lord says is true."

"Virgil, we desire you to frame an image; some curious piece of art, which may reveal to us every transgressor of the law."

"It shall be as my lord desires," said the magician.

Not long after this, Virgil constructed a magic statue, and caused it to be erected in the centre of the city. By virtue of its secret powers, it acquainted the emperor with whatever was done amiss. Many and many were the persons convicted through the means of its informations, and no man was safe from its knowledge.

In Rome there lived a poor but industrious carpenter, named Focus, who cared little for the new edict, and every day pursued his laborious occupation.

"Misfortune take thee, thou tell-tale statue!" muttered he, as he lay in bed one night, and thought upon the numerous convictions procured by its means; "tomorrow thou and I must bandy a few words."

As soon as it was day-break, Focus rose, dressed himself, and went to the place where the statue stood:

placing himself immediately before the figure, he thus addressed it:—

"Statue! statue! many of our citizens die daily, by reason of your informations; now take this warning; if you accuse me, I will break your head."

Having thus spoken, Focus returned home to his usual work, though it was the prohibited day. About mid-day the king sent to the statue to inquire whether the law was being duly observed.

"Statue," said the officers, "the emperor demands whether the edict is being strictly observed."

"Friends," rejoined the magic voices; "look up, see what is written on my forehead."

They obeyed the commands of the statue, and saw these three lines on his brow:—

"Times are altered.

Men grow worse.

He that speaks the truth has his head broken."

"Friend," said the statue again, "go tell the emperor what thou hast read."

Now, when Titus heard what was written on the forehead of the statue, he was very wroth, and ordered his guards, and his officers, to watch before the statue, and see that no man did it injury. He bade them also require of the statue the name of the malefactor, and bring him before him directly.

"Declare, O statue!" said the officer of the emperor's guards, "who it is that threatens you."

"It is Focus, the carpenter," rejoined the figure; "he cares not for the edict, and never remits his labour; moreover, he menaces me with a broken head if I disclose his crime."

The guards soon discovered Focus, at work as usual, and dragged him before the imperial presence.

"Man," said the emperor, "what is this that I hear of thee? Not only dost thou break the law, but dost also menace the statue, should it declare thy crime."

"It is even so, my lord; I cannot afford to keep the edict; a holiday to me is so much loss. Every day must I obtain eight pennies, and without incessant labour I have not the means of acquiring them. Holidays are well enough for the rich, but for the poor they are too often a curse."

"Eight pennies, Sir Villain—why eight pennies?"

"Every day throughout the year I am bound to repay twopence, which I borrowed in my youth; two other pence I lend; two I lose, and two I spend."

"Explain this," said Titus, interested in the man's replies.

"Twopence I repay that I borrowed in my youth; when I was a boy, my father expended daily upon me that sum: now he is poor and needs my assistance; therefore I return that which I formerly borrowed."

"Thou dost well."

"Two other pence I lend to my son, for his studies, even as my father did towards me, in the hope that hereafter he will do likewise."

"Again thou dost well; but how dost thou lose twopence a day?"

"I give them to my wife for her maintenance; she is wilful, contradictory, and passionate; these two, therefore, are lost to me on account of her disposition."

"Good again, Focus."

"The two last pennies I spend upon myself in meat, drink, and clothing. With less than this I cannot exist nor can I obtain these eight pennies without incessant and unremitting labour; therefore, O Emperor, a holiday to me is no blessing, but rather a curse; and thy edict I, for one, cannot obey. You now know the truth; judge dispassionately."

"Friend, thou hast well spoken; go labour at thy trade."

Not long after this the emperor and his son both died, and there was no heir to the throne. Then the people remembered the wisdom of the poor carpenter, and tendered to him the empire. He governed as

wisely as emperor as he had lived as a carpenter; and, at his death, his picture, bearing on the head eight pennies, was deposited among the effigies of the departed emperors.

THE ANNULAR ECLIPSE OF OCTOBER 9TH.¹

It is not very long since the attention of the public was largely occupied by the rival claims, and we had well-nigh said the disagreements, of philosophers. The very remarkable coincidence of the totally independent calculations of Le Verrier and Adams having led each of them, within a few weeks, or perhaps days, to one and the same result, and thereby to one of the most brilliant discoveries of modern science, must be fresh in the minds of most men. Happily the warfare of scientific jealousy came speedily to an end, and if the July meeting of the British Association had produced no other good effect, this alone would have been sufficient, that it had afforded England an occasion for welcoming Le Verrier as he deserved, and that Oxford had joyfully witnessed the honours accumulated both upon a foreigner and a member of a rival university.

This recollection revives, naturally enough, when we are looking forward to the most generally interesting of all the phenomena to which the planetary system gives rise—phenomena to which we could not look forward at all, but for the published predictions which result from the very accurate state of astronomical science, so far as it bears upon them. The recurrence of a visible annular eclipse, in any one place, must necessarily be very rare; nor would it be likely to happen in any one life-time that the same tract of country should be traversed by the line in which such a phenomenon might be perfectly seen. It is now more than ten years since an annular eclipse was visible in any part of Great Britain.

In May, 1836, that phenomenon was seen in the northern part of our island, and as many persons then thought it worth while to take a journey (at that time far more tedious than at present) into Scotland, in order to witness it, we hope to be doing acceptable service to at least some of our readers, by giving them the best information we are able, as to when and where the annular eclipse to which we are now looking forward may be seen. We will, in the first place, point out the difference between the track of the eclipse of the present year and that of 1836. The latter was central and annular to positions on our globe, of which a very large proportion, no less than 7000 miles out of a path of 10,000 (speaking very roughly) fell upon the sea, and consequently were devoid of interest, except to such vessels as might happen to be in those situations. The line of the eclipse of this month, on the contrary, traverses principally portions of the globe which are thickly inhabited, and where many of our countrymen reside. Singularly enough, the central line of the eclipse of 1836 passed nearly clear of the north of Ireland, then by a very short distance (as it also does on this occasion) clear of the south.

Generally speaking, the course of the line in which some annular phase was visible in 1836, was as follows:—It commenced about twenty degrees west of the Isthmus of Panama, and crossed that narrow neck of land, the only portion of the continent of America in which it was visible; skirting the north of Ireland, it crossed England centrally about half way between Edinburgh and Dumfries; Perth and Whitley being nearly the northern and southern limits of the annular appearance. Thence passing across Denmark, parts of Poland and Prussia, it ended in the Caspian Sea. In England it was central, or annular, between three and four o'clock

in the afternoon. The noon eclipse was at a point about six degrees west of the Azores.

The general course of the eclipse of October next, (bearing in mind that the day is astronomically October 8, but in ordinary reckoning, the morning of Saturday, October 9, and speaking also of the limits of annular phase) will be—commencing between two and three hundred miles west of Ireland, it will be annular (but not central) to about the southern quarter or third of Ireland. It will traverse the south and west of England, embracing in its northern limits Gloucester and Greenwich. Thence it will cross France (including Rouen and Paris within its southern limits, and Amiens, Lille, and Metz within its northern), Austria, Turkey, Asia Minor, and just before entering the Persian Gulf, will be central and annular at midnoon within the Y formed by the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates, about twenty-five miles N.W. of Korna. Thence passing down the edge of the Persian Gulf, it crosses Hindostan, entering above Bombay, and keeping above Hyderabad, it crosses the Bengal sea, where it attains its lowest latitude; then, rising again, passes through the Birman and Siamese empires, and ends in lat. 18.29 N., among the mountains which separate this territory from Cochin China. Here it will be central and annular at sunset.

The width of the band enclosed between the northern and southern limits, is about three degrees, measured at right angles to the central line; but in those parts where it is rapidly descending in latitude towards the south-east, if the width be measured along a meridian, it amounts to nearly four degrees. This applies to almost all its course until it leaves the Persian Gulf. During the greater part of the course of the eclipse of 1836 the width of the space between the limits was not above two degrees when measured in the first mentioned manner.

In either case, viz. that of 1836 or of this year, it is but a small portion of this country to which that phenomenon will have been visible, and still smaller in which it will have been seen at all perfectly as a *central* and annular eclipse. A great many of our readers are, no doubt, perfectly familiar with the causes of the several kinds of eclipses, whether lunar or solar, and some are well acquainted with the mode of computation employed to predict the times and places at which these will be respectively visible. To those who wish for ample information on this latter point, the appendix to the Nautical Almanac of 1836 would be a most practically interesting document; containing, as it does, an investigation of the subject; and explaining the mode of computing eclipses adopted at Greenwich, drawn up by Mr. W. S. B. Woolhouse, Head Assistant in the Nautical Almanac Establishment.

There must be, however, some who read our pages to whom the whole subject is a *terra ignota*, and who scarcely bear in mind even the essential difference between eclipses of the sun and of the moon; owing to which, those of the former, though of far more frequent occurrence, are far less often seen in any given place.

An eclipse of the moon, consisting, as we see it, of the passage of the earth's shadow across the moon, may be seen at once by all to whom the moon is then visible; in fact, by nearly an entire hemisphere; whereas, an eclipse of the sun, to be visible at any place on our globe, absolutely requiring as an essential condition that some portion of the moon should be between the observer and some part of the sun, it must clearly be more rarely visible in any one place. Still more strongly does this apply to either a total or annular eclipse of the sun, which can only be such to those places lying on or within certain limited distances of the path formed by a line passing from the centre of the sun through the centre of the moon to the earth's surface; the total eclipse occurring when the moon is so near to the earth that its diameter is equal to, or greater than that of the sun; the annular, when it is so far from the earth as to have a less apparent diameter than the sun,

(1) We are indebted to the Editor of the "Guardian Family Newspaper" for the information conveyed in this article.

and so permit a ring of light to be seen round it: at most a phenomenon of short duration—in these latitudes some six or seven minutes.

A few points in this path are computed, and their positions given in the Nautical Almanac for the whole length of the line. For the sake of our English observers, a larger proportion of points are separately computed for such parts of the path as cross this country.

It seems scarcely worth while to go much into detail as to the places in which a partial eclipse will be visible. The general lines of it are given in the usual map of the Nautical Almanac—we may say, however, that it embraces the whole of Europe, about 1,500 miles wide of the north of Africa, and the greater part of Asia, to about 120 degrees of east longitude. Borneo and the larger islands to the west and south of it, Sumatra and Java, will also see some portion of the partial eclipse.

The following table will complete all that we deem it necessary to present to our readers on this subject. We shall not think our labour lost, if but a few of them should be induced from this account to seek more solid information upon it than our space will permit us to afford to them.

The greatest duration of the annulus will be about 5m. 59s. At Greenwich the eclipse is annular, and

Partial phase begins (Greenwich mean time) October 9	6 14.2 A.M.
Annular	7 27.7
Greatest Phase	7 27.3
Annular phase ends	7 27.9
Partial	8 48.3

At Greenwich, the sun will rise at 6h. 40m. At Cambridge, and Edinburgh, and Dublin, the eclipse is partial, beginning before sunrise.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE LABOUR OF BREAKING UP A CAMP.

"The breaking up of a long-standing camp is a scene of no trifling bustle and confusion. The previous day is usually one of considerable trouble to those who have suffered their marching establishment to get out of order; and when it is requisite to replace a camel or a bullock, the new comer, even if found (and that is generally at a ruinous price), not unfrequently evinces the most marked repugnance to tents or bullock-trunks. Yet, however great the difficulty, the peremptory necessity of the habitation being moved before next morning, causes all to be prepared at sunset, either by a reduction of baggage, or increase of cattle, save the more provident campaigners, who rectify such deficiencies without delay. The earliest practicable hours are kept by all off duty, and two hours after sunset the camp (if well regulated) is quiet enough, unless a horse breaks loose and sets the whole brigade in a state of ferment; for all seem to take a deep interest in the progress of any mad animal who tears through the camp, with ropes and pegs flying in wild confusion about his heels. As night advances, even these stray madcaps betake themselves to rest, and the quiet is only disturbed by the hourly tramp of patrols or the challenge of a sentry. This gloom and stillness are suddenly dissipated by the shrill startling blast of the trumpet, wakening all around to consciousness and activity. The loud and continued neigh from the pickets, and the angry remonstrances of the camels, amidst the extensive buzz of human voices and barking of dogs, tell that man and brute are both aware of the time having come for their allotted duties. Sticks and dry grass raked into pyramids are sending forth volumes of smoke in one place, and in another are rising into high crackling fires, round which may be seen groups of dusky figures squatted together, inhaling their morning hookahs, or spreading their

long bony hands to the flames, and listlessly regarding their more assiduous brethren occupied in striking the tents, or fitting loads on the backs of the beasts of burden. But think not, my lazy fire-worshipper, this indolence is unobserved; the eye of the occupant of yonder tent is upon you; he advances softly towards the fire, his arm is raised, and the descending lattice causes a momentary scene of flight and confusion which is immediately succeeded by a zealous attention to duty, proving the salutary force of the *argumentum ad baculum*. Although this is not an orthodox, logical, or even legal argument, it is, nevertheless, frequently used in India, and is generally conclusive. Next morning, the voles, unaccompanied by manual exercise, will produce the desired effect. The loads being packed, and all the tents, save three or four lazy stragglers, having disappeared, the second trumpet sends its shrill echoes through the lines, and gives warning that the treadmill will soon be at work. Beware of that camel's mouth gaping close to your hand in the dark, or he will spoil it for holding a rein or a sabre; and beware the treacherous tent-peg, which lurks in savage gloom for the shins of the unwary. 'It is no use cursing the peg. Why did you not get out of its way when you found it was not inclined to get out of yours?' cries a facetious neighbour, as you stoop to rub the lacerated shin, and narrowly escape being trampled by an elephant, who is hustling off with a few hundredweight of canvases and tent-poles hanging about him. The third trumpet and a cup of boiling coffee generally accompanied each other, if your khansanah belong to the right Dean Swift's breed; and it is no punishment to insist on his drinking it himself—the man would swallow a cup of cayenne and fire, without winking. The troops are formed in dusky masses on their alarm posts; the commanding-officer rides along the line; the word of command is given, and passed down the squadrons; the welcome note for the march is heard, and the tramping of the steeds raises an impenetrable cloud of dust around the column, as we cheerfully turn our backs on Cabul, most probably for ever; the band prophetically striking up, *Ha til mi tulidh*, or something which I mistook for it."—*Military Sketches by a Cavalry Officer.*

Poetry.

[In Original Poetry, the Name, real or assumed, of the Author is printed in Small Capitals, under the title, in Selections it is printed in Italics at the end.]

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

C—.

"My Daughter, look out o'er the far-spreading land,
There comes a rich Baron to sue for thy hand,
With pomp and with pride, and a shining array,
And mickle bright gold hath he brought on the way."

"I cannot look forth the rich suitor to see,
His gold and his glitter are nothing to me;
And deems he with wealth he can capture my heart?
My Mother, dear Mother, oh, bid him depart."

"My Daughter, look out o'er the woodland so wide,
There comes a brave soldier to make thee his bride;
He rideth alone, in his armour of steel,
His sword at his side, and his spur at his heel."

"Good Mother, then let him depart as he came,
For little I reck of his blood-gotten fame;
There's terror before him, there's death in his track—
Such suitor, my Mother, may wend his way back."

"My Daughter, look out from the casement again,
There cometh a lover, sans treasure or train,
Nor weapon he wieldeth, nor armour he wears,
A harp and a scroll are the burthens he bears."

"My Mother, sweet Mother, then bid him come in,
I wis 'tis the youth that my bosom shall win;
The heart of the Maiden resisteth no more,
For lo, 'tis the Minstrel that stands at the door.

"He bringeth a treasure more lustrous than gold,
He beareth the weapon for triumphs untold;
The ore of his thought, and the sword of his song,
More rich than the rich, and more strong than the strong."

CHARADE.

A.

We have furl'd our sails, we have moor'd our bark,
Beneath St. Elmo's fortress dark;
Ave Maria! thy guardian hand
Has brought us safe to Valetta's strand!
Ocean has lifted his waves in vain,
Tho' those howling blasts and that rolling main
Our labouring prow might scarcely stem;
So now our first step on shore we turn,
Where the censer smokes and the altar lights burn
In the church of St. John of Jerusalem.
Where in their marble panoply
The grim old red-cross warriors lie,
We'll thank our Ladie for her aid,—
In the long drawn aisle
Of the Gothic pile
This day our first shall be duly said.

Spread we the onward sail again,
And seek we Syria's sun-burnt strand;
Farewell for a while to the christian strain,
For the Moslem rules in Holy Land.
Yet my second hath witness'd full oft the might
Of christian men for God and the Right,—
She hath heard her ancient turrets ring
With the shout of the Lion-hearted king,
And the rolling tide of the victor Gaul
Broke harmless against her time-worn wall.
On, on to the south, by the wave-worn coast,
And the track of the Corsican's broken host,
To where upon the desert lone,
Skull upon skull and bone upon bone,
The dreary scene of his shameful *whore*
Still justly fires th' indignant soul.
Scene of warrior's broken vow,
Slaughter of a rendered foe,
Not Marengo famed in story
Nor Ansterlitz of brighter glory
May avail to wipe the shame
Of Jaffa from the soldier's fame.

THE BLIND KING.

From the German of Uhlund.

S. M.

Why stand the warriors of the North high on yon wild sea-coast?

What would their blind and grey-haired King, thus mingling with the host?

He leans upon his staff, bowed down with bitter grief and pain,
And calls, till o'er that narrow sea the island rings again:

"Robber, from yonder dungeon-rock restore to me my child!
Her harp and song, so sweet, the weary days of age beguiled.
But rudely thou didst bear her off while dancing on the strand;
It bows my aged head, it leaves on thee shame's lasting brand."

Forth from his rocky cavern then the tall wild Robber sprang;
He swung his giant sword around, and on his shield it rang.
"Thou hast full many warders stout, why did they let her go?
So many warriors serve thee, none for her will strike a blow?"

Yet moved no warrior from the ranks, nor uttered one a tone;
The blind King turned himself around:—"Am I then all alone?"

Then grasped the father's hand the youngest son with pressure warm:

"O let me in the combat prove the strength that nerves my arm!"

"O Son, the foeman's giant strength what valour can withstand?
And yet, right noble pith bespeaks the pressure of thy hand."

Bring then the trusty blade, the theme of many a Scald's high praise;
And should'st thou fall, in yonder flood may end my weary days!"

And hark! the boat rides o'er the sea, with rushing, foaming sound.
The blind King stands with listening ear, and all are still around;

Till sounds of clashing sword and shield come from the other shore,
And battle-cries, and shouts of rage, and Echo's hollow roar.

The old man calls in fearful joy, "Say, what may now be seen?
My sword, I know its warlike tone, it rings so clear and keen."
"The Robber falls! a bloody grave his meet reward shall be.
Hail, best of champions, valiant Prince! hail, spirit bold and free!"

And all is still; the King now stands with listening, anxious ear.

"What comes so fast across the sea? the rush of oars I hear."

"Thy gallant son, with sword and shield, rows swiftly o'er the water,

And with him, in her sun-bright hair, Gunilda comes, thy daughter."

From the high cliff the blind old man shouts "Welcome!" o'er the wave.

"Bliss in my age I now shall find, and honour in my grave.
My son, beside me lay the sword with tone so clear and strong!
And thou, Gunilda, rescued one, sing thou my funeral song."

Miscellaneous.

ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

Of all detestable things this is the most odious:—Friend may censure friend, foe may vent his spleen, but let it never be done under the cover, of anonymous writing. It is indeed a sneaking world, a cowardly world, for it kills more from behind a shelter than it dare attack in the open plain: but what dear ties have either been sundered or loosened by this fiend of mischief; what hopes of love blighted, what deeds of charity delayed, what virtues, the most exalting and dignifying to human nature, sullied, by this foul invisible spirit! Friendships over which time could exercise no control,—which distance or poverty could not shake or alter,—have been for ever chilled by suspicion, or completely destroyed by anonymous malice. Neither shall they be wholly guiltless who believe these secret calumniators of a man's character. Truth, be it remembered, requires no covert, no alteration of garb, for how possibly can it assume a lovelier one than its own? Burn, then, these unauthorised epistles; look for the signature before you glance at the matter; and thus this enemy of truth and plain dealing (for such is the anonymous correspondent) will be foiled in his attempt to pervert innocence, and your own bosom will still have the satisfaction of thinking well of those friends and neighbours whom this demon of mischief would destroy.—*Walter Kemp.*

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